






No. 4320a118







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2009



## THE ADVANTAGES OF DEFEAT.

*C. E. Norton.*

19-

WHEN the news flashed over the country, on Monday, the 22d of July, that our army, whose advance into Virginia had been so long expected, and had been watched with such intense interest and satisfaction, — that our army had been defeated, and was flying back in disorder to the intrenchments around Washington, it was but natural that the strong revulsion of feeling and the bitter disappointment should have been accompanied by a sense of dismay, and by alarm as to what was to follow. The panic which had disgraced some of our troops at the close of the fight found its parallel in the panic in our own hearts. But as the smoke of the battle and the dust of the retreat, which overshadowed the land in a cloud of lies and exaggerations, by degrees cleared away, men regained the even balance of their minds, and felt a not unworthy shame at their transient fears.

It is now plain that our defeat at Bull Run was in no true sense a disaster; that we not only deserved it, but needed it; that its ultimate consequences are better than those of a victory would have been. Far from being disheartened by it, it should give us new confidence in our cause, in our strength, in our final success. There are lessons which every great nation must learn which are cheap at any cost, and for some of those lessons the defeat of the 21st of July was a very small price to pay. The essential question now is, Whether this schooling has been sufficient and effectual, or whether we require still further hard discipline to enforce its instructions upon us.

In this moment of pause and compelled reflection, it is for us to examine closely the spirit and motives with which we have engaged in war, and to determine the true end for which the war must be carried on. It is no time for indulging in fallacies of the fancy or in feebleness of counsel. The temper of the Northern people, since the war was forced upon

them, has been in large measure noble and magnanimous. The sudden interruption of peace, the prospect of a decline of long continued prosperity, were at once and manfully faced. An eager and emulous zeal in the defence of the imperilled liberties and institutions of the nation showed itself all over the land, and in every condition of life. None who lived through the months of April and May can ever forget the heroic and ideal sublimity of the time. But as the weeks went on, as the immediate alarm that had roused the invincible might of the people passed away, something of the spirit of over-confidence, of excited hope, of satisfied vanity mingled with and corrupted the earlier and purer emotion. The war was to be a short one. Our enemies would speedily yield before the overwhelming force arrayed against them; they would run from Northern troops; we were sure of easy victory. There was little sober foreboding, as our army set out from Washington on its great advance. The troops moved forward with exultation, as if going on a holiday and festive campaign; and the nation that watched them shared in their careless confidence, and prophesied a speedy triumph. But the event showed how far such a spirit was from that befitting a civil war like this. Never were men engaged in a cause which demanded more seriousness of purpose, more modesty and humility of pretension.

The duty before us is honorable in proportion to its difficulty. God has given us work to do not only for ourselves, but for coming generations of men. He has imposed on us a task which, if well performed, will require our most strenuous endeavors and our most patient and unremitting exertions. We are fairly engaged in a war which cannot be a short one, even though our enemies should before long lay down their arms; for it is a war not merely to support and defend the



Constitution and to retake the property of the United States, not merely to settle the question of the right of a majority to control an insolent and rebellious minority in the republic, nor to establish the fact of the national existence and historic unity of the United States; but it is also and more essentially a war for the establishment of civilization in that immense portion of our country in which for many years barbarism has been gaining power. It is for the establishment of liberty and justice, of freedom of conscience and liberty of thought, of equal law and of personal rights, throughout the South. If these are not to be secured without the abolition of slavery, it is a war for the abolition of slavery. We are not making war to reestablish an old order of things, but to set up a new one. We are not giving ourselves and our fortunes for the purpose of fighting a few battles, and then making peace, restoring the Southern States to their old place in the Union,—but for the sake of destroying the root from which this war has sprung, and of making another such war impossible. It is not worth while to do only half or a quarter of our work. But if we do it thoroughly, as we ought, the war must be a long one, and will require from us long sacrifices. It is well to face up to the fact at once, that this generation is to be compelled to frugality, and that luxurious expenses upon trifles and superfluities must be changed for the large and liberal costliness of a noble cause. We are not to expect or hope for a speedy return of what is called prosperity; but we are greatly and abundantly prosperous, if we succeed in extending and establishing the principles which alone can give dignity and value to national or individual life, and without which, material abundance, success in trade, and increase of wealth are evidences rather of the decline than of the progress of a state. We, who have so long been eager in the pursuit and accumulation of riches, are now to show more generous energies in the free spending of our means to gain the invaluable objects for which we have gone to war.

There is nothing disheartening in this prospect. Our people, accustomed as they have been during late years to the most lavish use of money, and to general extravagance in expense, have not yet lost the tradition of the economies and thrift of earlier times, and will not find it difficult to put them once more into practice. The burden will not fall upon any single class; and when each man, whatever be his station in life, is called upon to lower his scale of living, no one person will find it too hard to do what all others are doing.

But if such be the objects and the prospects of the war, it is plain that they require more sober thought and more careful forecasting and more thorough preparation than have thus far been given to them. If we be the generation chosen to accomplish the work that lies ready to our hands, if we be commissioned to so glorious and so weighty an enterprise, there is but one spirit befitting our task. The war, if it is to be successful, must be a religious war: not in the old sense of that phrase, not a war of violent excitement and passionate enthusiasm, not a war in which the crimes of cruel bigots are laid to the charge of divine impulse, but a war by itself, waged with dignified and solemn strength, with clean hands and pure hearts,—a war calm and inevitable in its processes as the judgments of God. When Cromwell's men went out to win the victory at Winceby Fight, their watchword was "*Religion.*" Can we in our great struggle for liberty and right adopt any other watchword than this? Do we require another defeat and more suffering to bring us to a sense of our responsibility to God for the conduct and the issue of this war?

It is only by taking the highest ground, by raising ourselves to the full conception of what is involved in this contest, that we shall secure success, and prevent ourselves from sinking to the level of those who are fighting against us. The demoralization necessarily attendant upon all wars is to be met and overcome only by simple and manly religious con-



viction and effort. It will be one of the advantages of defeat to have made it evident that a regiment of bullies and prize-fighters is not the best stuff to compose an army. "Your men are not vindictive enough," Mr. Russell is reported to have said, as he watched the battle. It was the saying of a shrewd observer, but it expresses only an imperfect apprehension of the truth. Vindictiveness is not the spirit our men should have, but a resoluteness of determination, as much more to be relied upon than a vindictive passion as it is founded upon more stable and more enduring qualities of character. The worst characters of our great cities may be the fit equals of Mississippi or Arkansas ruffians, but the mass of our army is not to be brought down to the standard of rowdies or the level of barbarians. The men of New England and of the West do not march under banners with the device of "Booty and Beauty," though General Beauregard has the effrontery to declare it, and Bishop, now General, Polk the ignorance to utter similar slanders. The atrocities committed on our wounded and prisoners by the "chivalry" of the South may excite not only horror, but a wild fury of revenge. But our cause should not be stained with cruelty and crime, even in the name of vengeance. If the war is simply one in which brute force is to prevail, if we are fighting only for lust and pride and domination, then let us have our "Ellsworth Avengers," and let us slay the wounded of our enemy without mercy; let us burn their hospitals, let us justify their, as yet, false charges against us; let us admit the truth of the words of the Bishop of Louisiana, that the North is prosecuting this war "with circumstances of barbarity which it was fondly believed would never more disgrace the annals of a civilized people." But if we, if our brothers in the army, are to lose the proud distinctions of the North, and to be brought down to the level of the tender mercies and the humane counsels of slaveholders and slave-drivers, there would be little use in fighting. If our in-

stitutions at the North do not produce better, more humane, and more courageous men than those of the South, when taken in the mass, there is no reason for the sacrifice of blood and treasure in their support. War must be always cruel; it is not to be waged on principles of tenderness; but a just, a religious war can be waged only mercifully, with no excess, with no circumstance of avoidable suffering. Our enemies are our outward consciences, and their reproaches may warn us of our dangers.

The soldiers of the Northern army generally are men capable of understanding the force of moral considerations. They are intelligent, independent, vigorous, — as good material as an army ever was formed from. A large proportion of them have gone to the war from the best motives, and with clear appreciation of the nature and grounds of the contest. But they require to be confirmed in their principles, and to be strengthened against the temptations of life in the camp and in the field, by the voice and support of the communities from which they have come. If the country is careless or indifferent as to their moral standard, they will inevitably become so themselves, and lose the perception of the objects for which they are fighting, forgetting their responsibilities, not only as soldiers, but as good men. It is one of the advantages of defeat to force the thoughts which camp-life may have rendered unfamiliar back into the soldier's mind. The boastfulness of the advance is gone, — and there is chance for sober reflection.

It is especially necessary for our men, unaccustomed to the profession of arms, and entering at once untried upon this great war, to take a just and high view of their new calling: to look at it with the eyes, not of mercenaries, but of men called into their country's service; to regard it as a life which is not less, but more difficult than any other to be discharged with honor. "Our profession," said Washington, "is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements." Our



soldiers in Virginia, and in the other Slave States, have not only their own reputation to support, but also that of the communities from which they come. There must be a rivalry in generous efforts among the troops of different States. Shall we not now have our regiments which by their brave and honorable conduct shall win appellations not less noble than that of the *Auvergne sans tache*, "Auvergne without a stain"? If the praise that Mr. Lincoln bestowed upon our men in his late Message to Congress be not undeserved, they are bound to show qualities such as no other common soldiers have ever been called to exhibit. There are among them more men of character, intelligence, and principle than were ever seen before in the ranks. There should be a higher tone in our service than in that of any other people; and it would be a reproach to our institutions, if our soldiers did not show themselves not only steady and brave in action, undaunted in spirit, unwearied in energy, but patient of discipline, self-controlled, and forbearing. The disgrace to our arms of the defeat at Bull Run was not so great as that of the riotous drunkenness and disorderly conduct of our men during the two or three days that succeeded at Washington. If our men are to be the worthy soldiers of so magnificent a cause as that in which they are engaged, they must raise themselves to its height. Battles may be won by mere human machines, by men serving for eleven dollars a month; but a victory such as we have to gain can be won only by men who know for what and why they are fighting, and who are conscious of the dignity given to them and the responsibility imposed upon them by the sacredness of their cause. The old flag, the stars and stripes, must not only be the symbol in their eyes of past glories and of the country's honor, but its stars must shine before them with the light of liberty, and its stripes must be the emblem of the even and enduring lines of equal justice.

The retreat from Bull Run and the

panic that accompanied it were not due to cowardice among our men. During long hours our troops had fought well, and showed their gallantry under the most trying circumstances. They were not afraid to die. It was not strange that raw volunteers, as many of them were, inefficiently supported, and poorly led, should at length give way before superior force, and yield to the weakness induced by exhaustion and hunger. But the lesson of defeat would be imperfectly learned, did not the army and the nation alike gain from it a juster sense than they before possessed of the value of individual life. Never has life been so much prized and so precious as it has become in America. Never before has each individual been of so much worth. It costs more to bring up a man here, and he is worth more when brought up, than elsewhere. The long peace and the extraordinary amount of comfort which the nation has enjoyed have made us (speaking broadly) fond of life and tender of it. We of the North have looked with astonishment at the recklessness of the South concerning it. We have thought it braver to save than to spend it; and a questionable humanity has undoubtedly led us sometimes into feeble sentimentalities, and false estimates of its value. We have been in danger of thinking too much of it, and of being mean-spirited in its use. But the first sacrifice for which war calls is life; and we must revise our estimates of its value, if we would conduct our war to a happy end. To gain that end, no sacrifice can be too precious or too costly. The shudder with which we heard the first report that three thousand of our men were slain was but the sign of the blow that our hearts received. But there must be no shrinking from the prospect of the death of our soldiers. Better than that we should fail that a million men should die on the battle-field. It is not often that men can have the privilege to offer their lives for a principle; and when the opportunity comes, it is only the coward that does not welcome it with gladness. Life is of no value in comparison with



the spiritual principles from which it gains its worth. No matter how many lives it costs to defend or secure truth or justice or liberty, truth and justice and liberty must be defended and secured. Self-preservation must yield to Truth's preservation. The little human life is for to-day, — the principle is eternal. To die for truth, to die open-eyed and resolutely for the "good old cause," is not only honor, but reward. "Suffering is a gift not given to every one," said one of the Scotch martyrs in 1684, "and I desire to bless the Lord with my whole heart and soul that He has counted such a poor thing as I am worthy of the gift of suffering."

The little value of the individual in comparison with the principles upon which the progress and happiness of the race depend is a lesson enforced by the analogies of Nature, as well as by the evidence of history and the assurance of faith. Nature is careless of the single life. Her processes seem wasteful, but out of seeming waste she produces her great and durable results. Everywhere in her works are the signs of life cut short for the sake of some effect more permanent than itself. And for the establishing of those immortal foundations upon which the human race is to stand firm in virtue and in hope, for the building of the walls of truth, there will be required no scanty expenditure of individual life. Men are nothing in the count, — man is everything.

The spirit of the nation will be shown in its readiness to meet without shrinking such sacrifice of life as may be demanded in gaining our end. We must all suffer and rejoice together, — but let there be no unmanly or unwomanly fear of bloodshed. The deaths of our men from sickness, from camp epidemics, are what we should fear and prevent; death on the battle-field we have no right to dread. The men who die in this cause die well; they could wish for no more honorable end of life.

The honor lost in our recent defeat cannot be regained, — but it is indeed one of

the advantages of defeat to teach men the preciousness of honor, the necessity of winning and keeping it at any cost. Honor and duty are but two names for the same thing in war. But the novelty of war is so great to us, we are so unpractised in it, and we have thought so little of it heretofore as concerning ourselves, that there is danger lest we fail at first to appreciate its finer elements, and neglect the opportunities it affords for the practice of virtues rarely called out in civil life. The common boast of the South, that there alone was to be found the chivalry of America, and that among the Southern people was a higher strain of courage and a keener sense of honor than among the people of the North, is now to be brought to the test. There is no need to repeat the commonplaces about bravery and honor. But we and our soldiers should remember that it is not the mere performance of set work that is required of them, but the valiant and generous alacrity of noble minds in deeds of daring and of courtesy. Though the science of war has in modern times changed the relations and the duties of men on the battle-field from what they were in the old days of knighthood, yet there is still room for the display of stainless valor and of manful virtue. Honor and courage are part of our religion; and the coward or the man careless of honor in our army of liberty should fall under heavier shame than ever rested on the disgraced soldier in former times. The sense of honor is finer than the common sense of the world. It counts no cost and reckons no sacrifice great. "Then the king wept, and dried his eyes, and said, 'Your courage had neere hand destroyed you, for I call it folly knights to abide when they be overmatched.' 'Nay,' said Sir Lancelot and the other, 'for once shamed may never be recovered.'" The examples of Bayard, — *sans peur et sans reproche*, — of Sidney, of the heroes of old or recent days, are for our imitation. We are bound to be no less worthy of praise and remembrance than they. They did nothing too high for us



to imitate. And in their glorious company we may hope that some of our names may yet be enrolled, to stand as the inspiring exemplars and the models for coming times. If defeat has brought us shame, it has brought us also firmer resolve. No man can be said to know himself, or to have assurance of his force of principle and character, till he has been tested by the fires of trial in the crucible of defeat. The same is true of a nation. The test of defeat is the test of its national worth. Defeat shows whether it deserves success. We may well be grateful and glad for our defeat of the 21st of July, if we wrest from it the secrets of our weakness, and are thrown back by it to the true sources of strength. If it has done its work thoroughly, if we profit sufficiently by the advantages it has afforded us, we may be well content that so slight a harm has brought us so great a good. But if not, then let us be ready for another and another defeat, till our souls shall be tempered and our forces disciplined for the worthy attainment of victory. For vic-

tory we shall in good time have. There is no need to fear or be doubtful of the issue. As soon as we deserve it, victory will be ours; and were we to win it before, it would be but an empty and barren triumph. All history is but the prophecy of our final success,—and Milton has put the prophecy into words: “Go on, O Nation, never to be disunited! Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity! Merit this, but seek only virtue, not to extend your limits, (for what needs to win a fading triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men?) but to settle the pure worship of God in his church, and justice in the state. Then shall the hardest difficulties smooth out themselves before thee; envy shall sink to hell, craft and malice be confounded, whether it be home-bred mischief or outlandish cunning; yea, other nations will then covet to serve thee, for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Use thine invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds, and then he that seeks to break your union a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations!”

---

## ODE TO HAPPINESS.

### I.

SPIRIT, that rarely comest now,  
And only to contrast my gloom,  
Like rainbow-feathered birds that bloom  
A moment on some autumn bough  
Which, with the spurn of their farewell,  
Sheds its last leaves,—thou once didst dwell  
With me year-long, and make intense  
To boyhood's wisely-vacant days  
That fleet, but all-sufficing grace  
Of trustful inexperience,  
While yet the soul transfigured sense,  
And thrilled, as with love's first caress,  
At life's mere unexpectedness.

### II.

Those were thy days, blithe spirit, those  
When a June sunshine could fill up



The chalice of a buttercup  
 With such Falernian juice as flows  
 No longer, — for the vine is dead  
 Whence that inspiring drop was shed :  
 Days when my blood would leap and run,  
 As full of morning as a breeze,  
 Or spray tossed up by summer seas  
 That doubts if it be sea or sun ;  
 Days that flew swiftly, like the band  
 That in the Grecian games had strife  
 And passed from eager hand to hand  
 The onward-dancing torch of life.

## III.

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him  
 Who asks it not ; but he who hath  
 Watched o'er the waves thy fading path  
 Shall nevermore on ocean's rim,  
 At morn or eve, behold returning  
 Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning !  
 Thou first reveal'st to us thy face  
 Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,  
 A moment glimpsed, then seen no more, —  
 Thou whose swift footsteps we can trace  
 Away from every mortal door !

## IV.

Nymph of the unreturning feet,  
 How may I woo thee back ? But no,  
 I do thee wrong to call thee so ;  
 'T is we are changed, not thou art fleet :  
 The man thy presence feels again  
 Not in the blood, but in the brain,  
 Spirit, that lov'st the upper air,  
 Serene and vaporless and rare,  
 Such as on mountain-heights we find  
 And wide-viewed uplands of the mind,  
 Or such as scorns to coil and sing  
 Round any but the eagle's wing  
 Of souls that with long upward beat  
 Have won an undisturbed retreat,  
 Where, poised like winged victories,  
 They mirror in unflinching eyes  
 The life broad-basking 'neath their feet, —  
 Man always with his Now at strife,  
 Pained with first gasps of earthly air,  
 Then begging Death the last to spare,  
 Still fearful of the ampler life.

## V.

Not unto them dost thou consent  
 Who, passionless, can lead at ease



this could be the airy, laughing, winsome maiden with whom in days past he had ridden into the green forest. The billows of hair had ebbed away; the short, ungraceful, and somewhat thin remnant was meant for use in covering the head, not for luxurious beauty. All falling laces, all fluttering ribbons, all sparkling jewels were discarded from the severe simplicity of the scholastic gown; and with them had disappeared the glancing ripple that before had sunnily flowed around her, like wavy undulations through a field of corn. Very clear and still were the violet eyes, but their dewy lustre had long ago dried up. Like a flowering tree whose blossoms have been prematurely swept off by a cold wind was the maiden, as she sat there, abstractedly drawing geometrical diagrams with her pencil.

"Now, Sir," said the philosopher, "if you will state your difficulty, I have no doubt my pupil can afford you assistance."

So saying, he withdrew into a corner, that the discussion might have free scope.

Haguna now looking inquiringly at Anthrops. He cleared his throat with a somewhat dictatorial "hem!" and began.

"These circumstances, Madam, are really so unusual, that you must excuse me, if I" —

"Proceed, Sir, to the point."

"When, avoiding the barbarous edict of Justinian, which condemned to a perpetual silence the philosophic loquacity of the Athenian schools, the second heptacle of wise men undertook a perilous journey to implore the protection of Persia, they undoubtedly must at some stages of their travels have passed the night on the road. In this case, the method of so passing the time becomes an interesting object of research. Did the last of the Greeks provide themselves with tents, — effeminately impede their progress with luggage? Did they, skirting the north of the Arabian desert, repose under the scattered palm-trees, — or rather, wandering among the mountains of Assyria, find surer and colder shade? The importance of this inquiry becomes evident upon re-

flecting that the characters of the great are revealed by their behavior in the incidental events of their lives."

"It is evident to my mind," returned Haguna, thoughtfully, "that the seven sages, joyfully escaping from the frivolous necessities of society, would return to the privileges of the children of eternal Nature, and sleep confidently under the blue welkin."

"Rheumatism," suggested Anthrops.

"Rheumatism!" echoed Haguna, disdainfully. "What is rheumatism? What are any mere pains of the flesh, to the glorious content of the unshackled spirit revelling in the freedom of its own nature? Thus the cultivated Reason returns, with a touching appreciation of the Beautiful and the Fit, to the simple couch of childish spontaneity. Mankind, after long confinement in marble palaces, sepulchres of their inner being, retrograde to the golden age. The wisdom of the world lies down to sleep under the open sky. Such a beautiful comparison! It must be true."

"Really, Madam, your conclusions, although attained with great rapidity of reasoning, are hardly deducible from the premises. Let me remark" —

"Reduce Camenes to Celarent, and the argument is plainly irrefragable. It requires a mind deeply toned to sympathy with the inner significance of all things to" —

"Contemporary testimony is absolutely necessary, if not suspiciously sullied by credulity or deceit, — in which case, the nearest trustworthy historian, if not more than a hundred years from the specified time, is incomparably preferable. But" —

Haguna again interrupted, her voice a little raised with excitement. The dispute waxed warm, on either side authorities were quoted and rejected, and how it terminated has never been recorded. But the philosopher in the corner rubbed his hands with satisfaction, exclaiming, —

"Thank fortune, we may now have a little peace!"



## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

*a.w. Holmes.*

20-

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
 Its hues from heaven so freshly born ?  
 With burning star and flaming band  
 It kindles all the sunset land ; —  
 O, tell us what its name may be !  
 Is this the Flower of Liberty ?  
     It is the banner of the free,  
     The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode  
 Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;  
 The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
 Till, lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see  
 The full-blown Flower of Liberty !  
     Then hail the banner of the free,  
     The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite  
 One mingling flood of braided light, —  
 The red that fires the Southern rose,  
 With spotless white from Northern snows,  
 And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
 The sister Stars of Liberty !  
     Then hail the banner of the free,  
     The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round ;  
 Where'er it springs is holy ground ;  
 From tower and dome its glories spread ;  
 It waves where lonely sentries tread ;  
 It makes the land as ocean free,  
 And plants an empire on the sea !  
     Then hail the banner of the free,  
     The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
 To all their heavenly colors true,  
 In blackening frost or crimson dew, —  
 And GOD love us as we love thee,  
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !  
     Then hail the banner of the free,  
     The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY !

"My son," said Father Francesco, rising up with an air of authority, "you do *not* understand,—there is nothing in you by which you should understand. This unhappy brother hath opened his case to me, and I have counselled him all I know of prayer and fastings and watchings and mortifications. Let him persevere in the same; and if all these fail, the good Lord will send the other in His own time. There is an end to all things in this life, and that end shall certainly come at last. Bid him persevere and hope in this.—And now, brother," added the Superior, with digni-

ty, "if you have no other query, time flies and eternity comes on,—go, watch and pray, and leave me to my prayers also."

He raised his hand with a gesture of benediction, and Father Johannes, awed in spite of himself, felt impelled to leave the apartment.

"Is it so, or is it not?" he said. "I cannot tell. He did seem to wince and turn away his head when I proposed the case; but then he made fight at last. I cannot tell whether I have got any advantage or not; but patience! we shall see!"

## HEALTH IN THE CAMP.

ALL the world has heard a great deal of the sufferings and mortality of the English and French armies in the late Russian war; and in most countries the story has been heard to some purpose. Reforms and new methods have been instituted in almost every country in Europe,—so strong has been the effect of the mere outline of the case, which is all that has been furnished to the public. The broad facts of the singular mortality first, and the singular healthfulness of the British army afterwards, on the same spot and under the same military circumstances as before, have interested all rulers of armies, and brought about great benefits to the soldier, throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Within these broad outlines there was a multitude of details which were never recorded in a systematic way, or which, for good and sufficient reasons, could not be made public at the time; and these details are the part of the story most interesting to soldiers actually in the field or likely to be called there soon. They are also deeply interesting to every order of persons concerned in a civil war; for such a war summons forth a citizen soldiery to form a system for themselves in

regard to the life of the march and the camp, and to do the best they can for that life and health which they have devoted to their country. Under such circumstances it cannot but be interesting to the patriots in the camp and to their families at home to know some facts which they cannot have heard before of the mistakes made at the beginning of the last Russian war, and the repair of those mistakes before the end of it. The prompt and anxious care exercised by the American Sanitary Commission, and the benevolent diligence bestowed on the organization of hospitals for the Federal forces, show that the lesson of the Crimean campaign has been studied in the United States; and this is an encouragement to afford further illustrations of the case, when new material is at command.

I am thinking most of the volunteer forces at this moment, for the obvious reason that their health is in greater danger than that of the professional soldier. The regular troops live under a system which is always at work to feed, clothe, lodge, and entertain them: whereas the volunteers are quitting one mode of life for another, all the circumstances of which had to be created at the shortest



notice. To them their first campaign must be very like what it was to British soldiers who had never seen war to be sent to Turkey first, and then to the Crimea, to live a new kind of life, and meet discomforts and dangers which they had never dreamed of. I shall therefore select my details with a view to the volunteers and their friends in the first place.

The enthusiasm which started the volunteers of every Northern State on their new path of duty could hardly exceed that by which the British troops were escorted from their barrack-gates to the margin of the sea. The war was universally approved (except by a clique of peace-men); and there was a universal confidence that the troops would do their duty well, though not one man in a thousand of them had ever seen war. As they marched down to their ships, in the best mood, and with every appearance of health and spirit, nobody formed any conception of what would happen. Parliament had fulfilled the wishes of the people by voting liberal sums for the due support of the troops; the Administration desired and ordered that everything should be done for the soldier's welfare; and as far as orders and arrangements went, the scheme was thoroughly well intended and generous. Who could anticipate, that, while the enemy never once gained a battle or obtained an advantage over British or French, two-thirds of that fine stout British force would perish in a few months? Of the twenty-five thousand who went out, eighteen thousand were dead in a year; and the enemy was answerable for a very small proportion of those deaths. Before me lie the returns of six months of those twelve, showing the fate of the troops for that time; and it furnishes the key to the whole story.

In those six months, the admissions into hospital in the Crimea (exclusive of the Scutari Hospital) were 52,548. The number shows that many must have entered the hospitals more than once, as well as that the place of the dead was supplied by new comers from England.

Of these, nearly fifty thousand were absolutely untouched by the Russians. Only 3,806 of the whole number were wounded. Even this is not the most striking circumstance. It is more impressive that three-fourths of the sick suffered unnecessarily. Seventy-five per cent. of them suffered from preventable diseases. That is, the naturally sick were 12,563; while the needlessly sick were 36,179. When we look at the deaths from this number, the case appears still more striking. The deaths were 5,359; and of these scarcely more than the odd hundreds were from wounds,—that is, 373. Of the remainder, little more than one-tenth were unavoidable deaths. The natural deaths, as we may call them, were only 521; while the preventable deaths were 4,465. Very different would have been the spirit of the parting in England, if the soldiers' friends had imagined that so small a number would fall by Russian gun or bayonet, or by natural sickness, while the mortality from mismanagement would at one season of the next year exceed that of London in the worst days of the Great Plague.

That the case was really what is here represented was proved by the actual prevention of this needless sickness during the last year of the war. In the same camp, and under the same circumstances of warfare, the mortality was reduced, by good management, to a degree un hoped for by all but those who achieved it. The deaths for the last half year were one-third fewer than at home! And yet the army that died was composed of fine, well-trained troops; while the army that lived and flourished was of a far inferior material when it came out,—raw, untravelled, and unhardened to the military life.

How did these things happen? There can be no more important question for Americans at this time.

I will not go into the history of the weaknesses and faults of the administration of departments at home. They have been abundantly published already; and we may hope that they bear no relation

to the American case. It is more interesting to look into the circumstances of the march and the camp, for illustration of what makes the health or the sickness of the soldier.

Wherever the men were to provide themselves with anything to eat or to wear out of their pay, they were found to suffer. There is no natural market, with fair prices, in the neighborhood of warfare; and, on the one hand, a man cannot often get what he wishes, and, on the other, he is tempted to buy something not so good for him. If there are commissariat stores opened, there is an endless accumulation of business,—a mass of accounts to keep of the stoppages from the men's pay. On all accounts it is found better for all parties that the wants of the soldier should be altogether supplied in the form of rations of varied food and drink, and of clothing varying with climate and season.

In regard to food, which comes first in importance of the five heads of the soldier's wants, the English soldier was remarkably helpless till he learned better. The Russians cut that matter very short. Every man carried a certain portion of black rye bread and some spirit. No cooking was required, and the men were very independent. But the diet is bad; and the Russian regiments were composed of sallow-faced men, who died "like flies" under frequently recurring epidemics. The Turks were in their own country, and used their accustomed diet. The French are the most apt, the most practised, and the most economical managers of food of any of the parties engaged in the war. Their campaigns in Algeria had taught them how to help themselves; and they could obtain a decent meal where an Englishman would have eaten nothing, or something utterly unwholesome. The Sardinians came next, and it was edifying to see how they could build a fire-place and obtain a fire in a few minutes to boil their pot. In other ways both French and Sardinians suffered miserably when the British had surmounted their misfortunes. The mortal-

ity from cholera and dysentery in the French force, during the last year, was uncalculated and unreported. It was so excessive as, in fact, to close the war too soon. The Sardinians were ravaged by disease from their huts being made partly under ground. But, so far as the preparation of their food went, both had the advantage of the British, in a way which will never happen again. I believe the Americans and the English are bad cooks in about the same degree; and the warning afforded by the one may be accepted by the other.

At the end of a day, in Bulgaria or the Crimea, what happened was this.

The soldiers who did not understand cooking or messing had to satisfy their hunger any way they could. They were so exhausted that they were sure to drink up their allowance of grog the first moment they could lay hands on it. Then there was hard biscuit, a lump of very salt pork or beef, as hard as a board, and some coffee, raw. Those who had no touch of scurvy (and they were few) munched their biscuit while they poked about everywhere with a knife, digging up roots or cutting green wood to make a fire. Each made a hole in the ground, unless there was a bank or great stone at hand, and there he tried, for one half-hour after another, to kindle a fire. When he got up a flame, there was his salt meat to cook: it ought to have been soaked and stewed for hours; but he could not wait; and he pulled it to pieces, and gnawed what he could of it, when it was barely warm. Then he had to roast his coffee, which he did in the lid of his camp-kettle, burning it black, and breaking it as small as he could, with stones or anyhow. Such coffee as it would make could hardly be worth the trouble. It was called by one of the doctors charcoal and water. Such a supper could not fit a man for outpost duty for the night, nor give him good sleep after the toils of the day.

The Sardinians, meantime, united in companies, some members of which were usually on the spot to prepare supper for the rest. They knew how to look for or



provide a shelter for their fire, if only a foot high; and how to cut three or four little trenches, converging at the fire, so as to afford a good draught which would kindle even bad fuel. They had good stews and porridge and coffee ready when wanted. The French always had fresh bread. They carried portable ovens and good bakers. The British had flour, after a time, but they did not know how to make bread; and if men volunteered for the office, day after day, it usually turned out that they had a mind for a holiday, and knew nothing of baking; and their bread came out of the oven too heavy, or sour, or sticky, or burnt, to be eaten. As scurvy spread and deepened, the doctors made eager demands on Government for lime-juice, and more lime-juice. Government had sent plenty of lime-juice; but it was somehow neglected among the stores for twenty-four days when it was most wanted, as was the supply of rice for six weeks when dysentery was raging. All the time, the truth was, as was acknowledged afterwards, that the thing really wanted was good food. The lime-juice was a medicine, a specific; but it could be of no real use till the frame was nourished with proper food.

When flour, and preserved vegetables, and fresh meat were served out, and there were coffee-mills all through the camp, the men were still unable to benefit by the change as their allies did. They could grind and make their coffee; but they were still without good fresh bread and soup. They despised the preserved vegetables, not believing that those little cakes could do them any good. When they learned at last how two ounces of those little cakes were equal, when well cooked, to eight ounces of fresh vegetables, and just as profitable for a stew or with their meat, they duly prized them, and during the final healthy period those pressed vegetables were regarded in the camp as a necessary of life. By that time, Soyer's zeal had introduced good cookery into the camp. Roads were made by which supplies were continually arriving. Fresh meat abounded; and

it was brought in on its own legs, so that it was certain that beef was beef, and mutton mutton, instead of goat's flesh being substituted, as in Bulgaria. By that time it was discovered that the most lavish orders at home and the profusest expenditure by the commissariat will not feed and clothe an army in a foreign country, unless there is some agency, working between the commissariat and the soldiers, to take care that the food is actually in their hands in an eatable form, and the clothes on their backs.

It is for American soldiers to judge how much of this applies to their case. The great majority of the volunteers must be handy, self-helping men; and bands of citizens from the same towns or villages must be disposed and accustomed to concerted action; but cooking is probably the last thing they have any of them turned their hand to. Much depends on the source of their food-supply. I fear they live on the country they are in, — at least, when in the enemy's country. This is very easy living, certainly. To shoot pigs or fowls in road or yard is one way of getting fresh meat, as ravaging gardens is a short way of feasting on vegetables. But supposing the forces fed from a regular commissariat department, is there anything to be learned from the Crimean campaigns?

The British are better supplied with the food of the country, wherever they are, than the French, because it is their theory and practice to pay as they go; whereas it is the French, or at least the Bonapartist theory and practice, to "make the war support itself," that is, to live upon the people of the country. In the Peninsular War, the French often found themselves in a desert where they could not stay; whereas, when Wellington and his troops followed upon their steps, the peasants reappeared from all quarters, bringing materials for a daily market. In the Crimea, the faithful and ready payments of the English commissariat insured plenty of food material, in the form of cattle and flour, biscuit and vegetables. The defect was in means of transport for

bringing provisions to the camp. The men were trying to eat hard salt meat and biscuit, when scurvy made all eating difficult, while herds of cattle were waiting to be slaughtered, and ship-loads of flour were lying seven miles off. Whole deck-loads of cabbages and onions were thrown into the sea, while the men in camp were pining for vegetable food. An impracticable track lay between; and the poor fellows died by thousands before the road could be made good, and transport-animals obtained, and the food distributed among the tents and huts. Experience taught the officers that the food should be taken entire charge of by departments of the army till it was actually smoking in the mens' hands. There were agents, of course, in all the countries round, to buy up the cattle, flour, and vegetables needed. The animals should be delivered at appointed spots, alive and in good condition, that there might be no smuggling in of joints of doubtful character. There should be a regular arrangement of shambles, at a proper distance from the tents, and provided with a special drainage, and means of disposing instantly of the offal. Each company in the camp should have its kitchen, and one or two skilled cooks, — one to serve on each day, with perhaps two assistants from the company. After the regular establishment of the kitchens, there was always food ready and coffee procurable for the tired men who came in from the trenches or outpost duty; and it was a man's own fault, if he went without a meal when off duty.

It was found to be a grave mistake to feed the soldiers on navy salt beef and pork. Corned beef and pork salted for a fortnight have far more nourishment and make much less waste in the preparation than meat which is salted for a voyage of months. After a time, very little of the hard salted meat was used at all. When it was, it was considered essential to serve out peas with the pork, and flour, raisins, and suet, for a pudding, on salt-beef days. In course of time there were additions which made considerable varie-

ty: as rice, preserved potatoes, pressed vegetables, cheese, dried fruits and suet for puddings, sugar, coffee properly roasted, and malt liquor. Beer and porter answer much better than any kind of spirit, and are worth pains and cost to obtain. With such variety as this, with portable kitchens in the place of the cumbersome camp-kettle per man, with fresh bread, well-cooked meat and vegetables, and well-made coffee, the soldiers will have every chance of health that diet can afford. Whereas hard and long-kept salt meat, insufficiently soaked and cooked, and hastily broiled meat or fowls, just killed, and swallowed by hungry men unskilled in preparing food, help on diseases of the alimentary system as effectually as that intemperance in melons and cucumbers and unripe grapes and apples which has destroyed more soldiers than all the weapons of all enemies.

So much for the food. Next in order come the clothing, and care of the person.

The newspapers have a great deal to say, as we have all seen, about the badness of much of the clothing furnished to the Federal troops. There is no need to denounce the conduct of faithless contractors in such a case; and the glorious zeal of the women, and of all who can help to make up clothing for the army, shows that the volunteers at least will be well clad, if the good-will of society can effect it. Whatever the form of dress, it is the height of imprudence to use flimsy material for it.

It seems to be everywhere agreed, in a general way, that the soldier's dress should be of an easy fit, in the first place; light enough for hot weather and noon service, with resources of warmth for cold weather and night duty. In Europe, the blouse or loose tunic is preferred to every other form of coat, and knickerbockers or gaiters to any form of trousers. The shoe or boot is the weak point of almost all military forces. The French are getting over it; and the English are learning from them. The number of sizes and proportions is, I think, five to one of



what it used to be in the early part of the century, so that any soldier can get fitted. The Duke of Wellington wrote home from the Peninsula in those days, — "If you don't send shoes, the army can't march." The enemy marched away to a long distance before the shoes arrived; and when they came, they were all too small. Such things do not happen now; but it often does happen that hundreds are made footsore, and thrown out of the march, by being ill-shod; and there seems reason to believe that much of the lagging and apparent desertion of stragglers in the marches of the volunteers of the Federal army is owing to the difficulty of keeping up with men who walk at ease. If the Southern troops are in such want of shoes as is reported, that circumstance alone is almost enough to turn the scale, provided the Northern regiments attain the full use of their feet by being accurately fitted with stout shoes or boots. During the darkest days in the Crimea, those who had boots which would stick on ceased to take them off. They slept in them, wet or dry, knowing, that, once off, they could never be got on again. Such things cannot happen in the Northern States, where the stoppage of the trade in shoes to the South leaves leather, skill, and time for the proper shoeing of the army; but it may not yet be thoroughly understood how far the practical value of every soldier depends on the welfare of his feet, and how many sizes and proportions of shoe are needed for duly fitting a thousand men.

As for the rest, the conclusion after the Crimean campaign was that flannel shirts answer better than cotton on the whole. If the shirt is cotton, there must be a flannel waistcoat; and the flannel shirt answers the purpose of both, while it is as easily washed as any material. Every man should have a flannel bandage for the body, in case of illness, or unusual fatigue, or sudden changes of temperature. The make and pressure of the knapsack are very important, so that the weight may be thrown on the shoulders, without pressure on the chest or inter-

ference with the arms. The main object is the avoidance of pressure everywhere, from the toe-joints to the crown of the head. For this the head-covering should be studied, that it may afford shelter and shade from heat and light, and keep on, against the wind, without pressure on the temples or forehead. For this the neck-tie should be studied, and the cut of the coat-chest and sleeve, when coats must be worn: and every man must have some sort of overcoat, for chilly and damp hours of duty. There is great danger in the wearing of water-proof fabrics, unless they are so loose as to admit of a free circulation of air between them and the body.

With the clothing is generally connected the care of the person. It is often made a question, With whom rests the responsibility of the personal cleanliness of the soldier? The medical men declare that they do what they can, but that there is nothing to be said when the men are unsupplied with water; and all persuasions are thrown away when the poor fellows are in tatters, and sleeping on dirty straw or the bare ground. The indolent ones, at least, go on from day to day without undressing, combing, or washing, till they are swarming with vermin; and then they have lost self-respect. But if, before it is too late, there is an issue of new shirts, boots, stockings, comforters, or woollen gloves, the event puts spirit into them; they will strip and wash, and throw out dirt and rags from their sleeping-places, and feel respectable again.

Perhaps the first consideration should be on the part of the quartermaster, whose business it is to see to the supply of water; and the sanitary officer has next to take care that every man gets his eight or ten gallons per day. If the soldiers are posted near a stream which can be used for bathing and washing clothes, there ought to be no difficulty; and every man may fairly be required to be as thoroughly washed from head to foot every day, and as clean in his inner clothing, as his own little children at home. If on high and dry ground, where the water-supply is restricted, some method

and order are needed; but no pains should be spared to afford each man his eight or ten gallons.

This cannot be done, unless the source of supply is properly guarded. When unrestrained access is afforded to a spring-head or pond, the water is fatally wasted and spoiled. In the Crimea, the English officers had to build round the spring-heads, and establish a regular order in getting supplied. Where there is crowding, dirt gets thrown in, the water is muddied, or animals are brought to drink at the source. This ruins everything; for animals will not drink below, when the mouth of horse, mule, or cow has touched the water above. The way is for guardians to take possession, and board over the source, and make a reservoir with taps, allowing water to be taken first for drinking and washing purposes, a flow being otherwise provided by spout and troughs for the animals, and for cleansing the camp. The difference on the same spot was enormous between the time when a British sergeant wrote that he was not so well as at home, and could not expect it, not having had his shoes or any of his clothes off for five months, and the same time the next year, when every respectable soldier was fresh and tidy, with his blood flowing healthfully under a clean skin. The poor sergeant said, in his days of discomfort: "I wonder what our sweethearts would think of us, if they were to see us now, — unshaved, unwashed, and quite old men!" But in a year, those who survived had grown young again, — not shaven, perhaps, for their beards were a great natural comfort on winter duty, but brushed and washed, in vigorous health, and gay spirits.

The next consideration is the soldier's abode, — whether tent, or hut, or quarters.

I have shown certain British doctors demanding lime-juice when food was necessary first. In the same way, there was a cry from the same quarter for peat charcoal, instead of preventing the need of disinfectants. Wherever men are congregated in large numbers, — in a cara-

van, at a fair in the East or a protracted camp-meeting in the far West, or as a military force anywhere, there is always animal refuse which should not be permitted to lie about for a day or an hour. Dead camels among Oriental merchants, dead horses among Western soldiers, are the cause of plague. It is to be hoped that there will never be a military encampment again without the appointment of officers whose business it shall be to see that all carrion, offal, and dirt of every kind is put away into its proper place instantly. For those receptacles, and for stables and shambles, peat charcoal is a great blessing; but it ought not to be needed in or about the abodes of the men. The case is different in different armies. The French have a showy orderliness in their way of settling themselves on new ground, — forming their camp into streets, with names painted up, and opening post-office, *cafés*, and bazaars of camp-followers; but they are not radically neat in their ways. In a few days or weeks their settlement is a place of stench, turning to disease; and thus it was, that, notwithstanding their fresh bread, and good cookery, and clever arrangements, they were swept away by cholera and dysentery, to an extent unrevealed to this day, while the British force, once well fed and clothed, had actually only five per cent. sick from all causes, in their whole force.

The Sardinians suffered, as I have already observed, from their way of making their huts. They excavated a space, to the depth of three or four feet, and used the earth they threw out to embank the walls raised upon the edge of the excavation. This procured warmth in winter and coolness in hot weather; but the interior was damp and ill-ventilated; and as soon as there was any collection of refuse within, cholera and fever broke out. It is essential to health that the dwelling should be above ground, admitting the circulation of air from the base to the ridge of the roof, where there should be an escape for it at all hours of the day and night.



Among volunteer troops in America, the difficulty would naturally seem to be the newness of the discipline, the strangeness of the requisite obedience. Something must be true of all that is said of the scattering about of food, and other things which have no business to lie about on the ground. A soldier is out of his duty who throws away a crust of bread or meat, or casts bones to dogs, or in any way helps to taint the air or obstruct the watercourses or drains. It may be troublesome to obey the requisitions of the sanitary authorities; but it is the only chance for escaping camp-disease.

On the other hand, in fixing on a spot for encampment, it is due to the soldier to avoid all boggy places, and all places where the air is stagnant from inclosure by woods, or near burial-grounds, or where the soil is unfavorable to drainage. The military officer must admit the advice of the sanitary officer in the case, though he may not be always able to adopt it. When no overwhelming military considerations interfere, the soldiers have a right to be placed on the most dry and pervious soil that may offer, in an airy situation, removed from swamps and dense woods, and admitting of easy drainage. Wood and water used to be the quartermaster's sole demands; now, good soil and air are added, and a suitable slope of the ground, and other minor requisites.

It depends on the character of the country whether quarters in towns and villages are best, or huts or tents. In Europe, town quarters are found particularly fatal; and the state of health of the inmates of tents and huts depends much on the structure and placing of either. Precisely the same kind of hut in the Crimea held a little company of men in perfect health, or a set of invalids, carried out one after another to their graves. Nay, the same hut bore these different characters, according to its position at the top of a slope, or half-way down, so as to collect under its floor the drainage from a spring. American sol-

diers, however, are hardly likely to be hutted, I suppose; so I need say no more than that in huts and tents alike it is indispensable to health that there should be air-holes, — large spaces, sheltered from rain, — in the highest part of the structure, whether the entrance below be open or closed. The sanitary officers no doubt have it in charge to see that every man has his due allowance of cubic feet of fresh air, — in other words, to take care that each tent or other apartment is well ventilated, and not crowded. The men's affair is to establish such rules among comrades as that no one shall stop up air-holes, or overcrowd the place with guests, or taint the air with unwholesome fumes. In the British army, bell-tents are not allowed at all as hospital tents. Active, healthy men may use them in their resting hours; but their condemnation as abodes for the sick shows how pressing is the duty of ventilating them for the use of the strongest and healthiest.

A sound and airy tent being provided, the next consideration is of bedding.

The surgeons of the British force were always on the lookout for straw and hay, after being informed at the outset that the men could not have bedding, though it was hoped there was enough for the hospitals. A few nights in the dust, among the old bones and rubbish of Gallipoli, and then in the Bulgarian marshes, showed that it would be better to bestow the bedding before the men went into hospital, and sheets of material were obtained for some of them to lie upon. A zealous surgeon pointed out to the proper officer that this bedding consisted in fact of double ticking, evidently intended as *paillasses*, to be stuffed with straw. The straw not being granted, he actually set to work to make hay; and, being well aided by the soldiers, he soon saw them sleeping on good mattresses. It was understood in England, and believed by the Government, that every soldier in camp had three blankets; and after a time, this came true: but in the interval, during the damp autumn and

bitter winter, they had but one. Lying on wet ground, with one damp and dirty blanket over them, prepared hundreds for the hospital and the grave. The mischief was owing to the jealousy of some of the medical authorities, in the first place, who would not see, believe, or allow to be reported, the fact that the men were in any way ill-supplied, because these same doctors had specified the stores that would be wanted,—and next, to the absence of a department for the actual distribution of existing stores. With the bedding the case was the same as with the lime-juice and the rice: there was plenty; but it was not served out till too late. When the huts were inhabited, in the Crimea, and the wooden platforms had a dry soil beneath, and every man had a bed of some sort and three blankets, there was no more cholera or fever.

The American case is radically unlike that of any of the combatants in the Crimean War, because they are on the soil of their own country, within reach of their own railways, and always in the midst of the ordinary commodities of life. In such a position, they can with the utmost ease be supplied with whatever they really want,—so profuse as are the funds placed at the command of the authorities. Considering this, and the well-known handiness of Americans, there need surely be no disease and death from privation. This may be confidently said while we have before us the case of the British in the Crimea during the second winter of the war. A sanitary commission had been sent out; and under their authority, and by the help of experience, everything was rectified. The healthy were stronger than ever; there was scarcely any sickness; and the wounded recovered without drawback. As the British ended, the Americans ought to begin.

On the last two heads of the soldier's case there is little to be said here, because the American troops are at home, and not in a perilous foreign climate, and on the shores of a remote sea. Their drill can hardly be appointed for wrong hours,

or otherwise mismanaged. In regard to transport, they have not the embarrassment of crowds of sick and wounded, far away in the Black Sea, without any adequate supply of mules and carriages, after the horses had died off, and without any organization of hospital ships at all equal to the demand. Neither do they depend for clothing and medicines on the arrival of successive ships through the storms of the Euxine; and they will never see the dreary spectacle of the foundering of a noble vessel just arriving, in November, with ample stores of winter clothing, medicines, and comforts, which six hours more would have placed in safety. Under the head of transport, they ought to have nothing to suffer.

Having gone through the separate items, and looking at the case as a whole, we may easily perceive that in America, as in England and France and every other country, the responsibility of the soldier's health in camp is shared thus.

The authorities are bound so to arrange their work as that there shall be no hitch through which disaster shall reach the soldiery. The relations between the military and medical authorities must be so settled and made clear as that no professional jealousy among the doctors shall keep the commanding officers in the dark as to the needs of their men, and that no self-will or ignorance in commanding officers shall neutralize the counsels of the medical men. The military authorities must not depend on the report of any doctor who may be incompetent as to the provision made for the men's health, and the doctor must be authorized to represent the dangers of a bad encampment without being liable to a recommendation to keep his opinion to himself till he is asked for it. These particular dangers are best obviated by the appointment of sanitary officers, to attend the forces, and take charge of the health of the army, as the physicians and surgeons take charge of its sickness. If, besides, there is a separate department between the commissariat and the soldiery, to see that the comforts provided are ac-



tually brought within every man's grasp, the authorities will have done their part.

The rest is the soldier's own concern. When cruelly pressed by hardship, the soldiers in Turkey and the Crimea took to drinking; and what they drank was poison. The vile *raki* with which they intoxicated themselves carried hundreds to the grave as surely as arsenic would have done. When, at last, they were well fed, warm, clean, and comfortable, and well amused in the coffee-houses opened for them, there was an end, or a vast diminution, of the evil of drunkenness. Good coffee and harmless luxuries were sold to them at cost price; and books and magazines and newspapers, chess, draughts, and other games, were at their command. The American soldiery are a more cultivated set of men than these, and are in proportion more inexcusable for any resort to intemperance. They ought to have neither the external discomfort nor the internal vacuity which have caused drunkenness in other armies. The resort to strong drinks so prevalent in the Americans is an everlasting mystery to Europeans, who recognize in them a self-governing people, universally educated up to a capacity for intellectual interests such as are elsewhere found to be a safeguard against intemperance in drink. If the precautions instituted by the authorities are well supported by the volunteers themselves, the most fatal of all perils will be got rid of. If not, the army will perish by a veritable suicide. But such a fate cannot be in store for such an army.

There is something else almost as indispensable to the health of soldiers as sobriety, and that is subordination. The true, magnanimous, patriotic spirit of subordination is not more necessary to military achievement than it is to the personal composure and the trustworthiness of nerve of the individual soldier. A strong desire and fixed habit of obedience to command relieve a man of all internal conflict between self-will and circumstance, and give him possession of his full powers of action and endurance. If

absolute reliance on authority is a necessity to the great majority of mankind, (which it is,) it is to the few wisest and strongest a keen enjoyment when they can righteously indulge in it; and the occasion on which it is supremely a duty — in the case of military or naval service — is one of privilege. Americans are less accustomed than others to prompt and exact obedience, being a self-governing and unmilitary nation: and they may require some time to become aware of the privileges of subordination to command. But time will satisfy them of the truth; and those who learn the lesson most quickly will be the most sensible of the advantage to health of body, through ease of mind. The abdication of self-will in regard to the ordering of affairs, the repose of reliance upon the responsible parties, the exercise of silent endurance about hardships and fatigues, the self-respect which relishes the honor of coöperation through obedience, the sense of patriotic devotedness which glows through every act of submission to command, — all these elevated feelings tend to composure of the nerves, to the fortifying of brain and limb, and the genial repose and exaltation of all the powers of mind and body. I need not contrast with this the case of the discontented and turbulent volunteer, questioning commands which he is not qualified to judge of, and complaining of troubles which cannot be helped. It is needless to show what wear-and-tear is caused by such a spirit, and how nerve and strength must, in such a case, fail in the hour of effort or of crisis, and give way at once before the assault of disease. By the aid of sobriety and the calm and cheerful subordination of the true military character, the health of the Federal army may be equal to its high mission: and all friends of human freedom, in all lands, must heartily pray that it may be so.

There is another department of the subject which I propose to treat of another month: "Health in the Military Hospital."

enabled to do things and say things which you never could. I have sometimes looked with no small curiosity upon the kind of man who will come uninvited, and without warning of his approach, to stay at another man's house: who will stay on, quite comfortable and unmoved, though seeing plainly he is not wanted: who will announce, on arriving, that his visit is to be for three days, and who will then, without farther remark, and without invitation of any kind, remain for a month or six weeks: and all the while sit down to dinner every day with a perfectly easy and unembarrassed manner. You and I, my reader, would rather live on much less than sixpence a day than do all this. We *could not* do it. But some people not merely can do it, but can do it without any appearance of effort. Oh, if the people who are victimized by these horse-leeches of society could but gain a little of the thickness of skin which characterizes the horse-leeches, and bid them be off, and not return again till they are invited! To the same pachydermatous class belong those individuals who will put all sorts of questions as to the private affairs of other people, but carefully shy off from any similar confidence as to their own affairs: also those individuals who borrow small sums of money and never repay them, but go on borrowing till the small sums amount to a good deal. To the same class may be referred the persons who lay themselves out for saying disagreeable things, the "candid friends" of Canning, the "people who speak their mind," who form such pests of society. To find fault is to right-feeling men a very painful thing; but some take to the work with avidity and delight. And while people of cultivation shrink, with a delicate intuition, from saying anything which may give pain or cause uneasiness to others, there are others who are ever painfully treading upon the moral corns of all around them. Sometimes this is done designedly: as by Mr. Snarling, who by long practice has attained the power of hinting and insinuating, in the course of a forenoon call,

as many unpleasant things as may germinate into a crop of ill-tempers and worries which shall make the house at which he called uncomfortable all that day. Sometimes it is done unawares, as by Mr. Boor, who, through pure ignorance and coarseness, is always bellowing out things which it is disagreeable to some one, or to several, to hear. Which was it, I wonder, Boor or Snarling, who once reached the dignity of the mitre, and who at prayers in his house uttered this supplication on behalf of a lady visitor who was kneeling beside him: "Bless our friend, Mrs. —: give her a little more common sense; and teach her to dress a little less like a tragedy queen than she does at present?"

But who shall reckon up the countless circumstances which lie like a depressing burden on the energies of men, and make them work at that disadvantage which we have thought of under the figure of *carrying weight in life*? There are men who carry weight in a damp, marshy neighborhood, who, amid bracing mountain air might have done things which now they will never do. There are men who carry weight in an uncomfortable house: in smoky chimneys: in a study with a dismal look-out: in distance from a railway-station: in ten miles between them and a bookseller's shop. Give another hundred a year of income, and the poor struggling parson who preaches dull sermons will astonish you by the talent he will exhibit when his mind is freed from the dismal depressing influence of ceaseless scheming to keep the wolf from the door. Let the poor little sick child grow strong and well, and with how much better heart will its father face the work of life! Let the clergyman who preached, in a spiritless enough way, to a handful of uneducated rustics, be placed in a charge where weekly he has to address a large cultivated congregation, and, with the new stimulus, latent powers may manifest themselves which no one fancied he possessed, and he may prove quite an eloquent and attractive preach-



er. A dull, quiet man, whom you esteemed as a blockhead, may suddenly be valued very differently when circumstances unexpectedly call out the solid qualities he possesses, unsuspected before. A man devoid of brilliancy may on occasion show that he possesses great good sense, or that he has the power of sticking to his task in spite of discouragement. Let a man be placed where dogged perseverance will stand him in stead, and you may see what he can do when he has but a chance. The especial weight which has held some men back, the thing which kept them from doing great things and attaining great fame, has been just this: that they were not able to say or to write what they have thought and felt. And, indeed, a great poet is nothing more than the one man in a million who has the gift to express that which has been in the mind and heart of multitudes. If even the most commonplace of human beings could write all the poetry he has felt, he would produce something that would go straight to the hearts of many.

It is touching to witness the indications and vestiges of sweet and admirable things which have been subjected to a weight which has entirely crushed them down, — things which would have come out into beauty and excellence, if they had been allowed a chance. You may witness one of the saddest of all the loss-

es of Nature in various old maids. What kind hearts are there running to waste! What pure and gentle affections blossom to be blighted! I dare say you have heard a young lady of more than forty sing, and you have seen her eyes fill with tears at the pathos of a very commonplace verse. Have you not thought that there was the indication of a tender heart which might have made some good man happy, and, in doing so, made herself happy, too? But it was not to be. Still, it is sad to think that sometimes upon cats and dogs there should be wasted the affection of a kindly human being! And you know, too, how often the fairest promise of human excellence is never suffered to come to fruit. You must look upon gravestones to find the names of those who promised to be the best and noblest specimens of the race. They died in early youth, — perhaps in early childhood. Their pleasant faces, their singular words and ways, remain, not often talked of, in the memories of subdued parents, or of brothers and sisters now grown old, but never forgetting how *that* one of the family, that was as the flower of the flock, was the first to fade. It has been a proverbial saying, you know, even from heathen ages, that those whom the gods love die young. It is but an inferior order of human beings that makes the living succession to carry on the human race.

---

## WHY HAS THE NORTH FELT AGGRIEVED WITH ENGLAND?

WE have chosen a guarded and passionless wording for a topic on which we wish to offer a few frankly spoken, but equally passionless remarks. With the bitterness and venom and exaggeration of statement which both English and American papers have interchanged in reference to matters of opinion and mat-

ters of feeling connected with our national troubles we do not now intermeddle. We would not imitate it: we regret it, and on our own side we are ashamed of it. We have read editorials and communications in our own papers so grossly vituperative and stinging in the rancor of their spirit, that it would not have

surprised us, if some Englishmen, of a certain class, had organized a hostile association against us in revenge for our truculent defiance. The real spirit of bullyism, of the cockpit and the pugilistic ring, has been exhibited in this interchange of newspaper opinion. The more is the reason why we should not overlook or be blind to the real grievances in the case, nor fail to give expression to them in the strongest way of which their emphatic, but unembittered, statement will admit. Whether the London "Times" is or is not an authoritative vehicle for the utterance of average English opinion, and an index, in its general tone, of the prevailing sentiment of that people, is a question which, so far from wishing to decide, we must decline to entertain, as mainly irrelevant to our present purpose. As a matter of fact, however, if we did accept that print as an authority and a standard in English opinion, we should throw more of temper than we hope to prevent escaping through our words into the remarks which are to follow. That paper evidently represents the opinion of one class, perhaps of more than one class of Englishmen. An intelligent American reader of its comments on our affairs can always read it, as even the best-informed Englishman cannot, with the skill and ability to discern its spirit, often covertly mean, and to detect its misrepresentations, some of the grossest of which are made the basis of its arguments and inferences. From the very opening of our strife to the last issue of that print which has crossed the water, its comments and records relating to our affairs have presented a most ingenious and mischievous combination of everything false, ill-tempered, malignant, and irritating. It is at present exercising itself upon the financial arrangements of our Government, and uttering prophecies, falsified before they have come to our knowledge, about the inability or the unwillingness of our loyal people to furnish the necessary money.

But enough of the London "Times." We have in view matters not identified with the spirit and comments of a single newspaper, however influential. We have in view graver and more comprehensive facts, — facts, too, more significant of feelings and opinion. Stating our point in general terms, which we shall reduce to some particulars before we close, we affirm frankly and emphatically, that the North, we might even say this Nation, as a government standing in solemn treaty relations with Great Britain, has just cause of complaint and offence at the prevailing tone and spirit of the English people, and press, and mercantile classes, towards us, in view of the rebellion which is convulsing our land. That tone and spirit have not been characterized by justice, magnanimity, or true sympathy with a noble and imperilled cause; they have not been in keeping with the professions and avowed principles of that people; they have not been consistent with the former intimations of English opinion towards us, as regards our position and our duty; and they have sadly disappointed the hopes on whose cheering support we had relied when the dark hours which English influence had helped to prepare for us should come.

Before we proceed to our specifications, let us meet the suggestion often thrown out, that we have been unduly and morbidly sensitive to English opinion in this matter; and let us gratefully allow for the exceptions that may require to be recognized in the application of our charges against the English people or press as a whole. It has been said that we have shown a timid and almost craven sensitiveness to the opinions pronounced abroad upon our national struggle, especially those pronounced by our own kinsfolk of England. It is urged, that a strong and prosperous and united people, if conscious of only a rightful cause, and professing the ability to maintain it, should be self-reliant, independent of foreign judgment, and ready to trust to time and the sure candor and fulness of the expositions which it brings with it, to



set us right before the eyes of the world. But what if another nation, supposed to be friendly, known even to have recommended and urged upon us the very cause for which we are contending, represents it in such a contumelious and disheartening way as to show us that we have not even her sympathy? Further, what if there is a spirit and a tone of treatment towards us which suggests the possibility that at some critical moment she may interfere in a way that will embarrass us and encourage our enemies? The sensitiveness of a people to the possible power of mischief that may lie against them in the hands of a jealous neighbor, ready to be used at the will or caprice of its possessor, may indicate timidity or weakness. But Great Britain, knowing very well what the feeling is, ought to understand that it may consist with real strength, courage, and right purposes. It is notorious now to all the civilized world, as a fact often ludicrously and sometimes lugubriously set forth, that millions of sturdy English folk have lived for many years, and live at this hour, in a state of quaking trepidation as to the designs of a single man of "ideas" across their Channel. What bulletin have the English people ever read from day to day with such an intermittent pulse as that with which they peruse quotations from the "*Moniteur*"? The English people, whatever might have been true of them once, are now the last people in the world—matched and overawed as they are by the French—to charge upon another people a timid sensitiveness for even the slightest intimations of foreign feeling and possible intentions.

We must allow also for exceptions to the sweep of the specific charges under which we shall express our grievances at the general course of English treatment towards us. There have been messages in many private letters from Englishmen and Englishwomen of high public and of dignified private station, there have been editorials and communications in a few English papers, there have been brief utterances in Parliament, and from

leading speakers at political, mercantile, literary, and religious assemblies, which have shown a full appreciation of the import of our present strife, and have conveyed to us in words of most precious and grateful encouragement the assurance that many hearts are beating with ours across the sea. That the truculence and venom of some of our own papers may have repressed the feeling and the utterance of this same sympathy in many individuals and ways where it might otherwise have manifested itself is not unnatural, and is very probable. We acknowledge most gratefully the cheer and the inspiration which have come to us from every word, wish, and act from abroad that has recognized the stake of our conflict; and we will take for granted the real existence and the glowing heartiness of much of the same which has not been expressed, or has not reached us. Farther even than this we will go in tempering or qualifying the utterance of our grievances. We will take for granted that very much of the coldness, or antipathy, or contemptuousness, or misrepresentation which we have recognized in the general treatment of us and our cause by Englishmen is to be accounted to actual ignorance or a very partial understanding of our real circumstances and of the conditions of the conflict, and of the relations of parties to it. De Tocqueville is universally regarded among us as the only foreigner who ever divined the theoretical and the practical method of our institutions. Englishmen, English statesmen even, have never penetrated to the mystery of them. Many intelligent British travellers have seemed to wish to do so, and to have tried to do so. But the study bothers them, the secret baffles them. They give it up with a gruff impatience which writes on their features the sentence, "You have no right to have such complicated and unintelligible arrangements in your governments, State and Federal: they are quite un-English." Our foreign kinsfolk seem unwilling to realize the extent of our domain, and the size of some of our

States as compared with their own island, and incapable of understanding how different institutions, forms, limitations, and governmental arrangements may exist in the several States, independently of, or in subordination to, the province and administration of the Federal Government. Nearly every English journal which undertakes to refer to our affairs will make ludicrous or serious blunders, if venturing to enter into details. The "Edinburgh Review" kindly volunteered to be the champion of American institutions and products in opposition to the extreme Toryism of the "Quarterly." Sydney Smith took us, our authors and early enterprises, under his special patronage, and he wrote many favorable articles of that character. One would have supposed, that, in the necessary preparation for such labors, he would have acquired some geographical, statistical, and other rudimentary knowledge about us, enough to have kept him from gross blunders. Unluckily, for him and for us, for the sake of getting here on his money double the interest which he could get at home, and not considering that the greater the promised profit the greater the risk, he made investments in some of our stock companies and bonds. When these investments proved disastrous, he raved and fumed, calling upon our Government—which had nothing more to do with the matter than had the English Parliament—to make good his losses.

We are tempted for a moment to drop the graver thread of our theme to relate an anecdote in illustration of our present point. It happened a few years ago that we had as a household guest for two or three weeks an English gentleman, well-informed, courteous, and excellent, who had been for several years the editor of a London paper. On the day after his domestication with us, which was within the first week of his arrival at New York, sitting where we are now writing, after breakfast, he announced that "he had a commission to execute for a friend, with a person residing in Springfield." Opening his note-book, he handed us a slip of pa-

per bearing the gentleman's name and address, "Springfield, Ohio." Furnishing him with writing-materials, we were about turning to our own occupation, when, suddenly, with a quick exclamation, as if recalling something, he said, "Sure, I have been in Springfield. I remember a short, a very short time was allowed for dinner, as I came from New York." We explained, or tried to explain to him, that the Springfield through which he had passed and the Springfield to which he was writing were in different States widely separated, and that there were also several other "Springfields." To this he demurred, protesting that it made matters quite confusing to foreigners to have the same names repeated in different parts of the country. In vain did we suggest that all confusion was avoided by adding the abbreviated name of the State. No! "It was very confusing." Suddenly, a thought occurred to us, and, refreshing our memory by a glance at the Index of our English "Road-Book," we suggested triumphantly that names were repeated for different localities in England: thus, there are four Ashfords, two Dorchesters, six Hortons, seven Newports, etc., etc. Our guest, with an air and vehemence that quite outvied our triumph, exclaimed,— "Oh! but they are in different *shirrrhes*, in different *shirrrhes*!" Sure enough, one of his own *shires* is a larger thing to an Englishman than one of our States. He lives on an island which is to him larger than all the rest of the world, though any one starting from the centre of it, on a fast horse, unless he crossed the border into Scotland, could scarcely ride in any direction twenty-four hours without getting overboard.

To the actual ignorance or obfuscation of mind of the majority of the English people, as regards our country and its institutions, we are doubtless to refer much of the ill-toned and seemingly unfriendly comments made upon our affairs in their organs. Thus, it is intimated to us by many English writers, that they regard the North now as simply undertaking to patch up a Union founded and sustained



by mean compromises, an object which has already led us into many humiliating concessions,—and that the moment we announce that we are striking a blow for Liberty, we shall have their sympathy without stint or measure. No Englishman who really understood our affairs would talk in that way. One of the chief lures which instigated and encouraged the Southern rebellion was the assurance, adroitly insinuated by the leading traitors into their duped followers, that opposition by the rest of the country to their schemes would take the form of an anti-slavery crusade, in which form the opposition would be put down by the combined force of those who did not belong to the Republican party. They were deceived. Opposition to them took the form of a rallying by all parties to the defence of the Constitution, the maintenance of the Union. For any anti-slavery zeal to have attempted to divert the aroused patriotism of the land to a breach of one of its fundamental constitutional provisions would have been treacherous and futile. The majority of our enlisted patriotic soldiers would have laid down their arms. If the leadings of Providence shall direct the thickening strife into an exterminating crusade against slavery, doubtless our patriots will wait on Providence. But we could not have started in our stern work avowing that as an object of our own. And as to the meanness of our concessions and compromises for Union, we have to consider what woes and wrongs that Union has averted. Has England no discreditable passages in her own Parliamentary history? Have her attempts at governing large masses of men, Christian and heathen, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and of all sects, privileged and oppressed, never led her into any truckling or tyrannical legislation, any concessions or compromises of ideal or abstract right?

But we must come to our specifications, introducing them with but a single other needful suggestion. We have not to complain of any acts or formal measures of the English Government against us,—

nor even of the omission of any possible public manifestation which might have turned to our encouragement or service. But it will be admitted that we have grievances to complain of, if the tone and the strain of English opinion and sentiment have been such as to dispirit the South and to dispirit the North. If English comments have palliated or justified the original and the incidental measures of the Rebellion,—if they have been zealous to find or to exaggerate excuses for it, to overstate the apparent or professed grounds of it, to wink at the meannesses and outrages by which it has thriven,—if they have perverted or misrepresented the real issue, have ridiculed or discouraged the purposes of its patriotic opponents, have embarrassed or impeded their hopes of success, or have prejudged or foreclosed the probable result,—it will be admitted, we say, that we have grievances against those who have so dealt by us in the hour of our dismay and trial. And it is an enormous aggravation of the disappointment or the wrong which we are bearing, that it is visited upon us by England just as we have initiated measures for at least restraining and abating the dominant power of that evil institution for our complicity in the support of which she has long been our unsparing censor. We complain generally of the unsympathizing and contemptuous tone of England towards us,—of the mercurial standard by which she judges our strife,—of the scarcely qualified delight with which she parades our occasional ill-successes and discomfitures,—of the haste which she has made to find tokens of a rising despotism or a military dictatorship in those measures of our Government which are needful and consistent with the exigencies of a state of warfare, such as the suspension, on occasions, of the *habeas corpus*, the suppression of disloyal publications, the employment of spies, and the requisition of passports,—and finally, of the contemptible service to which England has tried to put our last tariff, and of her evident unwillingness to have us find or furnish the finan-

ces of our war. Not to deal, however, with generalities, we proceed to make three distinct points of an argument that crowds us with materials.

Foremost among the grievances which we at the North may allege against our brethren across the water—foremost, both in time and in the harmful influence of its working—we may specify this fact, that the English press, with scarce an exception, made haste, in the very earliest stages of the Southern Rebellion, to judge and announce the hopeless partition of our Union, as an event accomplished and irrevocable. The way in which this judgment was reached and pronounced, the time and circumstances of its utterance, and the foregone conclusions which were drawn from it, gave to it a threatening and mischievous agency, only less prejudicial to our cause, we verily believe, than would have been an open alliance between England and the enemies of the Republic. This haste to announce the positive and accomplished dissolution of our National Union was forced most painfully upon our notice in the darkest days of our opening strife. Those who undertook to guide and instruct English opinion in the matter had easy means of informing themselves about the strangely fortuitous and deplorable, though most opportune and favoring combination of circumstances under which “Secession” was initiated and strengthened. They knew that the Administration, then in its last days of power, was half-covertly, half-avowedly in sympathy and in active coöperation with the cause of rebellion. The famous “Ostend Conference” had had its doings and designs so thoroughly aired in the columns of the English press, that we cannot suppose either the editors or the readers ignorant of the spirit or intentions of those who controlled the policy of that Administration. Early information likewise crossed the water to them of the discreditable and infamous doings and plottings of members of the Cabinet, evidently in league with the fomenting treachery. They knew that the head of the

Navy Department had either scattered our ships of war to the ends of the earth, or had moored them in helpless disability at our dockyards,—that the head of the War Department had been plundering the arsenals of loyal States to furnish weapons for intended rebellion,—that the head of the Treasury Department was purloining its funds,—and that the President himself, while allowing national forts to be environed by hostile batteries, had formally announced that both Secession itself and all attempts to resist it were alike unconstitutional,—the effect of which grave opinion was to let Secession have its way till *Coercion* would seem to be not only unconstitutional, but unavailing. Our English kinsfolk also knew that our prominent diplomatic agents abroad, representing solemn treaty relations with them of this nation as a unit, under sacred oaths of loyalty to it, and living on generous grants from its Treasury, were also in more or less of active sympathy with traitorous schemes. So far, it must be owned, there was little in the promise of whatever might grow from these combined enormities to engage the confidence or the good wishes of true-hearted persons on either side of the water.

But whatever power of mischief lay in this marvellous combination of evil forces, so malignly working together, the Administration in which they found their life and whose agencies they employed was soon to yield up its fearfully desecrated trust. A new order of things, representing at least the spirit and purpose of that philanthropy and public righteousness to which our English brethren had for years been prompting us, was to come in with a new Administration, already constitutionally recognized, but not as yet put into power. It was asking but little of intelligent foreigners of our own blood and language, that they should make due allowance for that recurring period in the terms of our Government—as easily turned to mischievous influences as is an interregnum in a monarchy—by which there is a lapse of four months between the election and



the inauguration of our Chief Magistrate. A retiring functionary may work and plan and provide an immense amount of disabling, annoying, and damaging experience to be encountered by his successor. That successor may at a distance, or close at hand, be an observer of all this influence; but whether it be simply of a partisan or of a malignant character, he is powerless to resist it, and good taste and the proprieties of his position seem to suggest that he make no public recognition of it. Every Chief Magistrate of this Republic, before its present head, acceded to office with its powers and dignities and facilities and trusts unimpaired by his predecessor. We have thought that among the thorns of the pillow on which a certain "old public functionary" lays his head, as he watches the dismal working of elements which he had more power than any other to have dispelled, not the least sharp one must be that which pierces him with the thought of the difference between the position which his predecessors prepared for him and that which he prepared for his successor. Not among the least of the claims which that successor has upon the profound and respectful sympathy of all good men everywhere is the fact that there has been no public utterance of complaining or reproachful words from his lips, reflecting upon his predecessor, or even asking indulgence on the score of the shattered and almost wrecked fabric of which we have put him in charge. We confess that we have looked through the English papers for months for some magnanimous and high-souled tribute of this sort to the Man who thus nobly represents a sacred and imperilled cause. If such tribute has been rendered, it has escaped our notice.

Now, as we are reflecting upon the tone and spirit of the English press at the opening of the Rebellion, we have to recall to the minds of our readers the fact, that in all its early stages, even down to and almost after the proclamation of the President summoning a volunteer force to resist it, we ourselves, at

the North, utterly refused to consider the Seceders as in earnest. We may have been stupid, besotted, infatuated even, in our blindness and incredulity. But none the less did we, that is, the great majority of us, regard all the threats and measures of the South as something less formidable and actual than open war and probable or threatening revolution. We were persuaded that the people of the South had been wrought up by artful and ambitious leaders to wild alarm that the new Administration would visit outrages upon them and try to turn them into a state of vassalage. Utterly unconscious as we were of any purpose to trespass upon or reduce their fullest constitutional rights, we knew how grossly our intentions were misrepresented to them. We applied the same measure to the distance between their threats and the probability that they would carry them out which we knew ought to be applied to the difference between our supposed and our real intentions. In a word,—for this is the simple truth,—we regarded the manifestations of the seceding and rebelling States — or rather of the leaders and their followers in them — as in part bluster and in part a warning of what might ensue, though it would not be likely to ensue when their eyes were open to the truth. We were met by bold defiance, by outrageous abuse, and with an almost overwhelming venting of falsehoods. There was boastfulness, arrogance, assured claims of sufficient strength, and daring prophecies of success, enough to have made any cause triumphant, if triumph comes through such means. Still we were incredulous, perhaps foolishly and culpably so, — but incredulous, and unintimidated, and confident, none the less. We believed that wise, forbearing, and temperate measures of the new Administration would remove all real grievances, dispel all false alarms, and at least leave open the way to bloodless methods of preserving the Union. Part of our infatuation consisted in our seeing so plainly the infatuation of the South, while we did not

allow for the lengths of wild and reckless folly into which it might drive them. We could see most plainly that either success in their schemes, or failure through a struggle to accomplish them, would be alike ruinous to them; that no cause standing on the basis and contemplating the objects recognized by them could possibly prosper, so long as the throne of heaven had a sovereign seated upon it. Full as much, then, from our conviction that the South would not insist upon doing itself such harm as from any fear of what might happen to us, did we refuse to regard Secession as a fixed fact. At the period of which we are speaking, there was probably not a single man at the North, of well-furnished and well-balanced mind—who stood clear in heart and pocket of all secret or interested bias toward the South—that deliberately recognized the probability of the dissolution of the Union. Very few such men will, indeed, recognize that possibility now, except as they recognize the possibility of the destruction of an edifice of solid blocks and stately columns by the grinding to powder of each large mass of the fabric, so that no rebuilding could restore it.

This was the state of mind and feeling with which we, who had so much at stake and could watch every pulsation of the excitement, contemplated the aspect of our opening strife. But with the first echo from abroad of its earliest announcements here came the most positive averments in the English papers, with scarcely a single exception, that the knell of this Union had struck. We had fallen asunder, our bond was broken, we had repudiated our former league or fellowship, and henceforth what had been a unit was to be two or more fragments, in peaceful or hostile relations as the case might be, but never again One. It would but revive for us the first really sharp and irritating pangs of this dismal experience, to go over the files of papers for those extracts which were like vinegar to our eyes as we first read them. Their substance is repeated to us in the sheets

which come by every steamer. There were, of course, variations of tone and spirit in these evil prognostications and these raven-like croaks. Sometimes there was a vein of pity, and of that kind of sorrow which we feel and of that other kind which we express for other people's troubles. Sometimes there was a start of surprise, an ejaculation of amazement, or even profound dismay, at the calamity which had come upon us. In others of these newspaper comments there was that unmistakable superciliousness, that goading contemptuousness of self-conceit and puffy disdain, which John Bull visits on all "un-English" things, especially when they happen under their unfortunate aspects. In not a few of these same comments there was a tone of exultation, malignant and almost diabolical, as at the discomfiture of a hated and dangerous rival. We have read at least three English newspapers for each week that has passed since our troubles began; we have been readers of these papers for a score of years. In not one of them have we met the sentence or the line which pronounces hopefully, with bold assurance, for the renewed life of our Union. In by far the most of them there is reiterated the most positive and dogged averment that there is no future for us. We are not unmindful of the manliness and stout cheer with which a very few of them have avowed their wish and faith that the Rebels may be utterly discomfited and held up before the world in their shame and friendlessness, and have coupled with these utterances words of warm sympathy and approval for the North. But these ill-wishes for the one party and these good wishes for the other party are independent of anything but utter hopelessness as to the preservation or the restoration of the Union.

Now some may suggest that we make altogether too much of what so far is but the expression of an opinion, and, at worst, of an unfavorable opinion,—an opinion, too, which may yet prove to be correct. But the giving of an opinion on some matters has all the effect of taking



a side, and often helps much to decide the stake. On very many accounts, this expression of English opinion, at the time it was uttered and with such emphasis, was most unwarranted and most mischievous. It is very easy to distribute its harmful influence upon our interests and prospects into three very different methods, all of which combined to injure or obstruct the Northern cause, — the National cause. Thus, this opinion of the hopelessness of our resistance of the ruin of our Union was of great value to the Rebels as an encouragement under any misgivings they might have; it was calculated to prejudice our position in the eyes of the world; and it had a tendency to dispirit many among ourselves. A word upon each of these points. — How quickening must it have been to the flagging hopes or determination of the Rebels to read in the English journals that they were sure of success, that the result was already registered, that they had gained their purpose simply by proposing it! Nor was it possible to regard this opinion as not carrying with it some implication that the cause of the Rebels was a just one, and was sure of success, if for other reasons, for this, too, among them, namely, that it was just. Why else were the Rebels so sure of a triumph? Was it because of their superior strength or resources? A very little inquiry would have set aside that suggestion. Was it because of the nobleness of their cause? A very frank avowal from the Vice-President of the assumed Confederacy announced to liberty-loving Englishmen that that cause was identified with a slavocracy. Or was the Rebel cause to succeed through the dignity and purity of the means enlisted in its service? It was equally well known on both sides of the water by what means and appliances of fraud, perfidy, treachery, and other outrages, the schemes of the Rebellion were initiated and pursued. If, in spite of all these negatives, the English press prophesies success to the Rebels, was not the prophecy a great comfort and spur to them? — Again, this prophecy of our

sure discomfiture prejudiced us before the world. It gave a public character and aspect of hopelessness to our cause; it invited coldness of treatment towards us; it seemed to warn off all nations from giving us aid or comfort; and it virtually affirmed that any outlay of means or life by us in a cause seen to be impracticable would be reckless, sanguinary, cruel, and inhuman. — And, once more, to those among ourselves who are influenced by evil prognostications, it was most dispiriting to be told, as if by cool, unprejudiced observers from outside, that no uprising of patriotism, no heroism of sacrifice, no combination of wisdom and power would be of any avail to resist a foreordained catastrophe. — In these three harmful ways of influence, the ill-omened opinion reiterated from abroad had a tendency to fulfil itself. The whole plea of justification offered abroad for the opinion is given in the assertion that those who have once been bitterly alienated can never be brought into true harmony again, and that it is impossible to govern the unwilling as equals. England has but to read the record of her own strifes and battles and infuriated passages with Scotland and Ireland, — between whom and herself alienations of tradition, prejudice, and religion seemed to make harmony as impossible as the promise of it is to these warring States, — England has only to refresh her memory on these points, in order to relieve us of the charge of folly in attempting an impossibility. So much for the first grievance we allege against our English brethren.

Another of our specifications of wrong is involved in that already considered. If English opinion decided that our nationality must henceforth be divided, it seemed also to imply that we ought to divide according to terms dictated by the Seceders. This was a precious judgment to be pronounced against us by a sister Government which was standing in solemn treaty relations with us as a unit in our nationality! What did England suppose had become of our Northern manhood, of the spirit of which she herself

once felt the force? There was something alike humiliating and exasperating in this implied advice from her, that we should tamely and unresistingly submit to a division of continent, bays, and rivers, according to terms defiantly and insultingly proposed by those who had a joint ownership with ourselves. How would England receive such advice from us under like circumstances? But we must cut short the utterance of our feelings on this point, that we may make another specification, —

Which is, that our English critics see only, or chiefly, in the fearful and momentous conflict in which we are engaged, “a bursting of the bubble of Democracy”! Shall we challenge now the intelligence or the moral principle, the lack of one or the other of which is betrayed in this sneering and malignant representation — this utter misrepresentation — of the catastrophe which has befallen our nation? Intelligent Englishmen know full well that the issue raised among us does not necessarily touch or involve at a single point the principles of Democracy, but stands wide apart and distinct from them. We might with as much propriety have said that the Irish Rebellion and the Indian Mutiny showed “the bursting of the bubble of Monarchy.” The principles of Democracy stand as firm and find our people as loyal to them in every little town-meeting and in every legislature of each loyal State in the Union as they did in the days of our first enthusiastic and successful trial of them. Supposing even that the main assumption on which so many Englishmen have prematurely vented their scorn were a fact; we cannot but ask if the nation nearest akin to us, and professing to be guided in this century by feelings which forbid a rejoicing over others’ great griefs, has no words of high moral sympathy, no expressions of regretful disappointment in our calamities? Is it the first or the most emphatic thing which it is most fitting for Christian Englishmen to say over the supposed wreck of a recently noble and

promising country, the prospered home of thirty millions of God’s children, — that “a bubble has burst”? We might interchange with our foreign “comforters” a discussion by arguments and facts as to whether a monarchy or a democracy has about it more of the qualities of a bubble, but the debate would be irrelevant to our present purpose. We believe that Democracy in its noblest and all-essential and well-proved principles will survive the shock which has struck upon our nation, whatever the result of that shock may yet prove to be. We believe, further, that the principles of Democracy will come out of the struggle which is trying, not themselves, but something quite distinct from them, with a new affirmation and vindication. But let that be as it may, we are as much ashamed for England’s sake as we are aggrieved on our own account that from the vehicles of public sentiment in “the foremost realm in the world for all true culture, advanced progress, and the glorious triumphs of liberty and religion,” what should be a profoundly plaintive lament over our supposed ruin is, in reality, a mocking taunt and a hateful gibe over our failure in daring to try an “un-English” experiment.\*

\* The following precious utterances of John Bull moralizing, which might have been spoken of the Thugs in India, or of some provincial Chinese enterprise, are extracted from the cotton circular of Messrs. Neill, Brothers, addressed to their correspondents, and dated, Manchester, Aug. 21. We find the circular copied in a *religious* newspaper published in London, without any rebuke. “The North will have to learn the limited extent of her powers as compared with the gigantic task she has undertaken. One and perhaps two defeats will be insufficient to reverse the false education of a lifetime. Many lessons will probably be necessary, and, meantime, any success the Northern troops may obtain will again inflame the national vanity, and the lessons of adversity will need to be learned over again. More effect will probably be produced by sufferings at home, by the ruin of the higher classes and pauperization of the lower, and by the general absorption of the floating capital of the country”! There, good reader, what think you of the cotton moral-



The stately "Quarterly Review," in its number for July, uses a little more of dignity in wording the title of an article upon our affairs thus, — "Democracy on its Trial"; but it makes up for the waste of refinement upon its text by a lavish indulgence in scurrility and falsehood in its comments. As a specimen, take the following. Living here in this goodly city of Boston, and knowing and loving well its ways and people, we are asked to credit the following story, which the Reviewer says he heard from "a well-known traveller." The substance of the story is, that a Boston merchant proposed to gild the lamp over his street-door, but was dissuaded from so doing by the suggestion of a friend, that by savoring of aristocracy the ornamented gas-burner would offend the tyrannical people and provoke violence against it! This, the latest joke in the solemn Quarterly, has led many of its readers here to recall the days of Madame Trollope and the Reverend Mr. Fiddler, those veracious and "well-known travellers." There are, we are sorry to say, many gilded street-lamps, burnished and blazing every night, in Boston. But instead of standing before the houses of our merchants, they designate quite a different class of edifices. Our merchants, as a general thing, would object, both on the score of good taste and on grounds of disagreeable association with the signal, to raise such an ornament before the doors of their comfortable homes. The common people, however, so far from taking umbrage at the spectacle, would be rather gratified by the generosity of our grandees in being willing to show some of their finery out of doors. This would be the feeling especially of that part of our population which is composed of foreigners, who have been used to the sight of such demonstrations in their native countries, which are not democracies. In fact, we suspect that the reason why English

"flunkeys" hate American "flunkeyism," with its laced coachmen, etc., is because mere money, by aping the insignia of rank, its gewgaws and trumpery, shows too plainly how much of the rank itself depends upon the fabrics and demonstrations through which it sets itself forth. We can conceive that an English nobleman travelling in this country, who might chance in one of our cities to see a turnout with its outriders, tassels, and crests, almost or quite as fine as his own, if he were informed that it belonged to a plebeian who had grown vastly rich through some coarse traffic, might resolve to reduce all the display of his own equipage the moment he reached home. The labored and mean-spirited purpose of the writer of the aforesaid article in the Quarterly, and of other writers of like essays, is to find in our democracy the material and occasion of everything of a discreditable sort which occurs in our land. Now we apprehend, not without some means of observation and inquiry, that the state and features of society in Great Britain and in all our Northern regions are almost identically the same, or run in parallelisms, by which we might match every phenomenon, incident, prejudice, and folly, every good and every bad trait and manifestation in the one place with something exactly like it in the other. During a whole score of years, as we have read the English journals and our own, the thought has over and over again suggested itself to us that any one who had leisure and taste for the task might cut out from each series of papers respectively, for a huge commonplace book, matters of a precisely parallel nature in both countries. A simple difference in the names of men and of places would be all that would appear or exist. Every noble and every mean and every mixed exhibition of character, — every act of munificence and of baseness, — every narrative of thrilling or romantic interest, — every instance and example of popular delusion, humbug, man-worship, breach of trust, domestic infelicity, and of cunning or astounding

izing of a comfortable factor, dwelling in immaculate England, dealing with us in cotton, and with the Chinese in opium?

depravity and hypocrisy,—every religious, social, and political excitement,—every panic,—and every accident even, from carelessness or want of skill,—each and all these have their exact parallels, generally within the same year of time in Great Britain and in our own country. The crimes and the catastrophes, in each locality, have seemed almost repetitions of the same things on either continent. Munificent endowments of charitable institutions, zeal in reformatory enterprises and in the correction of abuses, have shown that the people of both regions stand upon the same plane of humanity and practical Christian culture. The same great frauds have indicated in each the same amount of rottenness in men occupying places of trust. Both regions have had the same sort of unprincipled “railway kings” and bankers, similar railroad disasters, similar cases of the tumbling down of insecure walls, and of wife-poisoning. A Chartist insurrection enlists a volunteer police in London, and an apprehended riot among foreigners is met by a similar precaution in one of our cities. An intermittent controversy goes on in England about the interference of religion with common education, and Boston or New York is agitated at the same time with the question about the use of the Bible in the public schools. Boston rowdies mob an English intermeddler with the ticklish matters of our national policy, and English rowdies mob an Austrian Haynau. England goes into ecstasies over the visit of a Continental Prince, and our Northern States repeat the demonstration over the visit of a British Prince. The Duke of Wellington alarms his fellow-subjects by suggesting that their national defences would all prove insufficient against the assaults of a certain terrible Frenchman, and an American cabinet official echoes the suggestion that England may, perhaps, try her strength in turn against us. There are evidently a great many bubbles in this world, and, for all that we know to the contrary, they are all equally liable to burst. Some famous ones,

bright in royal hues, have burst within the century. Some more of the same may, not impossibly, suffer a collapse before the century has closed. So that, for this matter, “the bubble of Democracy” must take its chance with the rest.

We have one more specification to make under our general statement of reasons why the North feels aggrieved with the prevailing tone of sentiment and comment in the English journals in reference to our great calamity. We protest against the verdict which finds expression in all sorts of ways and with various aggravations, that, in attempting to rupture our Union, and to withdraw from it on their own terms, at their own pleasure, the seceding States are but repeating the course of the old Thirteen Colonies in declaring themselves independent, and sundering their ties to the mother country. There is evidently the rankling of an old smart in this plea for rebels, which, while it is not intended to justify rebellion in itself, is devised as a vindication of rebels against rebels. There is manifest satisfaction and a high zest, and something of the morally awful and solemnly remonstrative, in the way in which the past is evoked to visit its ghostly retribution upon us. The old sting rankles in the English breast. She is looking on now to see us hoist by our own petard. These pamphlet pages, with their circumscribed limits and their less ambitious aims, do not invite an elaborate dealing with the facts of the case, which would expose the sophistical, if not the vengeful spirit of this English plea, as for rebels against rebels. A thorough exposition of the relations which the present Insurrection bears to the former Revolution would demand an essay. The relations between them, however, whether stated briefly or at length, would be found to be simply relations of difference, without one single point of resemblance, much less of coincidence. We can make but the briefest reference to the points of contrast and unlikeness between the two things, after asserting that they have no one common feature. It



might seem evasive in us to suggest to our English critics that they should refresh their memories about the causes and the justification of our Revolution by reading the pages of their own Burke. We are content to rest our case on his argument, simply affirming that on no one point will it cover the alleged parallelism of the Southern Rebellion.

The relations of our States to each other and to the Union are quite unlike those in which the Colonies stood to England. England claimed by right of discovery and exploration the soil on which her Colonies here were planted, though she had rival claimants from the very first. A large number of the Colonists never had any original connection with England, and owed her no allegiance. Holland, Sweden, and other countries furnished much of the first stock of our settlers, who thought they were occupying a wild part of God's earth rather than a portion of the English dominions. The Colonies were not planted at public charge, by Government cost or enterprise. The English exiles, with but slender grounds of grateful remembrance of the land they had left, brought with them their own private means, subdued a wilderness, extinguished the aboriginal titles, and slowly and wearily developed the resources of the country. Often in their direst straits did they decline to ask aid from England, lest they might thereby furnish a plea for her interference with their internal affairs. Several of the Colonies from the first acted upon their presumed independence, and resolved on the frank assertion of it as soon as they might dare the venture. That time for daring happened to be contemporaneous with a tyrannical demand upon them for tribute without representation. Thus the relations of the Colonies to England were of a hap-hazard, abnormal, incidental, and always unsettled character. They might be modified or changed without any breach of contract. They might be sundered without perjury or perfidy.

How unlike in all respects are the re-

lations of these States to each other and to the Union! Drawn together after dark days and severe trials,—solemnly pledged to each other by the people whom the Union raised to a full citizenship in the Republic,—bound by a compact designed to be without limitation of time,—lifted by their consolidation to a place and fame and prosperity which they would never else have reached,—mutually necessary to each other's thrift and protection,—making a nation adapted by its organic constitution to the region of the earth which it occupies,—and now, by previous memories and traditions, by millions of social and domestic alliances, knit by heart-strings the sundering of which will be followed by a flow of the life-blood till all is spent,—these terms are but a feeble setting forth of the relations of these States to each other and to the Union. Some of these States which have been voted out of the Union by lawless Conventions owe their creation to the Union. Their very soil has been paid for out of the public treasury. Indeed, the Union is still in debt under obligations incurred by their purchase.

How striking, too, is the contrast between the character and method of the proceedings which originated and now sustain the Rebellion, and those which initiated and carried through the Revolution! The Rebellion exhibits to us a complete inversion of the course of measures which inaugurated the Revolution. "Secession" was the invention of ambitious leaders, who overrode the forms of law, and have not dared to submit their votes and their doings to primary meetings of the people whom they have driven with a despotic tyranny. In the Revolution the people themselves were the prime movers. Each little country town and municipality of the original Colonies, that has a hundred years of history to be written, will point us boastfully to entries in its records showing how it *instructed* its representatives first to remonstrate against tyranny, and then to resist it by successive measures, each of which, with its limitations and its in-

creasing boldness, was dictated by the same people. The people of Virginia, remembering the ancient precedent which won them their renown, *intended* to follow it in an early stage of our present strife. They allowed a Convention to assemble, under the express and rigid condition, that, if it should see fit to advise any measure which would affect the relations of their State to the Union, a reference should be made of it, prior to any action, to the will of the people. The Convention covertly and treacherously abused its trust. In secret session it authorized measures on the strength of which the Governor of the State proceeded to put it into hostile relations with the Union. When the foregone conclusion was at last farcically submitted to the people, a perjured Senator of the National Congress notified such of them as would not ratify the will of the Convention, that they must leave the State.

Once more, in our Revolution, holders of office and of lucrative trusts in the interest of England were to a man loyal to the Home Government, and our independence was effected without any base appliances. In the work of secession

and rebellion, the very officials and sworn guardians of our Government have been the foremost plotters. They have used their opportunities and their trusts for the most perfidious purposes. Nothing but perjury in the very highest places could have initiated secession and rebellion, and to this very moment they derive all their vigor in the council-chamber and on the field from forsworn men, most of whom have been trained from their childhood, nurtured, instructed, and fed, and all of whom have been fostered in their manhood, and gifted with their whole power for harming her, by the kindly mother whose life they are assailing. If the Man with the Withered Hand had used the first thrill of life and vigor coming into it by the word of the Great Physician to aim a blow at his benefactor, his ingratitude would have needed to stand recorded only until this year of our Lord, to have been matched by deeds of men who have thrown this dear land of ours into universal mourning. Yet our English brethren would try to persuade us that these men are but repeating the course and the deeds of the American Revolution!

---

### THE WILD ENDIVE.

ONLY the dusty common road,  
The glaring weary heat;  
Only a man with a soldier's load,  
And the sound of tired feet.

Only the lonely creaking hum  
Of the Cicada's song;  
Only a fence where tall weeds come  
With spiked fingers strong.

Only a drop of the heaven's blue  
Left in a way-side cup;  
Only a joy for the plodding few  
And eyes that look not up.

Only a weed to the passer-by,  
Growing among the rest;—  
Yet something clear as the light of the sky  
It lodges in my breast.



## THE CONTRABANDS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

IN the month of August, 1620, a Dutch man-of-war from Guinea entered James River and sold "twenty negars." Such is the brief record left by John Rolfe, whose name is honorably associated with that of Pocahontas. This was the first importation of the kind into the country, and the source of existing strifes. It was fitting that the system which from that slave-ship had been spreading over the continent for nearly two centuries and a half should yield for the first time to the logic of military law almost upon the spot of its origin. The coincidence may not inappropriately introduce what of experience and reflection the writer has to relate of a three-months' soldier's life in Virginia.

On the morning of the 22d of May last, Major-General Butler, welcomed with a military salute, arrived at Fortress Monroe, and assumed the command of the Department of Virginia. Hitherto we had been hemmed up in the peninsula of which the fort occupies the main part, and cut off from communication with the surrounding country. Until within a few days our forces consisted of about one thousand men belonging to the Third and Fourth Regiments of Massachusetts militia, and three hundred regulars. The only movement since our arrival on the 20th of April had been the expedition to Norfolk of the Third Regiment, in which it was my privilege to serve as a private. The fort communicates with the main-land by a dike or causeway about half a mile long, and a wooden bridge, perhaps three hundred feet long, and then there spreads out a tract of country, well wooded and dotted over with farms. Passing from this bridge for a distance of two miles northwestward, you reach a creek or arm of the bay spanned by another wooden bridge, and crossing it you are at once in the ancient village of Hampton, having a population of some fifteen hundred inhabitants. The peninsula on which the fort stands, the causeway, and the first

bridge described, are the property of the United States. Nevertheless, a small picket-guard of the Secessionists had been accustomed to occupy a part of the bridge, sometimes coming even to the centre, and a Secession flag waved in sight of the fort. On the 13th of May, the Rebel picket-guard was driven from the bridge, and all the Government property was taken possession of by a detachment of two companies from the Fourth Regiment, accompanied by a dozen regulars with a field-piece, acting under the orders of Colonel Dimick, the commander of the post. They retired, denouncing vengeance on Massachusetts troops for the invasion of Virginia. Our pickets then occupied the entire bridge and a small strip of the main-land beyond, covering a valuable well; but still there was no occupation in force of any but Government property. The creation of a new military department, to the command of which a major-general was assigned, was soon to terminate this isolation. On the 13th of May the First Vermont Regiment arrived, on the 24th the Second New York, and two weeks later our forces numbered nearly ten thousand.

On the 23d of May General Butler ordered the first reconnoitring expedition, which consisted of a part of the Vermont Regiment, and proceeded under the command of Colonel Phelps over the dike and bridge towards Hampton. They were anticipated, and when in sight of the second bridge saw that it had been set on fire, and, hastening forward, extinguished the flames. The detachment then marched into the village. A parley was held with a Secession officer, who represented that the men in arms in Hampton were only a domestic police. Meanwhile the white inhabitants, particularly the women, had generally disappeared. The negroes gathered around our men, and their evident exhilaration was particularly noted, some of them saying, "Glad

to see you, Massa," and betraying the fact, that, on the approach of the detachment, a field-piece stationed at the bridge had been thrown into the sea. This was the first communication between our army and the negroes in this department.

The reconnoissance of the day had more important results than were anticipated. Three negroes, owned by Colonel Malory, a lawyer of Hampton and a Rebel officer, taking advantage of the terror prevailing among the white inhabitants, escaped from their master, skulked during the afternoon, and in the night came to our pickets. The next morning, May 24th, they were brought to General Butler, and there, for the first time, stood the Major-General and the fugitive slave face to face. Being carefully interrogated, it appeared that they were field-hands, the slaves of an officer in the Rebel service, who purposed taking them to Carolina to be employed in military operations there. Two of them had wives in Hampton, one a free colored woman, and they had several children in the neighborhood. Here was a new question, and a grave one, on which the Government had as yet developed no policy. In the absence of precedents or instructions, an analogy drawn from international law was applied. Under that law, contraband goods, which are directly auxiliary to military operations, cannot in time of war be imported by neutrals into an enemy's country, and may be seized as lawful prize when the attempt is made so to import them. It will be seen, that, accurately speaking, the term applies exclusively to the relation between a belligerent and a neutral, and not to the relation between belligerents. Under the strict law of nations, all the property of an enemy may be seized. Under the Common Law, the property of traitors is forfeit. The humaner usage of modern times favors the waiving of these strict rights, but allows, without question, the seizure and confiscation of all such goods as are immediately auxiliary to military purposes. These able-bodied negroes, held as slaves, were to be employed to build breastworks, to

transport or store provisions, to serve as cooks or waiters, and even to bear arms. Regarded as property, according to their master's claim, they could be efficiently used by the Rebels for the purposes of the Rebellion, and most efficiently by the Government in suppressing it. Regarded as persons, they had escaped from communities where a triumphant rebellion had trampled on the laws, and only the rights of human nature remained, and they now asked the protection of the Government, to which, in prevailing treason, they were still loyal, and which they were ready to serve as best they could.

The three negroes, being held contraband of war, were at once set to work to aid the masons in constructing a new bakehouse within the fort. Thenceforward the term "contraband" bore a new signification, with which it will pass into history, designating the negroes who had been held as slaves, now adopted under the protection of the Government. It was used in official communications at the fort. It was applied familiarly to the negroes, who stared somewhat, inquiring, "What d' ye call us that for?" Not having Wheaton's "Elements" at hand, we did not attempt an explanation. The contraband notion was adopted by Congress in the Act of July 6th, which confiscates slaves used in aiding the Insurrection. There is often great virtue in such technical phrases in shaping public opinion. They commend practical action to a class of minds little developed in the direction of the sentiments, which would be repelled by formulas of a broader and nobler import. The venerable gentleman, who wears gold spectacles and reads a conservative daily, prefers confiscation to emancipation. He is reluctant to have slaves declared freemen, but has no objection to their being declared contrabands. His whole nature rises in insurrection when Beecher preaches in a sermon that a thing ought to be done because it is a duty, but he yields gracefully when Butler issues an order commanding it to be done because it is a military necessity.



On the next day, Major John B. Cary, another Rebel officer, late principal of an academy in Hampton, a delegate to the Charleston Convention, and a seceder with General Butler from the Convention at Baltimore, came to the fort with a flag of truce, and, claiming to act as the representative of Colonel Mallory, demanded the fugitives. He reminded General Butler of his obligations under the Federal Constitution, under which he claimed to act. The ready reply was, that the Fugitive-Slave Act could not be invoked for the reclamation of fugitives from a foreign State, which Virginia claimed to be, and she must count it among the infelicities of her position, if so far at least she was taken at her word.

The three pioneer negroes were not long to be isolated from their race. There was no known channel of communication between them and their old comrades, and yet those comrades knew, or believed with the certainty of knowledge, how they had been received. If inquired of whether more were coming, their reply was, that, if they were not sent back, others would understand that they were among friends, and more would come the next day. Such is the mysterious spiritual telegraph which runs through the slave population. Proclaim an edict of emancipation in the hearing of a single slave on the Potomac, and in a few days it will be known by his brethren on the Gulf. So, on the night of the Big Bethel affair, a squad of negroes, meeting our soldiers, inquired anxiously the way to "the freedom fort."

The means of communicating with the fort from the open country became more easy, when, on the 24th of May, (the same day on which the first movement was made from Washington into Virginia,) the Second New York Regiment made its encampment on the Segar farm, lying near the bridge which connected the fort with the main-land, an encampment soon enlarged by the First Vermont and other New York regiments. On Sunday morning, May 26th, eight negroes stood before the quarters of General Butler, waiting for an audience.

They were examined in part by the Hon. Mr. Ashley, M. C. from Ohio, then a visitor at the fort. On May 27th, forty-seven negroes of both sexes and all ages, from three months to eighty-five years, among whom were half a dozen entire families, came in one squad. Another lot of a dozen good field-hands arrived the same day; and then they continued to come by twenties, thirties, and forties. They were assigned buildings outside of the fort or tents within. They were set to work as servants to officers, or to store provisions landed from vessels,—thus relieving us of the fatigue duty which we had previously done, except that of dragging and mounting columbiads on the ramparts of the fort, a service which some very warm days have impressed on my memory.

On the 27th of May, the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, the First Vermont, and some New York regiments made an advance movement and occupied Newport News, (a promontory named for Captain Christopher Newport, the early explorer,) so as more effectually to enforce the blockade of James River. There, too, negroes came in, who were employed as servants to the officers. One of them, when we left the fort, more fortunate than his comrades, and aided by a benevolent captain, eluded the vigilance of the Provost Marshal, and is now the curiosity of a village in the neighborhood of Boston.

It was now time to call upon the Government for a policy in dealing with slave society thus disrupted and disorganized. Elsewhere, even under the shadow of the Capitol, the action of military officers had been irregular, and in some cases in palpable violation of personal rights. An order of General McDowell excluded all slaves from the lines. Sometimes officers assumed to decide the question whether a negro was a slave, and deliver him to a claimant, when, certainly in the absence of martial law, they had no authority in the premises, under the Act of Congress,—that power being confided to commissioners and marshals. As well might a member of

Congress or a State sheriff usurp the function. Worse yet, in defiance of the Common Law, they made color a presumptive proof of bondage. In one case a free negro was delivered to a claimant under this process, more summary than any which the Fugitive-Slave Act provides. The colonel of a Massachusetts regiment showed some practical humor in dealing with a pertinacious claimant who asserted title to a negro found within his lines, and had brought a policeman along with him to aid in enforcing it. The shrewd colonel, (a Democrat he is,) retaining the policeman, put both the claimant and claimed outside of the lines together to try their fleetness. The negro proved to be the better gymnast and was heard of no more. This capricious treatment of the subject was fraught with serious difficulties as well as personal injuries, and it needed to be displaced by an authorized system.

On the 27th of May, General Butler, having in a previous communication reported his interview with Major Cary, called the attention of the War Department to the subject in a formal despatch,—indicating the hostile purposes for which the negroes had been or might be successfully used, stating the course he had pursued in employing them and recording expenses and services, and suggesting pertinent military, political, and humane considerations. The Secretary of War, under date of the 30th of May, replied, cautiously approving the course of General Butler, and intimating distinctions between interfering with the relations of persons held to service and refusing to surrender them to their alleged masters, which it is not easy to reconcile with well-defined views of the new exigency, or at least with a desire to express them. The note was characterized by diplomatic reserve which it will probably be found difficult long to maintain.

The ever-recurring question continued to press for solution. On the 6th of July the Act of Congress was approved, declaring that any person claiming the labor of another to be due to him, and permitting

such party to be employed in any military or naval service whatsoever against the Government of the United States, shall forfeit his claim to such labor, and proof of such employment shall thereafter be a full answer to the claim. This act was designed for the direction of the civil magistrate, and not for the limitation of powers derived from military law. That law, founded on *salus rei publicæ*, transcends all codes, and lies outside of forms and statutes. John Quincy Adams, almost prophesying as he expounded, declared, in 1842, that under it slavery might be abolished. Under it, therefore, Major-General Fremont, in a recent proclamation, declared the slaves of all persons within his department, who were in arms against the Government, to be freemen, and under it has given title-deeds of manumission. Subsequently President Lincoln limited the proclamation to such slaves as are included in the Act of Congress, namely, the slaves of Rebels used in directly hostile service. The country had called for Jacksonian courage, and its first exhibition was promptly suppressed. If the revocation was made in deference to protests from Kentucky, it seems, that, while the loyal citizens of Missouri appeared to approve the decisive measure, they were overruled by the more potential voice of other communities who professed to understand their affairs better than they did themselves. But if, as is admitted, the commanding officer, in the plenitude of military power, was authorized to make the order within his department, all human beings included in the proclamation thereby acquired a vested title to their freedom, of which neither Congress nor President could dispossess them. No conclusive behests of law necessitating the limitation, it cannot rest on any safe reasons of military policy. The one slave who carries his master's knapsack on a march contributes far less to the efficiency of the Rebel army than the one hundred slaves who hoe corn on his plantation with which to replenish its commissariat. We have not yet emerged from



the fine-drawn distinctions of peaceful times. We may imprison or slaughter a Rebel, but we may not unloose his hold on a person he may have claimed as a slave. We may seize all his other property without question, lands, houses, cattle, jewels; but his asserted property in man is more sacred than the gold which overlay the Ark of the Covenant, and we may not profane it. This reverence for things assumed to be sacred, which are not so, cannot long continue. The Government can well turn away from the enthusiast, however generous his impulses, who asks the abolition of slavery on general principles of philanthropy, for the reason that it already has work enough on its hands. It may not change the objects of the war, but it must of necessity at times shift its tactics and its instruments, as the exigency demands. Its solemn and imperative duty is to look every issue, however grave and transcendent, firmly in the face; and having ascertained upon mature and conscientious reflection what is necessary to suppress the Rebellion, it must then proceed with inexorable purpose to inflict the blows where Rebellion is the weakest and under which it must inevitably fall.

On the 30th of July, General Butler, being still unprovided with adequate instructions,—the number of contrabands having now reached nine hundred,—applied to the War Department for further directions. His inquiries, inspired by good sense and humanity alike, were of the most fundamental character, and when they shall have received a full answer the war will be near its end. Assuming the slaves to have been the property of masters, he considers them waifs abandoned by their owners, in which the Government as a finder cannot, however, acquire a proprietary interest, and they have therefore reverted to the normal condition of those made in God's image, "if not free-born, yet free-manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them, never to return." The author of that document may never win a victor's laurels on any renowned field,

but, depositing it in the archives of the Government, he leaves a record in history which will outlast the traditions of battle or siege. It is proper to add, that the answer of the War Department, so far as its meaning is clear, leaves the General uninstructed as to all slaves not confiscated by the Act of Congress.

The documentary history being now completed, the personal narrative of affairs at Fortress Monroe is resumed.

The encampment of Federal troops beyond the peninsula of the fort and in the vicinity of the village of Hampton was immediately followed by an hegira of its white inhabitants, burning, as they fled, as much of the bridge as they could. On the 28th of May, a detachment of troops entered the village and hoisted the stars and stripes on the house of Colonel Mallory. Picket-guards occupied it intermittently during the month of June. It was not until the first day of July that a permanent encampment was made there, consisting of the Third Massachusetts Regiment, which moved from the fort, the Fourth, which moved from Newport News, and the Naval Brigade, all under the command of Brigadier-General Pierce,—the camp being informally called Camp Greble, in honor of the lieutenant of that name who fell bravely in the disastrous affair of Big Bethel. Here we remained until July 16th, when, our term of enlistment having expired, we bade adieu to Hampton, its ancient relics, its deserted houses, its venerable church, its trees and gardens, its contrabands, all so soon to be wasted and scattered by the torch of Virginia Vandals. We passed over the bridge, the rebuilding of which was completed the day before, marched to the fort, exchanged our rifle muskets for an older pattern, listened to a farewell address from General Butler, bade good-bye to Colonel Dimick, and embarked for Boston. It was during this encampment at Hampton, and two previous visits, somewhat hurried, while as yet it was without a permanent guard, that my personal knowledge of the negroes, of their feel-

ings, desires, aspirations, capacities, and habits of life was mainly obtained.

A few words of local history and description may illustrate the narrative. Hampton is a town of considerable historic interest. First among civilized men the illustrious adventurer Captain John Smith with his comrades visited its site in 1607, while exploring the mouth of James River to find a home for the first colonists. Here they smoked the calumet of peace with an Indian tribe. To the neighboring promontory, where they found good anchorage and hospitality, they gave the name of Point Comfort, which it still bears. Hampton, though a settlement was commenced there in 1610, did not become a town until 1705. Hostile fleets have twice appeared before it. The first time was in October, 1775, when some tenders sent by Lord Dunmore to destroy it were repulsed by the citizens, aided by the Culpepper riflemen. Then and there was the first battle of the Revolution in Virginia. Again in June, 1813, it was attacked by Admiral Cockburn and General Beckwith, and scenes of pillage followed, dishonorable to the British soldiery. Jackson, in his address to his army just before the Battle of New Orleans, conjured his soldiers to remember Hampton. Until the recent conflagration, it abounded in ancient relics. Among them was St. John's Church, the main body of which was of imported brick, and built at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The fury of Secession irreverently destroyed this memorial of antiquity and religion, which even a foreign soldiery had spared. One inscription in the graveyard surrounding the church is as early as 1701, and even earlier dates are found on tombstones in the fields a mile distant. The Court-House, a clumsy old structure, in which was the law-office of Colonel Mallory, contained judicial records of a very early colonial period. Some, which I examined, bore date of 1634. Several old houses, with spacious rooms and high ornamented ceilings, gave evidence that at one time they had been occupied by citi-

zens of considerable taste and rank. A friend of mine found among the rubbish of a deserted house an English illustrated edition of "Paradise Lost," of the date of 1725, and Boyle's Oxford edition of "The Epistles of Phalaris," famous in classical controversy, printed in 1718. The proximity of Fortress Monroe, of the fashionable watering-place of Old Point, and of the anchorage of Hampton Roads, has contributed to the interest of the town. To this region came in summer-time public men weary of their cares, army and navy officers on furlough or retired, and the gay daughters of Virginia. In front of the fort, looking seaward, was the summer residence of Floyd; between the fort and the town was that of John Tyler. President Jackson sought refuge from care and solicitation at the Rip Raps, whither he was followed by his devoted friend, Mr. Blair. So at least a contraband informed me, who said he had often seen them both there.

Nevertheless, the town bore no evidence of thrift. It looked as though it were sleepy and indolent in the best of times, having oysters for its chief merchandise. The streets were paved, but the pavements were of large irregular stones, and unevenly laid. Few houses were new, and, excepting St. John's Church, the public edifices were mean. All these have been swept away by the recent conflagration, a waste of property indefensible on any military principles. The buildings might have furnished winter-quarters for our troops, but in that climate they were not necessary for that purpose, perhaps not desirable, or, if required, could be easily replaced by temporary habitations constructed of lumber imported from the North by sea. But the Rebel chiefs had thrown themselves into heroic attitudes, and while playing the part of incendiaries, they fancied their action to be as sublime as that of the Russians at Moscow. With such a precedent of Vandalism, no ravages of our own troops can hereafter be complained of.



The prevailing exodus, leaving less than a dozen white men behind, testifies the political feelings of the people. Only two votes were thrown against the ordinance of Secession. Whatever of Union sentiment existed there had been swept away by such demagogues as Mallory, Cary, Magruder, Shiels, and Hope. Hastily as they left, they removed in most cases all their furniture, leaving only the old Virginia sideboard, too heavy to be taken away. In a few exceptional cases, from the absence of the owner or other cause, the house was still furnished; but generally nothing but old letters, torn books, newspapers, cast-off clothing, strewed the floors. Rarely have I enjoyed the hours more than when roaming from cellar to garret these tenantless houses. A deserted dwelling! How the imagination is fascinated by what may have there transpired of human joy or sorrow,—the solitary struggles of the soul for better things, the dawn and the fruition of love, the separations and reunions of families, the hearth-stone consecrated by affection and prayer, the bridal throng, the birth of new lives, the farewells to the world, the funeral train.

But more interesting and instructive were the features of slave-life which here opened to us. The negroes who remained, of whom there may have been three hundred of all ages, lived in small wooden shanties, generally in the rear of the master's house, rarely having more than one room on the lower floor, and that containing an open fireplace where the cooking for the master's family was done, tables, chairs, dishes, and the miscellaneous utensils of household life. The masters had taken with them, generally, their waiting-maids and house-servants, and had desired to carry all their slaves with them. But in the hasty preparations,—particularly where the slaves were living away from their master's close, or had a family,—it was difficult to remove them against their will, as they could skulk for a few hours and then go where they pleased. Some voluntarily left their slaves behind, not having the means to provide

for them, or, anticipating a return at no distant day, desired them to stay and guard the property. The slaves who remained lived upon the little pork and corn-meal that were left and the growing vegetables. They had but little to do. The women looked after their meagre household concerns, but the men were generally idle, standing in groups, or sitting in front of the shanties talking with the women. Some began to serve our officers as soon as we were quartered in the town, while a few others set up cake-stands upon the street.

It was necessary for the protection of the post that some breastworks should be thrown up, and a line was planned extending from the old cemetery northward to the new one, a quarter of a mile distant. Our own troops were disinclined to the labor, their time being nearly expired, and they claiming that they had done their share of fatigue duty both at the fort and at Newport News. A member of Brigadier-General Pierce's staff—an efficient officer and a humane gentleman—suggested the employment of the contrabands and the furnishing of them with rations, an expedient best for them and agreeable to us. He at once dictated a telegram to General Butler in these words:—"Shall we put the contrabands to work on the intrenchments, and will you furnish them with rations?" An affirmative answer was promptly received on Monday morning, July 8th, and that was the first day in the course of the war in which the negro was employed upon the military works of our army. It therefore marks a distinct epoch in its progress and in its relations to the colored population. The writer—and henceforth his narrative must indulge in the frequent use of the first person—was specially detailed from his post as private in Company L of the Third Regiment to collect the contrabands, record their names, ages, and the names of their masters, provide their tools, superintend their labor, and procure their rations. My comrades smiled, as I undertook the novel duty, enjoying the spec-

tacle of a Massachusetts Republican converted into a Virginia slave-master. To me it seemed rather an opportunity to lead them from the house of bondage never to return. For, whatever may be the general duty to this race, to all such as we have in any way employed to aid our armies our national faith and our personal honor are pledged. The code of a gentleman, to say nothing of a higher law of rectitude, necessitates protection to this extent. Abandoning one of these faithful allies, who, if delivered up, would be reduced to severer servitude because of the education he had received and the services he had performed, probably to be transported to the remotest slave region as now too dangerous to remain near its borders, we should be accursed among the nations of the earth. I felt assured that from that hour, whatsoever the fortunes of the war, every one of those enrolled defenders of the Union had vindicated beyond all future question, for himself, his wife, and their issue, a title to American citizenship, and become heir to all the immunities of Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States.

Passing through the principal streets, I told the contrabands that when they heard the court-house bell, which would ring soon, they must go to the court-house yard, where a communication would be made to them. In the mean time I secured the valuable services of some fellow-privates, one for a quartermaster, two others to aid in superintending at the trenches, and the orderly-sergeant of my own company, whose expertness in the drill was equalled only by his general good sense and business capacity. Upon the ringing of the bell, about forty contrabands came to the yard. A second exploration added to the number some twenty or more, who had not heard the original summons. They then came into the building, where they were called to order and addressed. I had argued to judges and juries, but I had never spoken to such auditors before in a court-room. I told them that the

colored men had been employed on the breastworks of the Rebels, and we needed their aid,—that they would be required to do only such labor as we ourselves had done,—that they should be treated kindly, and no one should be obliged to work beyond his capacity, or if unwell,—and that they should be furnished in a day or two with full soldiers' rations. I told them that their masters had said they were an indolent people,—that I did not believe the charge,—that I was going home to Massachusetts soon and should be glad to report that they were as industrious as the whites. They generally showed no displeasure, some even saying, that, not having done much for some time, it was the best thing for them to be now employed. Four or five men over fifty years old said that they suffered from rheumatism, and could not work without injury. Being confirmed by the by-standers, they were dismissed. Other old men said they would do what they could, and they were assured that no more would be required of them. Two of them, provided with a bucket and dipper, were detailed to carry water all the time along the line of laborers. Two young men fretted a little, and claimed to be disabled in some way. They were told to resume their seats, and try first and see what they could do,—to the evident amusement of the rest, who knew them to be indolent and disposed to shirk. A few showed some sulkiness, but it all passed away after the first day, when they found that they were to be used kindly. One well-dressed young man, a carpenter, feeling a little better than his associates, did not wear a pleasant face at first. Finding out his trade, we set him to sawing the posts for the intrenchments, and he was entirely reconciled. Free colored men were not required to work; but one volunteered, wishing, as he said, to do his part. The contrabands complained that the free colored men ought to be required to work on the intrenchments as well as they. I thought so too, but followed my orders. A few expressed some concern lest their masters should punish



them for serving us, if they ever returned. One inquired suspiciously why we took the name of his master. My reply was, that it was taken in order to identify them,—an explanation with which he was more satisfied than I was myself. Several were without shoes, and said that they could not drive the shovel into the earth. They were told to use the picks. The rest of the forenoon being occupied in registering their names and ages, and the names of their masters, they were dismissed to come together on the ringing of the bell, at two, P. M.

It had been expressly understood that I was to have the exclusive control and supervision of the negroes, directing their hours of labor and their rests, without interference from any one. The work itself was to be planned and superintended by the officers of the Third and Fourth Regiments. This exclusive control of the men was necessarily confided to one, as different lieutenants detailed each day could not feel a responsibility for their welfare. One or two of these, when rests were allowed the negroes, were somewhat disgusted, saying that negroes could dig all the time as well as not. I had had some years before an experience with the use of the shovel under a warm sun, and knew better, and I wished I could superintend a corps of lieutenants and apply their own theory to themselves.

At two, P. M., the contrabands came together, answered to their names, and, each taking a shovel, a spade, or a pick, began to work upon the breastworks farthest from the village and close to the new cemetery. The afternoon was very warm, the warmest we had in Hampton. Some, used only to household or other light work, wilted under the heat, and they were told to go into the cemetery and lie down. I remember distinctly a corpulent colored man, down whose cheeks the perspiration rolled and who said he felt badly. He also was told to go away and rest until he was better. He soon came back relieved, and there was no more faithful laborer among them all during the rest of the time. Twice or three

times in the afternoon an intermission of fifteen minutes was allowed to all. Thus they worked until six in the evening, when they were dismissed for the day. They deposited their tools in the court-house, where each one of his own accord carefully put his pick or shovel where he could find it again,—sometimes behind a door and sometimes in a sly corner or under a seat, preferring to keep his own tool. They were then informed that they must come together on the ringing of the bell the next morning at four o'clock. They thought that too early, but they were assured that the system best for their health would be adopted, and they would afterwards be consulted about changing it. The next morning we did not rise quite so early as four, and the bell was not rung till some minutes later. The contrabands were prompt, their names had been called, and they had marched to the trenches, a quarter of a mile distant, and were fairly at work by half-past four or a quarter before five. They did excellent service during the morning hours, and at seven were dismissed till eight. The roll was then called again, absences, if any, noted, and by half-past eight they were at their post. They continued at the trenches till eleven, being allowed rests, and were then dismissed until three, P. M., being relieved four hours in the middle of the day, when, the bell being rung and the roll called, they resumed their work and continued till six, when they were dismissed for the day. Such were the hours and usual course of their labor. Their number was increased some half dozen by fugitives from the back-country, who came in and asked to be allowed to serve on the intrenchments.

The contrabands worked well, and in no instance was it found necessary for the superintendents to urge them. There was a public opinion among them against idleness, which answered for discipline. Some days they worked with our soldiers, and it was found that they did more work, and did the nicer parts—the facings and dressings—better. Colonels Packard and Wardrop, under whose direction the

breastworks were constructed, and General Butler, who visited them, expressed satisfaction at the work which the contrabands had done. On the 14th of July, Mr. Russell, of the London "Times," and Dr. Bellows, of the Sanitary Commission, came to Hampton and manifested much interest at the success of the experiment. The result was, indeed, pleasing. A subaltern officer, to whom I had insisted that the contrabands should be treated with kindness, had sneered at the idea of applying philanthropic notions in time of war. It was found then, as always, that decent persons will accomplish more when treated at least like human beings. The same principle, if we will but credit our own experience and Mr. Rarey, too, may with advantage be extended to our relations with the beasts that serve us.

Three days after the contrabands commenced their work, five days' rations were served to them,—a soldier's ration for each laborer, and half a ration for each dependant. The allowance was liberal,—as a soldier's ration, if properly cooked, is more than he generally needs, and the dependant for whom a half-ration was received might be a wife or a half-grown child. It consisted of salt beef or pork, hard bread, beans, rice, coffee, sugar, soap, and candles, and where the family was large it made a considerable pile. The recipients went home, appearing perfectly satisfied, and feeling assured that our promises to them would be performed. On Sunday fresh meat was served to them in the same manner as to the troops.

There was one striking feature in the contrabands which must not be omitted. I did not hear a profane or vulgar word spoken by them during my superintendence, a remark which it will be difficult to make of any sixty-four white men taken together anywhere in our army. Indeed, the greatest discomfort of a soldier, who desires to remain a gentleman in the camp, is the perpetual reiteration of language which no decent lips would utter in a sister's presence. But the negroes, so dogmatically pronounced unfit for

freedom, were in this respect models for those who make high boasts of civility of manners and Christian culture. Out of the sixty-four who worked for us, all but half a dozen were members of the Church, generally the Baptist. Although without a pastor, they held religious meetings on the Sundays which we passed in Hampton, which were attended by about sixty colored persons and three hundred soldiers. The devotions were decorously conducted, bating some loud shouting by one or two excitable brethren, which the better sense of the rest could not suppress. Their prayers and exhortations were fervent, and marked by a simplicity which is not infrequently the richest eloquence. The soldiers behaved with entire propriety, and two exhorted them with pious unction, as children of one Father, ransomed by the same Redeemer.

To this general propriety of conduct among the contrabands intrusted to me there was only one exception, and that was in the case of Joe ———; his surname I have forgotten. He was of a vagrant disposition, and an inveterate shirk. He had a plausible speech and a distorted imagination, and might be called a demagogue among darkies. He bore an ill physiognomy,—that of one "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." He was disliked by the other contrabands, and had been refused admission to their Church, which he wished to join in order to get up a character. Last, but not least, among his sins, he was accustomed to beat his wife, of which she accused him in my presence; whereupon he justified himself on the brazen assumption that all husbands did the same. There was no good reason to believe that he had already been tampered with by Rebels; but his price could not be more than five dollars. He would be a disturbing element among the laborers on the breastworks, and he was a dangerous person to be so near the lines; we therefore sent him to the fort. The last I heard of him, he was at the Rip Raps, bemoaning his isolation, and the butt of our soldiers there, who charged him with being a "Secesh," and confounded him



by gravely asserting that they were such themselves and had seen him with the "Secesh" at Yorktown. This was the single goat among the sheep.

On Monday evening, July 15th, when the contrabands deposited their tools in the court-house, I requested them to stop a moment in the yard. I made each a present of some tobacco, which all the men and most of the women use. As they gathered in a circle around me, head peering over head, I spoke to them briefly, thanking them for their cordial work and complimenting their behavior, remarking that I had heard no profane or vulgar word from them, in which they were an example to us, — adding that it was the last time I should meet them, as we were to march homeward in the morning, and that I should bear to my people a good report of their industry and morals. There was another word that I could not leave without speaking. Never before in our history had a Northern man, believing in the divine right of all men to their liberty, had an opportunity to address an audience of sixty-four slaves and say what the Spirit moved him to utter, — and I should have been false to all that is true and sacred, if I had let it pass. I said to them that there was one more word for me to add, and that was, that every one of them was as much entitled to his freedom as I was to mine, and I hoped they would all now secure it. "Believe you, boss," was the general response, and each one with his rough gravelly hand grasped mine, and with tearful eyes and broken utterances said, "God bless you!" "May we meet in Heaven!" "My name is Jack Allen, don't forget me!" "Remember me, Kent Anderson!" and so on. No, — I may forget the playfellows of my childhood, my college classmates, my professional associates, my comrades in arms, but I will remember you and your benedictions until I cease to breathe! Farewell, honest hearts, longing to be free! and may the kind Providence which forgets not the sparrow shelter and protect you!

During our encampment at Hampton,

I occupied much of my leisure time in conversations with the contrabands, both at their work and in their shanties, endeavoring to collect their currents of thought and feeling. It remains for me to give the results, so far as any could be arrived at.

There were more negroes of unmixed African blood than we expected to find. But many were entirely bleached. One man, working on the breastworks, owned by his cousin, whose name he bore, was no darker than white laborers exposed by their occupation to the sun, and could not be distinguished as of negro descent. Opposite our quarters was a young slave woman who had been three times a mother without ever having been a wife. You could not discern in her three daughters, either in color, feature, or texture of hair, the slightest trace of African lineage. They were as light-faced and fair-haired as the Saxon slaves whom the Roman Pontiff, Gregory the Great, met in the markets of Rome. If they were to be brought here and their pedigree concealed, they could readily mingle with our population and marry white men, who would never suspect that they were not pure Caucasians.

From the best knowledge I could obtain, the negroes in Hampton had rarely been severely whipped. A locust-tree in front of the jail had been used for a whipping-post, and they were very desirous that it should be cut down. It was used, however, only for what are known there as flagrant offences, like running away. Their masters, when in ill-temper, had used rough language and inflicted chance blows, but no one ever told me that he had suffered from systematic cruelty or been severely whipped, except Joe, whose character I have given. Many of them bore testimony to the great kindness of their masters and mistresses.

Separations of families had been frequent. Of this I obtained definite knowledge. When I was registering the number of dependants, preparatory to the requisition for rations, the answer occa-

sionally was, "Yes, I have a wife, but she is not here." "Where is she?" "She was sold off two years ago, and I have not heard of her since." The husband of the woman who took care of the quarters of General Pierce had been sold away from her some years before. Such separations are regarded as death, and the slaves re-marry. In some cases the bereft one — so an intelligent negro assured me — pines under his bereavement and loses his value; but so elastic is human nature that this did not appear to be generally the case. The same answer was given about children, — that they had been sold away. This, in a slave-breeding country, is done when they are about eight years old. Can that be a mild system of servitude which permits such enforced separations? Providence may, indeed, sunder forever those dearest to each other, and the stricken soul accepts the blow as the righteous discipline of a Higher Power; but when the bereavement is the arbitrary dictate of human will, there are no such consolations to sanctify grief and assuage agony.

There is a universal desire among the slaves to be free. Upon this point my inquiries were particular, and always with the same result. When we said to them, "You don't want to be free, — your masters say you don't," — they manifested much indignation, answering, "We do want to be free, — we want to be for ourselves." We inquired further, "Do the house slaves who wear their master's clothes want to be free?" "We never heard of one who did not," was the instant reply. There might be, they said, some half-crazy one who did not care to be free, but they had never seen one. Even old men and women, with crooked backs, who could hardly walk or see, shared the same feeling. An intelligent Secessionist, Lowry by name, who was examined at head-quarters, admitted that a majority of the slaves wanted to be free. The more intelligent the slave and the better he had been used, the stronger this desire seemed to be. I remember one such particularly, the most

intelligent one in Hampton, known as "an influential ducky" ("ucky" being the familiar term applied by the contrabands to themselves). He could read, was an exhorter in the Church, and officiated in the absence of the minister. He would have made a competent jurymen. His mistress, he said, had been kind to him, and had never spoken so harshly to him as a captain's orderly in the Naval Brigade had done, who assumed one day to give him orders. She had let him work where he pleased, and he was to bring her a fixed sum, and appropriate the surplus to his own use. She pleaded with him to go away with her from Hampton at the time of the exodus, but she would not force him to leave his family. Still he hated to be a slave, and he talked like a philosopher about his rights. No captive in the galleys of Algiers, not Lafayette in an Austrian dungeon, ever pined more for free air. He had saved eighteen hundred dollars of his surplus earnings in attending on visitors at Old Point, and had spent it all in litigation to secure the freedom of his wife and children, belonging to another master, whose will had emancipated them, but was contested on the ground of the insanity of the testator. He had won a verdict, but his lawyers told him they could not obtain a judgment upon it, as the judge was unfavorable to freedom.

The most frequent question asked of one who has had any means of communication with the contrabands during the war is in relation to their knowledge of its cause and purposes, and their interest in it. One thing was evident, — indeed, you could not talk with a slave who did not without prompting give the same testimony, — that their masters had been most industrious in their attempts to persuade them that the Yankees were coming down there only to get the land, — that they would kill the negroes and manure the ground with them, or carry them off to Cuba or Hayti and sell them. An intelligent man who had belonged to Colonel Joseph Segar — almost the only Union man at heart in that region, and



who for that reason, being in Washington at the time the war began, had not dared to return to Hampton—served the staff of General Pierce. He bore the highest testimony to the kindness of his master, who, he said, told him to remain,—that the Yankees were the friends of his people, and would use them well. “But,” said David,—for that was his name,—“I never heard of any other master who talked that way, but they all told the worst stories about the Yankees, and the mistresses were more furious even than the masters.” David, I may add, spite of his good master, longed to be free.

The masters, in their desperation, had within a few months resorted to another device to secure the loyalty of their slaves. The colored Baptist minister had been something of a pet among the whites, and had obtained subscriptions from some benevolent citizens to secure the freedom of a handsome daughter of his who was exposed to sale on an auction block, where her beauty inspired competition. Some leading Secessionists, Lawyer Hope for one, working somewhat upon his gratitude and somewhat upon his vanity, persuaded him to offer the services of himself and his sons, in a published communication, to the cause of Virginia and the Confederate States. The artifice did not succeed. He lost his hold on his congregation, and could not have safely remained after the whites left. He felt uneasy about his betrayal, and tried to restore himself to favor by saying that he meant no harm to his people; but his protestations were in vain. His was the deserved fate of those in all ages who, victims of folly or bribes, turn their backs on their fellows.

Notwithstanding all these attempts, the negroes, with rare exceptions, still believed that the Yankees were their friends. They had learned something in Presidential elections, and they thought their masters could not hate us as they did, unless we were their friends. They believed that the troubles would somehow or other help them, although they

did not understand all that was going on. They may be pardoned for their want of apprehension, when some of our public men, almost venerable, and, reputed to be very wise and philosophical, are bewildered and grope blindly. They were somewhat perplexed by the contradictory statements of our soldiers, some of whom, according to their wishes, said the contest was for them, and others that it did not concern them at all and they would remain as before. If it was explained to them, that Lincoln was chosen by a party who were opposed to extending slavery, but who were also opposed to interfering with it in Virginia,—that Virginia and the South had rebelled, and we had come to suppress the rebellion,—and although the object of the war was not to emancipate them, yet that might be its result,—they answered, that they understood the statement perfectly. They did not seem inclined to fight, although willing to work. More could not be expected of them while nothing is promised to them. What latent inspirations they may have remains to be seen. They had at first a mysterious dread of fire-arms, but familiarity is rapidly removing that.

The religious element of their life has been noticed. They said they had prayed for this day, and God had sent Lincoln in answer to their prayers. We used to overhear their family devotions, somewhat loud according to their manner, in which they prayed earnestly for our troops. They built their hopes of freedom on Scriptural examples, regarding the deliverance of Daniel from the lions’ den, and of the Three Children from the furnace, as symbolic of their coming freedom. One said to me, that masters, before they died, by their wills sometimes freed their slaves, and he thought that a *type* that they should become free.

One Saturday evening one of them asked me to call and see him at his home the next morning. I did so, and he handed me a Bible belonging to his mistress, who had died a few days before, and whose bier I had helped to carry to the

family vault. He wanted me to read to him the eleventh chapter of Daniel. It seemed, that, as one of the means of keeping them quiet, the white clergymen during the winter and spring had read them some verses from it to show that the South would prevail, enforcing passages which ascribed great dominion to "the king of the South," and suppressing those which subsequently give the supremacy to "the king of the North." A colored man who could read had found the latter passages and made them known. The chapter is dark with mystery, and my auditor, quite perplexed as I read on, remarked, "The Bible is a very mysterious book." I read to him also the thirty-fourth chapter of Jeremiah, wherein the sad prophet of Israel records the denunciations by Jehovah of sword, pestilence, and famine against the Jews for not proclaiming liberty to their servants and handmaids. He had not known before that there were such passages in the Bible.

The conversations of the contrabands on their title to be regarded as freemen showed reflection. When asked if they thought themselves fit for freedom, and if the darkies were not lazy, their answer was, "Who but the darkies cleared all the land round here? Yes, there are lazy darkies, but there are more lazy whites." When told that the free blacks had not succeeded, they answered that the free blacks have not had a fair chance under the laws, — that they don't dare to enforce their claims against white men, — that a free colored blacksmith had a thousand dollars due to him from white men, but he was afraid to sue for any portion of it. One man, when asked why he ought to be free, replied, — "I feed and clothe myself and pay my master one hundred and twenty dollars a year; and the one hundred and twenty dollars is just so much taken from me, which ought to be used to make me and my children comfortable." Indeed, broken as was their speech and limited as was their knowledge, they reasoned abstractly on their rights as well as white men. Locke or Channing might have fortified

the argument for universal liberty from their simple talk. So true is it that the best thoughts which the human intellect has produced have come, not from affluent learning or ornate speech, but from the original elements of our nature, common to all races of men and all conditions in life; and genius the highest and most cultured may bend with profit to catch the lowliest of human utterances.

There was a very general desire among the contrabands to know how to read. A few had learned; and these, in every instance where we inquired as to their teacher, had been taught on the sly in their childhood by their white playmates. Others knew their letters, but could not "put them together," as they said. I remember of a summer's afternoon seeing a young married woman, perhaps twenty-five years old, seated on a door-step with her primer before her, trying to make progress.

In natural tact and the faculty of getting a livelihood the contrabands are inferior to the Yankees, but quite equal to the mass of the Southern population. It is not easy to see why they would be less industrious, if free, than the whites, particularly as they would have the encouragement of wages. There would be transient difficulties at the outset, but no more than a bad system lasting for ages might be expected to leave behind. The first generation might be unfitted for the active duties and responsibilities of citizenship; but this difficulty, under generous provisions for education, would not pass to the next. Even now they are not so much behind the masses of the whites. Of the Virginians who took the oath of allegiance at Hampton, not more than one in fifteen could write his name, and the rolls captured at Hatteras disclose an equally deplorable ignorance. The contrabands might be less addicted than the now dominant race to bowie-knives and duels, think less of the value of bludgeons as forensic arguments, be less inhospitable to innocent sojourners from Free States, and have far inferior skill in robbing forts and arsen-



als, plundering the Treasury, and betraying the country at whose crib they had fattened; but mankind would forgive them for not acquiring these accomplishments of modern treason. As a race, they may be less vigorous and thrifty than the Saxon, but they are more social, docile, and affectionate, fulfilling the theory which Channing held in relation to them, if advanced to freedom and civilization.

If in the progress of the war they should be called to bear arms, there need be no reasonable apprehension that they would exhibit the ferocity of savage races. Unlike such, they have been subordinated to civilized life. They are by nature a religious people. They have received an education in the Christian faith from devout teachers of their own and of the dominant race. Some have been taught (let us believe it) by the precepts of Christian masters, and some by the children of those masters, repeating the lessons of the Sabbath-school. The slaveholders assure us that they have all been well treated. If that be so, they have no wrongs to avenge. Associated with our army, they would conform to the stronger and more disciplined race. Nor is this view disproved by servile insurrections. In those cases, the insurgents, without arms, without allies, without discipline, but throwing themselves against society, against government, against everything, saw no other escape than to devastate and destroy without mercy in order to get a foothold. If they exterminated, it was because extermination was threatened against them.

In the Revolution, in the army at Cambridge, from the beginning to the close of the war, against the protests of South Carolina by the voice of Edward Rutledge, but with the express sanction of Washington,—ever just, ever grateful for patriotism, whencesoever it came,—the negroes fought in the ranks with the white men, and they never dishonored the patriot cause. So also at the defence of New Orleans they received from General Jackson a noble tribute to their fidelity and soldier-like bearing. Weighing the question historically and reflectively, and anticipating the capture of Richmond and New Orleans, there need be more serious apprehension of the conduct of some of our own troops recruited in large cities than of a regiment of contrabands officered and disciplined by white men.

But as events travel faster than laws or proclamations, already in this war with Rebellion the two races have served together. The same breastworks have been built by their common toil. True and valiant, they stood side by side in the din of cannonade, and they shared as comrades in the victory of Hatteras. History will not fail to record that on the 28th day of August, 1861, when the Rebel forts were bombarded by the Federal army and navy, under the command of Major-General Butler and Commodore Stringham, fourteen negroes, lately Virginia slaves, now contraband of war, faithfully and without panic worked the after-gun of the upper deck of the Minnesota, and hailed with a victor's pride the Stars and Stripes as they again waved on the soil of the Carolinas.

civil hospitals they are a priceless treasure.

The questions in regard to them are two. Shall their office be confined to the care of the linen and stores, and the supplying of extra diets and comforts? If admitted to officiate in the wards, how far shall that function extend?

In England, there seems to be a strong persuasion that some time must elapse, and perhaps a generation of doctors must pass away, before the ministration of female nurses in military hospitals can become a custom, or even an unquestioned good. No rational person can doubt what a blessing it would be to the patients to have such nurses administer nourishment, when the rough orderlies would not have discernment or patience to give the frequent spoonful when the very life may hang upon it. Nobody doubts that wounds would be cleansed which otherwise go uncleansed,—that much irritation and suffering would be relieved which there are otherwise no hands to undertake. Nobody doubts that many lives would be saved in every great hospital from the time that fevered frames and the flickerings of struggling vitality were put under the charge of the nurses whom Nature made. But the difficulties and risks are great. On the whole, it seems to be concluded by those who know best, that only a few female nurses should be admitted into military and naval hospitals: that they should be women of mature age and ascertained good sense, thoroughly trained to their business: that they should be the women who have been, or who would be, the head nurses in other hospitals, and that they should be paid on that scale: that they should have no responsibility,—being wholly subject to the surgeons in ward affairs, and to their own superintendent in all others: that no enthusiasts or religious devotees should be admitted,—because that very qualification shows that they do not understand the business of nursing: that everything that can be as well done by men should be done by trained orderlies: that convalescents

should, generally speaking, be attended on by men,—and if not, that each female nurse of convalescents should have a hundred or so in her charge, whereas of the graver cases forty or fifty are as many as one nurse can manage, with any amount of help from orderlies. These proposals give some idea of what is contemplated with regard to the ordinary nurses in a General Military Hospital. The superintendent of the nurses in each institution must be a woman of high quality and large experience. And she will show her good sense, in the first place, by insisting on a precise definition of her province, that there may be no avoidable ill-will on the part of the medical officers, and no cause of contention with the captain of service, or whatever the administrator of the interior may be called. She must have a decisive voice in the choice of her nurses; and she will choose them for their qualifications as nurses only, after being satisfied as to their character, health, and temper.

No good nurse can endure any fuss about her work and her merits. Enthusiasts and devotees find immediately that they are altogether out of place in a hospital,—or, as we may now say, they would find this, if they were ever to enter a hospital: for, in fact, they never now arrive there. The preparation brings them to a knowledge of themselves; and the two sorts of women who really and permanently become nurses are those who desire to make a living by a useful and valued and well-paid occupation, and those who benevolently desire to save life and mitigate suffering, with such a temper of sobriety and moderation as causes them to endure hardship and ill-usage with firmness, and to dislike praise and celebrity at least as much as hostility and evil construction. The best nurses are foremost in perceiving the absurdity and disagreeableness of such heroines of romance as flourished in the press seven years ago,—young ladies disappointed in love, who went out to the East, found their lovers in hospital, and went off with them, to be happy ever after, without any



anxiety or shame at deserting their patients in the wards without leave or notice. Not of this order was Florence Nightingale, whose practical hard work, personal reserve, and singular administrative power have placed her as high above impeachment for feminine weaknesses as above the ridicule which commonly attends the striking out of a new course by man or woman. Those who most honor her, and most desire to follow her example, are those who most steadily bring their understandings and their hearts to bear upon the work which she

began. Her ill-health has withdrawn her from active nursing and administration; but she has probably done more towards the saving of life by working in connection with the War-Office in private than by her best-known deeds in her days of health. Through her, mainly, it is that every nation has already studied with some success the all-important subject of Health in the Camp and in the Hospital. It now lies in the way of American women to take up the office, and, we may trust, to "better the instruction."

---

### A STORY OF THANKSGIVING-TIME.

OLD Jacob Newell sat despondent beside his sitting-room fire. Gray-haired and venerable, with a hundred hard lines, telling of the work of time and struggle and misfortune, furrowing his pale face, he looked the incarnation of silent sorrow and hopelessness, waiting in quiet meekness for the advent of the King of Terrors: waiting, but not hoping, for his coming; without desire to die, but with no dread of death.

At a short distance from him, in an ancient straight-backed rocking-chair, dark with age, and clumsy in its antique carvings, sat his wife. Stiffly upright, and with an almost painful primness in dress and figure, she sat knitting rapidly and with closed eyes. Her face was rigid as a mask; the motion in her fingers, as she plied her needles, was spasmodic and machine-like; the figure, though quiet, wore an air of iron repose that was most uneasy and unnatural. Still, through the mask and from the figure there stole the aspect and air of one who had within her deep wells of sweetness and love which only strong training or power of education had thus covered up and obscured. She looked of that stern Puritanical stock whose iron will conquered the severity

of New England winters and overcame the stubbornness of its granite hills, and whose idea of a perfect life consisted in the rigorous discharge of all Christian duties, and the banishment, forever and at all times, of the levity of pleasure and the folly of amusement. She could have walked, if need were, with composure to the stake; but she could neither have joined in a game at cards, nor have entered into a romp with little children. All this was plainly to be seen in the stern repose of her countenance and the stiff harshness of her figure.

Upon the stained deal table, standing a little in the rear and partially between the two, reposed an open Bible. Between its leaves lay a pair of large, old-fashioned, silver-bowed spectacles, which the husband had but recently laid there, after reading the usual daily chapter of Holy Writ. He had ceased but a moment before, and had laid them down with a heavy sigh, for his heart to-day was sorely oppressed; and no wonder; for, following his gaze around the room, we find upon the otherwise bare walls five sad mementos of those who had "gone before,"—five coarse and unartistic, but loving tributes to the dead.

—in the old fawning manner, to which Holmes nodded a curt reply.

The man stopped for Sophy to gather up her bits of broken China with which she was making a tea-party on the table, and went down-stairs.

Towards evening Holmes went out, — not going through the narrow passage that led to the offices, but avoiding it by a circuitous route. If it cost him any pain to think why he did it, he showed none in his calm, observant face. Buttoning up his coat as he went: the October sunset looked as if it ought to be warm, but he was deathly cold. On the street the young doctor beset him again with bows and news: Cox was his name, I believe; the one, you remember, who had such a Talleyrand nose for ferreting out successful men. He had to bear with him but for a few moments, however. They met a crowd of workmen at the corner, one of whom, an old man freshly washed, with honest eyes looking out of horn spectacles, waited for them by a fire-plug. It was Polston, the coal-digger, — an acquaintance, a far-off kinsman of Holmes, in fact.

"Curious person making signs to you, yonder," said Cox; "hand, I presume."

"My cousin Polston. If you do not know him, you 'll excuse me?"

Cox sniffed the air down the street, and twirled his rattan, as he went. The coal-digger was abrupt and distant in his greeting, going straight to business.

"I will keep yoh only a minute, Mr. Holmes" —

"Stephen," corrected Holmes.

The old man's face warmed.

"Stephen, then," holding out his hand, "sence old times dawn't shame yoh, Stephen. That's hearty, now. It's only a wured I want, but it's immediate. Concernin' Joe Yare, — Lois's father, yoh know? He's back."

"Back? I saw him to-day, following me in the mill. His hair is gray? I think it was he."

"No doubt. Yes, he's aged fast, down in the lock-up; goin' fast to the

end. Feeble, pore-like. It's a bad life, Joe Yare's; I wish 'n' 't would be better to the end" —

He stopped with a wistful look at Holmes, who stood outwardly attentive, but with little thought to waste on Joe Yare. The old coal-digger drummed on the fire-plug uneasily.

"Myself, 't was for Lois's sake I thowt on it. To speak plain, — yoh 'll mind that Stokes affair, th' note Yare brought? Yes? Ther' 's none knows o' that but yoh an' me. He's safe, Yare is, only fur yoh an' me. Yoh speak the wured an' back he goes to the lock-up. Fur life. D' yoh see?"

"I see."

"He's tryin' to do right, Yare is."

The old man went on, trying not to be eager, and watching Holmes's face.

"He's tryin'. Sendin' him back — yoh know how *that* 'll end. Seems like as we 'd his soul in our hands. S'pose, — what d' yoh think, if we give him a chance? It's yoh he fears. I see him a-watchin' yoh; what d' yoh think, if we give him a chance?" catching Holmes's sleeve. "He's old, an' he's tryin'. Heh?"

Holmes smiled.

"We did n't make the law he broke. Justice before mercy. Have n't I heard you talk to Sam in that way, long ago?"

The old man loosened his hold of Holmes's arm, looked up and down the street, uncertain, disappointed.

"The law. Yes. That's right! Yoh're a just man, Stephen Holmes."

"And yet?" —

"Yes. I dun'no'. Law's right, but Yare's had a bad chance, an' he's tryin'. An' we're sendin' him to hell. Somethin' 's wrong. But I think yoh're a just man," looking keenly in Holmes's face.

"A hard one, people say," said Holmes, after a pause, as they walked on.

He had spoken half to himself, and received no answer. Some blacker shadow troubled him than old Yare's fate.

"My mother was a hard woman, — you knew her?" he said, abruptly.

"She was just, like yoh. She was one o' th' elect, she said. Mercy's fur them,



—an' outside, justice. It 's a narrer showin', I 'm thinkin'."

"My father was outside," said Holmes, some old bitterness rising up in his tone, his gray eye lighting with some unrevenged wrong.

Polston did not speak for a moment.

"Dunnot bear malice agin her. They're dead, now. It was n't left fur her to judge him out yonder. Yoh 've yer father's eyes, Stephen, 'times. Hungry, pitiful, like women's. His got desper't 't th' last. Drunk hard,—died of 't, yoh know. But *she* killed him,—th' sin was writ down fur her. Never was a boy I loved like him, when we was boys."

There was a short silence.

"Yoh 're like yer mother," said Polston, striving for a lighter tone. "Here,"—motioning to the heavy iron jaws. "She never—let go. Somehow, too, she 'd the law on her side in outward showin', an' th' right. But I hated religion, knowin' her. Well, ther' 's a day of makin' things clear, comin'."

They had reached the corner now, and Polston turned down the lane.

"Yoh 'll think o' Yare's case?" he said.

"Yes. But how can I help it," Holmes said, lightly, "if I am like my mother here?"—putting his hand to his mouth.

"God help us, how can yoh? It 's harrd to think father and mother leave

their souls fightin' in their childern, cos th' love was wantin' to make them one here."

Something glittered along the street as he spoke: the silver mountings of a low-hung phaëton drawn by a pair of Mexican ponies. One or two gentlemen on horseback were alongside, attendant on a lady within. She turned her fair face, and pale, greedy eyes, as she passed, and lifted her hand languidly in recognition of Holmes. Polston's face colored.

"I 've heered," he said, holding out his grimy hand. "I wish yoh well, Stephen, boy. So 'll the old 'oman. Yoh 'll come an' see us, soon? Ye 'r lookin' fagged, an' yer eyes is gettin' more like yer father's. I 'm glad things is takin' a good turn with yoh; an' yoh 'll never be like him, starvin' fur th' kind wured, an' havin' to die without it. I 'm glad yoh 've got true love. She 'd a fair face, I think. I wish yoh well, Stephen."

Holmes shook the grimy hand, and then stood a moment looking back to the mill, from which the hands were just coming, and then down at the phaëton moving idly down the road. How cold it was growing! People passing by had a sickly look, as if they were struck by the plague. He pushed the damp hair back, wiping his forehead, with another glance at the mill-women coming out of the gate, and then followed the phaëton down the hill.

*Atlantic*

## HEALTH IN THE HOSPITAL.

*H. M. Thompson.*

IN preparing to do the duty of society towards the wounded or sick soldier, the first consideration is, What is a Military Hospital? No two nations seem to have answered this question in the same way; yet it is a point of the first importance to them all.

When England went to war last time, after a peace of forty years, the only idea in the minds of her military surgeons was

of Regimental Hospitals. There was to be a place provided as an infirmary for a certain number of soldiers; a certain number of orderlies were to be appointed as nurses; and the regimental doctor and hospital-sergeant were to have the charge of the inmates. In each of these Regimental Hospitals there might be patients ill of a great variety of disorders, from the gravest to the lightest, all to be treat-

ed by the same doctor or doctors. These doctors had to make out statements of all the diets, as well as all the medicines required by their patients, and send in their requisitions; and it might be said that arrangements had to be separately made for every individual patient in the whole army. The doctors went to work each in his own way, even in the case of epidemics. There was no knowing, except by guess, what diseases were the most to be apprehended in particular places or circumstances; nor what remarkable phenomena of disease were showing themselves on any extended scale; nor what improvements could be suggested in the treatment. There was no possibility of such systematic cleanliness and such absolute regularity of management as can be secured by organization on a large scale. Yet the medical officers preferred the plan to any other. One plea was, that the medical officers and the patients were acquainted with and attached to each other: and this was very true. Another consideration was, that each surgeon liked to have his field of duty to himself, and found it an advantage to have a large variety of ailments to treat, to the constant improvement of his experience. They said that doctors and patients and nurses all liked the Regimental Hospital best, and this was clear proof that it was the best. They could at that time say also, that every soldier and every doctor had a horror of General Hospitals, where the mortality was so excessive during the Peninsular War that being carried to the General Hospital was considered the same thing as being sentenced to death.

Such being the state of opinion and feeling in the profession, it naturally happened that British army-surgeons stuck to their Regimental Hospitals as long as they could, and, when compelled to co-operate in a General Hospital, made the institution as like as possible to a group of Regimental Hospitals,—resisting all effective organization, and baffling all the aims of the larger institution.

In busy times, no two Regimental Hos-

pitals were alike in their management, because the scheme was not capable of expansion. The surgeon and his hospital-sergeant managed everything. The surgeon saw and treated the cases, and made out his lists of articles wanted. It was his proper business to keep the books,—to record the admissions, and make the returns, and keep the accounts, and post up all the documents: but professional men do not like this sort of work, when they want to be treating disease; and the books were too often turned over to the hospital-sergeant. His indispensable business was to superintend the wards, and the attendance on the patients, the giving them their medicines, etc., which most of us would think enough for one man: but he had besides to keep up the military discipline in the establishment,—to prepare the materials for the surgeon's duty at the desk,—to take charge of all the orders for the diet of all the patients, and see them fulfilled,—to keep the record of all the provisions ordered and used in every department,—and to take charge of the washing, the hospital stores, the furniture, the surgery, and the dispensary. In short, the hospital-sergeant had to be at once ward-master, steward, dispenser, sergeant, clerk, and purveyor; and, as no man can be a six-sided official, more or fewer of his duties were deputed to the orderly, or to anybody within call.

Nobody could dispute the superior economy and comfort of having a concentration of patients arranged in the wards according to their ailments, with a general kitchen, a general laundry, a dispensary and surgery, and a staff of officials, each with his own distinct business, instead of as many jacks-of-all-trades, each doing a little of everything. Yet the obstinacy of the fight made by the surgeons for the system of Regimental Hospitals was almost insuperable. There was no desire on any hand to abolish their hospitals, which must always be needed for slight, and also for immediately pressing cases. What was asked of them was to give way when epidemics, or a sudden influx of wounded, or protracted cases



put a greater strain upon the system than it would bear.

The French, meantime, had three sorts of hospitals,—the Divisional ones coming between the Regimental and the General. Only the very slightest cases ever enter their Regimental Hospital; those which may last weeks are referred to the Divisional; and those which may last months, with prospect of recovery, to the General Hospital. The Sardinian plan was nearly the same. The Russians had Divisional Hospitals at various stations; and all cases were carried to them.

The Regimental Hospitals are wherever the regiments are. The advantage is, that aid can be immediately rendered,—not only in case of wounds, but of cholera, in which it is desirable to lay a patient down in the nearest bed to which he can be conveyed. The disadvantages are the hap-hazard quality of the site, the absence of quiet and seclusion, and the liability of being near the scene of conflict. These things cause the French to prefer the Divisional Hospital, which, while still within reach, is set farther back from the force, in a picked situation, and managed on a large scale and with nicer exactitude.

The General Hospital is understood to be at the base of operations: and this supposes, as a part of its organization, a system of transport, not only good of its kind, but adequate to any demands consequent on a great battle, or the spread of an epidemic in the camp. The nearer the hospital is to the active force, the better, of course; but there are conditions to be fulfilled first. It must be safe from the enemy. It must be placed in a permanent station. It must be on a good road, and within immediate reach of markets. It ought also to be on the way home, for the sake of the incurable or the incapacitated who must be sent home.

In the Regimental Hospital, the surgeon may be seen going from the man who has lost a finger to a fever patient,—and then to one who has ophthalmia,—passing on to a fellow raving in delirium tremens,—next to whom is a sufferer un-

der bronchitis, who will not be allowed to go out of doors for weeks to come; and if half a dozen are brought in with cholera in the course of the day, the officials do not know which way to turn. It is possible that the surgeon may be found making starch over the kitchen fire, because there is nobody at hand who understands how to make starched bandages; or he may be at the desk, casting up columns of figures, or writing returns, when he is urgently wanted at the bedside. Such things can hardly happen now; but they have happened within ten years. The Russians, meantime, would be carrying all manner of patients to one of their hospital-stations,—each sufferer to the hospital of his own division. The French would leave the men with scratches and slight diarrhoea and delirium tremens in the Regimental Hospital,—would send the fever and bronchitis and scorbutic patients to the Divisional,—and any gravely wounded, or rheumatic, or other very long cases to the General Hospital at the base of operations.

Such arrangements, however, are of no use, if the last be not so organized as to render it fit to supply what the others cannot give, and to answer purposes which the others cannot even propose.

When doctors and soldiers alike shuddered at the mention of the General Hospital as a necessary institution at or near the seat of war, they were thinking of what they had seen or heard of during the Peninsular Campaigns. There were such infirmaries wherever there was a line of march in Spain; and they seemed to be all alike. Hospital gangrene set in among the wounded, and fever among the sick, so that the soldiers said, "To send a poor fellow to the hospital is to send him to death." Yet there was nothing else to be done; for it was impossible to treat the seriously sick and wounded at the spot where they fell. During that war, nearly twice the number which composed the army passed through the hospitals every year; and of these there were known deaths to the amount of thirteen thousand five hundred; and thou-

sands more were never the same men again. When the case was better understood,—as during the last year in the Crimea,—the mortality in the hospitals barely exceeded that of the Guards in their barracks at home! Recovery had become the rule, and death a remarkable event. General Hospitals had come to surpass all other means of curing patients, while fulfilling their own peculiar service to society through new generations.

What are the functions of General Hospitals, besides curing the sick and wounded? some readers may ask, who have never particularly attended to the subject.

The first business of such institutions is undoubtedly to restore as many as possible of the sufferers brought into them: and this includes the duty of bringing in the patients in the most favorable way, receiving them in an orderly and quiet manner, doctoring, nursing, feeding, clothing, and cleaning them, keeping their minds composed and cheerful, and their manners creditable, promoting their convalescence, and dismissing them in a state of comfort as to equipment. This is the first duty, in its many subdivisions. The next is to obviate, as far as possible, future disease in any army. The third grows out of this. It is to improve the science of the existing generation by a full use of the peculiar opportunities of observation afforded by the crop of sickness and wounds yielded by an army in action. To take these in their reverse order.

There must be much to learn from any great assemblage of sickness, under circumstances which can be fully ascertained, even at home,—and much more in a foreign climate. The medical body of every nation has very imperfect knowledge of classes and modifications of diseases; so that one of the strongest desires of the most learned physicians is for an improved classification and constantly improving nomenclature of diseases; and hospital-records afford the most direct way to this knowledge. Thus, while the

phenomena are frittered away among Regimental or unorganized General Hospitals, a well-kept record in each well-organized hospital will do more than all other means to promote the scientific understanding of disease.

The statistics of disease in armies, the ascertainment of the numbers who sick-en and who die of particular diseases, would save more lives in future generations than can be now appreciated; but what can the regimental surgeon do towards furnishing any trustworthy materials to such an inquiry? A dozen doctors, with each his smattering of patients, can learn and teach but little while they work apart: whereas a regular system of inquiry and record, in action where the sick are brought in in battalions, is the best possible agency. Not only are these objects lost when surgeons are allowed to make the great hospital a mere receptacle for a cluster of small and desultory hospitals, but the advantages of a broad study of diseases and their treatment are lost. Inestimable facts of treatment are learned by watching, at the same time and in the same place, a ward full of patients ill of the same disease. People of all countries know this by the special learning which their physicians obtain in large civil hospitals: and the same thing happens in military hospitals, with the additional advantage that the information and improved art tend to the special safety of the future soldiery, in whatever climate they may be called on to serve.

There has long been some general notion of the duty of army-surgeons to record what they saw in foreign campaigns; but no benefit has been reaped till of late. The works of French field-surgeons have long been justly celebrated; but I do not know that in the statistics and the nomenclature of disease they have done much more than others. The English surgeons carried or sent home in 1810 a mass of papers about the Walcheren fever, and afterwards of the diseases of the Peninsular force: but the Director-General of the Medical Department con-



sidered such a bulk of records troublesome, and ordered them to be burnt! Such an act will never be perpetrated again: but directors will have a more manageable mass of documents to deal with henceforth. With a regular system of record, at a central station of observation, much more may be done with much less fatigue to all parties.

But how is it to be done? may well be asked. In the hurry and confusion of a war, and amidst the pressure of hundreds of new cases in a day, what can the surgeons of the hospital be expected to do for science, or even for the improvement of medical and surgical practice?—The answer is seen in the new arrangements in England, where a statistical branch has been established in the Army Medical Department. Of course, no one but the practising surgeon or physician can furnish the pathological facts in each individual case; but this is what every active and earnest practitioner does always and everywhere, when he sees reason for it. His note-book or hospital-journal provides that raw material which the statistical department is to arrange and utilize. The result will be that a flood of light will be cast on matters affecting the health and life of soldiers and other men, in regard to which we might have gone on groping for centuries among the confusion of regimental records, without getting what we wanted. As to the method of proceeding, I may have something to say farther on. Meantime, we must turn to the primary object of the institution of the Military Hospital,—the cure of the wounded and sick of the army.

In the case of active war, foreign or civil, the General Hospital is usually an extemporized establishment, the building a makeshift, and the arrangements such as the building will admit. In Spain, the British obtained any houses they could get; and the soldiers were sometimes crowded into half a dozen of them in one town. In the last war, the great buildings at Scutari were engaged three months before they were wanted

for extensive use; so that there was plenty of time for making them clean, airy, warm, and commodious, and for storing them with all conveniences. This was not done; and the failure and its consequences afford a lesson by which every people engaged in war should profit. A mere outline of what was *not* done at Scutari may be an indication of what should be done with all convenient speed elsewhere.

There was a catgut manufactory close at hand, which filled the neighborhood with stench. Half a dozen dead dogs festered under the windows in the sun; and a dead horse lay in the aqueduct for six weeks. The drain-pipes within the building were obstructed and had burst, spreading their contents over the floors and walls. The sloping boarded divans in the wards, used for sleeping-places, were found, after the building became crowded, to be a cover for a vast accumulation of dead rats, old rags, and the dust of years. Like all large stone buildings in the East, it was intolerably cold in winter, with its stagnant air, its filthy damp, and its vaultings and chill floors. This wonderful building was very grandly reported of to England, for its size and capacity, its imposing character, and so forth; and the English congratulated themselves on the luck of the wounded in having such a hospital. Yet, in the next January, fourteen hundred and eighty were carried out dead.

It appears that nobody knew how to go to work. Everybody writes to somebody else to advise them to "observe"; and there are so many assurances that everybody means to "observe," that there seems to have been no leisure to effect anything. One thinks that this, that, or the other should be attended to; and another states that the matter is under consideration. It was some weeks before anybody got so far in definiteness as to propose whitewash. Somebody understood that somebody else was intending to have the corridors scoured; and representations were to be made to the Turkish authorities about getting the drain-pipes

mended. The Turkish authorities wished to employ their own workmen in putting in the stoves; and on the 18th of December the responsible British officer hoped the stoves would be put up immediately, but could not be certain, as Turkish workmen were in question. This was a month after large companies of wounded and sick had been sent in from the seat of war. Even then, nothing had been done for ventilation, or, on any sufficient scale, for putting the poor sufferers comfortably to bed.

These things confirm the necessity of a regulated coöperation between the sanitary, the medical, and the military officers of an army. The sanitary officer should be secure of the services of engineers enough to render the hospital, as well as the camp, safely habitable. As soon as any building is taken possession of for a hospital, men and their tools should be at command for exploring the drains and making new ones,—for covering or filling up ditches,—for clearing and purifying the water-courses, and leading in more water, if needed,—for removing all nuisances for a sufficient distance round,—and for improving to the utmost the means of access to the house. There must be ventilating spaces in the roof, and in the upper part of all the wards and passages. Every vaulted space, or other receptacle of stagnant air, should have a current established through it. All decaying wood in the building should be removed, and any portion ingrained with dirt should be planed clean. A due water-supply should be carried up to every story, and provided for the bath-rooms, the wash-houses, and the kitchen. Every edifice in America is likely to be already furnished with means of warmth; and the soldiers are probably in no danger of shivering over the uncertain promise of stoves on the 18th of December.

Next comes the consideration of store-places, which can be going forward while busy hands are cleaning every inch of ceiling, walls, floors, and windows within. There must be sheds and stables for the transport service; and a surgery and

dispensary planned with a view to the utmost saving of time and trouble, so that medicines and utensils may be within reach and view, and the freest access allowed to applicants. The kitchens must have the best stoves and boilers, dressers and scales, and apparatus of every kind that is known to the time; for more lives depend on perfect food being administered with absolute punctuality than upon any medical treatment. There must be large and abundant and airy store-places for the provisions, and also for such stocks of linen and bedding as perhaps nobody ever dreamed of before the Crimean War.

The fatal notions of Regimental Hospital management caused infinite misery at Scutari. In entering the Regimental Hospital, the soldier carries his kit, or can step into his quarters for it: and the regulations, therefore, suppose him to be supplied with shirts and stockings, towel and soap, brushes and comb. This supposition was obstinately persevered in at Scutari, till private charity had shamed the authorities into providing for the men's wants. When the wounded were brought from the Alma, embarked on crowded transports straight from the battle-field, how could they bring their kits? Miss Nightingale, and benevolent visitors from England, bought up at Constantinople, and obtained from home, vast supplies of body- and bed-linen, towels, basins, and water-cans; and till they did so, the poor patients lay on a single blanket or coarse canvas sheet, in their one shirt, perhaps soaked in blood and dirt. There were, some stores in the hospital, though not enough; and endless difficulty was made about granting them, lest any man should have brought his kit, and thus have a double supply. Amidst the emergencies of active war, it seems to be an obvious provision that every General Hospital should have in store, with ample bedding, body-linen enough for as many patients as can occupy the beds,—the consideration being kept in view, that, where the sick and wounded are congregated, more frequent changes



of linen are necessary than under any other circumstances.

The excellent and devoted managers of the hospitals of the Union army need no teaching as to the daily administration of the affairs of the wards. They will never have to do and dare the things that Miss Nightingale had to decide upon, because they have happily had the privilege of arranging their hospitals on their own principles. They will not know the exasperation of seeing sufferers crowded together on a wooden divan (with an under-stratum of dead rats and rotting rags) while there is an out-house full of bedsteads laid up in store under lock and key. Not being disposed to acquiesce in such a state of things, and failing in all attempts to get at the authority which had charge of the locked door, Miss Nightingale called to an orderly or two, and commanded them to break open the door. They stared; but she said she assumed the responsibility; and presently there were as many men in bed as there were bedsteads. Her doctrine and practice have always been,—instant and silent obedience to medical and disciplinary orders, without any qualification whatever; and by her example and teaching in this respect she at length overcame the jealousy and prejudices of authorities, medical and military: but in such a case as the actual presence of necessities for the sick, sent out by Government or by private charity for their use, she claimed the benefit, and helped her patients to it, when there was no other obstruction in the way than forms and rules never meant to apply to the case.

What the jealousy was appeared through very small incidents. A leading medical officer declared, in giving evidence, that the reason why the patients' meals were sometimes served late and cold, or half-cooked, was, that Miss Nightingale and her nurses were forever in the way in the general kitchen, keeping the cooks from the fire: whereas the fact was, that neither Miss Nightingale nor any nurse had ever entered the general kitchen, on any occasion whatever. Their way was

to have a kitchen of their own. The very idea of that kitchen was savory in the wards; for out of it came, always at the right moment, arrowroot, hot and of the pleasantest consistence,—rice puddings, neither hard on the one hand nor clammy on the other,—cool lemonade for the feverish, cans full of hot tea for the weary, and good coffee for the faint. When the sinking sufferer was lying with closed eyes, too feeble to make moan or sign, the hospital spoon was put between his lips, with the mouthful of strong broth or hot wine which rallied him till the watchful nurse came round again. The meat from that kitchen was tenderer than any other; the beef-tea was more savory. One thing that came out of it was a lesson on the saving of good cookery. The mere circumstance of the boiling water being really boiling there made a difference of two ounces of rice in every four puddings, and of more than half the arrowroot used. The same quantity of arrowroot which made a pint, thin and poor, in the general kitchen, made two pints, thick and good, in Miss Nightingale's.

Then there was the difference in readiness and punctuality. Owing to cumbersome forms and awkward rules, the orderlies charged with the business were running round almost all day about the food for their wards; and the patients were disgusted with it at last. There were endless orders and details, whenever the monotonous regular diet was departed from; whereas the establishment of several regular diets, according to the classifications in the wards, would have simplified matters exceedingly. When everything for dysentery patients, or for fever patients, or for certain classes of wounded was called "extra diet," there were special forms to be gone through, and orders and contradictions given, which threw everything into confusion, under the name of discipline. The authority of the ward would allow some extra,—butter, for instance; and then a higher authority, seeing the butter, and not knowing how it came there, would throw it out of the window, as "spoiling the

men." Between getting the orders, and getting the meat and extras, and the mutual crowding of the messengers, some of the dinners were not put on the fire till an hour or two after the fainting patient should have had his meal: and then, of course, he could not take it. The cold mutton-chop with its opaque fat, the beef with its caked gravy, the arrowroot stiff and glazed, all untouched, might be seen by the bedsides in the afternoons, while the patients were lying back, sinking for want of support. Probably the dinners had been brought up on a tray, cooling all the way up-stairs and along the corridors; and when brought in, there was the cutting up, in full view of the intended eaters,—sometimes on the orderly's own bed, when the tables were occupied. Under such a system, what must it have been to see the quick and quiet nurses enter, as the clock struck, with their hot-water tins, hot morsels ready-cut, hot plates, bright knife and fork and spoon,—and all ready for instant eating! This was a strong lesson to those who would learn; and in a short time there was a great change for the better. The patients who were able to sit at table were encouraged to rise, and dress, and dine in cheerful company, and at the proper hour. It was discovered, that, if an alternation was provided of soups, puddings, fish, poultry, and vegetables, with the regular beef dinner, the great mass of trouble about extras was swept away at once; for these varieties met every case in hospital except the small number which required slops and cordials, or something very unusual. By this clearance, time was saved to such an extent that punctuality became possible, and the refusal of food almost ceased.

All these details point to the essential badness of the system of requisitions. In the old days, when war was altogether a mass of formalities,—and in peace times, when soldiers and their guardians had not enough to do, and it was made an object and employment to save the national property by hedging round all expenditure of that property with difficul-

ties, the system of requisitions might suit the period and the parties. Amidst the rapid action and sharp emergencies of war it is out of place. It was found intolerable that nothing whatever could be had,—not a dose of medicine, nor a candle, nor a sheet, nor a spoon or dish, nor a bit of soap,—without a series of permits, and applications, and orders, and vouchers, which frittered away the precious hours, depressed the sick, worried their nurses, and wasted more of money's worth in official time, paper, and expensive cross-purposes than could possibly have been saved by all the ostentatious vigilance of the method. The deck-loads of vegetables at Balaklava, thrown overboard because they were rotten before they were drawn, were not the only stores wasted for want of being asked for. When the Scutari hospitals had become healthy and comfortable, there was a thorough opening-out of all the stores which had before been made inaccessible by forms. No more bedsteads, no more lime-juice, no more rice, no more beer, no more precious medicines were then locked away, out of the reach or the knowledge of those who were dying, or seeing others die, for want of them.

One miserable consequence of the cumbrous method was, that there was no certainty at any hour of some essential commodity not falling short. It would have been a dismal day for the most suffering of the patients when there was not fuel enough to cook "extras," if Miss Nightingale had not providently bought four boat-loads of wood to meet such a contingency. It was a dreadful night in the hospital, when, as cholera patients were brought in by the score, the surgeons found there were no candles to be had. In that disease, of all maladies, they had to tend their patients in the dark all night; and a more shocking scene can scarcely be conceived.

Every great influx of patients was terrible, whether from an epidemic or after a battle; but experience and devotedness made even this comparatively easy before the troops turned homewards.



The arrival of a transport was, perhaps, the first intimation of the earlier battles. Then all was hurry-skurry in the hospitals; everybody was willing to help, but the effectual organization was not yet ready.

Of every hundred on board the transport, an average of ten had died since leaving the Crimea. The names and causes of death of these men ought to be recorded; but the surgeons of the transport are wholly occupied in despatching their living charge to the hospital; and the surgeons there have enough to do in receiving them. Attempts are made to obtain the number and names and injuries of the new patients: there may or may not be a list furnished from the ship; and the hospital surgeons inquire from bed to bed: but in such a scene mistakes are sure to arise; and it was found, in fact, that there was always more or less variation between the numbers recorded as received or dead and the proper number. No one could wonder at this who had for a moment looked upon the scene. The poor fellows just arrived had perhaps not had their clothes off since they were wounded or were seized with cholera, and they were steeped in blood and filth, and swarming with vermin. To obtain shirts and towels was hard work, because it had to be proved that they brought none with them. They were laid on the floor in the corridors, as close as they could be packed, thus breathing and contaminating the air which was to have refreshed the wards within. If laid upon so-called sheets, they entreated that the sheets might be taken away; for they were of coarse canvas, intolerable to the skin. Before the miserable company could be fed, made clean, and treated by the surgeons, many were dead; and a too large proportion were never to leave the place more, though struggling for a time with death. It was amidst such a scene that Florence Nightingale refused to despair of five men so desperately wounded as to be set aside by the surgeons. The surgeons were right. As they said, their time was but too little for

the cases which were not hopeless. And Florence Nightingale was right in finding time, if she could, to see whether there was really no chance. She ascertained that these five were absolutely given over; and she and her assistants managed to attend to them through the night. She cleaned and comforted them, and had spoonfuls of nourishment ready whenever they could be swallowed. By the morning round of the surgeons, these men were ready to be operated upon; and they were all saved.

It would have been easier work at a later period. Before many months were over, the place was ready for any number to be received in peace and quietness. Instead of being carried from one place to another, because too many had been sent to one hospital and too few to another, the poor fellows were borne in the shortest and easiest way from the boat to their beds. They were found eager for cleanliness; and presently they were clean accordingly, and lying on a good bed, between clean, soft sheets. They did not come in scorbutic, like their predecessors; and they had no reason to dread hospital gangrene or fever. Every floor and every pane in the windows was clean; and the air came in pure from the wide, empty corridors. There was a change of linen whenever it was desired; and the shirts came back from the wash perfectly sweet and fresh. The cleaning of the wards was done in the mornings, punctually, quickly, quietly, and thoroughly. The doctors came round, attended by a nurse who received the orders, and was afterwards steady in the fulfilment of them. The tables of the medicines of the day were hung up in the ward; and the nurse went round to administer them with her own hand. Where she was, there was order and quietness all day, and the orderlies were worth twice as much as before the women came. Their manners were better; and they gave their minds more to their business. The nurse found time to suit each patient who wished it with a book or a newspaper, when gifts of that sort

arrived from England. Kind visitors sat by the beds to write letters for the patients, undertaking to see the epistles forwarded to England. When the invalids became able to rise for dinner, it was a turning-point in their case; and they were soon getting into the apartment where there were games and books and meetings of old comrades. As I have said before, those who died at these hospitals were finally scarcely more than those who died in—not the hospitals—but the barracks of the Guards at home.

What were the changes in organization needed to produce such a regeneration as this?

They were such as must appear to Americans very simple and easy. The wonder will be rather that they were necessary at last than that they should have been effected with any difficulty. But Americans have never known what it is to have a standing army as a long-established and prominent national institution; and they can therefore hardly conceive of the strength of the class-spirit which grows up in the various departments of the military organization. This jealousy, egotism, and stiffness of prejudice were much aggravated by the long peace, in which a great rusting of the apparatus of the system took place, without at all impairing the complacency of those who formed a part of it. The old medical officers were incapable, pedantic, and jealous; and no proper relation had ever been established between them and the military authorities. The imbecility of the system cost the lives of others than the soldiers who died in hospital. Brave men arose, as in all such crises, to bear the consequences of other men's mistakes, and the burden of exposing them; and several physicians and surgeons died, far from home, in the effort to ameliorate a system which they found unworkable. The greatest benefactor in exhibiting evils and suggesting remedies, Dr. Alexander, lived to return home, and instigate reforms, and receive the honors which were his due; but he soon sank under the consequences of his labors.

So did Lord Herbert, the Secretary of War, to whom, in conjunction with Miss Nightingale, the British army, at home, in India, and everywhere, owes its redemption from special sickness and undue mortality. In America the advantages may be enjoyed without tax or drawback. The citizens are accustomed to organize themselves for action of all sorts; and no stiff-necked classes stand in the way of good management. The difficulty in America must rather be to understand how anything so perverse as the management of British military hospitals ten years ago can have existed to so late a date.

It was supposed, ten years since, that there must be nine separate departments in every Military General Hospital, and the officials bore titles accordingly; but there was such an odd confusion in their functions that every one of the nine was often seen doing the business of some other. The medical officers were drawing corks and tasting wines and inspecting provisions, when they should have been by the bedside. The purveyor was counting the soldiers' money, and noting its amount, when he should have been marketing, or ordering the giving out of the provisions for the day. The paymaster could scarcely find time to discharge the bills, so much was his day filled up with doing eternal sums about the stoppages in the pay of the patients. There were thirteen kinds of stoppages in the army, three of which were for the sick in hospital: the paymaster could never be quite certain that he had reckoned rightly with every man to the last penny; the men were never satisfied; and the confusion was endless. The commissariat, the purveyor, and the paymaster were all kept waiting to get their books made up, while soldiers were working the sums,—being called from their proper business to help about the daily task of the stoppages. Why there should not be one uniform stoppage out of the pay of men in hospital no person of modern ideas could see; and the paymaster's toils would have been lessened by more than one-half, if he had had to reckon the deduction from

the patients' pay at threepence or fourpence each, all round, instead of having to deal with thousands per day individually, under three kinds of charge upon the pay.

The commandant's post was the hardest,—he being supposed to control every province, and have every official under his orders, and yet being powerless in regard to two or three departments, the business of which he did not understand. The officers of those departments went each his own way; and all unity of action in the establishment was lost. This is enough to say of the old methods.

In the place of them, a far simpler system was proposed at the end of the war. The eternal dispute as to whether the commandant should be military or medical, a soldier or a civilian, was set aside by the decision that he should be simply the ablest administrator that could be found, and be called the Governor, to avoid the military title. Why there should be any military management of men who are sick as men, and not as soldiers, it is difficult to see; and when the patients are about to leave the hospital, a stated supervision from the adjutant-general's department is all that can be required. Thus is all the jealousy between military and medical authority got rid of. The Governor's authority must be supreme, like that of the commandant of a fortress, or the commander of a ship. He will not want to meddle in the doctors' professional business; and in all else he is to be paramount,—being himself responsible to the War-Office. The office, as thus declared, is equivalent to three of the nine old ones, namely, the Commandant, the Adjutant-General, and the Quartermaster-General.

Next to the Governor, the Chief Medical Officer must be the most important man in the establishment. He is to be concerned with professional business only, and to see that all under him are to be devoted in the same way. For this purpose there must be an end to the system of requisitions. There must be a Steward, taking his orders from the Governor

alone, and administering a simple and liberal system of diets and appliances of all sorts. It is his business to provide everything for the consumption of the establishment, and to keep the contractors up to their duty. The Treasurer's function speaks for itself. All the accounts and payments under the Governor's warrant are in his charge.

There is one more office, rendered necessary by the various and active service always going on,—the superintendent of that service, or Captain of the Wards. He is to have the oversight of the orderlies, cooks, washers, and storekeepers; he is to keep order throughout the house; and he is to be referred to in regard to everything that is wanted in the wards, except what belongs to the department of the medical officers or the steward.

As for the medical department, there is now a training provided for such soldiers as wish to qualify themselves for hospital duty. Formerly, the hospital was served by such men as the military officers thought fit to spare for the purpose; and they naturally did not send the best. These men knew nothing of either cleaning wards or nursing patients. Their awkwardness in sweeping and scouring and making beds was extreme; and they were helpless in case of anything being wanted to a blister or a sore. One was found, one day, earnestly endeavoring to persuade his patient to eat his poultice. It is otherwise now. The women, where there are any, ought to have the entire charge of the sweeping and cleaning,—the housemaid's work of the wards; and as to the rest, the men of the medical-staff corps have the means of learning how to dress a blister, and poultice a sore, and apply plasters, lint, and bandages, and administer medicine, and how to aid the sick in their ablutions, in getting their meals with the least fatigue, and so on.

Of female nurses it is not necessary to say much in America, any more than in England or France. They are not admissible into Regimental Hospitals, in a general way; but in great military and

729-730 placed before  
the beginning of the  
article. (See 8 notes)



The fourteenth of May, 1833, witnessed an animated debate in the House. While the advocates of Emancipation desired for the negro unconditional freedom, they found the measure fettered by the proposal of Mr. Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, that he be placed for a number of years in a state of apprenticeship. Twelve years of this restricted freedom was, by the influence of Mr. Buxton, reduced to seven, and the sum of twenty millions of pounds sterling being granted to the slave-owners, the bill for the abolition of Negro Slavery passed the House of Commons. With some delay it went through the Upper House, and on the 28th of August, receiving the royal assent, it became a law. The apprenticeship system was but short-lived, its evil-working leading to its abolition in its fourth year.

It has been often said, with how much of truth it is not our purpose here to inquire, that in this country the mention of the evils of Slavery is and must be fraught with most evil consequences. Yet the agitation of this subject, whether for good or evil, in the United States, is intimately connected with the whole movement in England. In the earlier stages of the measures directed against the trade, a hearty response was awakened here; nor could the subsequent act of emancipation fail to produce an impression everywhere, and most of all among ourselves. United to the English nation by strong affinities, one with them in language and literature, yet cleaving still to the institution which England had so energetically striven to destroy, could it be otherwise than that such a movement on her part should awaken an eager interest among us? Could such an event as the release from slavery of eight hundred thousand negroes in the British Colonies pass by unnoticed? To suppose this is preposterous. It is not too much to say, that the effect of British emancipation was, at the time it took place, to give in certain portions of the United States an increased degree of life to the anti-slavery senti-

ment. No words could have been uttered, which, reaching the shores of America, would have been half so emphatic as this one act of the British nation. Among the causes which have nourished and strengthened the anti-slavery sentiment among us this has its place. Verily, if England gave us the poison, she has not been slow to proffer to us the antidote.

Concerning the actual fruits of Emancipation, it may be asked, What have they been? The world looked on inquiringly as to how the enfranchised negroes would demean themselves. One fact has never been disputed. This momentous change in the social state of near a million of people took place without a single act of violence on the part of the liberated slaves. Neither did the measure carry violence in its train. So far the act was successful. But that all which the friends of Emancipation hoped for has been attained, no one will assert. When, however, we hear of the financial ruin of the Islands, as a consequence of that measure, it may be well to inquire into their condition previous to its taking place. That the West India Colonies were trembling on the brink of ruin at the close of the last century is evident from their repeated petitions to the mother country to take some measures to save them from utter bankruptcy. This can hardly be laid to the extinction of Slavery, for both Slavery and the Slave-Trade were at that time in the height of successful operation.

Again, if the West Indian negro is not to-day all that might be wished, or even all that, under the influence of freedom, he had been expected to become, there may possibly be a complication of causes which has prevented his elevation. He has been allowed instruction, indeed, to some extent; the continued labors of those who contended for his freedom have secured to him the schoolmaster and the missionary. But this is not enough. Has he been taught the use of improved methods of agriculture, the application of machinery to the production of required re-

sults? Has he been encouraged to works of skill, to manufacturing arts even of the ruder kind? Has he not rather been subjected to the same policy which, before the Revolution, discountenanced manufactures among ourselves, and has caused the fabrics of the East Indies to be disused, and the factories of Ireland to stand still?

These questions need not be pursued. Yet, amid the conflicting voices of the evil days upon which we are fallen, now and then we hear lifted up a plea for Emancipation, an entreaty for the removal of the accursed thing which has plunged the happiest nation upon earth into the direst of calamities.

Of the causes which have affected the success of Emancipation in the case before us, it may be remarked, that, so far as their

action has been pernicious, they would operate among ourselves less than in any colony of Great Britain, abundantly less than in the West Indies. The greater variety of employments with which the Maryland or Kentucky negro is familiar, his more frequent proficiency in mechanical pursuits, combined with other circumstances, render him decidedly a more eligible subject for freedom than the negro of Jamaica.

The changes which may issue in this country from the present commotions it were vain to predict. It may not, however, be unwise, in considering, as we have done, an achievement nobly conceived and generously accomplished, to examine carefully into the causes which may have rendered it otherwise than completely successful in its results.

*Atlantic, Dec. '61*

*25*

### UNION AND LIBERTY.

*D. W. Holmes.*

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —  
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of her children, and honored afar,  
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
 Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,  
 Then, with the arms of thy millions united,  
 Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!  
 Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,  
 Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!  
 Thou hast united us: who shall divide us?  
 Keep us, O, keep us, the MANY IN ONE!  
 Up with our banner bright,  
 Sprinkled with starry light,  
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,  
 While through the sounding sky  
 Loud rings the Nation's cry, —  
 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

## HOW TO ROUGH IT.

"LIFE has few things better than this," said Dr. Johnson, on feeling himself settled in a coach, and rolling along the road. We cannot agree with the great man. Times have changed since the Doctor and Mr. Boswell travelled for pleasure; and we much prefer an expedition to Moosehead, or a tramp in the Adirondack, to being boxed up in a four-wheeled ark and made "comfortable," according to the Doctor's idea of felicity.

Francis Galton, Explorer, and Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, we thank you sincerely for teaching us how to travel! Few persons know the important secrets of how to walk, how to run, how to ride, how to cook, how to defend, how to ford rivers, how to make rafts, how to fish, how to hunt, in short, how to do the essential things that every traveller, soldier, sportsman, emigrant, and missionary should be conversant with. The world is full of deserts, prairies, bushes, jungles, swamps, rivers, and oceans. How to "get round" the dangers of the land and the sea in the best possible way, how to shift and contrive so as to come out all right, are secrets well worth know-

ing, and Mr. Galton has found the key. In this brief article we shall frequently avail ourselves of the information he imparts, confident that in these war-days his wise directions are better than fine gold to a man who is obliged to rough it over the world, no matter where his feet may wander, his horse may travel, or his boat may sail.

Wherewithal shall a man be clothed? We begin at the beginning with flannel always. Experience has taught us that flannel next the skin is indispensable for health to a traveller, and the sick- and dead-lists always include largely the names of those who neglect this material. Cotton stands Number Two on the list, and linen nowhere. Only last summer jolly Tom Bowers got his *quietus* for the season by getting hot and wet and cold in one of his splendid Paris linen shirts, and now he wears calico ones whenever he wishes to "appear proper" at Nahant or Newport.

"The hotter the ground the thicker your socks," was the advice of an old traveller who once went a thirty-days' tramp at our side through the Alp coun-



try in summer. We have seen many a city bumpkin start for a White-Mountain walk in the thinnest of cotton foot-coverings, but we never knew one to try them a second time.

Stout shoes are preferable to boots always, and a wise traveller never omits to grease well his leather before and during his journey. Don't forget to put a pair of old slippers into your knapsack. After a hard day's toil, they are like magic, under foot. Let us remind the traveller whose feet are tender at starting that a capital remedy for blistered feet is to rub them at night with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a candle. An old friend of ours thought it a good plan to soap the inside of the stocking before setting out, and we have seen him break a raw egg into his shoes before putting them on, saying it softened the leather and made him "all right" for the day.

Touching coat, waistcoat, and trousers, there can be but one choice. Coarse tweed does the best business on a small capital. Cheap and strong, we have always found it the most "paying" article in our travelling-wardrobe. Avoid that tailor-hem so common at the bottom of your pantaloons which retains water and does no good to anybody. Waistcoats would be counted as superfluous, were it not for the convenience of the pockets they carry. Take along an old dressing-gown, if you want solid comfort in camp or elsewhere after sunset.

Gordon Cumming recommends a wide-awake hat, and he is good authority on that head. A man "*clothed* in his right mind" is a noble object; but six persons out of every ten who start on a journey wear the wrong apparel. The writer of these pages has seen four individuals at once standing up to their middles in a trout-stream, all adorned with black silk tiles, newly imported from the Rue St. Honoré. It was a sight to make Daniel Boone and Izaak Walton smile in their celestial abodes.

A light water-proof outside-coat and a thick pea-jacket are a proper span for a roving trip. Don't forget that a couple

of good blankets also go a long way toward a traveller's paradise.

We will not presume that an immortal being at this stage of the nineteenth century would make the mistake, when he had occasion to tuck up his shirt-sleeves, of turning them outwards, so that every five minutes they would be tumbling down with a crash of anathemas from the wearer. The supposition that any sane son of Adam would tuck up his sleeves inside out involves a suspicion, to say the least, that his wits had been overrated by doting relatives.

"Grease and dirt are the savage's wearing-apparel," says the Swedish proverb. No comment is necessary in speaking with a Christian on this point, for cold water is one of civilization's closest allies. Avoid the bath, and the genius of disease and crime stalks in. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," remember.

In packing your knapsack, keep in mind that sixteen or twenty pounds are weight enough, till, by practice, you can get pluck and energy into your back to increase that amount.

*Roughing it* has various meanings, and the phrase is oftentimes ludicrously mistaken by many individuals. A friend with whom we once travelled thought he was roughing it daily for the space of three weeks, because he was obliged to lunch on *cold* chicken and *un-iced* Champagne, and when it rained he was forced to seek shelter inside very inelegant hotels on the road. To rough it, in the best sense of that term, is to lie down every night with the ground for a mattress, a bundle of fagots for a pillow, and the stars for a coverlet. To sleep in a tent is semi-luxury, and tainted with too much effeminacy to suit the ardor of a first-rate "Rough." Parkyns, Taylor, Cumming, Fremont, and Kane have told us how much superior are two trunks of trees, rolled together for a bed, under the open sky, to that soft heating apparatus called a bed in the best chamber. Every man to his taste,—of course, but there come occasions in life when a man must look about him and arrange for himself,

has as much cool wisdom to impart as a traveller needs, — when you make the unlively discovery that you are lost, ask yourself the three following questions:—

1. What is the least distance that I can with certainty specify, within which the path, the river, the sea-shore, etc., that I wish to regain, lies?

2. What is the direction, in a vague, general way, in which the path or river runs, or the sea-coast tends?

3. When I last left the path, etc., did I turn to the left or to the right?

As regards the first, calculate deliberately how long you have been riding or walking, and at what pace, since you left your party; subtract for stoppages and well-remembered zigzags; allow a mile and a half per hour as the pace when you have been loitering on foot, and three and a half when you have been walking fast. Occasional running makes an almost inappreciable difference. A man is always much nearer the lost path than he is inclined to fear.

As regards the second, if you recollect the third, and also know the course of the path within eight points of the compass, (or one-fourth of the whole horizon,) it is a great gain; or even if you know your direction within twelve points, or one-third of the whole horizon, that

knowledge is worth something. Don't hurry, if you get bewildered. Stop and think. Then arrange matters, and you are safe. When Napoleon was once caught in a fog, while riding with his staff across a shallow arm of the Gulf of Suez, he *thought*, as usual. His way was utterly lost, and going forward he found himself in deeper water. So he ordered his staff to ride from him in radiating lines in all directions, and such of them as should find shallow water to shout out. If Napoleon had been alone on that occasion, he would have set his five wits to the task of finding the right way, and he would have found it.

Finally, cheerfulness in large doses is the best medicine one can take along in his out-door tramps. We once had the good-luck to hear old Christopher North try his lungs in the open air in Scotland. Such laughter and such hill-shaking merry-heartedness we may never listen to again among the Lochs, but the lesson of the hour (how it rained that black night!) is stamped for life upon our remembrance. "Clap your back against the cliff," he shouted, "and never mind the deluge!" Rest, glorious Christopher, under the turf you trod with such a gallant bearing! Few mortals knew how to rough it like you!

*Atlantic, Dec. 1861*

### SELF-POSSESSION vs. PREPOSSESSION.

TIMOLEON, a man prosperous in all his undertakings, was wont to ascribe his successes to good-luck; but that he did not mean to give credit to any blind Goddess of Fortune is evident from his having built an altar to a certain divine something which he called Automatia, signifying Spontaneousness, or a happy promptitude in following the dictates of his own genius. The Liberator of Sicily, to be sure, did not live in an age of newspapers, and was not liable at every turn to

have his elbow joggled by Public Opinion; but it is plain that his notion of a man fit to lead was, that he should be one who never waited to seize Opportunity from behind, and who knew that events become the masters of him who is slow to make them his servants.

Thus far nothing has been more remarkable in the history of our civil war than that its signal opportunities have failed to produce on either side any leader who has proved himself to be gifted

with this happy faculty. Even our statesmen seem not to have felt the kindling inspiration of a great occasion. The country is going through a trial more crucial, if possible, than that of the Revolution; but no state-paper has thus far appeared, comparable in anything but quantity to the documents of our heroic period. Even Mr. Seward seems to have laid aside his splendid art of generalization, or to have found out the danger of those specious boomerangs of eloquence, which, launched from the platform with the most graceful curves of rhetoric, come back not seldom to deal an untimely blow to him who sets them flying. The people begin to show signs of impatience that the curtain should be so slow to rise and show them the great actor in our national tragedy. They are so used to having a gigantic bubble of notoriety blown for them in a week by the newspapers, though it burst in a day or two, leaving but a drop of muddy suds behind it, that they have almost learned to think the making of a great character as simple a matter as that of a great reputation. Bewildered as they have been with a mob of statesmen, generals, orators, poets, and what not, all of them the foremost of this or any other age, they seem to expect a truly great man on equally easy terms with these cheap miracles of the press,—grown as rapidly, to be forgotten as soon, as the prize cauliflower of a county show. We have improvised an army; we have conjured a navy out of nothing so rapidly that pines the jay screamed in last summer may be even now listening for the hum of the hostile shot from Sumter; why not give another rub at our Aladdin's lamp and improvise a genius and a hero?

This is, perhaps, very natural, but it is nevertheless unreasonable. Heroes and geniuses are never to be had ready-made, nor was a tolerable specimen of either ever produced at six months' notice. Dearly do nations pay for such secular births; still more dearly for their training. They are commonly rather the slow result than the conscious cause of revolutions in thought or polity. It is no imputation

on democratic forms of government, it is the unexampled prosperity of nearly half a century that is in fault, if a sudden and unforewarned danger finds us without a leader, whether civil or military, whom the people are willing to trust implicitly, and who can in some sense control events by the prestige of a great name. Carlyle and others have for years been laying to the charge of representative and parliamentary government the same evils whose germ certain British critics, as ignorant of our national character as of our geography, are so kindly ready to find in our democracy. Mr. Stuart Mill, in his essay on "Liberty," has convinced us that even the tyranny of Public Opinion is not, as we had hastily supposed, a peculiarly American institution, but is to the full as stringent and as fertile of commonplace in intellect and character under a limited as under a universal system of suffrage.

The truth is, that it is not in our institutions, but in our history, that we are to look for the causes of much that is superficially distasteful and sometimes unpleasantly disappointing in our national habits,—we would not too hastily say in our national character. Our most incorrigible blackguards, and the class of voters who are at the mercy of venal politicians, have had their training, such as it is, under forms of government and amid a social order very unlike ours. Disgust at the general dirtiness and corruption of our politics, we are told, keeps all our leading men out of public life. This appears to us, we confess, a rather shallow misconception. Our politics are no dirtier or more corrupt than those of our neighbors. The famous *Quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus* was not said in scorn by the minister of a republic, but in sober sadness by one whose dealings had been lifelong with the courts and statesmen of princes. The real disgust lies in the selfish passions that are called into play by the strife of party and the small ambitions of public men, and not in any mere coarseness in the expression of them. We are not an elegant people:



rather less so, on the whole, even in the aristocratic South than in the democratic North. In this past year of our Lord eighteen hundred sixty-one, we have no doubt, and we shudder to think of it, that by far the larger proportion of our fellow-citizens shovelled their green-peas into their mouths with uncanonical knife-blades, just as Sir Philip Sidney did in a darker age, when yet the "Times" and the silver fork were not. Nay, let us make a clean breast of all these horrors at once, it is probably true that myriads of fair salmon were contaminated with the brutal touch of steel in scenes of unhallowed family-festival. The only mitigating circumstance is that such luxuries are within the reach of ten Americans where one European sees them any nearer than through the windows of the victualler. No, we must yield the point. We are not an elegant people, least of all in our politics; but we do not believe it is this which keeps our first-rate men out of political life, or that it is the result of our democratic system.

It has been our good-fortune hitherto that our annals have been of that happy kind which write themselves on the face of a continent and in the general well-being of a people, rather than in those more striking and commonly more disastrous events which attract the historian. We have been busy, thriving, and consequently, except to some few thoughtful people like De Tocqueville, profoundly uninteresting. We have been housekeeping; and why does the novelist always make his bow to the hero and heroine at the church-door, unless because he knows, that, if they are well off, nothing more is to be made of them? Prosperity is the forcing-house of mediocrity; and if we have ceased to produce great men, it is because we have not, since we became a nation, been forced to pay the terrible price at which alone they can be bought. Great men are excellent things for a nation to have had; but a normal condition that should give a constant succession of them would be the most wretched possible for the mass of mankind. We

have had and still have honest and capable men in public life, brave and able officers in our army and navy; but there has been nothing either in our civil or military history for many years to develop any latent qualities of greatness that may have been in them. It is only first-rate events that call for and mould first-rate characters. If there has been less stimulus for the more showy and striking kinds of ambition, if the rewards of a public career have been less brilliant than in other countries, yet we have shown, (and this is a legitimate result of democracy,) perhaps beyond the measure of other nations, that plebeian genius for the useful which has been chiefly demanded by our circumstances, and which does more than war or state-craft to increase the well-being and therefore the true glory of nations. Few great soldiers or great ministers have done so much for their country as Whitney's cotton-gin and McCormick's reaper have done for ours. We do not believe that our country has degenerated under democracy, but our position as a people has been such as to turn our energy, capacity, and accomplishment into prosaic channels. Physicians call certain remedies, to be administered only in desperate cases, *heroic*, and Providence reserves heroes for similar crises in the body politic. They are not sent but in times of agony and peril. If we have lacked the thing, it is because we have lacked the occasion for it. And even where truly splendid qualities have been displayed, as by our sailors in the War of 1812, and by our soldiers in Mexico, they have been either on so small a scale as to means, or on a scene so remote from European interests, that they have failed of anything like cosmopolitan appreciation. Our great actors have been confined to what, so far as Europe is concerned, has been a provincial theatre; and an obscure stage is often as fatal to fame as the want of a poet.

But meanwhile has not this been very much the case with our critics themselves? Leading British statesmen may be more accomplished scholars than ours,

Parliament may be more elegantly bored than Congress; but we have a rooted conviction that commonplace thought and shallow principles do not change their nature, even though disguised in the English of Addison himself. Mr. Gladstone knows vastly more Greek than Mr. Chase, but we may be allowed to doubt if he have shown himself an abler finance-minister. Since the beginning of the present century it is safe to say that England has produced no statesmen whom her own historians will pronounce to be more than second- or third-rate men. The Crimean War found her, if her own journalists were to be believed, without a single great captain whether on land or sea, with incompetence in every department, civil and military, and driven to every shift, even to foreign enlistment and subsidy, to put on foot an army of a hundred thousand men. What an opportunity for sermonizing on the failure of representative government! In that war England lost much of her old prestige in the eyes of the world, and felt that she had lost it. But nothing would have been more unphilosophical than to have assumed that England was degenerate or decrepit. It was only that her training had been for so long exclusively mechanical and peaceful. The terrible, but glorious, experience of the Indian Rebellion showed that Englishmen still possessed in as full measure as ever those noble characteristics on which they justly pride themselves, and of which a nation of kindred blood would be the last to deny them the praise. When the heroic qualities found their occasion, they were not wanting.

We do not say this as unduly sensitive to the unfriendly, often insulting and always unwise, criticisms of a large proportion of the press and the public men of England. In ordinary times we could afford to receive them with a good-natured smile. The zeal of certain new converts to Adam Smith in behalf of the free-trade principles whose cross they have assumed, their hatred and contempt for all heretics to what is their

doxy and therefore according to Dean Swift orthodoxy, and the *naïve* unconsciousness with which they measure and weigh the moral qualities of other nations by the yards of cotton or tons of manufactured iron which they consume for the benefit of Manchester and Sheffield, are certainly as comic as anything in Aristophanes. The madness of the philosopher who deemed himself personally answerable for the obliquity of the ecliptic has more than its match in the sense of responsibility shown by British journalists for the good conduct of the rest of mankind. All other kingdoms, potentates, and powers would seem to be minors or lunatics, and they the divinely appointed guardians under bonds to see that their unhappy wards do no harm to themselves or others. We confess, that, in reading the "Times," we have been sometimes unable to suppress a feeling of humorous pity for the young man who *does* the leading articles, and who finds himself, fresh from Oxford or Cambridge and the writing of Latin verses, called suddenly to the autocracy of the Universe. We must pardon a little to the *imperii novitas*, to the necessity of having universal misinformation always on tap in his inkstand. He summons emperors, kings, ministers, even whole nations, to the inexorable blackboard. His is the great normal school of philosophy, statesmanship, political economy, taste, and deportment. He must help Cavour to a knowledge of Italy, teach Napoleon to appreciate the peculiarities of French character, interpret the American Constitution for Mr. Lincoln. He holds himself directly accountable to heaven and earth, alike for the right solution of the Papal Question and for the costume of his countrymen in foreign parts. Theology or trousers, he is infallible in both. Gregory the Seventh's wildest dream of a universal popedom is more than fulfilled in him. He is the unapproachable model of quack advertisers. He pats Italy on the head and cries, "Study constitutional government as exemplified in England, and try Me-

chi's razor-strops." For France he prescribes a reduction of army and navy, and an increased demand for Manchester prints. America he warns against military despotism, advises a tonic of English iron, and a compress of British cotton, as sovereign against internal rupture. What a weight for the shoulders of our poor Johannes Factotum! He is the *commissionnaire* of mankind, their guide, philosopher, and friend, ready with a disinterested opinion in matters of art or *virtù*, and eager to furnish anything, from a counterfeit Buddhist idol to a poisoned pickle, for a commission, varying according to circumstances.

But whatever one may think of the wisdom or the disinterestedness of the organs of English commercial sentiment, it cannot be denied that it is of great importance to us that the public opinion of England should be enlightened in regard to our affairs. It would be idle to complain that her policy is selfish; for the policy of nations is always so. It would be foolish to forget that the sympathy of the British people has always declared itself, sooner or later, in favor of free institutions, and of a manly and upright policy toward other nations, or that this sympathy has been on the whole more outspoken and enduring among Englishmen than in any other nation of the Old World. We may justly complain that England should see no difference between a rebel confederacy and a nation to which she was bound by treaties and with which she had so long been on terms of amity gradually ripening to friendship. But do not let us be so childish as to wish for the suppression of the "Times Correspondent," a shrewd, practised, and, for a foreigner, singularly accurate observer, to whom we are indebted for the only authentic intelligence from Secessia since the outbreak of the Rebellion, and whose strictures, (however we may smile at his speculations,) if rightly taken, may do us infinite service. Did he tell us anything about the shameful rout of Bull Run which could not have been predicted beforehand of raw troops, or which, in-

deed, General Scott himself had not foreboded? That was not an especially American disgrace. Every nationality under heaven was represented there, and an alarm among the workmen on the Plains of Shinar that the foundations of the Tower of Babel were settling could not have set in motion a more polyglot *stampede*. The way to blot out Bull Run is as our brave Massachusetts and Pennsylvania men did at Ball's Bluff, with their own blood, poured only too lavishly. To our minds, the finest and most characteristic piece of English literature, more inspiring even than Henry's speech to his soldiers on the eve of Agincourt, is Nelson's signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." When we have risen to that level and are content to stand there, with no thought of self, but only of our country and what we owe her, we need wince at no hostile sneer nor dread any foreign combination. Granted that we have been a little boyish and braggart, as was perhaps not unnatural in a nation hardly out of its teens, our present trial is likely to make men of us, and to leave us, like our British cousins, content with the pleasing consciousness that we are the supreme of creation and under no necessity of forever proclaiming it. Our present experience, also, of the unsoundness of English judgment and the narrowness of English views concerning our policy and character may have the good result of making our independence in matters of thought and criticism as complete as our political emancipation.

Those who have watched the tendencies of opinion among educated Englishmen during the last ten or fifteen years could hardly be surprised, that, when the question was presented to them as being between aristocratic and democratic ideas, between a race of gentlemen and a mob of shopkeepers and snobs, they should have been inclined to sympathize with the South. There have been unmistakable symptoms of a reaction in England, since 1848 especially, against liberalism in politics and in favor of things as they are. We are not to wonder that Eng-



lishmen did not stop to examine too closely the escutcheon and pedigree of this self-patented nobility. With one or two not very striking exceptions, like Lord Fairfax and Washington, (who was of kin to one of the few British peers that have enjoyed the distinction of being hanged,) the entire population of America is descended from the middle and lower classes in the old countries. The difference has been, that the man at the South who raised cotton and sold it has gradually grown to consider himself a superior being by comparison with his own negroes, while the man at the North who raised potatoes and sold them has been content with the old Saxon notion that he was as good as his neighbors. The descendant of the Huguenot tradesman or artisan, if in Boston, builds Faneuil Hall or founds Bowdoin College; if in Charleston, he deals in negroes and persuades himself that he is sprung from the loins of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. The mass of the population at the South is more intensely democratic, so far as white men are concerned, than the same class at the North.

There is a little inconsistency in the English oracles in this respect; for, while they cannot conceal a kind of sympathy with the Southern Rebels in what is supposed to be their war upon democratic institutions, they tell us that they would heartily espouse our cause, if we would but proclaim a crusade against Slavery. Suppose the Squires of England had got up a rebellion because societies had been formed for the abolition of the Corn-Laws; which would the "Times" have gone for putting down first, the rebellion or the laws? England professes not to be able to understand the principles of this wicked, this unholy war, as she calls it. Yet she was not so slow to understand the necessity of putting down the Irish Insurrection of 1848, or the Indian Rebellion ten years later. She thinks it impossible for the Government of the United States to subdue and hold provinces so vast as the Cotton States of America; yet she neither foreboded nor as yet has found any imprac-

ticability in renewing and retaining her hold on the vaster provinces of British India,—provinces inhabited, all of them, by races alien in blood, religion, and manners, and many by a population greatly exceeding that of our Southern States, brave, warlike, and, to some extent, trained in European tactics. To have abandoned India would have been to surrender the greatness of England. English writers and speakers, in discussing our affairs, overlook wholly the fact that a rebellion may be crushed by anything except force of arms. Among a people of the same lineage and the same language, but yesterday contented under the same Constitution, and in an age when a victory in the stock-market is of more consequence than successes in the field, political and economical necessities may be safely reckoned on as slow, but effective, allies of the old order of things. The people of this country are too much used to sudden and seemingly unaccountable political revolutions not to be able to forfeit their consistency without any loss of self-respect; and the rapidity with which the Southern Rebellion was forced up to its present formidable proportions, mainly by party management, is not unlikely to find its parallel in suddenness of collapse. But whether this prove to be the fact or not, nay, even if the reëstablishment of the Union had been hopeless from the first, a government which should have abandoned its capital, which should have flinched from the first and plainest duty of self-preservation, which should have admitted by a cowardly surrender that force was law, that treason was constitutional, and fraud honorable, would have deserved and received the contempt of all civilized nations, of England among the first.

There is no such profound and universal alienation, still less such an antagonism in political theory, between the people of the Northern and Southern parts of the Union, as some English journals would infer from the foolish talk of a few conceited persons in South Carolina and Virginia. There is no question between

landholders on the one side and manufacturers and merchants on the other. The bulk of the population, North and South, are holders of land, while the average size of the holdings of land under cultivation is probably greater in the Free than in the Slave States. The largest single estate in the country is, we believe, in Illinois. Generalizations are commonly unsafe in proportion as they are tempting; and this, together with its pretty twin-brother about Cavaliers and Roundheads, would seem to have been hatched from the same egg and in the same mare's-nest. If we should take the statements of Dr. Cullen and Mr. Smith O'Brien for our premises, instead of the manifest facts of the case, our conclusion in regard to Ireland would be an anachronism which no Englishman would allow to be within half a century of the actual condition of things. And yet could the Irish revolutionists of thirteen years ago have had the advantage of a ministry like that of Mr. Buchanan, — had every Irish officer and soldier been false to his honor and his allegiance, — had Ireland been supplied and England stripped of arms and munitions of war by the connivance of the Government, — the riot of 1848 might have become a rebellion as formidable as our own in everything but territorial proportions. Equally untrue is the theory that our Tariff is the moving cause of Southern discontent. Louisiana certainly would hardly urge this as the reason of her secession; and if the Rebel States could succeed in establishing their independence, they would find more difficulty in raising a national revenue by direct taxes than the North, and would be driven probably to a tariff more stringent than that of the present United States. If we are to generalize at all, it must be on broader and safer grounds. Prejudices and class-interests may occasion temporary disturbances in the current of human affairs, but they do not permanently change the course of the channel. That is governed by natural and lasting causes, and commerce, in spite of Southern

Commercial Conventions, will no more flow up-hill than water. It is possible, we will not say probable, that our present difficulties may result to the advantage both of England and America: to England, by giving her a real hold upon India as the source of her cotton-supply, and to America by making the North the best customer for the staple of the South.

We believe the immediate cause of the Southern Rebellion to be something far deeper than any social prejudice or political theory on the part of slaveholders, or any general apprehension of danger to their peculiar property. That cause is a moral one, and is to be found in the recklessness, the conceit, the sophistry, the selfishness, which are necessarily engendered by Slavery itself. A generation of men educated to justify a crime against the Law of Nature because it is profitable, will hardly be restrained long by any merely political obligation, when they have been persuaded to see their advantage in the breach of it. Why not, then, at once lay the axe to the root of the mischief? Why did not England attack Irish Catholicism in 1848? Why does not Louis Napoleon settle the Papal Question with a stroke of his pen? Because the action of a constitutional government is limited by constitutional obligations. Because every government, even if despotic, must be guided by policy rather than abstract right or reason. Because, in our own case, so much pains have been taken to persuade the people of some peculiar sanctity in human property, and to teach them the duty of yielding their moral instincts to their duty as citizens, that even the Free States are by no means ripe for a crusade. The single and simple duty of the Government is to put down resistance to its legitimate authority; it meddles, and can meddle, with no claim of right except the monstrous one of rebellion. An absolute ruler in advance of his people has been more than once obliged to abandon his reforms to save his throne; a popular government which should put itself in the same position might endanger not only its own

hold upon power, (a minor consideration,) but, in such a crisis as ours, the very frame of society itself. We must admit that the administration of Mr. Lincoln has sometimes seemed to us over-cautious; that, while it has not scrupled, and wisely has not scrupled, to go behind the letter of the law to its spirit, in dealing with open abettors of treason in the Free States, because they were perverting private right to public wrong, it has been as scrupulous of meddling with a rebel's legal right in man, though that man were being used for a weapon or a tool against itself, as if to touch it were anathema. The divinity, which is only a hedge about a king, becomes a wall of triple brass about a slaveholder.

But while we should prefer a more daring, or at least a more definite policy on the part of the Government, we do not think the time has come for turning the war into a crusade. The example of saints, martyrs, and heroes, who could disregard consequences because the consequences concerned only themselves and their own life, is for the private man, and not for the statesman who is responsible for the complex life of the commonwealth. To carry on a war we must have money, to get money we must have the confidence of the money-holders, who would not advance a dollar on a pledge of the finest sentiments in the world. There is something instructive in the fate of that mob of enthusiasts who followed the banner of Walter the Penniless, a name of evil omen. It saves trouble to say that we must fight the Devil with fire; though, when the Devil is incarnate in human beings, that policy has never been very successful at Smithfield or elsewhere. But in trying the fiery cure of a servile insurrection, we should run the risk of converting the whole white population of the South into devils of the most desperate sort, with whom any kind of reconciliation, even truce, would be impossible.

We hope and believe that the end of this war will see the snake of Slavery scotched, if not killed. Events move, — slowly, to be sure, but they move, — and

the thought of the people moves with them unconsciously to fulfil the purposes of God. Government can do little, perhaps, in controlling them; but it has no right to the power it holds, if it has not the insight and the courage to make use of them at the right moment. If the supreme question should arise of submitting to rebellion or of crushing it in a common ruin with the wrong that engendered it, we believe neither the Government nor the people would falter. The time for answering that question may be nearer than we dream; but meanwhile we would not hasten what would at best be a terrible necessity, and justifiable only as such. We believe this war is to prepare the way for the extinction of Slavery by the action of economical causes, and we should prefer that solution to one of fire and blood. Already the system has received a death-blow in Maryland and Missouri. In Western Virginia it is practically extinct. If the war is carried on with vigor, it may become so before long in East Tennessee. Texas should be taken possession of and held at any cost, and a territory capable of supplying the world with cotton to any conceivable amount thrown open to free labor.

However regarded, this war into which we have been driven is, in fact, a war against Slavery. But emancipation is not and could not be the object of the war. It will be time enough to consider the question as one of military necessity when our armies advance. To proclaim freedom from the banks of the Potomac to an unarmed, subject, and dispirited race, when the whole white population is in arms, would be as futile as impolitic. Till we can equip our own army, it is idle to talk of arming the slaves; and to incite them to insurrection without arms, and without the certainty of support at first and protection afterward, would be merely sacrificing them to no good end. It is true, the war may lack the ardent stimulus that would for a time be imparted to it by a direct and obvious moral purpose. But we doubt whether the impulse thus gained



would hold out long against the immense practical obstacles with which it would be confronted and the chill of disappointment which is sure to follow an attempt to realize ideal good by material means. Nor would our gain in this respect more than compensate for the strength which would be added to the rebels by despair. It is a question we have hardly the heart to discuss, where our wishes, our hopes, almost our faith in God, are on one side, our understanding and experience on the other.

Nor are we among those who would censure the Government for undue leniency. If democracy has made us a good-natured people, it is a strong argument in its favor, and we need have no fear that the evil passions of men will ever be buried beyond hope of resurrection. We would not have this war end without signal and bitter retribution, and especially for all who have been guilty of deliberate treachery; for that is a kind of baseness that should be extirpated at any cost. If, in moments of impatience, we have wished for something like the rough kingship of Jackson, cooler judgment has convinced us that the strength of democratic institutions will be more triumphantly vindicated by success under an honest Chief Magistrate of average capacity than under a man exceptional, whether by force of character or contempt of precedent.

Is this, then, to be a commonplace war, a prosaic and peddling quarrel about Cotton? Shall there be nothing to

enlist enthusiasm or kindle fanaticism? Are we to have no Cause like that for which our English republican ancestors died so gladly on the field, with such dignity on the scaffold?—no Cause that shall give us a hero, who knows but a Cromwell? To our minds, though it may be obscure to Englishmen who look on Lancashire as the centre of the universe, no army was ever enlisted for a nobler service than ours. Not only is it national life and a foremost place among nations that is at stake, but the vital principle of Law itself, the august foundation on which the very possibility of government, above all of self-government, rests as in the hollow of God's own hand. If democracy shall prove itself capable of having raised twenty millions of people to a level of thought where they can appreciate this cardinal truth, and can believe no sacrifice too great for its defence and establishment, then democracy will have vindicated itself beyond all chance of future cavil. Here, we think, is a Cause the experience of whose vicissitudes and the grandeur of whose triumph will be able to give us heroes and statesmen. The Slave-Power must be humbled, must be punished,—so humbled and so punished as to be a warning forever; but Slavery is an evil transient in its cause and its consequences, compared with those which would result from unsettling the faith of a nation in its own manhood, and setting a whole generation of men hopelessly adrift in the formless void of anarchy.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Armies of Europe: Comprising Descriptions in Detail of the Military Systems of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia, adapting their Advantages to all Arms of the United States Service; and embodying the Report of Observations in Europe during the Crimean War, as Military Commissioner from the United States Government in 1855-56.* By GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General U. S. Army. Originally published under the Direction of the War Department, by Order of Congress. Illustrated with a Fine Steel Portrait and Several Hundred Engravings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo.

It is an interesting study to examine into the causes or motives which have produced military books of the higher order; for we are thus vouchsafed an insight into the writer's genius, and an intelligence of the circumstances amidst which he wrote, and of which he was often an important controller. The Archduke Charles wrote his "*Grundsätze der Strategie*," etc., as a vindication of his splendid movements in 1796, against the French armies of the Rhine and the Sambre-et-Meuse; and it has remained at once a monument to his achievements and a standard text-book in military science. Marmont, the Marshal Duke of Ragusa, collecting the principles of the art of war from "long and frequent conversations with Napoleon, twenty campaigns, and more than half a century of experience," has given us, in his "*Esprit des Institutions Militaires*," a condensed view of his own military life, as complete, if not as pleasantly diffuse, as his large volumes of "*Mémoires*." Jomini, from an extended experience, and a study of the genius of Napoleon, which his Russian position could never induce him to undervalue, has produced those standard works which must always remain the treasure-houses of military knowledge. We admire veracity, but let no soldier confess that he has not read the "*Vie Politique et Militaire*," and the "*Précis de l'Art de la Guerre*." But, in all these cases, the *litera*

*scripta* has been but the closing act,—the signing of the name to History's bead-roll of passing greatness,—the *testamentum* of the old soldier whose *personality* is worth bequeathing to the world.

The work before us, although of great value and present importance, is of a very different character; as a glance at the circumstances which produced it will show. It has, however, we would fondly hope, anticipated for its youthful author a greater success.

In 1855, Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, sent a military commission to Europe, composed of Major Delafield of the Engineers, Major Mordecai of the Ordnance, and Captain McClellan, just promoted from a Lieutenancy of Engineers to a Captaincy in the Cavalry. Major Delafield was charged with the special subject of Engineering; Major Mordecai with Ordnance and Gunnery; and to Captain McClellan was assigned the duty of a general report upon the Organization of Armies, with a special bearing upon the formation of Infantry and Cavalry. Each of these gentlemen has written a book, and that of McClellan, originally published as a Report to the Secretary of War,—in unmanageable quarto, and at a more unmanageable price,—is now issued, in the volume before us, with the very appropriate title, "*The Armies of Europe*," and in a convenient form for the eye and the purse.

Whatever of technical value the other reports may have,—and they are, we doubt not, excellent,—McClellan's is the only one of popular interest, the only one of rounded proportions and general importance; and if it also contain much addressed to the professional soldier, it must be remembered that the country is now being educated up to the intelligent perusal of such books.

Travelling in all the principal countries of Europe,—Montesquieu's assertion is now verified, that "only great nations can have large armies,"—the commission met everywhere proper facilities for observation. McClellan made full notes upon the

a considerable time and without apparent difficulty, a platform suspended beneath him on which stood twelve gentlemen, all heavier individually than the Doctor himself, and weighing, inclusive of the entire apparatus lifted with them, *nearly nineteen hundred pounds avoirdupois*. In the performance of this tremendous feat, Dr. W. employed neither straps, bands, nor girdle, — nothing in short but a stout oaken stick fitting across his shoulders, and having attached to it a couple of rather formidable-looking chains. At his request, a committee, appointed by the audience, and furnished with one of Fairbanks's scales, superintended all the experiments."

The exact weight lifted on this occasion was eighteen hundred and thirty-six pounds. A few evenings after, I lifted, in the same way, in Lynn, eighteen hundred and sixty; in Brookline, eighteen hundred and ninety; in Medford, nineteen hundred and thirty-four; in Malden, nineteen hundred and two; and in Charlestown, nineteen hundred and forty.

As my strength is still increasing in an undiminished ratio, I am fairly beginning to wonder where the limit will be; and the old adage of the camel's back and the last feather occasionally suggests itself. I have fixed three thousand pounds as my *ne plus ultra*.

## FREMONT'S HUNDRED DAYS IN MISSOURI.

### I.

THE narrative we propose to give of events in Missouri is not intended to be a defence of General Fremont, nor in any respect an answer to the charges which have been made against him. Our purpose is the more humble one of presenting a hasty sketch of the expedition to Springfield, confining ourselves almost entirely to the incidents which came under the observation of an officer of the General's staff.

General Fremont was in command of the Western Department precisely One Hundred Days. He assumed the command at the time when the army with which Lyon had captured Camp Jackson and won the Battle of Booneville was on the point of dissolution. The enemy, knowing that the term for which our soldiers had been enlisted was near its close, began offensive movements along their whole line. Cairo, Bird's Point, Iron-ton, and Springfield were simultaneously threatened. Jeff Thompson wrote to his friends in St. Louis, promising to be in that

city in a month. The sad, but glorious day upon Wilson's Creek defeated the Rebel designs, and compelled McCulloch, Pillow, Hardee, and Thompson to retire.

Relieved from immediate danger, General Fremont found an opportunity to organize the expedition down the Mississippi. Won by the magic of his name and the ceaseless energy of his action, the hardy youth of the Northwest flocked into St. Louis, eager to share his labors and his glory. There was little time for organization and discipline. They were armed with such weapons as could be procured against the competition of the General Government, and at once forwarded to the exposed points. History can furnish few parallels to the hasty levy and organization of the Army of the West. When suddenly required to defend Washington, the Government was able to summon the equipped and disciplined militia of the East, and could call upon the inexhaustible resources of a wealthy and skilful people. But in the West there was neither a disciplined militia nor trained mechanics. Men, in-



deed, brave, earnest, patriotic men, were plenty,—men who appreciated the magnitude and importance of the task before them, and who were confident of their ability to accomplish it. But to introduce order into their tumultuous ranks, to place arms in their eager hands, to clothe and feed them, to provide them with transportation and equipage for the march, and inspire them with confidence for the siege and the battle,—this labor the General, almost unaided, was called upon to perform. Like all the rest of our generals, he was without experience in military affairs of such magnitude and urgency, and he was compelled to rely chiefly upon the assistance of men entirely without military training and knowledge. The general staff and the division and brigade staffs were, from the necessity of the case, made up mainly of civilians. A small number of foreign officers brought to his aid their learning and experience, and a still smaller number of West-Point officers gave him their invaluable assistance. In spite of all difficulties the work proceeded. In six weeks the strategic positions were placed in a state of defence, and an army of sixty thousand men, with a greater than common proportion of cavalry and artillery, stood ready to clear Missouri of the invader and to open the valley of the Mississippi. At this time the sudden appearance of Price in the West, and the fall of Lexington, compelled the General to take the field.

We will now confine ourselves to the narrative of the incidents of the march to Springfield, as it is given in the journal which has been placed in our hands.

#### FROM ST. LOUIS TO WARSAW.

*St. Louis, September 27th, 1861.* For four days the head-quarters have been ready to take the field at an hour's notice. The baggage has been packed, the wagons loaded, horses have stood saddled all through the day, and the officers have been sitting at their desks, booted and spurred, awaiting the order for

their departure. It is not unlikely that the suspense in which they are held and the constant condition of readiness which is required of them are a sort of preliminary discipline to which the General is subjecting them. Yesterday the body-guard left by the river, and the staff-horses went upon the same steamer, so that we cannot be detained much longer.

*Jefferson City, September 28th.* Yesterday, at eleven o'clock, we were informed that the General would leave for Jefferson City at noon; and that those members of the staff who were not ready would be left behind, and their places filled in the field. At the appointed hour we were all gathered at the depot. The General drove down entirely unattended. Most of the train was occupied by a battalion of sharpshooters, but in the rear car the General and his staff found seats. The day was cloudy and damp; there was no one to say farewell; and as the train passed through the cold hills, a feeling of gloom seemed to pervade the company. Nature was in harmony with the clouded fortunes of our General, and the laboring locomotive dragged us at a snail's pace, as if it were unwilling to assist us in our adventure.

Those who were strangers in the West looked out eagerly for the Missouri, hoping to find the valley of the river rich in scenery which would relieve the tedium of the journey. But when we came out upon the river-bank and looked at the dull shores, and the sandy bed, which the scant stream does not cover, but through which it creeps, treacherous and slimy, in half a dozen channels, there was no pleasure to the eye, no relief for the spirit. Late in the afternoon we approached a little village, and were greeted with music and hearty cheers,—the first sign of hospitality the day had furnished. It was the German settlement of Hermann, famous for good cheer and good wines. The Home-Guard was drawn up at the station, files of soldiers kept the passage clear to the dining-room, and through an avenue of muskets, and amidst the shouts of an enthusiastic little crowd, the Gen-

eral passed into a room decorated with flowers, through the centre of which was stretched a table groaning under the weight of delicious fruits and smoking viands. With little ceremony the hungry company seated themselves, and vigorously assailed the tempting array, quite unconscious of the curious glances of a motley assemblage of men, women, and children who assisted at the entertainment. The day had been dark, the journey dull, and the people we had seen silent and sullen; but here was a welcome, the hearty, generous welcome of sympathizing friends, who saw in their guests the defenders of their homes. They were Germans, and our language came broken from their lips. But they are Germans who fill the ranks of our regiments. Look where you will, and the sturdy Teuton meets your eye. If Missouri shall be preserved for the Union and civilization, it will be by the valor of men who learned their lessons of American liberty and glory upon the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe. We think of this at Hermann, and we pledge our German hosts and our German fellow-soldiers in strong draughts of delicious Catawba, — not such Catawba as is sent forth from the slovenly manufactories of Cincinnati, for the careful vintners of Hermann select the choice grapes, and in the quiet cellars of Hermann the Catawba has time to grow old and to ripen.

We at length extricate ourselves from the maze of corn-cakes and pancakes, waffles and muffins and pies without number, with which our kind friends of Hermann tempt and tantalize our satiated palates, and once more set forth after the wheezing, reluctant locomotive, over the rough road, through the dreary hills, along the bank of the treacherous river.

At ten o'clock, in ten weary hours, we have accomplished one hundred and twenty miles, and have reached Jefferson City. The train backs and starts ahead, halts and backs and jerks, and finally, with a long sigh of relief, the locomotive stops, and a gentleman in citizen's dress enters the car, carrying a lantern in his

hand. It was Brigadier-General Price, commanding at Jefferson City. He took possession of the General, and, with us closely following, left the car. But leaving the train was a somewhat more difficult matter. We went along-side the train, over the train, under the train, but still those cars seemed to surround us like a corral. We at length outflanked the train, but still failed to extricate ourselves from the labyrinth. Informed, or rather deluded, by the "lantern dimly burning," we floundered into ditches and scrambled out of them, we waded mud-puddles and stumbled over boulders, until finally the ever-present train disappeared in the darkness, we rushed up a steep hill, heard the welcome sound as our feet touched a brick walk, and, after turning two or three corners, found ourselves in the narrow hall of the "principal hotel." We were tired and disgusted, and no one stood upon the order of his going, but went at once to sleep upon whatever floor, table, or bed offered itself.

This morning we are pleased to hear that the General has resolved to go into camp. Of course the best houses in the place are at our disposal, but it is wisely thought that our soldier-life will not begin until we are fairly under canvas.

All day we have had an exhibition of a Missouri crowd. The sidewalk has been fringed with curious gazers waiting to catch a glimpse of the General. Foote, the comedian, said, that, until he landed on the quays at Dublin, he never knew what the London beggars did with their old clothes. One should go to Missouri to see what the New-York beggars do with their old clothes. But it is not the dress alone. Such vacant, listless faces, with laziness written in every line, and ignorance seated upon every feature! Is it for these that the descendants of New England and the thrifty Germans are going forth to battle? If Missouri depended upon the Missourians, there would be little chance for her safety, and, indeed, not very much to save.

*October 4th.* We have been in camp since Sunday, the 29th of September.

Our tents are pitched upon a broad shelf half-way down a considerable hill. Behind us the hill rises a hundred feet or more, shutting us in from the south; in front, to the north, the hill inclines to a ravine which separates us from other less lofty hills. Our camp is upon open ground, but there is a fine forest to the east and west.

In a few days we have all become very learned in camp-life. We have found out what we want and what we do not want. Fortunately, St. Louis is near at hand, and we send there to provide for our necessities, and also to get rid of our superfluities. The troops have been gathering all the week. There are several regiments in front of us, and batteries of artillery behind us. Go where you will, spread out upon the plain or shining amidst the trees you will see the encampments. Head-quarters are busy providing for the transportation and the maintenance of this great force; and as rapidly as the railway can carry them, regiment after regiment is sent west. There is plenty of work for the staff-officers; and yet our life is not without its pleasures. The horses and their riders need training. This getting used to the saddle is no light matter for the civilian spoiled by years of ease and comfort. But the General gives all his officers plenty of horseback discipline. Then there is the broadsword exercise to fill up the idle time. Evening is the festive hour in camp; though I judge, from what I have seen and heard, that our camp has little of the gayety which is commonly associated with the soldier's life. We are too busy for merrymaking, but in the evening there are pleasant little circles around the fires or in the snug tents. There are old campaigners among us, men who have served in Mexico and Utah, and others whose lives have been passed upon the Plains; they tell us campaign stories, and teach the green hands the slang and the airs of the camp. But the unfailing amusement is the band. This is the special pride of the General, and soon after nightfall the musicians appear upon the little *plaza* around which the

tents are grouped. At the first note the audience gather. The guardsmen come up from their camp on the edge of the ravine, the negro-quarter is deserted, the wagoners flock in from the surrounding forest, the officers stroll out of their tents,—a picturesque crowd stands around the huge camp-fire. The programme is simple and not often varied. It uniformly opens with "The Star-Spangled Banner," and closes with "Home, Sweet Home." By way of a grand *finale*, a procession is organized every night, led by some score of negro torch-bearers, which makes the circuit of the camp,—a performance which never fails to produce something of a stampede among the animals.

Last night we had an alarm. About eleven o'clock, when the camp was fairly asleep, some one tried to pass a picket half a mile west of us. The guard fired at the intruder, and in an instant the regimental drums sounded the long roll. We started from our beds, with frantic haste buckled on swords, spurs, and pistols, hurried servants after the horses, and hastened to report for duty to the General. The officer who was first to appear found him standing in front of his tent, himself the first man in camp who was ready for service. Presently a messenger came with information as to the cause of the alarm, and we were dismissed.

At two o'clock in the morning there was another alarm. Again the body-guard bugles sounded and the drums rolled. Again soldiers sprang to their arms, and officers rushed to report to the General,—the first man finding him, as before, leaning upon his sword in front of his tent. But, alas for the reputation of our mess, not one of its number appeared. In complete unconsciousness of danger or duty, we slept on. Colonel S. said he heard "the music, but thought it was a continuation of the evening's serenade," and went to sleep again. It was not long before we discovered that the General knew that four members of his staff did not report to him when the long roll was sounded.



There are several encampments on the hill-sides north of us which are in full view from our quarters, and it is not the least of our amusements to watch the regiments going through the afternoon drill. In the soft light of these golden days we see the long blue lines, silver-tipped, wheel and turn, scatter and form, upon the brown hill-sides. Now the slopes are dotted with skirmishers, and puffs of gray smoke rise over the kneeling figures; again a solid wall of bayonets gleams along the crest of the hill, and peals of musketry echo through the woods in the ravines.

Colonel Myscall Johnson, a Methodist exhorter and formidable Rebel marauder, is said to be forty miles south of us with a small force, and some of the Union farmers came into camp to-day asking for protection. Zagonyi, the commander of the body-guard, is anxious to descend upon Johnson and scatter his thieving crew; but it is not probable he will obtain permission. The Union men of Missouri are quite willing to have you fight for them, but their patriotism does not go farther than this. These people represent that three-fourths of the inhabitants of Miller County are loyal. The General probably thinks, if this be true, they ought to be able to take care of Johnson's men. But a suggestion that they should defend their own homes and families astonishes our Missouri friends. General Lyon established Home-Guards throughout the State, and armed them with several thousand Springfield muskets taken from the arsenal at St. Louis. Most of these muskets are now in Price's army, and are the most formidable weapons he has. In some instances the Rebels enlisted in the Home-Guards and thus controlled the organization, carrying whole companies into Price's ranks. In other cases bands of Rebels scoured the country, went to the house of every Home-Guard, and took away his musket. In the German settlements alone the Guards still preserve their organization and their arms.

A few days ago it fell to the lot of our

mess to entertain a Rebel officer who had come in with a flag of truce. Strange to say, he was a New-Yorker, and had a younger brother in one of the Indiana regiments. He was a pleasant and courteous gentleman, albeit his faded dress, with its red-flannel trimmings, did not indicate great prosperity in the enemy's camp. We gave him the best meal we could command. I apologized because it was no better. He replied,—"Make no apology, Sir. It is the best dinner I have eaten these three months. I have campaigned it a good deal this summer upon three ears of roast corn a day." He added,—"I never have received a cent of pay. None of us have. We never expect to receive any." This captain has already seen considerable service. He was at Booneville, Carthage, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington. His descriptions of these engagements were animated and interesting, his point of view presenting matters in a novel light. He spoke particularly of a gunner stationed at the first piece in Totten's battery, saying that his energy and coolness made him one of the most conspicuous figures of the day. "Our sharp-shooters did their best, but they failed to bring him down. There he was all day long, doing his duty as if on parade." He also told us there was no hard fighting at Lexington. "We knew," said he, "the place was short of water, and so we spared our men, and waited for time to do the work."

*Camp Lovejoy, October 7th.* For the last two days the troops have been leaving Jefferson City, and the densely peopled hills are bare. This morning, at seven o'clock, we began to break camp. There was no little trouble and confusion in lowering the tents and packing the wagons. It took us a long time to-day, but we shall soon get accustomed to it, and become able to move more quickly. At noon we left Jefferson City, going due west.

Our little column consists of three companies of the body-guard, numbering about two hundred and fifty men, a battalion of sharp-shooters (infantry) under Major

Holman, one hundred and eighty strong, and the staff. The march is in the following order. The first company of the guard act as advance-guard; then comes the General, followed by his staff, riding by twos, according to rank; the other two companies of the guard come next. The sharp-shooters accompany and protect the train. Our route lay through a broken and heavily wooded region. The roads were very bad, but the day was bright, and the march was a succession of beautiful pictures, of which the long and brilliant line of horsemen winding through the forest was the chief ornament.

We reached camp at three o'clock. It is a lovely spot, upon a hill-side, with a clear, swift-running brook washing the foot of the hill. Presently the horses are tied along the fences, riders are lounging under the trees, the kitchen-fires are lighted, guardsmen are scattered along the banks of the stream bathing, the wagons roll heavily over the prairie and are drawn up along the edge of the wood, tents are raised, tent-furniture is hastily arranged, and the camp looks as if it had been there a month. Before dark a regiment of infantry and two batteries of artillery come up. The men sleep in the open air without tents, and innumerable fires cover the hill-sides.

We are upon land which is owned by an influential and wealthy citizen, who is an open Secessionist in opinion, though he has had the prudence not to take up arms. By way of a slight punishment, the General has annoyed the old man by naming his farm "Camp Owen Lovejoy," a name which the Union neighbors will not fail to make perpetual.

*California, October 8th.* This morning we broke camp at six o'clock and marched at eight. The road was bad, for which the beauty of the scenery did not entirely compensate. To-day's experience has taught us how completely an army is tied to the wheels of the wagons. Tell a general how fast the train can travel and he will know how long the journey will be. We passed our

wagons in a terrible plight: some upset, some with balky mules, some stuck in the mud, and some broken down. The loud-swearing drivers, and the stubborn, patient, hard-pulling mules did not fail to vary and enliven the scene.

A journey of eighteen miles brought us to this place, where we are encamped upon the county fair-ground. California is a mean, thriftless village; there are no trees shading the cottages, no shrubbery in the yards. The place is only two or three years old, but already wears a slovenly air of decay.

I set out with Colonel L. upon a foraging expedition. We passed a small house, in front of which a fat little negro-girl was drawing a bucket of water from the well, the girl puffing and the windlass creaking.

"Will Massa have a drink of water?"

It was the first token of hospitality since Hermann. We stopped and drank from the bucket, but had not been there a minute before the mistress ran out, with suspicion in her face, to protect her property. A single question sufficed to show the politics of that house.

"Where is your husband?"

"He went off a little while ago."

This was the Missouri way of informing us that he was in the Rebel army.

A little farther on we came to what was evidently the chief house of the place. A bevy of maidens stood at the gate, supported by a pleasant matron, fair and fat.

"Can you sell us some bread?" was our rather practical inquiry.

"We have none baked, but will bake you some by sundown," was the answer, given in a hearty, generous voice.

The bargain was soon made. Our portly dame proved to be a Virginian, who still cherished a true Virginian love for the Union.

*Tipton, October 9th.* The General was in the saddle very early, and left camp before the staff was ready. I was fortunate enough to be on hand, and indulged in some excusable banter when the tardy members of our company rode up after we were a mile or two on the

way. We have marched twelve miles to-day through a lovely country. We have left the hills and stony roads behind us, and now we pass over beautiful little prairies, bordered by forests blazing with the crimson and gold of autumn. The day's ride has been delightful, the atmosphere soft and warm, the sky cloudless, and the prairie firm and hard under our horses' feet. We passed several regiments on the road, who received the General with unbounded enthusiasm; and when we entered Tipton, we found the country covered with tents, and alive with men and horses. Amidst the cheers of the troops, we passed through the camps, and settled down upon a fine prairie-farm a mile to the southwest of Tipton. The divisions of Asboth and Hunter are here, not less than twelve thousand men, and from this point our course is to be southward.

*Camp Asboth, near Tipton, October 11th.* For the last twenty-four hours it has rained violently, and the prairie upon which we are encamped is a sea of black mud. But the tents are tight, and inside we contrive to keep comparatively warm.

The camp is filled with speculations as to our future course. Shall we follow Price, who is crossing the Osage now, or are we to garrison the important positions upon this line and return to St. Louis and prepare for the expedition down the river? The General is silent, his reserve is never broken, and no one knows what his plans are, except those whose business it is to know. I will here record the plan of the campaign.

Our campaign has been in some measure decided by the movements of the Rebels. The sudden appearance of Price in the West, gathering to his standard many thousands of the disaffected, has made it necessary for the General to check his bold and successful progress. Carthage, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington have given to Price a prestige which it is essential to destroy. The gun-boats cannot be finished for two months or more, and we cannot go down the Mississippi until the flotilla is ready; and from

the character of the country upon each side of the river it will be difficult to operate there with a large body of men. In Southwestern Missouri we are sure of fine weather till the last of November, the prairies are high and dry, and there are no natural obstacles except such as it will excite the enthusiasm of the troops to overcome. Therefore the General has determined to pursue Price until he catches him. He can march faster than we can now, but we shall soon be able to move faster than it is possible for him to do. The Rebels have no base of operations from which to draw supplies; they depend entirely upon foraging; and for this reason Price has to make long halts wherever he finds mills, and grind the flour. He is so deficient in equipage, also, that it will be impossible for him to carry his troops over great distances. But we can safely calculate that Price and Rains will not leave the State; their followers are enlisted for six months, and are already becoming discontented at their continued retreat, and will not go with them beyond the borders. This is the uniform testimony of deserters and scouts. Price disposed of, either by a defeat or by the dispersal of his army, we are to proceed to Bird's Point, or into Arkansas, according to circumstances. A blow at Little Rock seems now the wisest, as it is the boldest plan. We can reach that place by the middle of November; and if we obtain possession of it, the position of the enemy upon the Mississippi will be completely turned. The communications of Pillow, Hardee, and Thompson, who draw their supplies through Arkansas, will be cut off; they will be compelled to retreat, and our flotilla and the reinforcements can descend the river to assist in the operations against Memphis and the attack upon New Orleans.

This campaign may be difficult, the army will have to encounter hardships and perils, but, unless defeated in the field, the enterprise will be successful. No hardships or perils can daunt the spirit of the General, or arrest the march of the enthusiastic army his genius has created.



Our column is composed of five divisions, under Generals Hunter, Pope, Sigel, McKinstry, and Asboth, and numbers about thirty thousand men, including over five thousand cavalry and eighty-six pieces of artillery, a large proportion of which are rifled. The infantry is generally well, though not uniformly armed. But the cavalry is very badly armed. Colonel Carr's regiment has no sabres, except for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The men carry Hall's carbines and revolvers. Major Waring's fine corps, the Fremont Hussars, is also deficient in sabres, and some of the companies are provided with lances,—formidable weapons in skilful hands, but only an embarrassment to our raw troops.

Lane and Sturgis are to come from Kansas and join us on the Osage, and Wyman is to bring his command from Rolla and meet us south of that river.

Paducah, Cairo, Bird's Point, Cape Girardeau, and Ironton are well protected against attack, and the commanders at those posts are ordered to engage the enemy as soon as we catch Price; and if the Rebels retreat, they are to pursue them. Thus our expedition is part of a combined and extended movement, and, instead of having no purpose except the defeat of Price, we are on the road to New Orleans.

Next Monday we are to start. Asboth will go from here, Hunter by way of Versailles, McKinstry from Syracuse, Pope from his present position in the direction of Booneville, and Sigel from Sedalia. We are to cross the Osage at Warsaw; and as Sigel has the shortest distance to march, he is expected to reach that town first.

Precious time has already been lost because of a lack of transportation and supplies. Foraging parties have been scouring the country, and large numbers of wagons, horses, and mules have been brought in. This property is all appraised, and when taken from Union men it is paid for. In doubtful cases a certificate is given to the owner, which recites that he is to be paid in case he

shall continue to be loyal to the Government. We thus obtain a hold upon these people which an oath of allegiance every day would not give us.

*Camp Asboth, October 13th.* Mr. Cameron, Senator Chandler of Michigan, and Adjutant-General Thomas arrived at an early hour this morning; and at eight o'clock, the General, attended by his staff and body-guard, repaired to the Secretary's quarters. After a short stay there, the whole party, except General Thomas, set out for Syracuse to review the division of General McKinstry. The day was fine, and we proceeded at a hand gallop until we reached a prairie some three or four miles wide. Here the Secretary set spurs to his horse, and we tore across the plain as fast as our animals could be driven. Passing from the open plain into a forest, the whole cortege dashed over a very rough road with but little slackening of our pace; nor did we draw rein until we reached Syracuse. A few moments were passed in the interchange of the usual civilities, and we then went a mile farther on, to a large prairie upon which the division was drawn up. McKinstry has the flower of the army. He has in his ranks some regular infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and among his subordinate officers are Totten, Steele, Kelton, and Stanley, all distinguished in the regular service. There was no time for the observance of the usual forms of a review. The Secretary passed in front and behind the lines, made a short address, and left immediately by rail for St. Louis, stopping at Tipton to review Asboth's division. The staff and guard rode slowly back to camp, both men and animals having had quite enough of the day's work. It is said, that Adjutant-General Thomas has expressed the opinion that we shall not be able to move from here, because we have no transportation. As we are ordered to march to-morrow, the prediction will soon be tested.

*Camp Zagonyi, October 14th.* We were in the saddle this morning at nine o'clock. A short march of eleven miles, in a south-

westerly direction, and through a prairie country, brought us to our camp. As we came upon the summit of a hill which lies to the west of our present position, our attention was directed to a group standing in front of a house about a mile distant. We had hardly caught sight of them when half a dozen men and three women mounted their horses and started at full speed towards the northeast, each man leading a horse. The General ordered some of the body-guard to pursue and try to stop the fugitives. We eagerly watched the chase. A narrow valley separated us from the elevation upon which the farm-house stood, and a small stream with low banks ran through the bottom of the valley. The pursuit was active, the guardsmen ran their horses down the slope, leaped the pool, and rushed up the opposite hill; but the run-aways were on fresh horses, and had no rough ground to pass, and so they escaped. One of them lost the horse he was leading, and it was caught by a guardsman. This was the first exhibition we have seen of a desire on the part of the inhabitants to avoid us.

The General established head-quarters along-side the house where we first discovered the Rebel party. Our position is the most beautiful one we have yet found. To the west stretches an undulating prairie, separated from us by a valley, into which our camping-ground subsides with a mild declivity; to the north is a range of low hills, their round sides unbroken by shrub or tree; while to the south stretches an extensive tract of low land, densely covered with timber, and resplendent with the colors of autumn.

Before dark the whole of Asboth's division came up and encamped on the slopes to the west and north: not less than seven thousand men are here. This evening the scene is beautiful. I sit in the door of my lodge, and as far as the eye can reach the prairie is dotted with tents, the dark forms of men and horses, the huge white-topped wagons,—and a thousand fires gleam through the faint moonlight. Our band is playing near

the General's quarters, its strains are echoed by a score of regimental bands, and their music is mingled with the numberless noises of camp, the hum of voices, the laughter from the groups around the fires, the clatter of hoofs as some rider hurries to the General, the distant challenges of the sentries, the neighing of horses, the hoarse bellowing of the mules, and the clinking of the cavalry anvils. This, at last, is the romance of war. How soon will our ears be saluted by sterner music?

*Camp Hudson, October 15th.* We moved at seven o'clock this morning. For the first four miles the road ran through woods intersected by small streams. The ground was as rough as it could well be, and the teams which had started before us were struggling through the mire and over the rocks. We dashed past them at a fast trot, and in half an hour came upon a high prairie. The prairies of Southern Missouri are not large and flat, like the monotonous levels of Central Illinois, but they are rolling, usually small, and broken by frequent narrow belts of timber. In the woods there are hills, rocky soil, and always one, often two streams, clear and rapid as a mountain-brook in New England.

The scenery to-day was particularly attractive, a constant succession of prairies surrounded by wooded hills. As we go south, the color of the forest becomes richer, and the atmosphere more mellow and hazy.

During the first two hours we passed several regiments of foot. The men were nearly all Germans, and I scanned the ranks carefully, longing to see an American countenance. I found none, but caught sight of one arch-devil-may-care Irish face. I doubt whether there is a company in the army without an Irishman in it, though the proportion of Irishmen in our ranks is not so great as at the East.

Early in the afternoon we rode up to a farm-house, at the gate of which a middle-aged woman was standing, crying bitterly. The General stopped, and the woman at once assailed him vehemently. She told

him the soldiers had that day taken her husband and his team away with them. She said that there was no one left to take care of her old blind mother,—at which allusion, the blind mother tottered down the walk and took a position in the rear of the attacking party,—that they had two orphan girls, the children of a deceased sister, and the orphans had lost their second father. The assailants were here reinforced by the two orphan girls. She protested that her husband was loyal,—“Truly, Sir, he was a Union man and voted for the Union, and always told his neighbors Disunion would do nothing except bring trouble upon innocent people, as indeed it has,” said she, with a fresh flood of tears. The General was moved by her distress, and ordered Colonel E. to have the man, whose name is Rutherford, sent back at once.

A few rods farther on we came to another house, in front of which was another weeping woman afflicted in the same way. Several little flaxen-haired children surrounded her, and a white-bearded man, trembling with age, stood behind, leaning upon a staff. Her earnestness far surpassed that of Mrs. Rutherford. She wrung her hands, and could hardly speak for her tears. She seized the General's hand and entreated him to return her husband, with an expression of distress which the hardest heart could not resist. The General comforted the poor woman with a few kind words, and promised to grant what she asked.

It is very difficult to refuse such requests, and yet, in point of fact, no great hardship or sacrifice is required of these men. They profess to be Union men, but they are not in arms for the Union, and a Federal general now asks of them that they shall help the army for a day with their teams. To those who come here from all parts of the nation to defend these homes this does not appear to be a harsh demand.

We arrived at camp about five o'clock. Our day's march was twenty-two miles, and the wagons were far behind. A neighboring farm-house afforded the General

and a few of his officers a dinner, but it was late in the evening before the tents were pitched.

*Warsaw, October 17th.* Yesterday we made our longest march, making twenty-five miles, and encamped three miles north of this place.

It is a problem, why riding in a column should be so much more wearisome than riding alone, but so it undeniably is. Men who would think little of a sixty-mile ride were quite broken down by to-day's march.

As soon as we reached camp, the General asked for volunteers from the staff to ride over to Warsaw: of course the whole staff volunteered. On the way we met General Sigel. This very able and enterprising officer is a pleasant, scholarly-looking gentleman, his studious air being increased by the spectacles he always wears. His figure is light, active, and graceful, and he is an excellent horseman. The country has few better heads than his. Always on the alert, he is full of resources, and no difficulties daunt him. Hunter, Pope, and McKinstry are behind, waiting for tea and coffee, beans and flour, and army-wagons. Sigel gathered the ox-team and the farmers' wagons and brought his division forward with no food for his men but fresh beef. His advance-guard is already across the Osage, and in a day or two his whole division will be over.

Guided by General Sigel, we rode down to the ford across the Osage. The river here is broad and rapid, and its banks are immense bare cliffs rising one hundred feet perpendicularly from the water's edge. The ford is crooked, uncertain, and never practicable except for horsemen. The ferry is an old flat-boat drawn across by a rope, and the ascent up the farther bank is steep and rocky. It will not answer to leave in our rear this river, liable to be changed by a night's rain into a fierce torrent, with no other means of crossing it than the rickety ferry. A bridge must at once be built, strong and firm, a safe road for the army in case of disaster. So decides the



General. And as we look upon the swift-running river and its rocky shores, cold and gloomy in the twilight, every one agrees that the General is right. His decision has since been strongly supported, for to-day two soldiers of the Fremont Hussars were drowned in trying to cross the ford, and the water is now rising rapidly.

This morning we moved into Warsaw, and for the first time the staff is billeted in the Secession houses of the town; but the General clings to his tent. Our mess is quartered in the house of the county judge, who says his sympathies are with the South. But the poor man is so frightened, that we pity and protect him.

Bridge-building is now the sole purpose of the army. There is no saw-mill here, nor any lumber. The forest must be cut down and fashioned into a bridge, as well as the tools and the skill at command will permit. Details are already told off from the sharpshooters, the cadets, and even the body-guard, and the banks of the river now resound with the quick blows of their axes.

*Warsaw, October 21st.* Four days we have been waiting for the building of the bridge. By night and by day the work goes on, and now the long black shape is striding slowly across the stream. In a few hours it will have gained the opposite bank, and then, Ho, for Springfield!

Our scouts have come in frequently the last few days. They tell us Price is at Stockton, and is pushing rapidly on towards the southwest. He has been grinding corn near Stockton, and has

now food enough for another journey. His army numbers twenty thousand men, of whom five thousand have no arms. The rest carry everything, from double-barrelled shot-guns to the Springfield muskets taken from the Home-Guards. They load their shot-guns with a Minié-ball and two buck-shot, and those who have had experience say that at one hundred yards they are very effective weapons. There is little discipline in the Rebel army, and the only organization is by companies. The men are badly clothed, and without shoes, and often without food. The deserters say that those who remain are waiting only to get the new clothes which McCulloch is expected to bring from the South.

McCulloch, the redoubtable Ben, does not seem to be held in high esteem by the Rebel soldiers. They say he lacks judgment and self-command. But all speak well of Price. No one can doubt that he is a man of unusual energy and ability. McCulloch will increase Price's force to about thirty-five thousand, which number we must expect to meet.

Hunter and McKinstry have not yet appeared, but Pope reported himself last night, and some of his men came in to-day.

*Camp White, October 22d.* The bridge is built, and the army is now crossing the Osage. In five days a firm road has been thrown across the river, over which our troops may pass in a day. The General and staff crossed by the ferry, and are now encamped two miles south of the Pomme-de-Terre.

## BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

Letter from the REVEREND HOMER WILBUR, A. M., inclosing the Epistle aforesaid.

Jaalam, 15th Nov., 1861.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not from any idle wish to obtrude my humble person with undue prominence upon the publick view that I resume my pen upon the present occasion. *Juniore ad labores.* But having been a main instrument in rescuing the talent of my young parishioner from being buried in the ground, by giving it such warrant with the world as would be derived from a name already widely known by several printed discourses, (all of which I may be permitted without immodesty to state have been deemed worthy of preservation in the Library of Harvard College by my esteemed friend Mr. Sibley,) it seemed becoming that I should not only testify to the genuineness of the following production, but call attention to it, the more as Mr. Biglow had so long been silent as to be in danger of absolute oblivion. I insinuate no claim to any share in the authorship (*via ea nostra voco*) of the works already published by Mr. Biglow, but merely take to myself the credit of having fulfilled toward them the office of taster, (*experto crede*,) who, having first tried, could afterward bear witness,—an office always arduous, and sometimes even dangerous, as in the case of those devoted persons who venture their lives in the deglutition of patent medicines (*dolus latet in generalibus*, there is deceit in the most of them) and thereafter are wonderfully preserved long enough to append their signatures to testimonials in the diurnal and hebdomadal prints. I say not this as covertly glancing at the authours of certain manuscripts which have been submitted to my literary judgment, (though an epic in twenty-four books on the “Taking of Jericho” might, save for the prudent forethought of Mrs. Wilbur in secreting the same just as I had arrived beneath the walls and was beginning a catalogue of the various horns and their blowers, too ambitiously emulous in longanimity of Homer’s list of ships, might, I say, have rendered frustrate any hope I could entertain *vacare Musis* for the small remainder of my days,) but only further to secure myself against any imputation of unseemly forthputting. I will barely subjoin, in this connection, that, whereas Job was left to desire, in the soreness of his heart, that his adversary had written a book, as perchance misanthropically wishing to indite a review thereof, yet was not Satan allowed so far to tempt him as to send Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar each with an unprinted work in his wallet to be submitted to his censure. But of this enough. Were I in need of other excuse, I might add that I write by the express desire of Mr. Biglow himself, whose entire winter leisure is occupied, as he assures me, in answering demands for autographs, a labour exacting enough in itself, and egregiously so to him, who, being no ready penman, cannot sign so much as his name without strange contortions of the face (his nose, even, being essential to complete success) and painfully suppressed Saint-Vitus-dance of every muscle in his body. This, with his having been put in the Commission of the Peace by our excellent Governour (*O, si sic omnes!*) immediately on his accession to office, keeps him continually employed. *Haud ineexpertus loquor*, having for many years written myself J. P., and being not seldom applied to for specimens of my chirography, a request to which I have sometimes too weakly assented, believing as I do that nothing written of set purpose can properly be called an autograph, but only those unpremeditated sallies and lively runnings which betray the fireside Man instead of the hunted Notoriety doubling on his pursuers. But it is time that I should bethink me of Saint Austin’s prayer, *Libera me a meipso*, if I would arrive at the matter in hand.

Moreover, I had yet another reason for taking up the pen myself. I am informed that the “Atlantic Monthly” is mainly indebted for its success to the contributions and editorial supervision of Dr. Holmes, whose excellent “Annals of America” occupy an honoured place upon my shelves. The journal itself I have never seen; but if this be so, it should seem that the recommendation of a brother-clergyman (though *par magis quam similis*) would carry a greater weight. I suppose that you have a department for historical lucubrations, and should be glad, if deemed desirable, to forward for publication my “Collections for the Antiquities of Jaalam” and my (now happily complete) pedigree of the Wilbur family from its *fons et origo*, the Wild-Boar of Ardenness. Withdrawn from the active duties of my profession by the settlement of a colleague-pastor, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, formerly of Brutus Four-Corners, I might find time for further contributions to general literature on similar topicks. I have made large advances toward a completer genealogy of Mrs. Wilbur’s family, the Pilcoxes, not, if I know myself, from any idle vanity, but with the sole desire of rendering myself useful in my day and generation. *Nulla dies sine linea.* I inclose a meteorological register, a list of the births, deaths,

and marriages, and a few *memorabilia* of longevity in Jaalam East Parish for the last half-century. Though spared to the unusual period of more than eighty years, I find no diminution of my faculties or abatement of my natural vigour, except a scarcely sensible decay of memory and a necessity of recurring to younger eyesight for the finer print in Cruden. It would gratify me to make some further provision for declining years from the emoluments of my literary labours. I had intended to effect an insurance on my life, but was deterred therefrom by a circular from one of the offices, in which the sudden deaths of so large a proportion of the insured was set forth as an inducement, that it seemed to me little less than a tempting of Providence. *Neque in summâ inopiâ levis esse senectus potest, ne sapienti quidem.*

Thus far concerning Mr. Biglow; and so much seemed needful (*brevis esse laboro*) by way of preliminary, after a silence of fourteen years. He greatly fears lest he may in this essay have fallen below himself, well knowing, that, if exercise be dangerous on a full stomach, no less so is writing on a full reputation. Beset as he has been on all sides, he could not refrain, and would only imprecate patience till he shall again have "got the hang" (as he calls it) of an accomplishment long disused. The letter of Mr. Sawin was received some time in last June, and others have followed which will in due season be submitted to the publick. How largely his statements are to be depended on, I more than merely dubitate. He was always distinguished for a tendency to exaggeration,—it might almost be qualified by a stronger term. *Fortiter mentire, aliquid hæret*, seemed to be his favourite rule of rhetorick. That he is actually where he says he is the post-mark would seem to confirm; that he was received with the publick demonstrations he describes would appear consonant with what we know of the habits of those regions; but further than this I venture not to decide. I have sometimes suspected a vein of humour in him which leads him to speak by contraries; but since, in the unrestrained intercourse of private life, I have never observed in him any striking powers of invention, I am the more willing to put a certain qualified faith in the incidents and the details of life and manners which give to his narratives some of the interest and entertainment which characterize a Century Sermon.

It may be expected of me that I should say something to justify myself with the world for a seeming inconsistency with my well-known principles in allowing my youngest son to raise a company for the war, a fact known to all through the medium of the publick prints. I did reason with the young man, but *expellas naturam furcâ, tamenusque recurrit*. Having myself been a chaplain in 1812, I could the less wonder that a man of war had sprung from my loins. It was, indeed, grievous to send my Benjamin, the child of my old age; but after the discomfiture of Manassas, I with my own hands did buckle on his armour, trusting in the great Comforter for strength according to my need. For truly the memory of a brave son dead in his shroud were a greater staff of my declining years than a coward, though his days might be long in the land and he should get much goods. It is not till our earthen vessels are broken that we find and truly possess the treasure that was laid up in them. *Migravi in animam meam*, I have sought refuge in my own soul; nor would I be shamed by the heathen comedian with his *Nequam illud verbum, bene vult, nisi bene facit*. During our dark days, I read constantly in the inspired book of Job, which I believe to contain more food to maintain the fibre of the soul for right living and high thinking than all pagan literature together, though I would by no means vilipend the study of the classicks. There I read that Job said in his despair, even as the fool saith in his heart there is no God,—“The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure.” *Job* xii. 6. But I sought farther till I found this Scripture also, which I would have those perpend who have striven to turn our Israel aside to the worship of strange gods:—“If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?” *Job* xxxi. 13-14. On this text I preached a discourse on the last day of Fasting and Humiliation with general acceptance, though there were not wanting one or two Laodiceans who said that I should have waited till the President announced his policy. But let us hope and pray, remembering this of Saint Gregory, *Vult Deus rogari, vult cogi, vult quâdam importunitate vinci*.

We had our first fall of snow on Friday last. Frosts have been unusually backward this fall. A singular circumstance occurred in this town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family-prayers,

\* \* \* \* \*

[The editors of the “Atlantic” find it necessary here to cut short the letter of their valued correspondent, which seemed calculated rather on the rates of longevity in Jaalam than for less favored localities. They have every encouragement to hope that he will write again.]

With esteem and respect,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A. M.



Ir 's some consid'ble of a spell sence I hain't writ no letters,  
 An' ther' 's gret changes hez took place in all polit'cle metters :  
 Some canderdates air dead an' gone, an' some hez ben defeated,  
 Which 'mounts to pooty much the same ; fer it 's ben proved repeated  
 A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't goin' to rise agin,  
 An' it 's jest money throwed away to put the emptins in :  
 But thet 's wut folks wun't never larn ; they dunno how to go,  
 Arter you want their room, no more 'n a bullet-headed beau ;  
 Ther' 's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun' thet can't see pea-time 's past,  
 Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads down an' tails half-mast :  
 It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when a holl nation doos it,  
 But Chance is like an amberill, — it don't take twice to lose it.

I spose you 're kin' o' cur'ous, now, to know why I hain't writ.  
 Wal, I 've ben where a litt'ry taste don't somehow seem to git  
 Th' encouragement a feller 'd think, thet 's used to public schools,  
 An' where sech things ez paper 'n' ink air clean agin the rules :  
 A kind o' vicyvarsy house, built drefle strong an' stout,  
 So 's 't honest people can't git in, ner t' other sort git out,  
 An' with the winders so contrived, you 'd prob'ly like the view  
 Better a-lookin' in than out, though it seems sing'lar, tu ;  
 But then the landlord sets by ye, can't bear ye out o' sight,  
 And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an outside door at night.

This world is awfle contrary : the rope may stretch your neck  
 Thet mebbey kep' another chap frum washin' off a wreck ;  
 An' you will see the taters grow in one poor feller's patch,  
 So small no self-respectin' hen thet vallied time 'ould scratch,  
 So small the rot can't find 'em out, an' then agin, nex' door,  
 Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they 're 'most too fat to snore.  
 But grouutin' ain't no kin' o' use ; an' ef the fust throw fails,  
 Why, up an' try agin, thet 's all, — the coppers ain't all tails ;  
 Though I hev seen 'em when I thought they hed n't no more head  
 Than 'd sarve a nussin' Brigadier thet gits some ink to shed.

When I writ last, I 'd ben turned loose by thet blamed nigger, Pomp,  
 Ferlorner than a musquash, ef you 'd took an' dreened his swamp :  
 But I ain't o' the meechin' kind, thet sets an' thinks fer weeks  
 The bottom 's out o' th' univarse coz their own gillpot leaks.  
 I hed to cross bayous an' criks, (wal, it did beat all natur',)  
 Upon a kin' o' corderoy, fust log, then alligator :  
 Luck'ly the critters warn't sharp-sot ; I guess 't wuz overruled  
 They 'd done their mornin's marketin' an' gut their hunger cooled ;  
 Fer missionaries to the Creeks an' runaways air viewed  
 By them an' folks ez sent express to be their reg'lar food :  
 Wutever 't wuz, they laid an' snoozed ez peacefully ez sinners,  
 Meek ez disgestin' deacons be at ordination dinners ;  
 Ef any on 'em turned an' snapped, I let 'em kin' o' taste  
 My live-oak leg, an' so, ye see, ther' warn't no gret o' waste,  
 Fer they found out in quicker time than ef they 'd ben to college  
 'T warn't heartier food than though 't wuz made out o' the tree o' knowledge.

But *I* tell *you* my other leg hed larned wut pizon-nettle meant,  
 An' var'ous other usefle things, afore I reached a settlement,  
 An' all o' me thet wuz n't sore an' sendin' prickles thru me  
 Wuz jest the leg I parted with in lickin' Montezumy:  
 A usefle limb it 's ben to me, an' more of a support  
 Than wut the other hez ben, — coz I dror my pension for 't.

Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz civerlized an' white,  
 Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 't wuz hardly night;  
 Fer 'z I wuz settin' in the bar a-takin' sunthin' hot,  
 An' feelin' like a man agin, all over in one spot,  
 A feller thet sot opposite, arter a squint at me,  
 Lep up an' drawed his peacemaker, an', "Dash it, Sir," suz he,  
 "I 'm doubledashed ef you ain't him thet stole my yaller chettle,  
 (You 're all the stranger thet 's around,) so now you 've gut to settle;  
 It ain't no use to argerfy ner try to cut up frisky,  
 I know ye ez I know the smell o' ole chain-lightnin' whiskey;  
 We 're lor-abidin' folks down here, we 'll fix ye so 's 't a bar  
 Would n' tech ye with a ten-foot pole; (Jedge, you jest warm the tar;)  
 You 'll think you 'd better ha' gut among a tribe o' Mongrel Tartars,  
 'Fore we 've done showin' how we raise our Southun prize tar-martyrs;  
 A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he should see ye, 'd snicker,  
 Thinkin' he hed n't nary chance. Come, genlemun, le' 's liquor;  
 An', Gin'ral, when you 've mixed the drinks an' chalked 'em up, tote roun'  
 An' see ef ther' 's a feather-bed (thet 's borryable) in town.  
 We 'll try ye fair, Ole Grafted-Leg, an' ef the tar wun't stick,  
 Th' ain't not a juror here but wut 'll 'quit ye double-quick."  
 To cut it short, I wun't say sweet, they gi' me a good dip,  
 (They ain't *perfessin'* Bahptists here,) then give the bed a rip, —  
 The jury 'd sot, an' quicker 'n a flash they hetched me out, a livin'  
 Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick fer a Feejee Thanksgivin'.

Thet I felt some stuck up is wut it 's nat'ral to suppose,  
 When poppylar enthusiasm hed furnished me sech clo'es;  
 (Ner 't ain't without edvantiges, this kin' o' suit, ye see,  
 It 's water-proof, an' water 's wut I like kep' out o' me;)  
 But nut content with thet, they took a kerridge from the fence  
 An' rid me roun' to see the place, entirely free 'f expense,  
 With forty-'leven new kins o' sarse without no charge acquainted me,  
 Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed thet I wuz all their fahncy painted me;  
 They treated me to all their eggs; (they keep 'em, I should think,  
 Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they wuz mos' distince;)  
 They starred me thick 'z the Milky-Way with indiscrim'nit cherity,  
 For wut we call reception eggs air sunthin' of a rearity;  
 Green ones is plentife anough, skurce wuth a nigger's getherin',  
 But your dead-ripe ones ranges high fer treatin' Nothun bretherin:  
 A spottedder, ringstreakeder child the' warn't in Uncle Sam's  
 Holl farm, — a cross of striped pig an' one o' Jacob's lambs;  
 'T wuz Dannil in the lions' den, new an' enlarged edition,  
 An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind, the' warn't no impersition.  
 People 's impulsiver down here than wut our folks to home be,  
 An' kin' o' go it 'ith a resh in raisin' Hail Columby:

Thet 's so : an' they swarmed out like bees, for your real Southun men's  
 Time is n't o' much more account than an ole settin' hen's ;  
 (They jest work semioccashnally, or else don't work at all,  
 An' so their time an' 'tention both air et saci'ty's call.)  
 Talk about hospitality ! wut Nothun town d' ye know  
 Would take a totle stranger up an' treat him gratis so ?  
 You 'd better b'lieve ther' 's nothin' like this spendin' days an' nights  
 Along 'ith a dependant race fer civerlizin' whites.

But this wuz all prelim'nary ; it 's so Gran' Jurors here  
 Fin' a true bill, a hendier way than ourn, an' nut so dear ;  
 So arter this they sentenced me, to make all tight 'n' snug,  
 Afore a reg'lar court o' law, to ten years in the Jug.  
 I did n' make no gret defence : you don't feel much like speakin',  
 When, ef you let your clamshells gape, a quart o' tar will leak in :  
 I hev hearn tell o' winged words, but pint o' fact it tethers  
 The spoutin' gift to hev your words tu thick sot on with feathers,  
 An' Choate ner Webster would n't ha' made an A 1 kin' o' speech,  
 Astride a Southun chestnut horse sharper 'n a baby's screech.

Two year ago they ketched the thief, 'n' seein' I wuz innercent,  
 They jest onckored an' le' me run, an' in my stid the sinner sent  
 To see how *he* liked pork 'n' pone flavored with wa'nut saplin',  
 An' nary social priv'ledge but a one-hoss, starn-wheel chaplin.  
 When I come out, the folks behaved mos' gen'manly an' harnsome ;  
 They 'lowed it would n't be more 'n right, ef I should cuss 'n' darn some :  
 The Cunnle he apolergized ; suz he, " I 'll du wut 's right,  
 I 'll give ye settisfaction now by shootin' ye at sight,  
 An' give the nigger, (when he 's caught,) to pay him fer his trickin'  
 In gittin' the wrong man took up, a most H fired lickin', —  
 It 's jest the way with all on 'em, the inconsistent critters,  
 They 're 'most enough to make a man blaspheme his mornin' bitters ;  
 I 'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin an' in all kine's o' weathers,  
 An' all you 'll hev to pay fer 's jest the waste o' tar an' feathers :  
 A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder, tu, Miss Shennon ;  
 It wuz her mite ; we would ha' took another, ef ther 'd ben one :  
 We don't make *no* charge for the ride an' all the other fixins.  
 Le' 's liquor ; Gin'ral, you can chalk our friend for all the mixins."  
 A meetin' then wuz called, where they " RESOLVED, Thet we respec'  
 B. S. Esquire for quallerties o' heart an' intellec'  
 Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to no one else's,  
 Thet makes Európean tyrans sringe in all their gilded pel'ces,  
 An' doos gret honor to our race an' Southun instiitootions" :  
 (I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin' resolootions :)  
 " RESOLVED, Thet we revere in him a soger 'thout a flor,  
 A martyr to the princerples o' libbaty an' lor :  
 RESOLVED, Thet other nations all, ef sot 'longside o' us,  
 For vartoo, larnin', chivverlry, ain't noways wuth a cuss."  
 They gut up a subscription, tu, but no gret come o' *that* ;  
 I 'xpect in cairin' of it roun' they took a leaky hat ;  
 Though Southun genelmun ain't slow at puttin' down their name,  
 (When they can write,) fer in the eend it comes to jest the same,



Because, ye see, 't 's the fashion here to sign an' not to think  
 A critter 'd be so sordid ez to ax 'em for the chink :  
 I did n't call but jest on one, an' *he* drawed toothpick on me,  
 An' reckoned he warn't goin' to stan' no sech dog-gauned econ'my ;  
 So nothin' more wuz realized, 'ceptin' the good-will shown,  
 Than ef 't had ben from fust to last a reg'lar Cotton Loan.  
 It 's a good way, though, come to think, coz ye eny the sense  
 O' lendin' lib'rally to the Lord, an' nary red o' 'xpense :  
 Sence then I 've gut my name up for a gin'rous-hearted man  
 By jes' subscribin' right an' left on this high-minded plan ;  
 I 've gin away my thousans so to every Southun sort  
 O' missions, colleges, an' sech, ner ain't no poorer for 't.

I warn't so bad off, arter all ; I need n't hardly mention  
 That Guv'ment owed me quite a pile for my arrears o' pension, —  
 I mean the poor, weak thing we *hed* : we run a new one now,  
 Thet strings a feller with a claim up tu the nighest bough,  
 An' *prectises* the rights o' man, purtects down-trodden debtors,  
 Ner wun't hev creditors about a-scrougin' o' their betters :  
 Jeff 's gut the last idees ther' is, poscrip', fourteenth edition,  
 He knows it takes some enterprise to run an oppersition ;  
 Ourn 's the fust thru-by-daylight train, with all ou'doors for deepot,  
 Yourn goes so slow you 'd think 't wuz drawed by a last cent'ry teapot ; —  
 Wal, I gut all on 't paid in gold afore our State seceded,  
 An' done wal, for Confed'rit bonds warn't jest the cheese I needed :  
 Nut but wut they 're ez *good* ez gold, but then it 's hard a-breakin' on 'em,  
 An' ignorant folks is ollers sot an' wun't git used to takin' on 'em ;  
 They 're wuth ez much ez wut they wuz afore ole Mem'nger signed 'em,  
 An' go off middlin' wal for drinks, when ther' 's a knife behind 'em :  
 We *du* miss silver, jest fer thet an' ridin' in a bus,  
 Now we 've shook off the despots thet wuz suckin' at our pus ;  
 An' it 's *because* the South 's so rich ; 't wuz nat'ral to expec'  
 Supplies o' change wuz jest the things we should n't recollect ;  
 We 'd ough' to ha' thought aforehan', though, o' thet good rule o' Crockett's,  
 For 't 's tiresome cairin' cotton-bales an' niggers in your pockets,  
 Ner 't ain't quite hendy to pass off one o' your six-foot Guineas  
 An' git your halves an' quarters back in gals an' pickaninnies :  
 Wal, 't ain't quite all a feller 'd ax, but then ther' 's this to say,  
 It 's on'y jest among ourselves thet we expec' to pay ;  
 Our system would ha' caird us thru in any Bible cent'ry,  
 'Fore this onscripterl plan come up o' books by double entry ;  
 We go the patriarkle here out o' all sight an' hearin',  
 For Jacob warn't a circumstance to Jeff at financierin' ;  
*He* never 'd thought o' borryin' from Esau like all nater  
 An' then cornfiscatin' all debts to sech a small pertater ;  
 There 's p'litickle econ'my, now, combined 'ith morril beauty  
 Thet saycrifices privit eends (your in'my's, tu) to dooty !  
 Wy, Jeff 'd ha' gin him five an' won his eye-teeth 'fore he knowed it,  
 An', stid o' wastin' pottage, he 'd ha' eat it up an' owed it.

But I wuz goin' on to say how I come here to dwell ; —  
 'Nough said, thet, arter lookin' roun', I liked the place so wal,

Where niggers doos a double good, with us atop to stiddy 'em,  
 By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' cirkleatin' medium,  
 Where a man 's sunthin' coz he 's white, an' whiskey 's cheap ez fleas,  
 An' the financial pollercy jest sooted my idees,  
 Thet I friz down right where I wuz, merried the Widder Shennon,  
 (Her thirds wuz part in cotton-land, part in the curse o' Canaan,)  
 An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk on a wall,  
 With nothin' to feel riled about much later 'n Eddam's fall.

Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made an even trade :  
 She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly ready-made,  
 (The youngest on 'em 's 'most growed up,) rugged an' spry ez weazles,  
 So 's 't ther' 's no resk o' doctors' bills fer hoopin'-cough an' measles.  
 Our farm 's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost, Little Big Boosy River,  
 Wal located in all respex, — fer 't ain't the chills 'n fever  
 Thet makes my writin' seem to squirm ; a Southuner 'd allow I 'd  
 Some call to shake, for I 've jest hed to meller a new cowhide.

Miss S. is all 'f a lady ; th' ain't no better on Big Boosy,  
 Ner one with more accomplishmunts 'twixt here an' Tuscaloosy ;  
 She 's an F. F., the tallest kind, an' prouder 'n the Gran' Turk,  
 An' never hed a relative thet done a stroke o' work ;  
 Hern ain't a scrimpin' fem'ly sech ez *you* git up Down East,  
 Th' ain't a growed member on 't but owes his thousuns et the least :  
 She *is* some old ; but then agin ther' 's drawbacks in my sheer ;  
 Wut 's left o' me ain't more 'n enough to make a Brigadier :  
 The wust is, she hez tantrums ; she is like Seth Moody's gun  
 (Him thet wuz nicknamed frum his limp Ole Dot an' Kerry One) ;  
 He 'd left her loaded up a spell, an' hed to git her clear,  
 So he onhitched, — Jeerusalem ! the middle o' last year  
 Wuz right nex' door compared to where she kicked the critter tu  
 (Though *jest* where he brought up wuz wut no human never knew) ;  
 His brother Asaph picked her up an' tied her to a tree,  
 An' then she kicked an hour 'n a half afore she 'd let it be :  
 Wal, Miss S. *doos* hev cuttins-up an' pourins-out o' vials,  
 But then she hez her widder's thirds, an' all on us hez trials.  
 My objec', though, in writin' now warn't to allude to sech,  
 But to another suckemstance more dellykit to tech, —  
 I want thet you should grad'lly break my merriage to Jerushy,  
 An' ther' 's a heap of argymunts thet 's emple to indooce ye :  
 Fust place, State's Prison, — wal, it 's true it warn't fer crime, o' course,  
 But then it 's jest the same fer her in gittin' a disvorce ;  
 Nex' place, my State's secedin' out hez leg'lly lef' me free  
 To merry any one I please, pervidin' it 's a she ;  
 Fin'lly, I never wun't come back, she need n't hev no fear on 't,  
 But then it 's wal to fix things right fer fear Miss S. should hear on 't ;  
 Lastly, I 've gut religion South, an' Rushy she 's a pagan  
 Thet sets by th' graven imiges o' the gret Nothun Dagon ;  
 (Now I hain't seen one in six munts, for, sence our Treashry Loan,  
 Though yaller boys is thick enough, eagles hez kind o' flown ;)  
 An' ef J. wants a stronger pint than them thet I hev stated,  
 Wy, she 's an aliun in'my now, an' I 've ben cornfiscated, —

For sence we 've entered on th' estate o' the late nayshnul eagle,  
 She hain't no kin' o' right but jest wut I allow ez legle:  
 Wut *doos* Secedin' mean, ef 't ain't thet nat'rul rights hez riz, 'n'  
 Thet wut is mine 's my own, but wut 's another man's ain't his'n ?

Bersides, I could n't do no else ; Miss S. suz she to me,  
 " You 've sheered my bed," [Thet 's when I paid my interduction fee  
 To Southun rites,] " an' kep' your sheer," [Wal, I allow it sticked  
 So 's 't I wuz most six weeks in jail afore I gut me picked,]  
 " Ner never paid no demmiges ; but thet wun't do no harm,  
 Pervidin' thet you 'll undertake to oversee the farm ;  
 ( My eldes' boy is so took up, wut with the Ringtail Rangers  
 An' settin' in the Jestice-Court for welcomin' o' strangers " ; )  
 [ He sot on *me* ; ] " an' so, ef you 'll jest undertake the care  
 Upon a mod'rit sellery, we 'll up an' call it square ;  
 But ef you *can't* conclude," suz she, an' give a kin' o' grin,  
 " Wy, the Gran' Jury, I expect, 'll hev to set agin."  
 Thet 's the way metters stood at fust ; now wut wuz I to du,  
 But jest to make the best on't an' off coat an' buckle tu ?  
 Ther' ain't a livin' man thet finds an income necessarier  
 Than me, — bimeby I 'll tell ye how I fin'ly come to merry her.

She hed another motive, tu : I mention of it here  
 T' encourage lads thet 's growin' up to study 'n' persevere,  
 An' show 'em how much better 't pays to mind their winter-schoolin'  
 Than to go off on benders 'n' sech, an' waste their time in foolin' ;  
 Ef 't warn't for studyin', evenins, I never 'd ha' ben here  
 An orn'ment o' saciety, in my appropriut spear :  
 She wanted somebody, ye see, o' taste an' cultivation,  
 To talk along o' preachers when they stopt to the plantation ;  
 For folks in Dixie th't read an' write, onless it is by jarks,  
 Is skurce ez wut they wuz among th' oridgenal patriarchs ;  
 To fit a feller f' wut they call the soshle higherarchy,  
 All thet you 've gut to know is jest beyund an evrage darky ;  
 Schoolin' 's wut they can't seem to stan', they 're tu consarned high-pressure,  
 An' knowin' t' much might spile a boy for bein' a Secesher.  
 We hain't no settled preachin' here, ner ministeril taxes ;  
 The min'ster's only settlement 's the carpet-bag he packs his  
 Razor an' soap-brush intu, with his hymbook an' his Bible, —  
 But they *du* preach, I swan to man, it 's puf'kly indescrible !  
 They go it like an Ericsson's ten-hoss-power coleric ingine,  
 An' make Ole Split-Foot winch an' squirm, for all he 's used to singein' ;  
 Hawkins' whetstone ain't a pinch o' primin' to the innards  
 To hearin' on 'em put free grace t' a lot o' tough old sin-hards !

But I must eend this letter now : 'fore long I 'll send a fresh un ;  
 I 've lots o' things to write about, perticklerly Seceshun :  
 I 'm called off now to mission-work, to let a leetle law in  
 To Cynthy's hide : an' so, till death,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.



## OLD AGE.

ON the last anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, the venerable President Quincy, senior member of the Society, as well as senior alumnus of the University, was received at the dinner with peculiar demonstrations of respect. He replied to these compliments in a speech, and, gracefully claiming the privileges of a literary society, entered at some length into an Apology for Old Age, and, aiding himself by notes in his hand, made a sort of running commentary on Cicero's chapter "De Senectute." The character of the speaker, the transparent good faith of his praise and blame, and the *naïveté* of his eager preference of Cicero's opinions to King David's, gave unusual interest to the College festival. It was a discourse full of dignity, honoring him who spoke and those who heard.

The speech led me to look over at home — an easy task — Cicero's famous essay, charming by its uniform rhetorical merit; heroic with Stoical precepts; with a Roman eye to the claims of the State; happiest, perhaps, in his praise of life on the farm; and rising, at the conclusion, to a lofty strain. But he does not exhaust the subject; rather invites the attempt to add traits to the picture from our broader modern life.

Cicero makes no reference to the illusions which cling to the element of time, and in which Nature delights. Wellington, in speaking of military men, said, — "What masks are these uniforms to hide cowards! When our journal is published, many statues must come down." I have often detected the like deception in the cloth shoe, wadded pelisse, wig and spectacles, and padded chair of Age. Nature lends herself to these illusions, and adds dim sight, deafness, cracked voice, snowy hair, short memory, and sleep. These also are masks, and all is not Age that wears them. Whilst we yet call ourselves young, and all our mates are yet youths and boy-

ish, one good fellow in the set prematurely sports a gray or a bald head, which does not impose on us who know how innocent of sanctity or of Platonism he is, but does not less deceive his juniors and the public, who presently distinguish him with a most amusing respect: and this lets us into the secret, that the venerable forms that so awed our childhood were just such impostors. Nature is full of freaks, and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under fourscore winters.

For if the essence of age is not present, these signs, whether of Art or Nature, are counterfeit and ridiculous: and the essence of age is intellect. Wherever that appears, we call it old. If we look into the eyes of the youngest person, we sometimes discover that here is one who knows already what you would go about with much pains to teach him; there is that in him which is the ancestor of all around him: which fact the Indian Vedas express, when they say, "He that can discriminate is the father of his father." And in our old British legends of Arthur and the Round-Table, his friend and counsellor, Merlin the Wise, is a babe found exposed in a basket by the river-side, and, though an infant of only a few days, he speaks to those who discover him, tells his name and history, and presently foretells the fate of the by-standers. Wherever there is power, there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a thousand years old.

Time is, indeed, the theatre and seat of illusion. Nothing is so ductile and elastic. The mind stretches an hour to a century, and dwarfs an age to an hour. Saadi found in a mosque at Damascus an old Persian of a hundred and fifty years who was dying, and was saying to himself, "I said, coming into the world by birth, 'I will enjoy myself for a few moments.' Alas! at the variegated table

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

---

VOL. IX.—FEBRUARY, 1862.—NO. LII.

---

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

*J. W. Howe*  
MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :  
“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat :  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me :  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

## AGNES OF SORRENTO.

## CHAPTER XX.

## FLORENCE AND HER PROPHET.

It was drawing towards evening, as two travellers, approaching Florence from the south, checked their course on the summit of one of the circle of hills which command a view of the city, and seemed to look down upon it with admiration. One of these was our old friend Father Antonio, and the other the Cavalier. The former was mounted on an ambling mule, whose easy pace suited well with his meditative habits; while the other reined in a high-mettled steed, who, though now somewhat jaded under the fatigue of a long journey, showed by a series of little lively motions of his ears and tail, and by pawing the ground impatiently, that he had the inexhaustible stock of spirits which goes with good blood.

"There she lies, my Florence," said the monk, stretching his hands out with enthusiasm. "Is she not indeed a sheltered lily growing fair among the hollows of the mountains? Little she may be, Sir, compared to old Rome; but every inch of her is a gem, — every inch!"

And, in truth, the scene was worthy of the artist's enthusiasm. All the overhanging hills that encircle the city with their silvery olive-gardens and their pearl-white villas were now lighted up with evening glory. The old gray walls of the convents of San Miniato and the Monte Oliveto were touched with yellow; and even the black obelisks of the cypresses in their cemeteries had here and there streaks and dots of gold, fluttering like bright birds among their gloomy branches. The distant snow-peaks of the Apennines, which even in spring long wear their icy mantles, were shimmering and changing like an opal ring with tints of violet, green, blue, and rose, blended in inexpressible softness by that dreamy haze which forms the peculiar feature of Italian skies.

In this loving embrace of mountains lay the city, divided by the Arno as by a line of rosy crystal barred by the graceful arches of its bridges. Amid the crowd of palaces and spires and towers rose central and conspicuous the great Duomo, just crowned with that magnificent dome which was then considered a novelty and a marvel in architecture, and which Michel Angelo looked longingly back upon when he was going to Rome to build that more wondrous orb of Saint Peter's. White and stately by its side shot up the airy shaft of the Campanile; and the violet vapor swathing the whole city in a tender indistinctness, these two striking objects, rising by their magnitude far above it, seemed to stand alone in a sort of airy grandeur.

And now the bells of the churches were sounding the Ave Maria, filling the air with sweet and solemn vibrations, as if angels were passing to and fro overhead, harping as they went; and ever and anon the great bell of the Campanile came pulsing in with a throb of sound of a quality so different that one hushed one's breath to hear. It might be fancied to be the voice of one of those kingly archangels that one sees drawn by the old Florentine religious artists, — a voice grave and unearthly, and with a plaintive undertone of divine mystery.

The monk and the cavalier bent low in their saddles, and seemed to join devoutly in the worship of the hour.

One need not wonder at the enthusiasm of the returning pilgrim of those days for the city of his love, who feels the charm that lingers around that beautiful place even in modern times. Never was there a spot to which the heart could insensibly grow with a more home-like affection, — never one more thoroughly consecrated in every stone by the sacred touch of genius.

A republic, in the midst of contending elements, the history of Florence, in the



ceded and begot it? And now that the thought has passed *through* the material symbol, has passed forward to a new and more consummate expression, first in the soul, and afterwards by the voice, we should be unwise indeed to deny or forget its antiquity. Thoughts are no *parvenus* or *novi homines* in Nature, but came in with that Duke William who first struck across the unnamed seas into this island of time and material existence which we inhabit. Accordingly, it is using extreme understatement, to say that every pure original thought has a genesis equally ancient, earnest, vital with any product in Nature,—has present relationships no less broad and cosmical, and an evolution implying the like industries, veritable and precious beyond all scope of affirmation. Even if we quite overlook its pre-personal ancestry, still the roots it has in its immediate author will be of unmeasured depth, and it will still proceed toward its consummate form by energies and assiduities that beggar the estimation of all ordinary toil. With the birth of the man himself was it first born, and to the time of its perfect growth and birth into speech the burden of it was borne by every ruddy drop of his heart's blood, by every vigor of his body,—nerve and artery, eye and ear, and all the admirable servitors of the soul, steadily bringing to that invisible matrix where it houses their costly nutriments, their sacred offices; while every part and act of experience, every gush of jubilation, every stifled woe, all sweet pangs of love and pity, all high breathings of faith and resolve, contribute to the form and bloom it finally wears. Yet the more profound and necessary product of one's spirit it is, the more likely at last to fall softly from him,—so softly, perhaps, that he himself shall be half-unaware when the separation occurs.

And such only are men of genius as accomplish this divine utterance. The voice itself may be strong or tiny,—that of a seraph, or that of a song-sparrow; the range and power of combination may be Beethoven's, or only such as are found in the

hum of bees; but in this genuineness, this depth of ancestry and purity of growth, this unmistakable issue under the patronage of Nature, there is a test of genius that cannot vary. He is not inimitable who imitates. He that speaks only what he has learned speaks what the world will not long or greatly desire to learn from him. "Shakespeare," said Dryden, not having the fear of Locke before his eyes, "was naturally learned"; but whoever is quite destitute of natural learning will never achieve winged words by dint and travail of other erudition. If his soul have not been to school before coming to his body, it is late in life for him to qualify himself for a teacher of mankind. Words that are cups to contain the last essences of a sincere life bear elixirs of life for as many lips as shall touch their brim; they refresh all generations, nor by any quaffing of generations are they to be drained.

To this ease it may be owing that poets and artists are often so ill judges of their own success. Their happiest performance is too nearly of the same color with their permanent consciousness to be seen in relief: work less sincere—that is, more related and bound to some partial state or particular mood—would stand out more to the eye of the doer. To this error he will be less exposed who learns—as most assuredly every artist should—to estimate his work, not as it seems to him *striking*, but as it echoes to his ear the earliest murmurs of his childhood, and reclaims for the heart its wandered memories. Perhaps it is common for one's happiest thoughts, in the moment of their apparition in words, to affect him with a gentle surprise and sense of newness; but soon afterwards they may probably come to touch him, on the contrary, with a vague sense of reminiscence, as if his mother had sung them by his cradle, or somewhere under the rosy east of life he had heard them from others. A statement of our own which seems to us *very* new and striking is probably partial, is in some degree foreign to our hearts; that which one, being the soul he is,

could not do otherwise than say is probably what he was created for the purpose of saying, and will be found his most significant and living word. Yet just in proportion as one's speech is a pure and simple efflux of his spirit, just in proportion as its utterance lies in the order and inevitable procedure of his life, he will be *liable* to undervalue it. Who feels that the universe is greatly enriched by his heart-beats? — that it is much that he breathes, sleeps, walks? But the breaths of supreme genius are thoughts, and the imaginations that people its day-world are more familiar to it than the common dreams of sleepers to them, and the travel of its meditations is daily and customary; insomuch that the very thought of all others which one was born to utter he may *forget* to mention, as

presuming it to be no news. Indeed, if a man of fertile soul be misled into the luckless search after peculiar and surprising thoughts, there are many chances that he will be betrayed into this oversight of his proper errand. As Sir Martin Frobisher, according to Fuller, brought home from America a cargo of precious stones which after examination were thrown out to mend roads with, so he leaves untouched his divine knowledges, and comes sailing into port full-freighted with conceits.

May not the above considerations go far to explain that indifference, otherwise so astonishing, with which Shakspeare cast his work from him? It was his heart that wrote; but does the heart look with wonder and admiration on the crimson of its own currents?

## *Atlantic Monthly.*

AT PORT ROYAL, 1861. 50-

*J. B. Whittier.*  
THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea;  
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outside,  
Our good boats forward swing;  
And while we ride the land-locked tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song:  
The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please;  
The quaint relief of mirth that plays  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the West with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and byre  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast ;  
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
Dark faces broad with smiles :  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,  
They weave in simple lays  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days, —

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds :  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue  
Their broken Saxon words.

#### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

OH, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come  
To set de people free ;  
An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee.  
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
He jus' as 'trong as den ;  
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
To-day, de Lord's freemen.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
He leab de land behind :  
De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
We own de hands dat hold ;  
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
But nebber chile be sold.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs  
Dat some day we be free ;



De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
 De wild-duck to de sea ;  
 We tink it when de church-bell ring,  
 We dream it in de dream ;  
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
 De eagle when he scream.  
     De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
     We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
     Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
     De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
 An' nebber lie de word ;  
 So, like de 'postles in de jail,  
 We waited for de Lord :  
 An' now he open ebery door,  
 An' trow away de key ;  
 He tink we lub him so before,  
 We lub him better free.  
     De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
     He 'll gib de rice an' corn :  
     So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
     De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;  
 And with a secret pain,  
 And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
 We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,  
 Nor yet his hope deny ;  
 We only know that God is just,  
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,  
 Flame-lighted, ruder still :  
 We start to think that hapless race  
 Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
 Oppressor with oppressed ;  
 And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
 We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant shall be  
 Our sign of blight or bloom,—  
 The Vala-song of Liberty,  
 Or death-rune of our doom !

## FREMONT'S HUNDRED DAYS IN MISSOURI.

W. Borchgrevink.

## II.

*Camp Haskell, October 24th.* We have marched twelve miles to-day, and are encamped near the house of a friendly German farmer. Our cortege has been greatly diminished in number. Some of the staff have returned to St. Louis; to others have been assigned duties which remove them from head-quarters; and General Asboth's division being now in the rear, that soldierly-looking officer no longer rides beside the General, and the gentlemen of his staff no longer swell our ranks.

As we approach the enemy there is a marked change in the General's demeanor. Usually reserved, and even retiring, — now that his plans begin to work out results, that the Osage is behind us, that the difficulties of deficient transportation have been conquered, there is an unwonted eagerness in his face, his voice is louder, and there is more self-assertion in his attitude. He has hitherto proceeded on a walk, but now he presses on at a trot. His horsemanship is perfect. Asboth is a daring rider, loving to drive his animal at the top of his speed. Zagonyi rides with surpassing grace, and selects fiery chargers which no one else cares to mount. Colonel E. has an easy, business-like gait. But in lightness and security in the saddle the General excels them all. He never worries his beast, is sure to get from him all the work of which he is capable, is himself quite incapable of being fatigued in this way.

Just after sundown the camp was startled by heavy infantry firing. Going around the spur of the forest which screens head-quarters from the prairie, we found the Guard dismounted, drawn up in line, firing their carbines and revolvers. The circumstance excites curiosity, and we learn that Zagonyi has been ordered to make a descent upon Springfield, and capture or disperse the

Rebel garrison, three or four hundred strong, which is said to be there. Major White has already gone forward with his squadron of "Prairie Scouts" to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Springfield. Zagonyi will overtake White, assume command of the whole force, which will number about three hundred men, and turn the reconnoissance into an attack. The Guard set out at eight o'clock this evening. A few are left behind to do duty around head-quarters. Lieutenant Kennedy, of the Kentucky company, was ordered to remain in command of our Home-Guard. He was greatly grieved, and went to the Major and with tears in his eyes besought him to permit him to go. Zagonyi could not refuse the gallant fellow, and all the officers of the Guard have gone. There is a feeling of sadness in camp to-night. We wonder which of our gay and generous comrades will come back to us again.

*October 25th.* We moved only seven miles to-day. It is understood that the General will gather the whole army upon a large prairie a few miles north of Bolivar, and devote a few days to reviewing the troops, and to field-maneuvres. This will have an excellent effect. The men will be encouraged when they see how large the column is, for the army has never been concentrated.

This morning we received news of the brilliant affair at Fredericktown.

Just before the General left camp to-day, I received orders to report myself to General Asboth, for duty as Judge-Advocate of a Court-Martial to be held in his division. General Asboth was several miles behind us, and I set out to ride back and join him. After a gallop of half an hour across the prairie, I discovered that I had lost my way. I vainly tried to find some landmark of yesterday's march, but was at last compelled to trust to the sagacity of my horse, — the redoubtable Spitfire, so named by reason of his utter

contempt for gunpowder, whether sputtered out of muskets or belched forth by cannon. I gave him his head. He snuffed the air for a moment, deliberately swept the horizon with his eyes, and then turned short around and carried me back to the farm-house from which I had started. I arrived just in time for dinner. Two officers of Lane's brigade, which had marched from Kansas, came in while we were at the table. They seasoned our food with spicy incidents of Kansas life.

After dinner I started with Captain R., of Springfield, to find Asboth. As we left the house, we were joined by the most extraordinary character I have seen. He was a man of medium height. His chest was enormous in length and breadth; his arms long, muscular, and very large; his legs short. He had the body of a giant upon the legs of a dwarf. This curious figure was surmounted by a huge head, covered with coarse brown hair, which grew very nearly down to his eyes, while his beard grew almost up to his eyes. It seemed as if the hair and beard had had a struggle for the possession of his face, and were kept apart by the deep chasm in which his small gray eyes were set. He was armed with a huge bowie-knife, which he carried slung like a sword. It was at least two feet long, heavy as a butcher's cleaver, and was thrust into a sheath of undressed hide. He called this pleasant instrument an Arkansas toothpick. He bestrode, as well as his diminutive legs would let him, an Indian pony as shaggy as himself. This person proved to be a bearer of despatches, and offered to guide us to the main road, along which Asboth was marching.

The pony started off at a brisk trot, and in an hour we were upon the road, which we found crowded with troops and wagons. Pressing through the underbrush along-side the road, we kept on at a rapid pace. We soon heard shouts and cheers ahead of us, and in a few moments came in sight of a farm-house, in front of which was an excited crowd. Men were swarming in at every door and window. The yard was filled with furni-

ture which the troops were angrily breaking, and a considerable party was busy tearing up the roof. I could not learn the cause of the uproar, except that a Secessionist lived there who had killed some one. I passed on, and in a little while arrived at Asboth's quarters.

He had established himself in an unpretending, but comfortable farm-house, formerly owned by a German, named Brown. This house has lately been the scene of one of those bloody outrages, instigated by neighborhood hatred, which have been so frequent in Missouri. Old Brown had lived here more than thirty years. He was industrious, thrifty, and withal a skilful workman. Under his intelligent husbandry his farm became the marvel of all that region. He had long outlived his strength, and when the war broke out he could give to the Union nothing but his voice and influence: these he gave freely and at all times. The plain-spoken patriot excited the enmity of the Secessionists, and the special hatred of one man, his nearest neighbor. All through the summer, his barns were plundered, his cattle driven away, his fences torn down; but no one offered violence to the white-headed old man, or to the three women who composed his family. The approach of our army compelled the Rebels of the neighborhood to fly, and among the fugitives was the foe I have mentioned. He was not willing to depart and leave the old German to welcome the Union troops. Just one week ago, at a late hour in the evening, he rode up to Brown's door and knocked loudly. The old man cautiously asked who it was. The wretch replied, "A friend who wants lodging." As a matter of course,—for in this region every house is a tavern,—the farmer opened the door, and at the instant was pierced through the heart by a bullet from the pistol of his cowardly foe. The blood-stains are upon the threshold still. It was the murderer's house the soldiers sacked to-day. A German artillery company heard the story, and began to plunder the premises under the influence of a not unjustifiable



desire for revenge. General Asboth, however, compelled the men to desist, and to replace the furniture they had taken out.

I found General Sturgis, and Captain Parrot, his Adjutant, at General Asboth's, on their way to report to General Fremont. Sturgis has brought his command one hundred and fifty miles in ten days. He says that large numbers of deserters have come into his lines. Price's followers are becoming discouraged by his continued retreat.

The business which detained me in the rear was finished at an early hour, but I waited in order to accompany General Asboth, who, with some of his staff, was intending to go to head-quarters, five miles farther south. We set out at nine o'clock. General Asboth likes to ride at the top of his horse's speed, and at once put his gray into a trot so rapid that we were compelled to gallop in order to keep up. We dashed over a rough road, down a steep decline, and suddenly found ourselves floundering through a stream nearly up to our saddle-girths. My horse had had a hard day's work. He began to be unsteady on his pins. So I drew up, preferring the hazards of a night-ride across the prairie to a fall upon the stony road. The impetuous old soldier, followed by his companions, rushed into the darkness, and the clatter of their hoofs and the rattling of their sabres faded from my hearing.

I was once more alone on the prairie. The sky was cloudless, but the starlight struggling through a thin haze suggested rather than revealed surrounding objects. I bent over my horse's shoulder to trace the course of the road; but I could see nothing. There were no trees, no fences. I listened for the rustling of the wind over the prairie-grass; but as soon as Spitfire stopped, I found that not a breath of air was stirring: his motion had created the breeze. I turned a little to the left, and at once felt the Mexican stirrup strike against the long, rank grass. Quite exultant with the thought that I had found a certain test that I was in the road, I turned back and regained the

beaten track. But now a new difficulty arose. At once the thought suggested itself,—“Perhaps I turned the wrong way when I came back into the road, and am now going away from my destination.” I drew up and looked around me. There was nothing to be seen except the veiled stars above, and upon either hand a vast dark expanse, which might be a lake, the sea, or a desert, for anything I could discern. I listened: there was no sound except the deep breathing of my faithful horse, who stood with ears erect, eagerly snuffing the night-air. I had heard that horses can see better than men. “Let me try the experiment.” I gave Spitfire his head. He moved across the road, went out upon the prairie a little distance, waded into a brook which I had not seen, and began to drink. When he had finished, he returned to the road without the least hesitation.

“The horse can certainly see better than I. Perhaps I am the only one of this company who is in trouble, and the good beast is all this while perfectly composed and at ease, and knows quite well where to go.”

I loosened the reins. Spitfire went forward slowly, apparently quite confident, and yet cautious about the stones in his path.

I now began to speculate upon the distance I had come. I thought,—“It is some time since we started. Head-quarters were only five miles off. I rode fast at first. It is strange there are no campfires in sight.”

Time is measured by sensation, and with me minutes were drawn out into hours. “Surely, it is midnight. I have been here three hours at the least. The road must have forked, and I have gone the wrong way. The most sagacious of horses could not be expected to know which of two roads to take. There is nothing to be done. I am in for the night, and had better stay here than go farther in the wrong direction.”

I dismount, fill my pipe, and strike a light. I laugh at my thoughtlessness, and another match is lighted to look at.

my watch, which tells me I have been on the road precisely twenty minutes. I mount. Spitfire seems quite composed, perhaps a little astonished at the unusual conduct of his rider, but he walks on composedly, carefully avoiding the rolling stones.

It is not a pleasant situation, — on a prairie alone and at night, not knowing where you are going or where you ought to go. Zimmermann himself never imagined a solitude more complete, albeit such a situation is not so favorable to philosophic meditation as the rapt Zimmermann might suppose. I employ my thoughts as well as I am able, and pin my faith to the sagacity of Spitfire. Presently a light gleams in front of me. It is only a flickering, uncertain ray; perhaps some belated teamster is urging his reluctant mules to camp and has lighted his lantern. No, — there are sparks; it is a camp-fire. I hearken for the challenge, not without solicitude; for it is about as dangerous to approach a nervous sentinel as to charge a battery. I do not hear the stern inquiry, "Who comes there?" At last I am abreast of the fire, and myself call out, —

"Who is there?"

"We are travellers," is the reply.

What this meant I did not know. What travellers are there through this distracted, war-worn region? Are they fugitives from Price, or traitors flying before us? I am not in sufficient force to capture half a dozen men, and if they are foes, it is not worth while to be too inquisitive; so I continue on my way, and they and their fire are soon enveloped by the night. Presently I see another light in the far distance. This must be a picket, for there are soldiers. I look around for the sentry, not quite sure whether I am to be challenged or shot; but again I am permitted to approach unquestioned. I call out, —

"Who is there?"

"Men of Colonel Carr's regiment."

"What are you doing here?"

"We are guarding some of our wagons which were left here. Our regiment

has gone forward at a half-hour's notice to reinforce Zagonyi," said a sergeant, rising and saluting me.

"But is there no sentry here?" I asked.

"There was one, but he has been withdrawn," replied the sergeant.

"Where are head-quarters?"

"At the first house on your right, about a hundred yards farther up the road," he said, pointing in the direction I was going.

It was strange that I could ride up to within pistol-shot of head-quarters without being challenged. I soon reached the house. A sentry stood at the gate. I tied my horse to the fence, and walked into the Adjutant's tent. I had passed by night from one division of the army to another, along the public road, and entered head-quarters without being questioned. Twenty-five bold men might have carried off the General. I at once reported these facts to Colonel E.; inquiry was made, and it was found that some one had blundered.

There is no report from Springfield. Zagonyi sent back for reinforcements before he reached the town, and Carr's cavalry, with two light field-pieces, have been sent forward. Captain R., my companion this afternoon, has also gone to learn what he may. While I am writing up my journal, a group of officers is around the fire in front of the tent. They are talking about Zagonyi and the Guard. We are all feverish with anxiety.

*October 26th.* This morning I was awakened by loud cheers from the camp of the Benton Cadets. My servant came at my call.

"What are those cheers for, Dan?"

"The Body-Guard has won a great victory, Sir! They have beaten the Rebels, driven them out of Springfield, and killed over a hundred of them. The news came late last night, and the General has issued an order which has just been read to the Cadets."

The joyful words had hardly reached my eager ears when shouts were heard from the sharpshooters. They have got the news. In an instant the camp is



astir. Half-dressed, the officers rush from their tents,—servants leave their work, cooks forget breakfast,—they gather together, and breathless drink in the delicious story. We hear how the brave Guard, finding the foe three times as strong as had been reported, resolved to go on, in spite of odds, for their own honor and the honor of our General,—how Zagonyi led the onset,—how with cheers and shouts of “Union and Fremont,” the noble fellows rushed upon the foe as gayly as boys at play,—what deeds of daring were done,—that Zagonyi, Foley, Maythenyi, Newhall, Treikel, Goff, and Kennedy shone heroes in the fray,—how gallantly the Guards had fought, and how gloriously they had died. These things we heard, feasting upon every word, and interrupting the fervid recital with involuntary exclamations of sympathy and joy.

It did not fall to the fortune of the writer to take part with the Body-Guard in their memorable attack, but, as the Judge-Advocate of a Court of Inquiry into that affair, which was held at Springfield immediately after our arrival there, I became familiar with the field and the incidents of the battle. I trust it will not be regarded as an inexcusable digression, if I recite the facts connected with the engagement, which, as respects the odds encountered, the heroism displayed, and the importance of its results, is still the most remarkable encounter of the war.

#### THE BODY-GUARD AT SPRINGFIELD.

It may not be out of place to say a few words as to the character and organization of the Guard.

Among the foreign officers whom the fame of General Fremont drew around him was Charles Zagonyi,—an Hungarian refugee, but long a resident of this country. In his boyhood, Zagonyi had plunged into the passionate, but unavailing, struggle which Hungary made for her liberty. He at once attracted the attention of General Bem, and was by him placed in command of a picked company of cavalry. In one of the desperate en-

gagements of the war, Zagonyi led a charge upon a large artillery force. More than half of his men were slain. He was wounded and taken prisoner. Two years passed before he could exchange an Austrian dungeon for American exile.

General Fremont welcomed Zagonyi cordially, and authorized him to recruit a company of horse, to act as his body-guard. Zagonyi was most scrupulous in his selection; but so ardent was the desire to serve under the eye and near the person of the General, that in five days after the lists were opened two full companies were enlisted. Soon after a whole company, composed of the very flower of the youth of Kentucky, tendered its services, and requested to be added to the Guard. Zagonyi was still overwhelmed with applications, and he obtained permission to recruit a fourth company. The fourth company, however, did not go with us into the field. The men were clad in blue jackets, trousers, and caps. They were armed with light German sabres, the best that at that time could be procured, and revolvers; besides which, the first company carried carbines. They were mounted upon bay horses, carefully chosen from the Government stables. Zagonyi had but little time to instruct his recruits, but in less than a month from the commencement of the enlistments the Body-Guard was a well-disciplined and most efficient corps of cavalry. The officers were all Americans except three,—one Hollander, and two Hungarians, Zagonyi and Lieutenant Maythenyi, who came to the United States during his boyhood.

Zagonyi left our camp at eight o'clock on the evening of the twenty-fourth, with about a hundred and sixty men, the remainder of the Guard being left at headquarters under the command of a non-commissioned officer.

Major White was already on his way to Springfield with his squadron. This young officer, hardly twenty-one years old, had won great reputation for energy and zeal while a captain of infantry in a New-York regiment stationed at Fort



**Monroe.** He there saw much hazardous scouting-service, and had been in a number of small engagements. In the West he held a position upon General Fremont's staff, with the rank of Major. While at Jefferson City, by permission of the General, he had organized a battalion to act as scouts and rangers, composed of two companies of the Third Illinois Cavalry, under Captains Fairbanks and Kehoe, and a company of Irish dragoons, Captain Naughton, which had been recruited for Mulligan's brigade, but had not joined Mulligan in time to be at Lexington.

Major White went to Georgetown in advance of the whole army, from there marched sixty-five miles in one night to Lexington, surprised the garrison, liberated a number of Federal officers who were there wounded and prisoners, and captured the steamers which Price had taken from Mulligan. From Lexington White came by way of Warrensburg to Warsaw. During this long and hazardous expedition, the Prairie Scouts had been without tents, and dependent for food upon the supplies they could take from the enemy.

Major White did not remain at Warsaw to recruit his health, seriously impaired by hardship and exposure. He asked for further service, and was directed to report himself to General Sigel, by whom he was ordered to make a reconnaissance in the direction of Springfield.

After a rapid night-march, Zagonyi overtook White, and assumed command of the whole force. White was quite ill, and, unable to stay in the saddle, was obliged to follow in a carriage. In the morning, yielding to the request of Zagonyi, he remained at a farm-house where the troop had halted for refreshment, — it being arranged that he should rest an hour or two, come on in his carriage with a small escort, and overtake Zagonyi before he reached Springfield. The Prairie Scouts numbered one hundred and thirty, so that the troop was nearly three hundred strong.

The day was fine, the road good, and the little column pushed on merrily, hoping to surprise the enemy. When within two hours' march of the town, they met a Union farmer of the neighborhood, who told Zagonyi that a large body of Rebels had arrived at Springfield the day before, on their way to reinforce Price, and that the enemy were now two thousand strong. Zagonyi would have been justified, if he had turned back. But the Guard had been made the subject of much malicious remark, and had brought ridicule upon the General. Should they retire now, a storm of abuse would burst upon them. Zagonyi therefore took no counsel of prudence. He could not hope to defeat and capture the foe, but he might surprise them, dash into their camp, destroy their train, and, as he expressed it, "disturb their sleep," — obtaining a victory which, for its moral effects, would be worth the sacrifices it cost. His daring resolve found unanimous and ardent assent with his zealous followers.

The Union farmer offered to guide Zagonyi by a circuitous route to the rear of the Rebel position, and under his guidance he left the main road about five miles from Springfield.

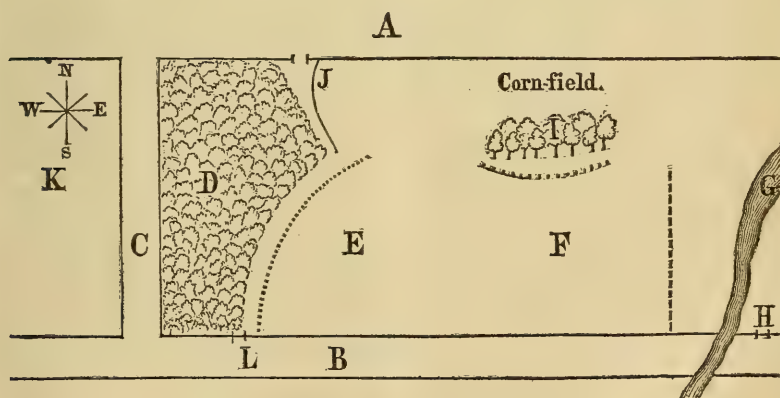
After an hour of repose, White set out in pursuit of his men, driving his horses at a gallop. He knew nothing of the change in Zagonyi's plans, and supposed the attack was to be made upon the front of the town. He therefore continued upon the main road, expecting every minute to overtake the column. As he drew near the village, and heard and saw nothing of Zagonyi, he supposed the enemy had left the place and the Federals had taken it without opposition. The approach to Springfield from the north is through a forest, and the village cannot be seen until its outskirts are reached. A sudden turn in the road brought White into the very midst of a strong Rebel guard. They surrounded him, seized his horses, and in an instant he and his companions were prisoners. When they learned his rank, they danced around him like a pack of savages,

shouting and holding their cocked pieces at his heart. The leader of the party had a few days before lost a brother in a skirmish with Wyman's force, and with loud oaths he swore that the Federal Major should die in expiation of his brother's death. He was about to carry his inhuman threat into execution, Major White boldly facing him and saying, "If my men were here, I'd give you all the revenge you want." At this moment a young officer, Captain Wroton by name, — of whom more hereafter, — pressed through the throng, and, placing himself in front of White, declared that he would protect the prisoner with his own life. The firm bearing of Wroton saved the Major's life, but his captors robbed him and hurried him to their camp, where he remained during the fight, exposed to the hottest of the fire, an excited, but helpless spectator of the stirring events which followed. He promised his generous protector that he would not attempt to escape, unless his men should try to rescue

him; but Captain Wroton remained by his side, guarding him.

Making a *détour* of twelve miles, Zagonyi approached the position of the enemy. They were encamped half a mile west of Springfield, upon a hill which sloped to the east. Along the northern side of their camp was a broad and well-travelled road; along the southern side a narrow lane ran down to a brook at the foot of the hill: the space between, about three hundred yards broad, was the field of battle. Along the west side of the field, separating it from the county fair-ground, was another lane, connecting the main road and the first-mentioned lane. The side of the hill was clear, but its summit, which was broad and flat, was covered with a rank growth of small timber, so dense as to be impervious to horse.

The following diagram, drawn from memory, will illustrate sufficiently well the shape of the ground, and the position of the respective forces.



- A, Road leading into the village.
- B, Lane down which Zagonyi came.
- C, Lane where Fairbanks led his men.
- D, Dense woods covering the summit of the hill.
- E, Crest of the hill and clear land.
- F, Hill-side up which the Guard charged.
- G, Brook at the foot of the hill.
- H, Place where the Guard entered.
- I, Small patch of woods in front of which the enemy's horse were stationed.
- J, Gate through which the Rebels fled, Zagonyi pursuing.
- K, Fair-ground into which some of the enemy fled.
- L, Place where Foley took down the fence.

..... Rebels.  
 ----- U. S. Troops.

The foe were advised of the intended attack. When Major White was brought into their camp, they were preparing to defend their position. As appears from the confessions of prisoners, they had twenty-two hundred men, of whom four hundred were cavalry, the rest being infantry, armed with shot-guns, American rifles, and revolvers. Twelve hundred of their foot were posted along the edge of the wood upon the crest of the hill. The cavalry was stationed upon the extreme left, on top of a spur of the hill and in front of a patch of timber. Sharpshooters were concealed behind the trees close to the fence along-side the lane, and a small number in some underbrush near the foot of the hill. Another detachment guarded their train, holding possession of the county fair-ground, which was surrounded by a high board-fence.

This position was unassailable by cavalry from the road, the only point of attack being down the lane on the right; and the enemy were so disposed as to command this approach perfectly. The lane was a blind one, being closed, after passing the brook, by fences and ploughed land: it was in fact a *cul-de-sac*. If the infantry should stand, nothing could save the rash assailants. There are horsemen sufficient to sweep the little band before them, as helplessly as the withered forest-leaves in the grasp of the autumn winds; there are deadly marksmen lying behind the trees upon the heights and lurking in the long grass upon the lowlands; while a long line of foot stand upon the summit of the slope, who, only stepping a few paces back into the forest, may defy the boldest riders. Yet, down this narrow lane, leading into the very jaws of death, came the three hundred.

On the prairie, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider. To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then, drawing up in front of his men, with a

voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke:—

"Fellow-soldiers, comrades, brothers This is your first battle. For our three hundred, the enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back." He paused; no one was sick or tired. "We must not retreat. Our honor, the honor of our General and our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, '*The Union and Fremont!*' Draw sabre! By the right flank,—quick trot,—march!"

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every lip, and with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept on to its deadly purpose. Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts,—what visions of peaceful cottages nestling among the groves of Kentucky or shining upon the banks of the Ohio and the Illinois,—what sad recollections of tearful farewells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during those fearful moments of suspense? No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clenching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clang of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each brave rider and each straining steed members of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

"'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array."

They pass the fair-ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half-way past the forest, when, sharp and loud, a volley of musketry bursts up-



on the head of the column; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The farther corner of the wood is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The Rebels are not surprised. There to his left they stand crowning the height, foot and horse ready to engulf him, if he shall be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do,—run the gantlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge up the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his sabre over his head, and shouting, "Forward! follow me! quick trot! gallop!" he dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company and most of the second follow. From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets; the poor fellows clutch wildly at the air and fall from their saddles, and maddened horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked; farther down the hill they fly, like wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out of the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under the shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looks around him, and to his horror sees that only a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, "They do not come,—we are lost!" and frantically waves his sabre.

He has not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the Guard was not from hesitation. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood and saw the enemy's line, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some of his men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the wood so dense that it could not be penetrated. Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi's sabre, and at once gave the order, "Forward!" At the same time, Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Ken-

tuckian, shouted, "Come on, boys! remember Old Kentucky!" and the third company of the Guard, fire on every side of them,—from behind trees, from under the fences,—with thundering strides and loud cheers, poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have lost seventy dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm and lies upon the stones, his faithful charger standing motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; he kept his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them yet!"

The remnant of the Guard are now in the field under the hill, and from the shape of the ground the Rebel fire sweeps with the roar of a whirlwind over their heads. Here we will leave them for a moment, and trace the fortunes of the Prairie Scouts.

When Foley brought his troop to a halt, Captain Fairbanks, at the head of the first company of Scouts, was at the point where the first volley of musketry had been received. The narrow lane was crowded by a dense mass of struggling horses, and filled with the tumult of battle. Captain Fairbanks says, and he is corroborated by several of his men who were near, that at this moment an officer of the Guard rode up to him and said, "They are flying; take your men down that lane and cut off their retreat,"—pointing to the lane at the left. Captain Fairbanks was not able to identify the person who gave this order. It certainly did not come from Zagonyi, who was several hundred yards farther on. Captain Fairbanks executed the order, followed by the second company of Prairie Scouts, under Captain Kehoe. When this movement was made, Captain Naughton, with the Third Irish Dragoons, had not reached the corner of the lane. He came up at a gallop, and was about to follow Fairbanks, when he saw a Guardsman who pointed in the direction in which Zagonyi had gone. He took this for an order, and obeyed it. When he reached

the gap in the fence, made by Foley, not seeing anything of the Guard, he supposed they had passed through at that place, and gallantly attempted to follow. Thirteen men fell in a few minutes. He was shot in the arm and dismounted. Lieutenant Connolly spurred into the underbrush and received two balls through the lungs and one in the left shoulder. The Dragoons, at the outset not more than fifty strong, were broken, and, dispirited by the loss of their officers, retired. A sergeant rallied a few and brought them up to the gap again, and they were again driven back. Five of the boldest passed down the hill, joined Zagonyi, and were conspicuous by their valor during the rest of the day. — Fairbanks and Kehoe, having gained the rear and left of the enemy's position, made two or three assaults upon detached parties of the foe, but did not join in the main attack.

I now return to the Guard. It is forming under the shelter of the hill. In front with a gentle inclination rises a grassy slope broken by occasional tree-stumps. A line of fire upon the summit marks the position of the Rebel infantry, and nearer and on the top of a lower eminence to the right stand their horse. Up to this time no Guardsman has struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody lane. Their time has come. Lieutenant Maythenyi with thirty men is ordered to attack the cavalry. With sabres flashing over their heads, the little band of heroes spring towards their tremendous foe. Right upon the centre they charge. The dense mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole Rebel squadron scatter in disgraceful flight through the cornfields in the rear. The bays follow them, sabring the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick among the uncut corn.

Zagonyi holds his main body until Maythenyi disappears in the cloud of Rebel cavalry; then his voice rises through the air, — "In open order, — charge!" The line opens out to give play to their sword-arm. Steeds respond to the ardor of their riders, and quick as thought, with

thrilling cheers, the noble hearts rush into the leaden torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows press through. Their fierce onset is not even checked. The foe do not wait for them, — they waver, break, and fly. The Guardsmen spur into the midst of the rout, and their fast-falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the boldest of the Southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from behind trees and thickets. Seven Guard horses fall upon a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught around the shoulders by a grape-vine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is cut down by his friends.

The Rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the fair-ground, some hurry into the cornfield, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the village. The Guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle rings his clarion voice, — "Come on, Old Kentuck! I'm with you!" And the flash of his sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches a barn, a man steps from behind the door and lowers his rifle; but before it has reached the level, Zagonyi's sabre-point descends upon his head, and his life-blood leaps to the very top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now rages through the village, — in the public square, and along the streets. Up and down the Guards ride in squads of three or four, and wherever they see a group of the enemy charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand. No one but has a share in the fray.

There was at least one soldier in the Southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charges alone upon a large body of the Guard. He passes through the line unscathed, killing one man. He wheels, charges back, and again breaks through, killing another man. A third time he rushes upon the Federal line,

a score of sabre-points confront him, a cloud of bullets fly around him, but he pushes on until he reaches Zagonyi, — he presses his pistol so close to the Major's side that he feels it and draws convulsively back, the bullet passes through the front of Zagonyi's coat, who at the instant runs the daring Rebel through the body, he falls, and the men, thinking their commander hurt, kill him with half a dozen wounds.

"He was a brave man," said Zagonyi afterwards, "and I did wish to make him prisoner."

Meanwhile it has grown dark. The foe have left the village and the battle has ceased. The assembly is sounded, and the Guard gathers in the *Plaza*. Not more than eighty mounted men appear: the rest are killed, wounded, or unhorsed. At this time one of the most characteristic incidents of the affair took place.

Just before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but darted off with Lieutenant Maythenyi. A few moments afterwards he was observed in another part of the field vigorously pursuing the flying infantry. His active form was always seen in the thickest of the fight. When the line was formed in the *Plaza*, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him said, "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the Guard. I dismiss you." The bugler showed his bugle to his indignant commander; — the mouth-piece of the instrument was shot away. He said, "The mouth was shoot off. I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and sabre." It is unnecessary to add, the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

I must not forget to mention Sergeant Hunter, of the Kentucky company. His soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the Guard. He had served in the regular cavalry, and the Body-Guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill-master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was

killed, he caught another from the Rebels: the third horse taken by him in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The Sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those I shot," said he, — "another may have hit them; but those I touched with my sabre I am sure of, because I *felt* them."

At the beginning of the charge, he came to the extreme right and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The Major, seeing him, said, —

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in the front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterwards.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds, — none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot-holes.

It was now nine o'clock. The wounded had been carried to the hospital. The dismounted troopers were placed in charge of them, — in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired before morning twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

Captain Fairbanks did not see his commander after leaving the column in the lane, at the commencement of the engagement. About dusk he repaired to the prairie, and remained there within a mile of the village until midnight, when he followed Zagonyi, rejoining him in the morning.



I will now return to Major White. During the conflict upon the hill, he was in the forest near the front of the Rebel line. Here his horse was shot under him. Captain Wroton kept careful watch over him. When the flight began he hurried White away, and, accompanied by a squad of eleven men, took him ten miles into the country. They stopped at a farm-house for the night. White discovered that their host was a Union man. His parole having expired, he took advantage of the momentary absence of his captor to speak to the farmer, telling him who he was, and asking him to send for assistance. The countryman mounted his son upon his swiftest horse, and sent him for succor. The party lay down by the fire, White being placed in the midst. The Rebels were soon asleep, but there was no sleep for the Major. He listened anxiously for the footsteps of his rescuers. After long, weary hours, he heard the tramp of horses. He arose, and walking on tiptoe, cautiously stepping over his sleeping guards, he reached the door and silently unfastened it. The Union men rushed into the room and took the astonished Wroton and his followers prisoners. At daybreak White rode into Springfield at the head of his captives and a motley band of Home-Guards. He found the Federals still in possession of the place. As the officer of highest rank, he took command. His garrison consisted of twenty-four men. He stationed twenty-two of them as pickets in the outskirts of the village, and held the other two as a *reserve*. At noon the enemy sent in a flag of truce, and asked permission to bury their dead. Major White received the flag with proper ceremony, but said that General Sigel was in command and the request would have to be referred to him. Sigel was then forty miles away. In a short time a written communication purporting to come from General Sigel, saying that the Rebels might send a party under certain restrictions to bury their dead, White

drew in some of his pickets, stationed them about the field, and under their surveillance the Southern dead were buried.

The loss of the enemy, as reported by some of their working party, was one hundred and sixteen killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hill-side, some of the foe had returned to the field, taken away their wounded, and robbed our dead. The loss of the Guard was fifty-three out of one hundred and forty-eight actually engaged; twelve men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train. The Prairie Scouts reported a loss of thirty-one out of one hundred and thirty: half of these belonged to the Irish Dragoons. In a neighboring field an Irishman was found stark and stiff, still clinging to the hilt of his sword, which was thrust through the body of a Rebel who lay beside him. Within a few feet a second Rebel lay, shot through the head.

I have given a statement of this affair drawn from the testimony taken before a Court of Inquiry, from conversations with men who were engaged upon both sides, and from a careful examination of the locality. It was the first essay of raw troops, and yet there are few more brilliant achievements in history.

It is humiliating to be obliged to tell what followed. The heroism of the Guard was rewarded by such treatment as we blush to record. Upon their return to St. Louis, rations and forage were denied them, the men were compelled to wear the clothing soiled and torn in battle, they were promptly disbanded, and the officers retired from service. The swords which pricked the clouds and let the joyful sunshine of victory into the darkness of constant defeat are now idle. But the fame of the Guard is secure. Out from that fiery baptism they came children of the nation, and American song and story will carry their heroic triumph down to the latest generation.

## MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

J. R. Lowell.

To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Jaalam, 6<sup>th</sup> Jan., 1862.

GENTLEMEN, — I was highly gratified by the insertion of a portion of my letter in the last number of your valuable and entertaining Miscellany, though in a type which rendered its substance inaccessible even to the beautiful new spectacles presented to me by a Committee of the Parish on New-Year's Day. I trust that I was able to bear your very considerable abridgment of my lucubrations with a spirit becoming a Christian. My third grand-daughter, Rebekah, aged fourteen years, and whom I have trained to read slowly and with proper emphasis, (a practice too much neglected in our modern systems of education,) read aloud to me the excellent essay upon "Old Age," the authour of which I cannot help suspecting to be a young man who has never yet known what it was to have snow (*canities morosa*) upon his own roof. *Dissolve frigus, large super foco ligna reponens*, is a rule for the young, whose wood-pile is yet abundant for such cheerful lenitives. A good life behind him is the best thing to keep an old man's shoulders from shivering at every breath of sorrow or ill-fortune. But methinks it were easier for an old man to feel the disadvantages of youth than the advantages of age. Of these latter I reckon one of the chiefest to be this: that we attach a less inordinate value to our own productions, and, distrusting daily more and more our own wisdom, (with the conceit whereof at twenty we wrap ourselves away from knowledge as with a garment,) do reconcile ourselves with the wisdom of God. I could have wished, indeed, that room might have been made for the residue of the anecdote relating to Deacon Tinkham, which would not only have gratified a natural curiosity on the part of the publick, (as I have reason to know from several letters of inquiry already received,) but would also, as I think, have largely increased the circulation of your Magazine in this town. *Nihil humani alienum*, there is a curiosity about the affairs of our neighbours which is not only pardonable, but even commendable. But I shall abide a more fitting season.

As touching the following literary effort of Esquire Biglow, much might be profitably said on the topick of Idyllick and Pastoral Poetry, and concerning the proper distinctions to be made between them, from Theocritus, the inventor of the former, to Collins, the latest authour I know of who has emulated the classicks in the latter style. But in the time of a civil war worthy a Milton to defend and a Lucan to sing, it may be reasonably doubted whether the publick, never too studious of serious instruction, might not consider other objects more deserving of present attention. Concerning the title of Idyll, which Mr. Biglow has adopted at my suggestion, it may not be improper to animadvert, that the name properly signifies a poem somewhat rustick in phrase, (for, though the learned are not agreed as to the particular dialect employed by Theocritus, they are univarsanamous both as to its rusticity and its capacity of rising now and then to the level of more elevated sentiments and expressions,) while it is also descriptive of real scenery and manners. Yet it must be admitted that the production now in question (which here and there bears perhaps too plainly the marks of my correcting hand) does partake of the nature of a Pastoral, inasmuch as the interlocutors therein are purely imaginary beings, and the whole is little better than *καπνοῦ σκιῶς ὄντα*. The plot was, as I believe, suggested by the "Twa Briggs" of Robert Burns, a Scottish poet of the last century, as that found its prototype in the "Mutual Complaint of Plainstanes and Causey" by Fergusson, though the metre of this latter be different by a foot in each verse. I reminded my talented young parishioner and friend that Concord Bridge had long since yielded to the edacious tooth of Time. But he answered me to this effect: that there was no greater mistake of an authour than to suppose the reader had no fancy of his own; that, if once that faculty was to be called into activity, it were *better* to be in for the whole sheep than the shoulder; and that he knew Concord like a book, — an expression questionable in propriety, since there are few things with which he is not more familiar than with the printed page. In proof of what he affirmed, he showed me some verses which with others he had stricken out as too much delaying the action, but which I communicate in this place because they rightly define "punkin-seed," (which Mr. Bartlett would have a kind of perch, — a creature to which I have found a rod or pole not to be so easily equivalent in our inland waters as in the books of arithmetic,) and because it conveys an eulogium on the worthy son of an excellent father, with whose acquaintance (*cheu, fugaces anni!*) I was formerly honoured.

"But nowadays the Bridge ain't wut they show,  
So much ez Em'son, Hawthorne, an' Thoreau.

I know the village, though: was sent there once  
 A-schoolin', coz to home I played the dunce;  
 An' I 've ben sence a-visitin' the Jedge,  
 Whose garding whispers with the river's edge,  
 Where I 've sot mornin's, lazy as the bream,  
 Whose only business is to head up-stream,  
 (We call 'em punkin-seed,) or else in chat  
 Along 'th the Jedge, who covers with his hat  
 More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense  
 Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence."

Concerning the subject-matter of the verses I have not the leisure at present to write so fully as I could wish, my time being occupied with the preparation of a discourse for the forthcoming bi-centenary celebration of the first settlement of Jaalam East Parish. It may gratify the public interest to mention the circumstance, that my investigations to this end have enabled me to verify the fact (of much historic importance, and hitherto hotly debated) that Shearjashub Tarbox was the first child of white parentage born in this town, being named in his father's will under date August 7<sup>th</sup>, or 9<sup>th</sup>, 1662. It is well known that those who advocate the claims of Mehetable Goings are unable to find any trace of her existence prior to October of that year. As respects the settlement of the Mason and Slidell question, Mr. Biglow has not incorrectly stated the popular sentiment, so far as I can judge by its expression in this locality. For myself, I feel more sorrow than resentment; for I am old enough to have heard those talk of England who still, even after the unhappy estrangement, could not unschool their lips from calling her the Mother-Country. But England has insisted on ripping up old wounds, and has undone the healing work of fifty years; for nations do not reason, they only feel, and the *sprete injuria formæ* rankles in their minds as bitterly as in that of a woman. And because this is so, I feel the more satisfaction that our Government has acted (as all Governments should, standing as they do between the people and their passions) as if it had arrived at years of discretion. There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language, (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues,) but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are, *I was wrong*; and I am proud, that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from below and wisdom enough from above to quit themselves like men. Let us strengthen the hands of those in authority over us, and curb our own tongues,\* remembering that General Wait commonly proves in the end more than a match for General Headlong, and that the Good Book ascribes safety to a multitude, indeed, but not to a mob, of counsellours. Let us remember and perpend the words of Paulus Emilius to the people of Rome: that, "if they judged they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield up his charge; but if they confided in him, *they were not to make themselves his colleagues in his office, or raise reports, or criticize his actions, but, without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war; for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render this expedition more ridiculous than the former.*" (*Vide Plutarchum in vitâ P. E.*) Let us also not forget what the same excellent authour says concerning Perseus's fear of spending money, and not permit the covetousness of Brother Jonathan to be the good-fortune of Jefferson Davis. For my own part, till I am ready to admit the Commander-in-Chief to my pulpit, I shall abstain from planning his battles. Patience is the armour of a nation; and in our desire for peace, let us never be willing to surrender the Constitution bequeathed us by fathers at least as wise as ourselves, (even with Jefferson Davis to help us,) and, with those degenerate Romans, *tuta et presentia quam vetera et periculosa malle.*

With respect,

Your obt<sup>h</sup> humble servt,

HOMER WILBUR, A. M.

\* And not only our own tongues, but the pens of others, which are swift to convey useful intelligence to the enemy. This is no new inconvenience; for, under date 3<sup>rd</sup> June, 1745, General Pepperell wrote thus to Governour Shirley from Louisbourg:—"What your Excellency observes of the *army's being made acquainted with any plans proposed, until ready to be put in execution*, has always been disagreeable to me, and I have given many cautions relating to it. But when your Excellency considers that *our Council of War consists of more than twenty members*, am persuaded you will think it *impossible for me to hinder it*, if any of them will persist in communicating to inferior officers and soldiers what ought to be kept secret. I am informed that the Boston newspapers are filled with paragraphs from private letters relating to the expedition. Will your Excellency permit me to say I think it may be of ill consequence? Would it not be convenient, if your Excellency should forbid the Printers' inserting such news?" Verily, if *tempora mutantur*, we may question the *et nos mutamur in illis*; and if tongues be leaky, it will need all hands at the pumps to save the Ship of State. Our history dates and repeats itself. If Sassyus (rather than Alcibiades) find a parallel in Beauregard, so Weakwash, as he is called by the brave Lieutenant Lion Gardiner, need not seek far among our own Sachems for his antitype.



I LOVE to start out arter night 's begun,  
 An' all the chores about the farm are done,  
 The critters milked an' foddered, gates shet fast,  
 Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper past,  
 An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene lamp, —  
 I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,  
 To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,  
 An' kind o' rack my life off from the dregs  
 Thet 's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch  
 Of folks thet foller in one rut too much :  
 Hard work is good an' wholesome, past all doubt;  
 But 't ain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered out.

Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you know,  
 There 's certin spots where I like best to go :  
 The Concord road, for instance, (I, for one,  
 Most gin'ly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*,) —  
 The field o' Lexin'ton, where England tried  
 The fastest colors thet she ever dyed, —  
 An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he came,  
 Found was the bee-line track to heaven an' fame, —  
 Ez all roads be by natur', ef your soul  
 Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so 's to save the toll.

They 're 'most too fur away, take too much time  
 To visit often, ef it ain't in rhyme ;  
 But there 's a walk thet 's hendier, a sight,  
 An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's night, —  
 I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect Hill.  
 I love to loiter there while night grows still,  
 An' in the twinklin' villages about,  
 Fust here, then there, the well-saved lights goes out,  
 An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,  
 Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,  
 Where some wise rooster (men act jest thet way)  
 Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the break o' day :  
 So Mister Seward sticks a three-months pin  
 Where the war 'd oughto end, then tries agin ; —  
 My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow :  
*Don't never prophesy — unless ye know.*

I love to muse there till it kind o' seems  
 Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in dreams.  
 The Northwest wind thet twitches at my baird  
 Blows out o' sturdier days not easy scared,  
 An' the same moon thet this December shines  
 Starts out the tents an' booths o' Putnam's lines ;  
 The rail-fence posts, acrost the hill thet runs,  
 Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin' ghosts o' guns ;  
 Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash o' light  
 Along the firelock won at Concord Fight,  
 An' 'twixt the silences, now fur, now nigh,  
 Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low reply.

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,  
 Mixin' the perfect with the present tense,  
 I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,  
 Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell where:  
 Voices I call 'em: 't was a kind o' sough  
 Like pine-trees thet the wind is geth'r'in' through;  
 An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind a spell, —  
 Then some misdoubted, — could n't fairly tell, —  
 Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold an eel, —  
 I knowed, an' did n't, — fin'ly seemed to feel  
 'T was Concord Bridge a-talkin' off to kill  
 With the Stone Spike thet 's druv thru Bunker Hill:  
 Whether 't was so, or ef I only dreamed,  
 I could n't say; I tell it ez it seemed.

## THE BRIDGE.

Wal, neighbor, tell us, wut 's turned up thet 's new?  
 You 're younger 'n I be, — nigher Boston, tu;  
 An' down to Boston, ef you take their showin',  
 Wut they don't know ain't hardly wuth the knowin'.  
 There 's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know: las' night  
 The British sogers killed in our gret fight  
 (Nigh fifty year they hed n't stirred nor spoke)  
 Made sech a coil you 'd thought a dam hed broke:  
 Why, one he up an' beat a revellee  
 With his own crossbones on a holler tree,  
 Till all the graveyards swarmed out like a hive  
 With faces I hain't seen sence Seventy-five.  
 Wut *is* the news? 'T ain't good, or they 'd be cheerin'.  
 Speak slow an' clear, for I 'm some hard o' hearin'.

## THE MONIMENT.

I don't know hardly ef it 's good or bad, —

## THE BRIDGE.

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we 've had.

## THE MONIMENT.

You know them envys thet the Rebbles sent,  
 An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the Trent?

## THE BRIDGE.

Wut! hev they hanged 'em? Then their wits is gone!  
 Thet 's a sure way to make a goose a swan!

## THE MONIMENT.

No: England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee, Faw, Fum!*  
 (Ez though she hed n't fools enough to home,)  
 So they 've returned 'em —

## THE BRIDGE.

*Hev* they? Wal, by heaven,  
 Thet 's the wust news I 've heerd sence Seventy-seven!

By George, I meant to say, though I declare  
It's 'most enough to make a deacon swear.

## THE MONIMENT.

Now don't go off half-cock : folks never gains  
By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains.  
Come, neighbor, you don't understand —

## THE BRIDGE.

How? Hey?

Not understand? Why, wut's to hender, pray?  
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap  
To tell me when my face hez hed a slap?

## THE MONIMENT.

See here : the British they found out a flaw  
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law :  
( They *make* all laws, you know, an' so, o' course,  
It's nateral they should understand their force : )  
He 'd oughto took the vessel into port,  
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court ;  
She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer, tu,  
An' thet, they say, hez changed the pint o' view,  
Coz the old practice, bein' meant for sails,  
Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o' fails ;  
You *may* take out despatches, but you mus' n't  
Take nary man —

## THE BRIDGE.

You mean to say, you dus' n't !  
Changed pint o' view ! No, no, — it's overboard  
With law an' gospel, when their ox is gored !  
I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,  
Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest hand.*"  
Take nary man ? Fine preachin' from *her* lips !  
Why, she hez taken hunderds from our ships,  
An' would agin, an' swear she hed a right to,  
Ef we warn't strong enough to be perlite to.  
Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,  
England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind :  
It's you 're the sinner ollers, she 's the saint ;  
Wut's good 's all English, all thet is n't ain't ;  
Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,  
An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must ;  
She 's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks  
There ain't no light in Natur when she winks ;  
Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments in her pus ?  
Could the world stir 'thout she went, tu, ez nus ?  
She ain't like other mortals, thet 's a fact :  
*She* never stopped the habus-corpus act,  
Nor specie payments, nor she never yet  
Cut down the int'rest on her public debt ;



*She* don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed,  
 An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should secede;  
*She* 's all thet 's honest, honnable, an' fair,  
 An' when the vartooos died they made her heir.

## THE MONIMENT.

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never make a right;  
 Ef we 're mistaken, own it, an' don't fight:  
 For gracious' sake, hain't we enough to du  
 'Thout gittin' up a fight with England, tu?  
*She* thinks we 're rabble-rid —

## THE BRIDGE

An' so we can't  
 Distinguish 'twixt *You ought n't* an' *You shan't*!  
*She* jedges by herself; *she* 's no idear  
 How 't stiddies folks to give 'em their fair sheer:  
 The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain 's a steeple,—  
 Her People 's turned to Mob, our Mob 's turned People.

## THE MONIMENT.

*She* 's riled jes' now —

## THE BRIDGE.

Plain proof her cause ain't strong, —  
 The one thet fust gits mad 's most ollers wrong.

## THE MONIMENT.

You 're ollers quick to set your back aridge, —  
 Though 't suits a tom-cat more 'n a sober bridge:  
 Don't you git het: they thought the thing was planned;  
 They 'll cool off when they come to understand.

## THE BRIDGE.

Ef *thet* 's wut you expect, you 'll hev to wait:  
 Folks never understand the folks they hate:  
*She* 'll fin' some other grievance jest ez good,  
 'Fore the month 's out, to git misunderstood.  
 England cool off! *She* 'll do it, ef *she* sees  
*She* 's run her head into a swarm o' bees.  
 I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose:  
 I hev thought England was the best thet goes;  
 Remember, (no, you can't,) when *I* was reared,  
*God save the King* was all the tune you heerd:  
 But it 's enough to turn Wachuset roun',  
 This stumpin' fellers when you think they 're down.

## THE MONIMENT.

But, neighbor, ef they prove their claim at law,  
 The best way is to settle, an' not jaw.  
 An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the awfle bricks  
 We 'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in a fix:

That 'ere 's most frequently the kin' o' talk  
 Of critters can't be kicked to toe the chalk;  
 Your "You 'll see *nex* time!" an' "Look out bimeby!"  
 Most ollers ends in eatin' umble-pie.  
 'T wun't pay to scringe to England: will it pay  
 To fear thet meaner bully, old "They 'll say" ?  
 Suppose they *du* say: words are drefle bores,  
 But they ain't quite so bad ez seventy-fours.  
 Wut England wants is jest a wedge to fit  
 Where it 'll help to widen out our split:  
 She 's found her wedge, an' 't ain't for us to come  
 An' lend the beetle thet 's to drive it home.  
 For growed-up folks like us 't would be a scandle,  
 When we git sarsed, to fly right off the handle.  
 England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us blind:  
 Ef she can't change her skin, she can her mind;  
 An' you will see her change it double-quick,  
 Soon ez we 've proved thet we 're a-goin' to lick.  
 She an' Columby 's gut to be fas' friends;  
 For the world prospers by their privit ends:  
 'T would put the clock back all o' fifty years,  
 Ef they should fall together by the ears.

## THE BRIDGE.

You may be right; but hearken in your ear,—  
 I 'm older 'n you,—Peace wun't keep house with Fear:  
 Ef you want peace, the thing you 've gut to du  
 Is jest to show you 're up to fightin', tu.  
 I recollect how sailors' rights was won  
 Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun:  
 Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he  
 Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea;  
 You 'd thought he held by Gran'ther Adam's will,  
 An' ef you knuckle down, *he* 'll think so still.  
 Better thet all our ships an' all their crews  
 Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,  
 Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it went,  
 An' each dumb gun a brave man's monument,  
 Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave:  
 Give *me* the peace of dead men or of brave!

## THE MONIMENT.

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious Fourth:  
 You 'd oughto learned 'fore this wut talk wuz worth.  
 It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o' jint;  
 It 's England thet gives up her dearest pint.  
 We 've gut, I tell ye now, enough to du  
 In our own fem'ly fight, afore we 're thru.  
 I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sumter's shame,  
 When every flag-staff flapped its tethered flame,  
 An' all the people, startled from their doubt,  
 Come must'rin' to the flag with sech a shout,—

I hoped to see things settled 'fore this fall,  
 The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis hanged, an' all;  
 Then come Bull Run, an' sence then I've ben waitin'  
 Like boys in Jennooary thaw for skatin',  
 Nothin' to du but watch my shadder's trace  
 Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun' my base,  
 With daylight's flood an' ebb: it 's gittin' slow,  
 An' I 'most think we 'd better let 'em go.  
 I tell ye wut, this war 's a-goin' to cost —

## THE BRIDGE.

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost;  
 Taxes milks dry, but, neighbor, you 'll allow  
 Thet havin' things onsettled kills the cow:  
 We 've gut to fix this thing for good an' all;  
 It 's no use buildin' wut 's a-goin' to fall.  
 I 'm older 'n you, an' I 've seen things an' men,  
 An' here 's wut my experience hez ben:  
 Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet thrive,  
 But bad work follers ye ez long 's ye live;  
 You can't git red on 't; jest ez sure ez sin,  
 It 's ollers askin' to be done agin:  
 Ef we should part, it would n't be a week  
 'Fore your soft-soddered peace would spring aleak.  
 We 've turned our cuffs up, but, to put her thru,  
 We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu;  
 'T wun't du to think thet killin' ain't perlite, —  
 You 've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight;  
 Why, two-thirds o' the Rebbles 'ould cut dirt,  
 Ef they once thought thet Guv'ment meant to hurt;  
 An' I *du* wish our Gin'ral's hed in mind  
 The folks in front more than the folks behind;  
 You wun't do much until you think it 's God,  
 An' not constitoounts, thet holds the rod;  
 We want some more o' Gideon's sword, I jedge,  
 For proclamations hain't no gret of edge;  
 There 's nothin' for a cancer but the knife,  
 Unless you set by 't more than by your life.  
 I 've seen hard times; I see a war begun  
 Thet folks thet love their bellies never 'd won, —  
 Pharo 's lean kine hung on for seven long year, —  
 But when 't was done, we did n't count it dear.  
 Why, law an' order, honor, civil right,  
 Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth a fight?  
 I 'm older 'n you: the plough, the axe, the mill,  
 All kinds o' labor an' all kinds o' skill,  
 Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,  
 Ef 't warn't for thet slow critter, 'stablished law;  
 Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,  
 A screw is loose in everythin' there is:  
 Good buttresses once settled, don't you fret  
 An' stir 'em: take a bridge's word for thet!



Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet 's new ;  
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin', tu.

## THE MONUMENT.

Amen to thet ! build sure in the beginnin',  
An' then don't never tech the underpinnin' :  
Th' older a Guv'ment is, the better 't suits ;  
New ones hunt folks's corns out like new boots :  
Change jest for change is like those big hotels  
Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on smells.

## THE BRIDGE.

Wal, don't give up afore the ship goes down :  
It 's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't drown ;  
An' God wun't leave us yet to sink or swim,  
Ef we don't fail to du wut 's right by Him.  
This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be  
A better country than man ever see.  
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry  
Thet seems to say, " Break forth an' prophesy !"  
O strange New World, thet yet wast never young,  
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung, —  
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed  
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin' tread,  
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,  
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,  
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain  
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane, —  
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events  
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents, —  
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan  
Thet only manhood ever makes a man,  
An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in  
Against the poorest child o' Adam's kin, —  
The grave 's not dug where traitor hands shall lay  
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away !  
I see —

Jest here some dogs began to bark,  
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark :  
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear  
Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some birch-trees near ;  
But ez they hed n't no gret things to say,  
An' said 'em often, I come right away,  
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the time,  
I put some thoughts thet bothered me in rhyme :  
I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,  
But here they be, — it 's

## JONATHAN TO JOHN.

It don't seem hardly right, John,  
When both my hands was full,

To stump me to a fight, John, —

Your cousin, tu, John Bull!

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess

We know it now," sez he,

"The lion's paw is all the law,

Accordin' to J. B.,

Thet 's fit for you an' me!"

Blood ain't so cool as ink, John:

It 's likely you 'd ha' wrote,

An' stopped a spell to think, John,

Arter they 'd cut your throat?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess

He 'd skurce ha' stopped," sez he,

"To mind his p-s an' q-s, ef thet weasan'

Hed b'longed to ole J. B.,

Instid o' you an' me!"

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,

On *your* front-parlor stairs,

Would it jest meet your views, John,

To wait an' sue their heirs?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

I on'y guess," sez he,

"Thet, ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,

'T would kind o' rile J. B.,

Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,

*Heads I win, — ditto, tails?*

"J. B." was on his shirts, John,

Onless my memory fails.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

(I 'm good at thet)," sez he,

"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice

For ganders with J. B.,

No more than you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,

You did n't stop for fuss, —

Britanny's trident-prongs, John,

Was good 'nough law for us.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,

Though physic 's good," sez he,

"It does n't foller thet he can swaller

Prescriptions signed '*J. B.*,'

Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:

You mus' n't take it hard,

Ef we can't think with you, John,

It 's jest your own back-yard.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
Ef *thet* 's his claim," sez he,  
"The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough  
To bust up friend J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John,  
Of honor, when it meant  
You did n't care a fig, John,  
But jest for *ten per cent.*?

Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
He 's like the rest," sez he:  
"When all is done, it 's number one  
Thet 's nearest to J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,  
Coz Abram thought 't was right;  
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,  
Provokin' us to fight.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
We 've a hard row," sez he,  
"To hoe jest now; but *thet*, somehow,  
May heppen to J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,  
With twenty million people,  
An' close to every door, John,  
A school-house an' a steeple.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
It is a fact," sez he,  
"The surest plan to make a Man  
Is, Think him so, J. B.,  
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;  
An' it 's for her sake, now,  
They 've left the axe an' saw, John,  
The anvil an' the plough.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
Ef 't warn't for law," sez he,  
"There 'd be one shindy from here to Indy;  
An' *thet* don't suit J. B.  
(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we 've gut a cause, John,  
Thet 's honest, just, an' true;  
We thought 't would win applause, John,  
Ef nowheres else, from you.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
His love of right," sez he,



"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton :  
There 's natur' in J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

The South says, "*Poor folks down !*" John,  
An' "*All men up !*" say we, —  
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John :  
Now which is your idee ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
John preaches wal," sez he ;  
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,  
Why, there 's the old J. B.  
A-crowdin' you an' me !"

Shall it be love or hate, John ?  
It 's you thet 's to decide ;  
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,  
Like all the world's beside ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
Wise men forgive," sez he,  
"But not forget ; an' some time yet  
Thet truth may strike J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

God means to make this land, John,  
Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
Believe an' understand, John,  
The *wuth* o' bein' free.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
God's price is high," sez he ;  
"But nothin' else than wut He sells  
Wears long, an' thet J. B.  
May learn like you an' me !"

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Cloister and the Hearth ; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow.* A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE, Author of "*Never too Late to Mend*," etc., etc. New York : Rudd & Carleton. 8vo.

THE novels of Charles Reade are generally marked not only by individuality of genius, but by individualisms of egotism and caprice. The latter provoke the reader almost as much as the former gives him delight. It disturbs the least critical mind

to find the keenest insight in company with the loudest bravado, and the statement of a wise or beautiful thought followed up by a dogmatic assertion of infallibility as harsh as a slap on the face. The indisposition to recognize such a genius comes from the fact that he irritates as well as stimulates the minds he addresses. Everybody reads him, but the feeling he inspires is made up of admiration and exasperation. The public is both delighted and insulted. He not only does not attempt to conceal

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. IX.—MARCH, 1862.—NO. LIII.

*6. L. R. R.*

THE FRUITS OF FREE LABOR IN THE SMALLER ISLANDS  
OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

THE emancipation of an enslaved race seems, at first thought, a most uncertain and perilous undertaking. To do away with inherited and constantly strengthening tendencies toward irresponsibility and idleness,—to substitute the pleasure of activity or the distant good from industry for the very palpable influence of compulsion,—to implant forethought and alertness and ingenuity, where, before, labor was stolid and sulky and unthinking,—to confer the habit of self-dependence and the courage for unknown tasks on a people timid, childish, and dependent,—to teach self-control in place of the custom of control by masters, or by caprice and passion,—in a word, to make a free man out of a born slave,—appears at first sight the most difficult task which any legislator or reformer could ever attempt.

Leaving out of view all possible moral changes which might be induced by time and patient labor on such a being, we should say beforehand that at least economically—that is, regarding the production for the wants of the world by the

freed man—the experiment of emancipation would prove, in all probability, a failure. We put it to the reader. Suppose that you, an Anglo-American, not born a slave, had by some misfortune been captured fifteen years since by an Algerine pirate, and during those years, under the fear of lash and bayonet, had been vigorously adding to the commodities of the world in the production of cotton. At length, in some moment of Algerine sentiment for human rights, you are set free by the government, and are enabled to possess a little farm of your own in the African mountains. What would probably be your views as to the economic duty of adding to that great benefaction to the human race, the production of cotton? What would be your personal sentiments toward cotton and all species of labor connected therewith? How, especially, would you be apt to view the estate where you had spent so many agreeable years, and the master for whom you had produced so much without reward? Fancy an effort on his part to *hire* you,—possibly even at lower wages than other la-

borers receive, in view of your many obligations to him!

It is barely possible that you might prefer even the small farm, where you were producing nothing but "pumpkin" for the world, to increasing the exports of Algeria on the old property, under the same master and at half-wages. For some years at least, the world's production would not probably be greatly assisted by you. A certain degree of idleness would have a charm for a time, even to an Anglo-American, after such an experience.

What shall we say, then, of an inferior race, slave-born, ignorant, and undisciplined by moral influences, placed suddenly in such new and strange circumstances? Could we reasonably expect that they would at once labor under freedom as they did under slavery? Could we demand that the properties which had been sprinkled with the sweat of their unrequited toil for so many years, which possibly had witnessed their sufferings under nameless wrongs, where the tone even of the now labor-paying landlord must have something of the old ring of the slave-master, — that these should be cultivated as eagerly as their own little farms by freed men? Especially could we ask it, if the masters undertook to exercise their old sway over political economy, and paid less wages than the market-rate, and even these with irregularity? Should we be rightfully shocked, if the products of these large estates even entirely failed through want of labor? What else could we expect?

Suppose, still further, as years went by, the former masters, all the wealthy and powerful classes of society, united in discouraging the improvement and opposing the general education of this, the lowest and poorest class. What would be the almost certain result?

If we should hear that such an emancipation was an economic failure, we should not be in the least surprised. If we were told that the freed men would not work on the old estates, — that the products were falling off, — that the emanci-

pated slaves were not willing to work at all, — that they were idle, and were growing constantly more ignorant and corrupt in morals, and useless to the world, — we should sigh, but say, — "It is the natural retribution for injustice. These are the harvests of slavery."

But if — contrary to our expectation — the results of this emancipation were entirely different: if the freed man produced more than the slave, — if he was more industrious, more active, more laborious and self-dependent, — if he even labored for his former master for hire, — if the latter confessed that the hire of the free man was cheaper than the ownership of the slave, — if tables of export and import showed that he added far more to the wealth of the world than ever before, — if the increasing price of land proved the efficiency of his industry, — if independent freeholds were created in large numbers since emancipation, — if additional churches and schools made evident the improvement of character and the desire of advancement: we should be obliged to say that there was but one explanation of this most happy and unexpected improvement, namely, — that the human soul, by virtue of its very nature and capacities, is somehow adapted to freedom, so that the most imbruted and degraded is better and more useful, when he cares and labors for himself, than when another utterly controls him.

*That the negro will not work, unless he is forced to*, is the strong and almost invincible objection in the minds of multitudes of persons to emancipation.

What, then, are the facts bearing on this important point? We propose, under the guidance of candid observers and travellers, such as Schomburg, Breen, Cochin, Burnley, and, best of all, Sewell, briefly to examine a field where the experiment has been fairly tried, namely, the smaller islands of the British West Indies. A full examination of the larger island, Jamaica, would of itself demand an entire article, or even a volume.

The remark is often repeated by West Indian travellers, that no sweeping con-



clusions on economical points can ever be true of the West Indies as a whole,—that each island is distinct from the others, and to be judged on principles which apply to itself alone. This important fact must be borne in mind by the reader, in examining the question of the results of emancipation in the West Indies.

In BARBADOES the governing peculiarities are the dense population to the area, and the great numbers of the laboring class. The number to the square mile is greater than in China, averaging eight hundred. This fact alone placed a much greater power in the masters' hands after emancipation, as the competition of labor must be so much more severe than with a more sparse population.

With something of the perversity induced by slavery, the planters maintained a species of land-tenure among their freed slaves which could not but have a disastrous effect.

In the first years succeeding the act of emancipation, the tenant worked for twenty per cent. below the market-rate of wages, and his service was considered equivalent to the rent. Now he possesses a house and a land-allotment on an estate for which he pays a stipulated rent; but, *as a condition of renting*, he must give a certain number of days' work at certain wages, generally from one-sixth to one-third lower than the market-rate. The usual wages are twenty-four cents a day; by this system of tenancy-at-will, the freed negro in Barbadoes must labor for twenty cents.

What would be the natural results of such a system? Can we wonder at such facts as Mr. Sewell quotes from a Tobago paper, in which the writer "deplores the perverse selfishness of the laborers," (*i. e.* in buying farms of their own,) and complains that "the laborers have large patches of land under cultivation, and hire help at higher wages than the estates can afford to pay," and otherwise oppress their former benefactors? The remedy which the aggrieved correspondent suggests is the immediate importation of Coolies.

The truth is, however, that, owing to the crowded population of Barbadoes, the planters have had everything in their own hands, much more than in other islands. In Trinidad or British Guiana the negroes were not obliged by competition to submit to the obnoxious tenure; and they soon found, where land was so cheap, that a path to independence lay open before them in working their own little properties. The planters became more stubborn and more rigid, and the result was in many cases the absolute abandonment of large estates for want of labor.

The industry of the Barbadoes population is shown in the fact, that, out of the 106,000 acres of the island, 100,000 are under cultivation,\* while the average price of land rises to the unprecedented height of five hundred dollars an acre.

Notwithstanding the high price of land and the low rate of wages, the freed slaves have increased the number of small proprietors with less than five acres from 1100 to 3587 † during the last fifteen years,—an increase which alone testifies to the remarkable thrift of the emancipated negro in Barbadoes.

Mr. Sewell has talked with all classes and conditions, and "none are more ready to admit than the planters that the free laborer is a better, more cheerful, and industrious workman than was ever the slave."

"The colored mechanics and artisans of Barbadoes," says the same author, "are equal in general intelligence to the artisans and mechanics of any part of the world equally remote from the great centres of civilization. The peasantry will soon equal them, when education is more generally diffused."

The surest evidences, however, on this question are those of figures. Land has doubled in value on the island since emancipation.‡ Of the increased value of estates, we quote, as an example, the

\* Schomburg.

† Governor Hincks.

‡ B. T. Young's Letter of January 12th, 1858, and other letters from planters, published in the *National Era*, August, 1858.

case mentioned in a published letter of Governor Hincks, January, 1858:—

“As to the relative cost of slave and free labor in this colony, I can supply facts upon which the most implicit reliance can be placed. They have been furnished to me by the proprietor of an estate containing three hundred acres of land, and situated at a distance of about twelve miles from the shipping port. The estate referred to produced during slavery an annual average of 140 hogsheads of sugar of the present weight, and required 230 slaves. It is now worked by 90 free laborers: 60 adults, and 30 under 16 years of age. Its average product during the last seven years has been 194 hogsheads. The total cost of labor has been £770 16s., or £3 19s 2d. per hogshead of 1,700 pounds. The average of pounds of sugar to each laborer during slavery was 1,043 pounds, and during freedom 3,660 pounds. To estimate the cost of slave-labor, the value of 230 slaves must be ascertained; and I place them at what would have been a low average, —£50 sterling each,—which would make the entire stock amount to £11,500. This, at six per cent. interest, which on such property is much too low an estimate, would give £690; cost of clothing, food, and medical attendance I estimate at £3 10s., making £805. Total cost, £1,495, or £10 12s. per hogshead, while the cost of free labor on the same estate is under £4.”

In 1853, the French committee charged by the Governor of Martinique to visit the island reported, that “in an agricultural and manufacturing point of view the aspect of Barbadoes is dazzling.”

Sugar is the most important export. The following were the amounts exported before emancipation, according to Schomburg and Sewell:—

Average export,	1720-1800,	23,000 hhds.
“ “	1800-1830,	20,000 “
Particular export,	1830,	22,769 “
Particular export in year of emancipa- tion, . . .	1834,	27,318 “

(The weight of a hogshead of sugar, it should be noted, was only 12 cwt. between 1826 and 1830; from 1830 to 1850, 14 cwt.; and now it is from 15 to 17 cwt.)

Yield in	1852,	48,610 hhds.
“	1853,	38,316 “
“	1854,	44,492 “
“	1855,	39,692 “
“	1856,	43,552 “
“	1857,	38,858 “
“	1858,	50,778 “

Average export,	1835-50,	26,000 “
“ “	1851-58,	43,000 “

That is, an average more than double the export for ten years preceding emancipation.

Besides sugar, other articles are exported now to the value of \$100,000. In addition, there is a large production for home-consumption, of such articles as sweet potatoes, eddoes, yams, cassava-root, etc.

If imports are the true expression of a nation's economic well-being,—as all sound political economists affirm,—then can Barbadoes show most conclusively how much more profitable to a people is freedom than chatteldom.

Average imports,	1822-32,	£600,000
Imports,	1845,	682,358
“	1856,	840,000

The imports from America are increasing in rapid measure. Thus they were in

1854,	. . .	36,416 bbls. flour.
“	. . .	1,500 “ beef.
“	. . .	9,438 “ pork.
“	. . .	49,106 “ meal.
1858,	. . .	79,766 “ flour.
“	. . .	2,646 “ beef.
“	. . .	12,196 “ pork.
“	. . .	67,053 “ meal.

Under slavery, the value of American imports was not more than £60,000 per annum. Under freedom, it is from £300,000 to £400,000.

The shipping before emancipation (in 1832) numbered 689 vessels of 79,000 tons. In 1856, 966 vessels of 114,800 tons.

The population of Barbadoes is supposed to be now about 140,000, of whom 124,000 are blacks. Of these, only 22,000 are believed to be field laborers, against 81,000, just before emancipation, of men, women, and children, who labored in the field,—a fact which shows the aversion slavery had implanted to laboring on the soil, as well as the indiscreet policy of the planters. Yet, despite this decrease of the most profitable kind of labor, so great is the advantage of freedom over slavery, that the island has been enabled to make this prodigious increase in production and wealth since emancipation,—more than doubling its export of sugar, increasing its imports by \$1,200,000, quintupling its imports from America, and doubling the value of land.

The progress in education and morality has not been at all so rapid as in wealth. The freed slave could not at once escape from the debasing influences of years of bondage, and the planters have deliberately set themselves against any system of popular education. Crimes against property, Sewell says, are rife, especially thieving; petty acts of anger and cruelty are also common, as well as offences against chastity; while, on the other hand, crimes of violence are almost unknown. From the last census it appears that more than half of the children born in the island are illegitimate. This sad condition of morals Mr. Sewell attributes principally to the imperfect education of the lowest classes,—the schools being mostly church-schools, and somewhat expensive. These schools, however, have increased from 27 in 1834, with 1,574 children, to 70 with 6,180 in 1857, and an infant school with 1,140; the children in Sunday-schools have increased in the same time from 1,679 to 2,071.\*

ST. VINCENT is generally considered by the passing traveller as another example of the axiom that “the freed ne-

gro will not work,” and of “the melancholy fruits of emancipation.”

The decline of the wealthier classes began before emancipation, and continued after it. The planters were deeply in debt, and their estates heavily mortgaged. Slavery there, as everywhere, wasted the means of the masters, and exhausted the soil. When the day of freedom came, these gentlemen, instead of prudently endeavoring to retain the laborers on their estates, offered them lower wages than were paid on the neighboring islands. The consequence was, that the negroes preferred to buy their own little properties or to hire farms in the interior, and let the great estates find labor as they could. Mr. Sewell states that he inquired much in regard to the abandoned sugar-estates, and never found one which was deserted because labor could not be procured at fair cost; the more general reason of their abandonment was want of capital, or debt incurred previously to emancipation. That the condition of the island is not caused by the idleness of the negro is shown by the facts, that since emancipation houses have been built by freed slaves for themselves and their families, containing 8,209 persons; that from 10,000 to 12,000 acres have been brought under cultivation by the proprietors of small properties of from one to five acres; that the export of arrowroot (which is one of the small articles raised by the negroes on their own grounds) has risen from 60,000 pounds before emancipation to 1,352,250 pounds in 1857, valued at \$750,000, and the cocoa-nut export has also increased largely.

The export of sugar has declined as follows:—Under slavery, (1831–34,) it was 204,095 cwt.; under apprenticeship, (1835–38,) 194,228; under free labor, (1839–45,) 127,364 cwt.; in 1846, 129,870 cwt.; in 1847, 175,615 cwt.\*

The moral condition of the island seems most favorable. In a population of 30,000, there are *no paupers*, and 8,000 is the average church-attendance, while the average school-attendance is

\* *Letter from the Bishop of Barbadoes*, February 23, 1858. It appears in the same letter that the church-attendants have increased from 5,000 in 1825 to 28,000 in 1858.

\* Cochin's *L'Abolition de l'Esclavage*.



2,000. The criminal records show a remarkable obedience to law; there being only seven convictions in 1857 for assault, six for felony, and 162 for minor offences. The proportion under slavery was far greater.

GRENADA presented clear evidences of decline long before emancipation. The slave-population decreased as follows:—

1779, . . . .	35,000 slaves.
1827, . . . .	24,442 "
1837, . . . .	23,641 "

this last number being that for which compensation was made. The total value of all the exports in 1776 was about \$3,000,000; in 1823, less than \$2,000,000; in 1831, a little over \$1,000,000.

The sugar export declined from 24,000,000 pounds in 1776 to 19,000,000 pounds in 1831: or more exactly, under slavery, (1831-34,) it was 193,156 cwt.; during apprenticeship, 161,308 cwt.; under free labor, (1839-45,) 87,161 cwt.; in 1846, 76,931 cwt.; in 1847, 104,952 cwt.: showing in the last year a considerable increase.

The policy of the Grenadian planters in offering low wages—the rate being from 5s. to 5s. 6d. a week—has driven the negroes to their own little properties, and has caused a diminution in the production of sugar on the large organized estates. Yet the production of other smaller articles has greatly increased, and the general well-being of the people is much advanced.

Before 1830 there were no small freeholders; now there are over 2,000. Nearly 7,000 persons live in villages, built since emancipation, and 4,573 pay direct taxes.

Last year there were only 60 paupers on the island, and those were aged and sick persons; only 18 were convicted of felony, 6 of theft, and 2 of other offences. There is an average church-attendance of 8,000, and a school-attendance of 1,600. In 1857, out of 80,000 acres, 43,800 were in a state of cultivation, and 3,800 acres were added to the cultivation of the previous year.

The sugar export of 1857 was only half

that of 1831, while the aggregate value of all the exports had risen from £153,175 to £218,352. The imports had risen in the same time from £77,000 to £109,000.\*

TOBAGO also showed a gradual decline before emancipation; and since that event, the production of sugar has fallen off as follows: In 1831-34 it was 99,579 cwt.; 1835-38, 89,332 cwt.; 1839-1845, 52,962 cwt.; 1846, 38,882 cwt.; 1847, 69,240 cwt. One great cause of this decline is the drawing off of capital from the old, worn-out lands to the fresh, rich, and profitable culture of Trinidad, where land is very cheap. Moreover, the climate of Tobago is not entirely favorable to sugar.

Yet a great improvement is manifest among the people. Small proprietors have much increased; even the field-hands now possess houses and lands of their own. There are 2,500 freeholders, and 2,800 tax-payers. The average church-attendance is 41 per cent. of the whole population; the average school-attendance, 1,600. Commerce is rapidly advancing. The imports have risen from £50,307 in 1854 to £59,994 in 1856; and the exports from £49,754 to £79,789 in the same time.

In St. LUCIA the planters have followed a more wise and liberal policy towards the emancipated slaves. Better wages have been offered; liberal inducements have been held out to the negroes to cultivate the estates; efforts have been put forth to improve the social and moral condition of the laboring class. Tenancy-at-will is unknown, and the *métairie* system (laboring on shares) has been introduced. In other words, the rich and educated have manifested some kind of humane interest for the laborers, and in return the latter have worked well and cheerfully.

Yet, in St. Lucia, as in so many other West India colonies, the financial condition of the planters, at the time of emancipation, was exceedingly embarrassed: their registered debts amounting in 1829, according to Breen, to £1,189,965.

\* Sewell's *Ordeal of Free Labor*, etc.

The export of sugar is stated in Cochin's carefully prepared tables as follows: In the period of slavery, (1831-34,) 57,549 cwt.; during the apprenticeship, (1835-38,) 51,427 cwt.; under free labor, (1839-45,) 57,070 cwt.; in 1846, 63,566 cwt.; in 1847, 88,370 cwt.

The imports have not risen till recently, and indicate a greater consumption of articles grown on the island. In 1833,\* they were in value, £108,076; in 1840, £114,537; in 1843, £70,340; in 1851,† £68,881; in 1857, £90,064.

Of the total value of exports Breen gives tables only to 1843. In that year, they were £96,290 against £71,580 in 1833.

Since emancipation, 2,045 of the negroes have become freeholders, and 4,603 pay direct taxes.

In TRINIDAD, the question of the effects of emancipation has some peculiar elements. The island is a very large, fertile country, with a sparse population, where of course land is cheap and labor dear. Out of its 1,287,000 acres,‡ only some 30,000 are cultivated. Its whole population is but about 80,000, of whom the colored number near 50,000. Emancipation would work upon such a country somewhat as it might on Texas, for instance. There were 11,000 field-hands on the estates when slavery was abolished. The planters undertook to maintain or introduce the tenancy-at-will system, and to reduce the wages below the market-rate. Whenever the negroes retired from the estate-work, they were summarily ejected from their houses and lands, and their little gardens were destroyed. The natural effect of such an injudicious policy was, that the negro preferred squatting on the government lands about him, or buying a small, cheap plot, or hiring a farm, to remaining under the planters, and soon some 7,000 laborers had left the estates.

Many associated the idea of servitude with labor in the fields, and, abandoning agriculture, took to trade in the towns

and villages, which they still pursue. Some 4,000 remained on the estates, and have never progressed, like their more independent brethren. The criminal records show a greater proportion of crime among them than among any other class. Of the others, five-sixths became proprietors of farms from one to five acres each, and 4,500 hire themselves occasionally to the estates every year.

One effect of the unfortunate contentions between capital and labor in the island has been, that no general system of public instruction was introduced till recently; education was entirely neglected: though now, under the new system, the people will receive much more general instruction, for which purpose \$20,000 were appropriated in 1859.

The public morality under such circumstances is of course of a low order. Out of 136 children born in Port-of-Spain, 100 were illegitimate. The convictions in the island for felony were 63; for misdemeanor, 865; for debt, 230.

The records of material progress show a much better result. The sugar cultivation in the last twenty years has nearly doubled, and the land in cane has risen from 15,000 to 29,000 acres. The production of cocoa has increased, though in a less proportion; while the production and consumption of home necessities and luxuries have immensely advanced. Great practical improvements are being made everywhere, such as the substitution of steam-power for cattle and water-power. The export of sugar,\* especially since the introduction of Coolie labor, has advanced rapidly. Before emancipation the highest export was 30,000 hhds., equal to 24,000 hhds. at present weight. Late export, —

1854,	27,987 hhds.	1857,	35,523 hhds.
1855,	31,693 "	1858,	37,000 "
1856,	34,411 "	1859,	40,000 "

\* Cochin's tables give the sugar export of Trinidad as follows: Under slavery, (1831-34,) 316,338 cwt.; during apprenticeship, (1835-38,) 295,787 cwt.; under free labor, (1839-45,) 292,023 cwt.; in 1846, 353,293 cwt.; in 1847, 393,537 cwt.

\* Breen.

† Sewell.

‡ Burnley's *Trinidad*.

The molasses trade shows a similar increase. Cocoa, which is entirely a product of negro labor, has advanced from 3,200,000 lbs. before emancipation to 5,200,000 lbs. in 1859.

*Leeward Islands.* ANTIGUA was almost the first of the British West Indies to emancipate her slaves, and this she had the wisdom to do summarily and at once, without probation or apprenticeship. The consequences have been most happy. She has escaped the vexations and heart-burnings of the other colonies, and has established a better relation between employers and employed. With a small area, a soil not very rich, and a climate not especially adapted to sugar-growing, she has notwithstanding taken a prominent position among the West India islands. The prosperity of the island under free labor has been most encouraging. Of the 70,000 acres, 38,000 are owned by large proprietors, whose estates average 320 acres each. Its only export, with the exception of a little arrow-root, is sugar; of this, the largest crop on record (20,000 hogsheads) has been obtained since the slaves were emancipated. Ten years before emancipation, the average annual export, as given by Sewell, was 12,500 hogsheads, obtained by a field-force of 18,320 hands, of whom one-third were non-effective. From 1840 to 1850, the average was 13,000; from 1850 to 1860, 13,500, of superior weight, with a field-force of 6,000.

The export of sugar, according to Cochin, has been as follows: 1831-34, 180,802 cwt.; 1835-38, 143,878 cwt.; 1839-45, 189,406 cwt.; 1846, 102,644 cwt.; 1847, 200,201 cwt.

Besides this crop, the small proprietors raise arrow-root and provisions.

The imports show the advancing prosperity of the island. From 1822 to 1832, they amounted to £130,000, of which £40,000 were from the United States; in 1856, under free labor, they reached £266,369, of which £106,586 were from the United States, — the American imports being mostly articles of food. This remarkable increase of importations, it

should be observed, is not due to an increase of population, as the population of Antigua is less now than it was twenty years since.

In commerce, it appears that ten years before emancipation, 340 vessels of 30,000 tons entered the ports of the island every year; in 1858, there were 688 of 42,534 tons.

Labor costs less in Antigua than in the other islands, wages being 20 cts. a day; while in Barbadoes they are 24 cts., and in Trinidad 30 cts. The production of sugar is more profitable, as respects the labor, than in the slave-islands, — costing but  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cts. per lb.

Though the average price of land is fifty dollars an acre, the freed negroes seldom squat on the public lands, but buy little farms of their own. In 1858, the emancipated slaves had built, since 1834, 5187 houses, in which 15,644 people resided. There were that year only 299 paupers in the whole island. Education and morality had advanced. Owing to the wise liberality of the planters, nearly *one-third* of the whole revenue of the island (£10,000) was appropriated to educational, charitable, and religious purposes. The great proportion of the youth attend school. At the time of emancipation, the whole number of scholars in all the schools was 1886; in 1858, there were 52 schools with 4467 scholars, and 37 Sunday-schools with 6418. The number of illegitimate births was only 53 per cent., which is a much more favorable proportion than exists in the other islands.

The planters all agree that emancipation has been an entire success. The only drawback is a somewhat singular one, and illustrates the dependent habits which slavery generates. Under their masters, the slaves were always provided with sufficient medical attendance; but when free, they had not the means or were not prudent enough to secure this, and the consequence has been a great mortality of children, so that the births now scarcely exceed the deaths.

An intelligent English traveller, writ-



ing on "Antigua and the Antiguans" in 1844, says in regard to the question, whether the freed negro will work, that he has often observed, when a piece of land was to be *holed* for sugar-cane by task-work, the negroes rising by one or two o'clock in the morning during moonlight, going to the field and accomplishing a usual day's work (300 cane-holes) by five or six o'clock in the forenoon; then, after resting a short time, they were prepared for another task, which they completed; and still had some hours left for their own provision-grounds. When the heat is considered, and the labor of digging one cane-hole, (a trench three or four feet square and one foot deep,) we may imagine what the work of opening 600 in a day must be. The same author states that plantations which could not find a purchaser before emancipation are now worth £10,000. Another writer, quoted by Cochin, says in 1845, with reference to the efficiency of labor of the Antigua negroes, and their employment of machinery, "The colony has made this year, with a field-force of less than 10,000, a harvest almost equal to that which has employed 30,000 laborers in Barbadoes."

Of the other Leeward Islands, Sewell says, (p. 164,) "The condition of the free peasant rises infinitely above that of the slave. In all, the people are more happy and contented; in all, they are more civilized; in all, there are more provisions grown for home-consumption than ever were raised in the most flourishing days of slavery; in all, the imports have largely increased; in all, a very important trade has sprung up with the United States; from all, there is an exportation of minor articles which were not cultivated twenty years ago, and which, in estimating the industry of a people under a free system, are often most unjustly overlooked. These are considerations from which the planter turns with contemptuous indifference. Sugar, and sugar alone, is his dream, his argument, his faith." Yet the following table of exports of sugar shows that even in that free labor has been successful.

*Comparative Table of Sugar Exportations in Pounds from the Leeward Islands.\**

Islands.	Annual average from 1820 to 1832.	Exports in 1858.
Antigua,	20,580,000 lbs.	26,174,000 lbs.
Dominica,	6,000,000	6,263,000
Nevis,	5,000,000	4,400,000
Montserrat,	1,840,000	1,308,000
St. Kitt's,	12,000,000	10,000,000
Total,	45,420,000 lbs.	48,145,000 lbs.

*Table of Imports in Value.*

Islands.	Annual average value from 1820 to 1832.	Value of im- ports in 1858.
Antigua,	£130,000	£266,364
Dominica,	62,000	84,906
Nevis,	28,000	36,721
Montserrat,	18,000	17,844
St. Kitt's,	60,000	109,000
Total,	£298,000	£514,835

Excess of sugar exportations under free labor,  
2,725,000 lbs.

Excess of imports with free labor, £216,835

Of GULIANA, a resident writes, — "The portion of the native population which in other countries constitutes the working class is estimated here at 70,000 souls. They present the singular spectacle, which we can contemplate in no other part of the world, of a people hardly escaped from slavery, enjoying already properties in land and houses for which they have paid nearly £100,000."

In a single county, (Berbice,) says Cochin, there had been built in 1843, since emancipation, 1184 houses, and 7,000 additional acres had been put under cultivation. In the whole colony there were 15,906 landed proprietors among the negroes who had become such since 1834. The imports, according to Lord Stanley, during the last six years of slavery, were about \$13,915,000; during apprenticeship, about \$17,890,000; in the first year of liberty, over \$20,000,000; in the second year, about \$17,463,670.

We have given, perhaps, a rather dry account of the effects of emancipation on a portion of the British West Indies. But it should be remembered that this question, as it now stands before the world, is mainly a question of figures. The great

\* Sewell's *Ordeal of Free Labor*, etc.

and damning argument against emancipation is the supposed experience of the West Indies, *that the negro will not work except under slavery*. The evidences of labor are in part given by figures: the number of freeholds, the price of land, the amount of the productions, the quantity consumed, and the quantity exported. The amount of imports, too, shows the desire and the means of the people to procure foreign commodities. By these plain and irrefutable evidences, we have proved that free labor in the Windward Islands, Trinidad, the Leeward Islands, and Guiana has "paid" much better than slave labor.

As Mr. Sewell has summed it up with reference to four colonies, — British Guiana, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Antigua, — the total annual export of sugar before emancipation was 187,300,000 pounds, while now it is 265,000,000 pounds; showing an advantage under free labor of *seventy-seven million, seven hundred thousand pounds!* The total imports of the same colonies amounted before emancipation to \$8,840,000; they are now \$14,600,000; showing an excess of imports under free labor, as compared with slave labor, of the value of *five million, seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars!*

It is a remarkable experience of the West Indies, to be seriously considered in the settlement of our American problem, that the islands which abolished slavery the most summarily and entirely succeeded the best after emancipation. Half-freedom, both there, and in Russia during the last year, has proved a source of jealousy to the freedman and of annoyance to the master, and ultimately, in the West Indies, interfered with production, and the permanent welfare of the islands.

It is true, that the moral curse of slavery upon the habits of the people is not so easily removed, and that we do not behold as favorable a moral and educational condition of the West India Islands as could be desired. But it should be remembered how large a share of the blame for this falls now upon the wealthier classes, who are opposed or indifferent to the education of the lower. Even these evils are being gradually removed, and emancipation is establishing itself, not merely as a grand act of justice, wisely done, but as a successful moral and economical reform, whose fruits are to be seen in the good morals, industry, and increasing wealth of many happy communities.

---

## A STORY OF TO-DAY.

### PART VI.

It was later than Holmes thought: a gray, cold evening. The streets in that suburb were lonely: he went down them, the new-fallen snow dulling his step. It had covered the peaked roofs of the houses too, and they stood in listening rows, white and still. Here and there a pale flicker from the gas-lamps struggled with the ashy twilight. He met no one: people had gone home early on Christmas eve. He had no home to go to: pah! there were plenty of hotels, he remem-

bered, smiling grimly. It was bitter cold: he buttoned up his coat tightly, as he walked slowly along as if waiting for some one, — wondering dully if the gray air were any colder or stiller than the heart hardly beating under the coat. Well, men had conquered Fate, conquered life and love, before now. It grew darker: he was pacing now slowly in the shadow of a long low wall surrounding the grounds of some building. When he came near the gate, he would stop and

## MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

## I.

## FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North, unveil  
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by !  
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,  
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky  
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave  
Its golden net-work in your belting woods,  
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,  
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve  
Set crowns of fire ! So shall my soul receive  
Haply the secret of your calm and strength,  
Your unforgotten beauty interfuse  
My common life, your glorious shapes and hues  
And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding come,  
Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billowy length  
From the sea-level of my lowland home !

They rise before me ! Last night's thunder-gust  
Roared not in vain : for, where its lightnings thrust  
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near,  
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,  
I almost pause the wind in the pines to hear,  
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.  
The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls  
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain  
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,  
Making the dusk and silence of the woods  
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods  
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,  
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams  
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.  
So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats  
The land with hail and fire may pass away  
With its spent thunders at the break of day,  
Like last night's clouds, and leave, as it retreats,  
A greener earth and fairer sky behind,  
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern wind !



## THE USE OF THE RIFLE.

IN no branch of manufacture has human ingenuity been taxed more vigorously, for the attainment of the highest possible point of perfection, than in that of rifled guns for the use of the troops, on whose capacity for the destruction of their opponents the throne of the tyrant or the liberty of the people may be dependent. Nations, companies, and individuals have expended years of time and millions of money in testing every conceivable contrivance which offered a hope of improvement in precision, force, facility of loading or firing, or any of the minute details which contribute to render the weapon more serviceable.

And yet, at this day, not only are the troops of different nations armed with rifles differing in size, weight, calibre, and degree of twist, requiring different instruction in their use, and shooting projectiles of widely different pattern, but scarcely any two gun-makers will be found to agree in all the details requisite to the construction of the most serviceable weapon. The reason for this diversity lies in the fact, that perfection in any one of its requirements can be attained only by the sacrifice of some portion at least of its other elements, and the point at which the balance should be fixed is a sliding scale covering as wide a range as that of the mental and physical differences of the men on whom the decision rests.

The objects to be attained are, precision and force at long ranges, facility of loading and firing, and such simplicity and strength in the general construction as to allow the least possible chance of derangement or mistake in the management, at the moment when such error might cost the owner his life. And in addition to these points it is required that the weight shall not exceed the amount which a man of the average strength needed for a soldier can manipulate and carry on the march without over-fatigue.

It will be seen that we have awarded the first place on the list of requisites to precision and force at long ranges; and we presume it is unnecessary to enter into any explanation of the obvious primary necessity for the attainment of those qualities. We find, however, that our progress towards perfection in this direction cannot proceed beyond a certain point, except at the cost of other qualities, which cannot be sacrificed with impunity.

Regarding it as a settled point that any recoil of the gun is just so much taken from the initial velocity of the ball, (and if any one doubts it, let him try the experiment of throwing a stone, and stepping backwards at the moment of propulsion,) it is obvious, that, for the attainment of the longest range, such a preponderance of weight in the gun over that of the projectile is necessary as to secure the least possible recoil, and this point seems to have been fixed by our best gun-makers at the ratio of five hundred to one, which would require a gun weighing nearly sixteen pounds to carry a half-ounce ball or shot. We use the word *ball* from habit, meaning, merely, the projectile, which will probably never again resume its spherical shape in actual service. We conceive the perfection of precision and range in rifle-practice to have been attained in the American target-rifle, carrying a slug or cone of one ounce weight,—the gun itself weighing not less than thirty pounds,—and provided with a telescope-sight, and Clark's patent muzzle. At three-quarters of a mile this weapon may be said to be entirely trustworthy for an object of the size of a man, and to have force enough at that distance to disable three men. But it is obvious that such weight and such equipments as are required for it must render it utterly useless for ordinary field-service. It becomes, in fact, a species of light artillery, and as such we

are firm in the conviction that it is destined to establish for itself a reputation which will render it henceforth a necessity in the composition of an army.

For troops of the line the weight of the gun should not exceed ten pounds. Now, if we reduce the rifle to that weight, and preserve the ratio of  $\frac{1}{5000}$  as that of the ball, we reduce its range; for the momentum being, as every school-boy knows, in proportion to weight as well as velocity, a projectile which may be perfectly sure for two or three hundred yards flies wide of the mark at six hundred, and can hardly be found at a thousand. Here begins the operation of the sliding scale, in the necessity of sacrificing some degree of precision, in order to procure a weapon fulfilling other indispensable requisites for the soldier's use. In the English and our own service, the Enfield and Springfield rifled muskets have been fixed upon as presenting the nearest attainable approach to perfection in all the desirable elements of a military rifle.

It is out of the question to look for any such nice work with these tools as our best amateur riflemen are constantly in the habit of performing with the heavy thick-barrelled American rifle. The short Enfield is found to shoot better than the long, owing to the increased "spring" of the long, thin barrel of the latter; and the English themselves are becoming aware that they have carried the point of reducing the weight too far, and their best gun-makers are now insisting upon the fact which General Jacobs told them years ago, — that a "heavy conical ball cannot be used effectively from a long, thin barrel like that of the Enfield rifle, which is liable to great vibration."

The Enfield rifle, however, is a long step in advance of the old smooth-bored musket, concerning which a veteran British officer has declared his opinion that "a man might sit at his ease in an arm-chair all day long while another at two hundred yards' distance was blazing away at him with a brown Bess, on the sole condition that he should, on his honor, aim exactly at him at every shot." *Per*

*contra* to this, may be stated the fact, mentioned by Lord Raglan in his despatches, that at Balaklava a Russian battery of two guns was silenced by the skill in rifle-shooting of a single officer, (Lieutenant Godfrey,) who, approaching under cover of a ravine within six hundred yards, and having his men hand him their Enfield rifles in turn, actually picked off the artillerymen, one after another, till there were not enough left to serve the guns, and this in spite of the storm of shot and shell which they poured around him in reply, he being under no necessity of exposing a larger target than his head and shoulders for them to aim at.

A trustworthy breech-loading rifle has long been a *desideratum* with military men; but nothing has yet been produced which offers sufficient advantages, or seems sufficiently free from objections, to authorize its introduction as anything more than an experiment. In fact, the special object of a breech-loading gun — that of enabling its owner to deliver his fire with greater rapidity — is found in actual service to be an objection: the soldier being tempted, in the excitement of battle, to load and fire as rapidly as possible, and thus to waste the greater portion of his shots, whereas the primary object at such a time is to induce the deliberation which alone can insure efficiency. It must be obvious to any one who reflects upon the matter, that in reality the whole question of efficiency in battle must hinge upon the one point of precision of fire. It is well known that in actual service not more than one shot in six hundred takes effect, and, except for the moral effect of the roar of the musketry and the whistling of the balls, the remaining five hundred and ninety-nine might better have been kept in the cartridge-boxes. Upon raw troops, for the most part, this moral effect is sufficient to decide the question, with the addition of a comparatively small number of killed and wounded. But veteran troops are not disturbed by it. They know that a ball which misses by a quarter of an inch is as harm-

less as if it had never been shot, and they very soon learn to disregard the whistling. When they encounter such a fire, however, as the English met at Bunker's Hill and at New Orleans, — when the shots which miss are the exceptions, and those which hit, the rule, no amount of discipline or courage can avail. Disciplined soldiers are no more willing to be shot than raw levies; but having learned by experience that the danger in an ordinary action is very trifling in comparison with its appearance to the imagination of a recruit, they face it with a determination which to him is inconceivable. Make the apparent danger real, as in the cases we have cited, and veterans become as powerless as the merest tyros. With the stimulus of the present demand, it is probable that Yankee ingenuity will ere long produce some kind of rifle so far superior to anything yet known as to supersede all others; and indeed we have little doubt that such would already have been the case, but for the fact that comparatively few of our most ingenious mechanics are also expert riflemen, and none but a first-rate shot can thoroughly appreciate all the requirements of the weapon.

Since the Crimean War, the Governments of Europe seem to have become awakened to the fact, that, however important and desirable it may be to secure the best possible implements for the soldier's use, it is infinitely more so that he should know how to use them. In the hands of a marksman the rifle is an efficient weapon at half a mile's distance; but to expect on that account that it will do any more execution in the hands of one who is not familiar with it than a smooth-bored musket is as idle as it would be to hope that a person unacquainted with the violin could give us better music from a Cremona than he could from a corn-stalk fiddle.

For years past the European powers have been training men to the use of the rifle. Hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Frenchmen are at this moment as familiar with the practical application

of its powers as if their subsistence had been dependent upon its use. Government and people have perceived that the improvements in small-arms have wrought such a revolution in the art of war as to revive the necessity which existed in the days of archery, of making every man a marksman, and in England the old archery sports of prize-shooting and unremitting private practice have been renewed, with the substitution of the rifle for the bow; and besides the regular standing army, England is now guarded by two hundred thousand volunteers, every one of whom is a good rifleman, and who have all been subjected to such an amount of drilling as would enable them speedily to accomplish themselves in the art of united action. The inciting cause of this great national movement was the apprehension of a French invasion. Whether there was any ground for such apprehension, or whether the preparations which were made in consequence have served to avert the danger, are questions which are irrelevant to our present object, which lies nearer home.

It needs no argument at this moment to prove the possibility that we may become engaged in a foreign war, before we have done with the one we have on our hands at home; but without troubling ourselves with apprehensions of possible contingencies, have we not sufficient motive in the condition of affairs at home to render it an imperative duty to strengthen ourselves by every available means?

We have been so long unused to anything like warlike preparations that we find it difficult to arouse ourselves to a realization of the fact that every able-bodied man is liable to be called upon to render active service for his country; and when a war is raging within our borders, of whose termination the only thing that can be predicted with certainty is that it can be reached only through fearful suffering and destruction of life and property, is it not incumbent on every man to prepare himself by whatever means are within his reach to render his services efficient? That the affirmative



would be the popular answer is sufficiently proved by a recurrence to the zeal with which we organized drill-clubs and practised military tactics in the early stages of the war. It was not long before the zeal died away. It soon proved a bore to people who could not help perceiving, that, however perfect they might become in the manual exercise, their efficiency as soldiers could hardly amount to much, when most of them had never fired a gun in their lives. And so the drill-room was quietly abandoned,—the conduct of the war was left to the Government and the army, while we looked on as mere spectators,—and the future was left to take care of itself.

We do not mourn greatly at the decay of the drill-clubs, which, in the form they assumed, were likely to be of little practical benefit; but we do most sincerely regret the decay of the spirit which led to their formation, for it was founded on the universal conviction of the fact, which exists at this moment in still stronger force, that every man ought to make himself ready for the possible contingency of his services being demanded in the field.

No man can foretell the chances and changes which are before us; but he must be ignorant indeed of human nature and human history, who does not perceive, that, even if our success in the present contest is all that we can hope, there are issues involved in the weighty questions which must ensue before the storm subsides, which may render the preservation of our liberties dependent upon our ability to resist the attempts of factions or of ambitious and unprincipled military leaders to overturn them. We have had evidence enough, since the struggle began, (if any one doubted it before,) that selfishness and ambition are not unrepresented among us; and if such spirits are abroad, they are working for evil, and we are worse than foolish to trust to virtue and patriotism to encounter them unarmed. Do we not owe it to that fatal error, that we are in our present condition? Were not ambition and lust of

power secretly strengthening their hands for years, in the hope to spring upon us unawares, and bind us fast before we could prepare for resistance?—and can we again suffer ourselves to be caught in the same trap?

The question implies its own answer, and the practical reply should be the immediate and universal instruction of the people in the use of arms; and to this end the readiest and most efficient means lie in the encouragement of rifle-practice, by the organization of rifle-clubs, the institution of shooting-matches for prizes, and the inculcation by all available methods of a taste for the acquirement of an art which constitutes the vital spirit of military efficiency. Wherever clubs can be formed, a course of drilling should be entered upon in connection with target-practice; but thousands of able-bodied men throughout the country may be unable to unite with clubs or attend the drills, who may yet perfect themselves in target-shooting, and the prizes at shooting-matches should be open to all competitors and all weapons.

The volume of instructions for the Hythe School, issued from the Horse-Guards, contains the following preliminary remarks:—"The rifle is placed in the soldier's hands for the destruction of his enemy; his own safety depends upon his efficient use of it: it cannot, therefore, be too strongly inculcated, that every man who has no defect in his eyes may be made a good shot, and that no degree of perfection he may have attained in the other parts of his drill can upon service remedy any want of proficiency in this; in fact, all his other instructions in marching and manœuvring can do no more than place him in the best possible situation for using his weapon with effect."

To the assertion that "every man who has no defect in his eyes may be made a good shot," we beg leave to object, or at least to accept it with allowances. That every one may attain sufficient skill for ordinary military service, by which we mean according to modern requirements,

we have no manner of doubt; but the experience of the great shooting-match at Wimbledon in July last proves conclusively the existence of very wide differences in the powers of men who had enjoyed equal opportunities of perfecting themselves; and we are confident that our best riflemen will sooner indorse the verdict of Frank Forester, who, after a fair statement of the obstacles to the attainment of perfection, concludes with the remark,—"It is impossible, therefore, for one-half at least, if not more, of mankind to become even fair rifle-shots, with any possible amount of practice; but to all men who have good eyes, iron nerves, sufficient physical strength, and phlegmatic tempers, it is a certainty beyond calculation that they can become first-rate rifle-shots with sufficient practice."\*

We not only recognize this difference in the powers of different individuals, but we insist upon the importance of observing it in the military organization of the rifle corps. The men who prove by their work that they possess the skill which is the result of such a combination of moral and physical characteristics as are here enumerated should be selected for special duty, and armed with the most efficient weapons that can be procured, which, even at four times the cost of ordinary infantry muskets, would prove in the end the better economy, by rendering needless the enormous waste of ammunition which seems inseparable from the use of ordinary arms. The sharp-shooters thus selected should be armed in part with the best rifles of ordinary construction and weight, (and we are strongly inclined to believe, if allowed their own choice, they would select the common American hunting-rifle,) and a portion with the best telescope-rifles of the kind we have heretofore described. We are well aware, that, till recently, the introduction of these guns into the service has been scouted at by military men, and the experiment of sending a company of men provided with them and familiar with their use from this State was met with ridicule, which, however,

has been changed to admiration by the triumphant manner in which they have vindicated the most sanguine hopes of those who were instrumental in procuring their introduction.

A letter from a member of the company says of them,—“The telescope-rifles have more than equalled our expectations. They do good service at a mile, and are certain death at half a mile.” At Edwards’s Ferry, on the 22d of October, seventy men of this company repelled a charge of fifteen hundred of the enemy and drove them from the field, with the loss of more than one hundred killed, while not one of their own men received a scratch. They lay upon the ground behind a fence, resting their guns upon the lower rail, and the enemy came in sight half a mile distant and started towards them at double-quick, loading and firing as they ran; but before they had traversed half the distance, they had learned that the whistle of every bullet was the death-knell of one, and in many instances of more than one of their number, and coming to a slight ravine, the temptation of its shelter from so fearful a storm proved irresistible, and, turning up its course, they fled in dismay, leaving their dead upon the ground in windrows. Three standard-bearers in succession fell before the fatal aim of the same rifle, and no man dared repeat the suicidal act of again displaying that ensign. We have seen a letter from an officer high in command who witnessed that action, and, after describing it, he remarks,—“There is more chance of credit to your State in the new gun and men than in twenty drilled regiments.”

But the history of that skirmish proves the capacity of the weapon in question for the performance of more than ought ever to be asked of it. Had the troops who attempted the charge been thoroughly disciplined and accustomed to the work, they could not have been checked by so small a number, and in five minutes more the little handful of riflemen would have been riddled with bayonets. On the other hand, nothing but the confidence in-

\* *Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen.*

spired by the consciousness of the power they wielded could have enabled such a handful to hold their ground as they did in the face of such overwhelming odds. Two companies of infantry in their rear, who were intended as a support, fired one volley and then fled.

In a close conflict so unwieldy a weapon as the telescope-rifle is of course useless, and its owner must depend upon his side-arms for defence. The same is true of artillery, and, as we said before, these riflemen are to be considered and used in service as light artillery, — requiring a sufficient support to enable them to withdraw from close action, but operating with deadly effect upon individual enemies at a distance at which cannon are serviceable only against masses, and, for the most part, require a series of trials to get the range, which may be constantly shifting. The telescope-rifle is a field-piece possessing such precision and range as no other weapon can boast, and provided with an instrument which reduces the art of aiming to a point of mathematical certainty, — and all within such a compass of size and weight that every man of a company can manage one with nearly the rapidity and with ten times the efficiency of an ordinary musket. We submit the question, whether we can afford to dispense with such advantages, — or rather, whether we are not bound to develop them to their fullest extent, by the adoption and adaptation to field-service of the weapon which combines them? It is obvious that a corps armed with such a weapon would require a peculiar drill, and their sphere of usefulness would necessarily be limited by circumstances which would not affect ordinary infantry; but common sense would readily dictate the positions of attack or defence in which their peculiar powers would render the best service, and military science would suggest the most efficient manner of directing their operations. Such a force, however, would necessarily form but a small portion of any army; and we have dwelt upon the subject solely from the conviction that its im-

portance is too great to allow it to be neglected, while it is yet too little known to be appreciated as it deserves.

We turn now to the ordinary rifle-practice, which has come of late years to be considered in Europe almost as the one thing needful for the soldier, while with us it has been gradually sinking into disuse for a quarter of a century. When called upon to send an army into the field, we find that more than half of its members have never fired a gun, and even of those who have, not one in a hundred has had any instruction beyond what he has been able to pick up for himself, while popping at robins and squirrels with a ten-dollar Birmingham shot-gun; and every account we receive of a skirmish with the enemy elicits exclamations of astonishment that so few are hurt on either side. It may relieve in some degree the prevalent dread of fire-arms (which is a primary cause of this general ignorance of their use) to discover that it requires no small amount of skill to hurt anybody with them; and when the fact comes to be equally appreciated, that ignorance lies at the bottom of all the unintended mischief that is done with them, it is probable that proper instruction in their use will be considered, as it ought, a necessary part of a boy's education. It had been better for us, if this matter had been sooner attended to. *Let us lose no time now.*

Reader! are you a man, having the use of your limbs and eyes, and do you know how to put a ball into a rifle and bring it out again with a true aim? If not, it is time you were learning. Provide yourself with a rifle and equipments, and find some one to give you the first lessons in their use, and then practise daily at target-shooting. Do not excuse yourself with the plea that you have no intention to enter the service. If the work of preparation is left only to those who mean to become soldiers, it will not be done; but if every man proves his appreciation of its importance by taking an active interest in its promotion, the



right men for soldiers will be forthcoming when they are needed, and the most important element of their military education will have been acquired; and it is not impossible that the day may come when you yourself will feel that the power you have thus obtained is worth more to you than all you learned in college. Are you too old and infirm for such service, or are you a woman, and have you the means of equipping another who is unable to do it for himself? If so, it will

not be hard to find an able-bodied young man who will gladly take charge of a rifle, on the condition that he is to be its owner at the end of six months, if he can then place ten successive shots in a circle of a foot in diameter at two hundred yards.

"A word to the wise is enough." The word has been uttered in trumpet-tones from the battle-fields of the South. Let us prove that we are wise, by acting at once upon its suggestions.

## AGNES OF SORRENTO.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE morning sun rose clear and lovely on the old red rocks of Sorrento, and danced in a thousand golden scales and ripples on the wide Mediterranean. The shadows of the gorge were pierced by long golden shafts of light, here falling on some moist bed of crimson cyclamen, there shining through a waving tuft of gladiolus, or making the abundant yellow fringes of the broom more vivid in their brightness. The velvet-mossy old bridge, in the far shadows at the bottom, was lit up by a chance beam, and seemed as if it might be something belonging to fairy-land.

There had been a bustle and stir sometimes in the little dove-cot, for to-morrow the inmates were to leave it for a long, adventurous journey.

To old Elsie, the journey back to Rome, the city of her former days of prosperity, the place which had witnessed her ambitious hopes, her disgrace and downfall, was full of painful ideas. There arose to her memory, like a picture, those princely halls, with their slippery, cold mosaic floors, their long galleries of statues and paintings, their enchanting gardens, musical with the voice of mossy fountains,

fragrant with the breath of roses and jessamines, where the mother of Agnes had spent the hours of her youth and beauty. She seemed to see her flitting hither and thither down the stately ilex-avenues, like some gay singing-bird, to whom were given gilded cages and a constant round of caresses and sweets, or like the flowers in the parterres, which lived and died only as the graceful accessories of the grandeur of an old princely family.

She compared, mentally, the shaded and secluded life which Agnes had led with the specious and fatal brilliancy which had been the lot of her mother, — her simple peasant garb with those remembered visions of jewelry and silk and embroideries with which the partial patronage of the Duchess or the ephemeral passion of her son had decked out the poor Isella; and then came swelling at her heart a tumultuous thought, one which she had repressed and kept down for years with all the force of pride and hatred. Agnes, peasant-girl though she seemed, had yet the blood of that proud old family in her veins; the marriage had been a true one; she herself had witnessed it.

"Yes, indeed," she said to herself, "were justice done, she would now be a princess, — a fit mate for the nobles of the

turned round, he walked away a piece, an' then 'e comed back, an' looked.

"So I found a high piece, wi' a wall of ice atop for shelter, ef it comed on to blow; an' so I stood, an' said, an' sung. I knowed well I was on'y driftun away.

"It was tarrible lonely in the night, when night comed: it's no use! 'T was tarrible lonely: but I 'ould n' think, ef I could help it; an' I prayed a bit, an' kep' up my psalms, an' varses out o' the Bible, I 'd a-larned. I had n' a-prayed for sleep, but for wakun all night, an' there I was, standun.

"The moon was out agen, so bright; an' all the hills of ice shinun up to her; an' stars twinklun, so busy, all over; an' No'ther Lights gown up wi' a faint blaze, seemunly, from th' ice, an' meetun up aloft; an' sometimes a great groanun, an' more times tarrible loud shriekun! There was great white fields, an' great white hills, like countries, comun down to be destroyed; an' some great bargs a-goun faster, an' tearun through, breakun others to pieces; an' the groanun an' screechun, — ef all the dead that ever was, wi' their white clothès — But no!" said the stout fisherman, recalling himself from gazing, as he seemed to be, on the far-off ghastly scene, in memory.

"No! — an' thank 'E's marcy, I'm sittun by my own room. 'E tooked me off: but 't was a dreadful sight, — it's no use, — ef a body 'd let 'e'sself think! I sid a great black bear, an' hard un growl; an' 't was feelun, like, to hear un so bold an' so stout, among all they dreadful things, an' bumby the time 'ould come when 'e could n' save 'e'sself, do what 'e woul'.

"An' more times 't was all still: on'y swiles bawlun, all over. Ef it had n' a-been for they poor swiles, how could I stan' it? Many 's the one I 'd a-ketched, day-time, an' talked to un, an' patted un on the head, as ef they 'd a-been dogs by the door, like; an' they 'd oose to shut their eyes, an' draw their poor foolish faces together. It seemed neighbor-like to have some live thing.

"So I kep' awake, sayun an' singun, an' it was n' very cold; an' so — first thing I

knowed, I started, an' there I was lyun in a heap; an' I must have been asleep, an' did n' know how 't was, nor how long I 'd a-been so: an' some sort o' baste started away, an' 'e must have waked me up; I could n' rightly see what 't was, wi' sleepiness: an' then I hard a sound, sounded like breakers; an' that waked me fairly. 'T was like a lee-shore; an' 't was a comfort to think o' land, ef 't was on'y to be wrecked on itself: but I did n' go, an' I stood an' listened to un; an' now an' agen I 'd walk a piece, back an' forth, an' back an' forth; an' so I passed a many, many longsome hours, seemunly, tull night goed down tarrible slowly, an' it comed up day o' t' other side: an' there was n' no land; nawthun but great mountains meltun an' breakun up, an' fields wastun away. I sid 't was a rollun barg made the noise like breakers, throwun up great seas o' both sides of un; no sight nor sign o' shore, nor ship, but dazun white, — enough to blind a body, — an' I knowed 't was all floatun away, over the say. Then I said my prayers, an' tooked a drink o' water, an' set out agen for Nor-norwest: 't was all I could do. Sometimes snow, an' more times fair agen; but no sign o' man's things, an' no sign o' land, on'y white ice an' black water; an' ef a schooner was n' into un a'ready, 't was n' likely they woul', for we was gettin' funder an' funder away. Tired I was wi' gown, though I had n' walked more 'n a twenty or thirty mile, mubbe, an' it all comun down so fast as I could go up, an' faster, an' never stoppun! 'T was a tarrible long journey up over the driftun ice, at sea! So, then I went on a high bit to wait tull all was done: I thowt 't would be last to melt, an' mubbe, I thowt, 'e may capsize wi' me, when I did n' know (for I don' say I was stout-hearted): an' I prayed Un to take care o' them I loved; an' the tears comed. Then I felt somethun tryun to turn me round like, an' it seemed as ef *she* was down it, somehow, an' she seemed to be very nigh, somehow, an' I did n' look.

"After a bit, I got up to look out where most swiles was, for company, while I was

livun: an' the first look struck me a'most like a bullet! There I sid a sail! 'T was a sail, an' 't was like heaven openun, an' God settun her down there. About three mile away she was, to nothe'ard, in th' Ice.

"I could ha' sid, at first look, what schooner 't was; but I did n' want to look hard at her. I kep' my peace, a spurt, an' then I runned an' bawled out, 'Glory be to God!' an' then I stopped, an' made proper thanks to Un. An' there she was, same as ef I'd a-walked off from her an hour ago! It felt so long as ef I'd been livun years, an' they would n' know me, sca'ce. Somehow I did n' think I could come up wi' her.

"I started, in the name o' God, wi' all my might, an' went, an' went,—'t was a five mile, wi' gown round,—an' got her, thank God! 'T was n' the Baccaloue, (I sid that long before,) 't was t' other schooner, the Sparrow, repairun damages they 'd got day before. So that kep' 'em there, an' I 'd a-been took from one an' brought to t' other.

"I could n' do a hand's turn tull we got into the Bay agen,—I was so clear beat out. The Sparrow kep' her men, an' fotch home about thirty-eight hundred swiles, an' a poor man off th' Ice: but

they, poor fellows, that I went out wi', never comed no more; an' I never went agen.

"I kep' the skin o' the poor baste, Sir: that 's 'e on my cap."

When the planter had fairly finished his tale, it was a little while before I could teach my eyes to see the things about me in their places. The slow-going sail, outside, I at first saw as the schooner that brought away the lost man from the Ice; the green of the earth would not, at first, show itself through the white with which the fancy covered it; and at first I could not quite feel that the ground was fast under my feet. I even mistook one of my own men (the sight of whom was to warn me that I was wanted elsewhere) for one of the crew of the schooner Sparrow of a generation ago.

I got the tale and its scene gathered away, presently, inside my mind, and shook myself into a present association with surrounding things, and took my leave. I went away the more gratified that I had a chance of lifting my cap to a matron, dark-haired and comely, (who, I was sure, at a glance, had once been the maiden of Benjie Westham's "trothplight,") and receiving a handsome curtsy in return.

*Atlantic Monthly*

35-

## FREMONT'S HUNDRED DAYS IN MISSOURI. C

*W. D. Borchgrevink*

### III.

#### THE FORCED MARCH TO SPRINGFIELD.

*Bolivar, October 26th.* Zagonyi's success has roused the enthusiasm of the army. The old staggers took it coolly, but the green hands revealed their excitement by preparing for instant battle. Pistols were oiled and reloaded, and swords sharpened. We did all this a month ago, before leaving St. Louis. We then expected a battle, and went forth with

the shadow and the sunshine of that expectation upon our hearts; but up to this time we have not seen a shot fired in earnest. Now the blast of war blows in our ears, and we instinctively "stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood."

Captain H., the young chevalier of the staff, whom we have named *Le Beau Capitaine*, went this morning to St. Louis with intelligence of the victory. He has ninety miles to ride before midnight, to catch to-morrow's train.

Under the influence of the excitement



which prevailed, we were on horseback this morning long before it was necessary, when the General sent us word that the staff might go forward, and he would overtake us. The gay and brilliant cavalcade which marched out of Jefferson City is destroyed,—the maimed and bleeding Guard is reposing a few miles south of Bolivar,—the detachment which was left at head-quarters has gone on to join the main body,—and the staff, broken into small parties, straggles along the road. A more beautiful day never delighted the earth. The atmosphere is warm, the sky cloudless, and the distance is filled with a soft dreamy haze, which veils, but does not conceal, the purple hills and golden forests.

A few miles south of our last night's camp we came out upon a large prairie, called the Twenty-Five Mile Prairie. It is an undulating plain, seven miles wide and twenty-five long. It was the intention to concentrate the army here. A more favorable position for reviewing and manœuvring a large force cannot be found. But the plan has been changed. We must hasten to Springfield, lest the Rebels seize the place, capture White and our wounded, and throw a cloud over Zagonyi's brilliant victory.

Passing from the prairie, we entered a broad belt of timber, and soon reached a fine stream. We drew rein at a farmhouse on the top of the river-bank, where we found a pleasant Union family. The farmer came out, and, thinking Colonel Eaton was the General, offered him two superb apples, large enough for foot-balls. He was disappointed to find his mistake, and to be compelled to withdraw the proffered gift. Sigel encamped here last night, and the *débris* of his camp-fires checker the hill-side and the flats along the margin of the creek. After waiting an hour, the General not coming up, Colonel Eaton and myself set out alone over a road which was crowded with Sigel's wagons. Everything bears witness to the extraordinary energy and efficiency of that officer. This morning he started before day, and he will be

in Springfield by noon to-morrow. His train is made up of materials which would drive most generals to despair. There are mule-teams, and ox-teams, and in some cases horses, mules, and oxen hitched together. There are army-wagons, box-wagons, lumber-wagons, hay-racks, buggies, carriages,—in fact, every kind of animal and every description of vehicle which could be found in the country. Most of our division-commanders would have refused to leave camp with such a train; but Sigel has made it answer his purpose, and here he is, fifty miles in advance of any other officer, tearing after Price.

We were jogging painfully over the incumbered road, and through clouds of dust, when an officer rode up in great haste, and asked for Dr. C., who was needed at the camp of the Guards. By reason of the broken order in which the staff rode to-day, he could not be found. For two mortal hours unlucky aides-de-camp dashed to the front and the rear, and scoured the country for five miles upon the flanks, visiting the farm-houses in search of the missing surgeon. At last he was found, and hurried on to the relief of the Guard. At this moment the General came up, and, to our astonishment, Zagonyi was riding beside him, bearing upon his trim person no mark of yesterday's fatigue and danger. The Major fell behind, and rode into Bolivar with me. On the way we met Lieutenant Maythenyi of the Guard.

Our camp is on the farm of a member of the State legislature who is now serving under Price. His white cottage and well-ordered farm-buildings are surrounded by rich meadows, bearing frequent groups of noble trees; the fences are in good condition, and the whole place wears an air of thrift and prosperity which must be foreign to Missouri even in her best estate.

*Springfield, October 28th.* Few of those who endured the labor of yesterday will forget the march into Springfield. At midnight of Saturday, the Sharp-shooters were sent on in wagons, and at two in

the morning the Benton Cadets started, with orders to march that day to Springfield, thirty miles. Their departure broke the repose of the camp. To add to the confusion, a report was spread that the General intended to start at daybreak, and that we must have breakfast at four o'clock and be ready for the saddle at six. This programme was carried out. Long before day our servants called us; fires were lighted, and breakfast eaten by starlight. Before dawn the wagons were packed and horses saddled. But the General had no intention of going so early; the report had its origin in the uneasy brain of some officer who probably thought the General ought to leave at daybreak. Some of the old heads paid no attention to the report, or did not hear it, and they were deep in the pleasures of the morning nap while we poor fellows were shivering over our breakfast.

Colonel Wyman reported himself at Bolivar, having marched from Rolla and beaten the Rebels in three engagements. The General set out at nine o'clock for our thirty-mile ride. The black horse fell into his usual scrambling gait, and we pounded along uneasily after him. As we passed through Bolivar, the inhabitants came into the streets and greeted us with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, — a degree of interest which is not often exhibited. Forging a small stream, we came into Wyman's camp, and thence upon a long, rolling prairie. An hour's ride brought us to the place where the Guard encamped the night before. The troops had left, but the wounded officers were still in a neighboring house, waiting for our ambulances. Those who were able to walk came out to see the General. He received them with marked kindness. At times like this, he has a simple grace and poetry of expression and a tenderness of manner which are very winning. He spoke a few words to each of the brave fellows, which brought smiles to their faces and tears into their eyes. Next came our turn, and we were soon listening to the incidents of the fearful fray. None of them are severely wound-

ed, except Kennedy, and he will probably lose an arm. We saw them all placed in the ambulances, and then fell in behind the black pacer.

A short distance farther on, a very amusing scene occurred. The road in front was nearly filled by a middle-aged woman, fat enough to have been the original of some of the pictures which are displayed over the booths at a county fair.

"Are you Gin'ral Freemount?" she shouted, her loud voice husky with rage.

"Yes," replied the General in a low tone, somewhat abashed at the formidable obstruction in his path, and occupied in restraining the black pacer, who was as much frightened at the huge woman as he could have been at a park of artillery.

"Waal, you're the man I want to see. I'm a widder. I wus born in Old Kentuck, and am a Union, and allers wus a Union, and will be a Union to the eend, clear grit."

She said this with startling earnestness and velocity of utterance, and paused, the veins in her face swollen almost to bursting. The black pacer bounded from one side of the road to the other, throwing the whole party into confusion.

The General raised his cap and asked, —

"What is the matter, my good woman?"

"Matter, Gin'ral! Ther' 's enough the matter. I 've allers gi'n the sogers all they wanted. I gi'n 'em turkeys and chickens and eggs and butter and bread. And I never charged 'em anything for it. They tuk all my corn, and I never said nuthing. I allers treated 'em well, for I 'm Union, and so wus my man, who died more nor six yeah ago."

She again paused, evidently for no reason except to escape a stroke of apoplexy.

"But tell me what you want now. I will see to it that you have justice," interrupted the General.

"You see, Gin'ral, last night some sogers come and tuk my ox-chains, — two

on 'em,—all I 've got,—and I can't buy no more in these war-times. I can't do any work without them chains; they 'd 'a' better uv tuk my teams with 'em, too."

"How much were your ox-chains worth," said the General, laughing.

"Waal now," answered the fat one, moderating her tone, "they 're wuth a good deal jes' now. The war has made such things drefle deah. The big one wus the best I ever see; bought it last yeah, up at Hinman's store in Bolivar; that chain was wuth—waal now——Ho, Jim! ho, Dick! come y'ere! Gin'ral Free-mount wants to know how much them ox-chains was wuth."

A lazy negro and a lazier white man, the latter whittling a piece of cedar, walked slowly from the house to the road, and, leaning against the fence, began in drawling tones to discuss the value of the ox-chains, how much they cost, how much it would take to buy new ones in these times. One thought "may-be four dollars wud do," but the other was sure they could not be bought for less than five. There was no promise of a decision, and the black pacer was floundering about in a perfect agony of fear. At last the General drew out a gold eagle and gave it to the woman, asking,—

"Is that enough?"

She took the money with a ludicrous expression of joy and astonishment at the rare sight, but exclaimed,—

"Lor' bless me! it's too much, Gin'ral! I don't want more nor my rights. It's too much."

But the General spurred by her, and we followed, leaving the "Union" shouting after us, "It's too much! It's more nor I expected!" She must have received an impression of the simplicity and promptitude of the quartermaster's department which the experience of those who have had more to do with it will hardly sustain.

Our road was filled with teams belonging to Sigel's train, and the dust was very oppressive. At length it became so distressing to our animals that the General permitted us to separate from

him and break up into small parties. I made the rest of the journey in company with Colonel Eaton. Our road lay through the most picturesque region we had seen. The Ozark Mountains filled the southern horizon, and ranges of hills swept along our flanks. The broad prairies, covered with tall grass waving and rustling in the light breeze, were succeeded by patches of woods, through which the road passed, winding among picturesque hills covered with golden forests and inlaid with the silver of swift-running crystal streams.

As we came near the town, we saw many evidences of the rapid march Sigel had made. We passed large numbers of stragglers. Some were limping along, weary and foot-sore, others were lying by the road-side, and every farmhouse was filled with exhausted men. A mile or two from Springfield we overtook the Cadets. They had marched thirty miles since morning, and had halted beside a brook to wash themselves. As we approached, Colonel Marshall dressed the ranks, the colors were flung out, the music struck up, and the Cadets marched into Springfield in as good order as if they had just left camp.

It was a gala-day in Springfield. The Stars and Stripes were flying from windows and house-tops, and ladies and children, with little flags in their hands, stood on the door-steps to welcome us. This is the prettiest town I have found in Missouri, and we can see the remains of former thrift and comfort worthy a village in the Valley of the Merrimack or Genesee. It has suffered severely from the war. From its position it is the key to Southern Missouri, and all decisive battles for the possession of that region must be fought near Springfield. This is the third Union army which has been here, and the Confederate armies have already occupied the place twice. When the Federals came, the leading Secessionists fled; and when the Rebels came, the most prominent Union men ran away. Thus by the working of events the town has lost its chief citizens, and their resi-



dences are either deserted or have been sacked. War's dreary record is written upon the dismantled houses, the wasted gardens, the empty storehouses, and the deserted taverns. The market, which stood in the centre of the *Plaza*, was last night fired by a crazy old man, well known here, and previously thought to be harmless: it now stands a black ruin, a type of the desolation which broods over the once happy and prosperous town.

Near the market is a substantial brick edifice, newly built, — the county courthouse. It is used as a hospital, and we were told that the dead Guardsmen were lying in the basement. Colonel Eaton and myself dismounted, and entered a long, narrow room in which lay sixteen ghastly figures in open coffins of unpainted pine, ranged along the walls. All were shot to death except one. They seemed to have died easily, and many wore smiles upon their faces. Death had come so suddenly that the color still lingered in their boyish cheeks, giving them the appearance of wax-figures. Near the door was the manly form of the sergeant of the first company, who, while on the march, rode immediately in front of the General. We all knew him well. He was a model soldier: his dress always neat, his horse well groomed, the trappings clean, and his sabre-scabbard bright. He lay as calm and placid as if asleep; and a small blue mark between his nose and left eye told the story of his death. Opposite him was a terrible spectacle, — the bruised, mangled, and distorted shape of a bright-eyed lad belonging to the Kentucky company. I had often remarked his arch, mirthful, Irish-like face; and the evening the Guard left camp he brought me a letter to send to his mother, and talked of the fun he was going to have at Springfield. His body was found seven miles from the battle-field, stripped naked. There was neither bullet- nor sabre-wound upon him, but his skull had been beaten in by a score of blows. The cowards had taken him prisoner, carried him with them in their flight, and then robbed and murdered him.

After leaving the hospital we met Major White, whom we supposed to be a prisoner. He is quite ill from the effects of exposure and anxiety. With his little band of twenty-four men he held the town, protecting and caring for the wounded, until Sigel came in yesterday noon.

Head-quarters were established at the residence of Colonel Phelps, the member of Congress from this district, and our tents are now grouped in front and at the sides of the house. The wagons did not come up until midnight, and we were compelled to forage for our supper and lodging. A widow lady who lives near gave some half-dozen officers an excellent meal, and Major White and myself slept on the floor of her sitting-room.

This afternoon the Guardsmen were buried with solemn ceremony. We placed the sixteen in one huge grave. Upon a grassy hill-side, and beneath the shade of tall trees, the brave boys sleep in the soil they have hallowed by their valor.

We are so far in advance that there is some solicitude lest we may be attacked before the other divisions come up. Sigel has no more than five thousand men, and the addition of our little column makes the whole force here less than six thousand. Asboth is two days' march behind. McKinstry is on the *Pomme-de-Terre*, seventy miles north, and Pope is about the same distance. Hunter — we do not know precisely where he is, but we suppose him to be south of the *Osage*, and that he will come by the *Buffalo* road: he has not reported for some time. Price is at *Neosho*, fifty-four miles to the southwest. Should he advance rapidly, it will need energetic marching to bring up our reinforcements. Price and McCulloch have joined, and there are rumors that Hardee has reached their camp with ten thousand men. The best information we can get places the enemy's force at thirty thousand men and thirty-two pieces of artillery. Deserters are numerous. I have interrogated a number of them to-day, and they all say

they came away because Price was retreating, and they did not wish to be taken so far from their homes. They also say that the time for which his men are enlisted expires in the middle of November, and if he does not fight, his army will dissolve.

#### SLAVERY.

*Springfield, October 30th.* Asboth brought in his division this morning, and soon after Lane came at the head of his brigade. It was a motley procession, made up of the desperate fighters of the Kansas borders and about two hundred negroes. The contrabands were mounted and armed, and rode through the streets rolling about in their saddles with their shiny faces on a broad grin.

The disposition to be made of fugitive slaves is a subject which every day presents itself. The camps and even headquarters are filled with runaways. Several negroes came from St. Louis as servants of staff-officers, and these men have become a sort of Vigilance Committee to secure the freedom of the slaves in our neighborhood. The new-comers are employed to do the work about camp, and we find them very useful,—and they serve us with a zeal which is born of their long-baffled love of liberty. The officers of the regular army here have little sympathy with this practical Abolitionism; but it is very different with the volunteers and the rank and file of the army at large. The men do not talk much about it; it is not likely that they think very profoundly upon the social and legal questions involved; they are Abolitionists by the inexorable logic of their situation. However ignorant or thoughtless they may be, they know that they are here at the peril of their lives, facing a stern, vigilant, and relentless foe. To subdue this foe, to cripple and destroy him, is not only their duty, but the purpose to which the instinct of self-preservation concentrates all their energies. Is it to be supposed that men who, like the soldiers of the Guard, last week pur-

sued Rebellion into the very valley and shadow of death, will be solicitous to protect the system which incited their enemies to that fearful struggle, and hurried their comrades to early graves? What laws or proclamations can control men stimulated by such memories? The stern decrees of fact prescribe the conditions upon which this war must be waged. An attempt to give back the negroes who ask our protection would demoralize the army; an order to assist in such rendition would be resented as an insult. Fortunately, no such attempt will be made. So long as General Fremont is in command of this department, no person, white or black, will be taken out of our lines into slavery. The flag we follow will be in truth what the nation has proudly called it, a symbol of freedom to all.

The other day a farmer of the neighborhood came into our quarters, seeking a runaway slave. It happened that the fugitive had been employed as a servant by Colonel Owen Lovejoy. Some one told the man to apply to the Colonel, and he entered the tent of that officer and said,—

"Colonel, I am told you have got my boy Ben, who has run away from me."

"Your boy?" exclaimed the Colonel; "I do not know that I have any boy of yours."

"Yes, there he is," insisted the master, pointing to a negro who was approaching. "I want you to deliver him to me: you have no right to him; he is my slave."

"Your slave?" shouted Colonel Lovejoy, springing to his feet. "That man is my servant. By his own consent he is in my service, and I pay him for his labor, which it is his right to sell and mine to buy. Do you dare come here and claim the person of my servant? He is entitled to my protection, and shall have it. I advise you to leave this camp forthwith."

The farmer was astounded at the cool way in which the Colonel turned the tables upon him, and set his claim to the negro, by reason of having hired him, above the one which he had as the ne-

gro's master. He left hastily, and we afterwards learned that his brother and two sons were in the Rebel army.

As an instance of the peculiar manner in which some of the fugitive slaves address our sympathies, I may mention the case of Lanzy, one of my servants. He came to my tent the morning after I arrived here, ragged, hungry, foot-sore, and weary. Upon inquiry, I have found his story to be true. He is nearly white, and is the son of his master, whose residence is a few miles west of here, but who is now a captain under Price, — a fact which does not predispose me to the rendition of Lanzy, should he be pursued. He is married, after the fashion in which slaves are usually married, and has two children. But his wife and of course her children belong to a widow lady, whose estate adjoins his master's farm, and several months ago, by reason of the unsettled condition of the country, Lanzy's wife and little children were sold and taken down to the Red River. Fearing the approach of the Federal forces, last week the Rebel captain sent instructions to have Lanzy and his other slaves removed into Arkansas. This purpose was discovered, and Lanzy and a very old negro, whom he calls uncle, fled at night. For several days they wandered through the forests, and at last succeeded in reaching Springfield. How can a man establish a stronger claim to the sympathy and protection of a stranger than that which tyranny, misfortune, and misery have given to this poor negro upon me? Bereft of wife and children, whose love was the sunshine of his dark and dreary life, threatened with instant exile from which there was no hope of escape, what was there of which imagination can conceive that could increase the load of evil which pressed upon this unhappy man? Is it strange that he fled from his hard fate, as the hare flies from the hounds?

His case is by no means extraordinary. Go to any one of the dusky figures loitering around yonder fire, and you will hear a moving story of oppression and sorrow. Every slave who runs breathless into our

lines and claims the soldier's protection, not only appeals to him as a soldier struggling with a deadly foe, but addresses every generous instinct of his manhood. Mighty forces born of man's sympathy for man are at work in this war, and will continue their work, whether we oppose or yield to them.

Yesterday fifty-three Delaware Indians came from Kansas to serve under the General. Years ago he made friends of the Delawares, when travelling through their country upon his first journey of exploration; and hearing that he was on the war-path, the tribe have sent their best young warriors to join him. They are descendants of the famous tribe which once dwelt on the Delaware River, and belonged to the confederacy of the Six Nations, — for more than two centuries the most powerful Indian community in America. Their ancient prowess remains. The Delawares are feared all over the Plains, and their war-parties have often penetrated beyond the Rocky Mountains, carrying terror through all the Indian tribes. These men are fine specimens of their race, — tall, lightly formed, and agile. They ride little shaggy ponies, rough enough to look at, but very hardy and active; and they are armed with the old American rifle, the traditional weapon which Cooper places in the hands of his red heroes. They are led by the chief of their tribe, Fall-Leaf, a dignified personage, past the noon of life, but showing in his erect form and dark eye that the fires of manhood burn with undiminished vigor.

#### THE SITUATION.

*Springfield, November 1st.* It is certain that Price left Neosho on Monday and is moving towards us. He probably heard how small the force was with which the General arrived here, and thinks that he can overwhelm us before the other divisions come up. We have had some fear of this ourselves, and all the dispositions have been made for a stubborn defence in case we are attacked. The last



two nights we have slept on our arms, with our horses saddled and baggage packed. Now all danger is past: a part of Pope's division came in this morning, and McKinstry is close at hand. He has marched nearly seventy miles in three days. The evidence that Price is advancing is conclusive. Our scouts have reported that he was moving, and numerous deserters have confirmed these reports; but we have other evidence of the most undoubted reliability. During the last two days, hundreds of men, women, and children have come into our lines,—Union people who fled at the approach of the Rebels. I have talked with a number of these fugitives who reside southwest from here, and they all represent the roads to be filled with vast numbers of men and teams going towards Wilson's Creek. They give the most exaggerated estimates of the number of the enemy, placing them at from fifty thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand men; but the scouts and deserters say that the whole force does not exceed thirty-two thousand, and of these a large number are poorly armed and quite undisciplined. Hunter has not come up, nor has he been heard from directly, but there is a report that yesterday he had not left the Osage: if this be true, he will not be here in time for the battle.

The Rebel generals must now make their choice between permitting themselves to be cut off from their base of operations and sources of supply and reinforcement, and attempting to reach Forsyth, in which case they will have to give us battle. The movement from Neosho leaves no doubt that they intend to fight. It is said by the deserters that Price would be willing to avoid an engagement, but he is forced to offer battle by the necessities of his position, the discontent of his followers, the approaching expiration of their term of enlistment, and the importunities of McCulloch, who declares he will not make another retreat.

We are now perfectly prepared. Hunter's delay leaves us with only twenty-two thousand men, seventy pieces of

artillery, and about four thousand cavalry. In view of our superiority as respects armament, discipline, and ordnance, we are more than a match for our opponent. We sleep to-night in constant expectation of an attack: two guns will be fired as a signal that the enemy are at hand.

#### THE REMOVAL.

*Springfield, November 2d.* The catastrophe has come which we have long dreaded, but for which we were in no degree prepared. This morning, at about ten o'clock, while I was standing in front of my tent, chatting with some friends, an officer in the uniform of a captain of the general staff rode up, and asked the orderly to show him to the General. He went into the house, and in a few moments came out and rode off. I soon learned that he had brought an order from General Scott informing General Fremont that he was temporarily relieved of his command, and directing him to transfer it to Major-General Hunter and report himself to the head-quarters of the army by letter. The order was originally dated October 7th, but the date had been altered to October 24th, on which day it left St. Louis,—the day the Guards started upon their expedition to Springfield.

This order, which, on the very eve of consummation, has defeated the carefully matured plans upon which the General's fortunes and in so large a measure the fortunes of the country depended,—which has destroyed the results of three months of patient labor, transferring to another the splendid army he has called together, organized, and equipped, and giving to another the laurel wreath of victory which now hangs ready to fall at the touch,—this order, which has disappointed so many long-cherished hopes, was received by our magnanimous General without a word of complaint. In his noble mind there was no doubt or hesitation. He obeyed it promptly and implicitly. He at once directed Colonel

Eaton to issue the proper order transferring the command to General Hunter, and having prepared a brief address to the soldiers, full of pathos and patriotic devotion, he rode out accompanied by the Delawares to examine the positions south of the village.

Hunter has not yet been heard from: three couriers have been sent after him. General Pope is now in command here. It is understood, that, until the Commanding General arrives, the army will stand upon the defensive, and that no engagement will take place, unless it is attacked. General Fremont and his staff will leave to-morrow for St. Louis.

This evening I rode through Sigel's and McKinstry's camps. The general order and the farewell address had been read to the regiments, and the camp-fires were surrounded by groups of excited soldiers, and cheers for Fremont were heard on every side.

*November 3d, 8 P. M.* This morning it became apparent that the departure of the General before the arrival of Hunter would endanger the discipline of the army. Great numbers of officers have offered their resignations, and it has required the constant and earnest efforts of General Fremont to induce them to retain their positions. The slightest encouragement upon his part of the discontent which prevails will disorganize the divisions of Sigel and Asboth.

The attitude of the enemy is threatening, and it does not seem possible to avoid a battle more than a few hours. Great numbers of people, flying before Price, have come in to-day. A reconnoissance in the direction of Springfield has been made, and the following report rendered by General Asboth.

**"HEAD-QUARTERS FOURTH DIVISION  
WESTERN DEPARTMENT.**

*"Springfield, November 3d, 1861.*

**"TO MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. FREMONT,  
Commanding Western Department.**

**"GENERAL:—**The captain commanding the company of Major Wright's bat-

talion, which was sent out on a scouting party to Wilson's Creek, has just sent in his report by a runner. He says, last night the enemy's advanced guard, some two thousand strong, camped at Wilson's Creek. Price's forces are at Terrill's Creek on the Marionville road, nine miles behind Wilson's Creek, and McCulloch's forces are at Dug Springs.

"Both these forces were expected to concentrate at Wilson's Creek to-night, and offer battle there.

"The scout depicts every road and path covered with moving troops, estimating them at forty thousand men.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient serv't,

"ASBOTH,

"Act. Maj.-Gen'l Com'd'g 4th Div."

According to this report, the whole of Price's army is within twenty miles of us, and probably nearer. Hunter has not been heard from, and it is impossible to discover his whereabouts. This afternoon General McKinstry designed to make a reconnoissance in force with his whole division towards Wilson's Creek; but yielding to the solicitations of the chief officers, and in view of the imminence of battle, to-day General Fremont resumed the command, and ordered McKinstry not to make his reconnoissance,—not wishing to bring on a general engagement during the absence of Hunter.

All day long officers have visited General Fremont and urged him to give battle, representing, that, if this opportunity were permitted to pass, Price, after ascertaining our force, would retire, and it would be impossible to catch him again. This evening one hundred and ten officers called upon him in a body. They ranged themselves in semicircular array in front of the house, and one of their number presented an address to the General full of sympathy and respect, and earnestly requesting him to lead them against the enemy. At the close of the interview, the General said, that, under all the circumstances, he felt it to be his duty not to decline the battle which our

foe offers us,—and that, if General Hunter did not arrive before midnight, he would lead the army forward to-morrow morning at daybreak; and that they might so inform their several commands. This announcement was received with loud cheers. The staff-officers were at once despatched with directions to the division and brigade commanders to repair forthwith to head-quarters and receive their orders. The Generals assembled at eight o'clock, and the following order of battle was then published.

**"HEAD-QUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT.**

*"Springfield, November 3, 1861.*

"The different divisions of the army shall be put in the following order of battle.

"Act'g Maj.-Gen. Asboth,	right wing.
"          "          McKinstry,	centre.
"          "          Sigel,	left.
"          "          Pope,	reserve.

"General McKinstry's column to leave camp at six o'clock, and proceed by the Fayetteville road to the upper end of the upper cornfield on the left, where General Lyon made his first attack.

"General Sigel to start at six o'clock by Joakum's Mill, and follow his old trail, except that he is to turn to the right some two miles sooner, and proceed to the old stable on the lower end of the lower cornfield.

"General Asboth to start at six and one-half o'clock, by the Mount Vernon road, then by a prairie road to the right of the ravine opposite the lower field.

"General Pope to start at seven o'clock by the Fayetteville road, following General McKinstry's column.

"General Lane to join General Sigel's division. General Wyman to join General Asboth's division.

"One regiment and two pieces of artillery of General Pope's division to remain as a reserve in Springfield.

"The different divisions to come into their positions at the same time, about

eleven o'clock, at which hour a simultaneous attack will be made.

"The baggage-trains to be packed and held in readiness at Springfield. Each regiment to carry three two-horse wagons to transport the wounded.

"J. C. FREMONT,  
"Maj.-Gen'l Com'd'g."

The General and staff, with the Body-Guard, Benton Cadets, Sharp-shooters, and Delawares, will accompany McKinstry's column.

The news has spread like wildfire. As I galloped up the road this evening, returning from McKinstry's quarters, every camp was astir. The enthusiasm was unbounded. On every side the eager soldiers are preparing for the conflict. They are packing wagons, sharpening sabres, grooming horses, and cleaning muskets. The spirit of our men promises a brilliant victory.

*Midnight.* At eleven o'clock General Hunter entered the Council of Generals at head-quarters. General Fremont explained to him the situation of affairs, the attitude of the enemy, and the dispositions which had been made for the following day, and then gracefully resigned the command into his hands. And thus our hopes are finally defeated, and in the morning we turn our faces to the north. General Hunter will not advance to-morrow, and the opportunity of catching Price will probably be lost, for it is not likely the Rebel General will remain at Wilson's Creek after he has learned that the whole Federal army is concentrated.

The news of the change has not yet reached the camps. As I sit here, wearied with the excitement and labors of the day, the midnight stillness is broken by the din of preparation, the shouting of teamsters, the clang of the cavalry anvils, and the distant cheers of the soldiers, still excited with the hope of to-morrow's victory.

The Body-Guard and Sharp-shooters return with us; and all the officers of General Fremont's staff have received orders to accompany him.



## HOMEWARD BOUND.

*In camp, twenty-five miles north of Springfield, November 4th.* At nine o'clock this morning we were in the saddle, and our little column was in marching order. The Delawares led, then came our band, the General and his staff followed, the Body-Guard came next, and the Sharpshooters in wagons brought up the rear. In this order we proceeded through the village. The Benton Cadets were drawn up in line in front of their camp, and saluted us as we passed, but none of the other regiments were paraded. The band had been directed to play lively airs, and we marched out to merry music. The troops did not seem to know that the General was to leave; but when they heard the band, they ran out of their camps and flocked into the streets: there was no order in their coming; they came without arms, many of them without their coats and bareheaded, and filled the road. The crowd was so dense that with difficulty the General rode through the throng. The farewell was most touching. There was little cheering, but an expression of sorrow on every face. Some pressed forward to take his hand; others cried, "God bless you, General!" "Your enemies are not in the camp!" "Come back and lead us to battle; we will fight for you!" The General rode on perfectly calm, a pleasant smile on his face, telling the men he was doing his duty, and they must do theirs.

We travelled with great rapidity and circumspection; for there was some reason to suppose that parties of the enemy had been thrown to the north of Springfield, in which case we might have been interfered with.

*Sedalia, November 7th.* We are waiting for the train which is to take us to St. Louis. Our journey here has been made very quickly. Monday we marched twenty-five miles. Tuesday we started at dawn, and made thirty miles, encamping twenty-five miles south of the Osage. Wednesday we were in the saddle at six o'clock, crossed the Osage in the after-

noon, and halted ten miles north of that river, the day's journey being thirty-five miles. We pitched our tents upon a high, flat prairie, covered with long dry grass.

In the evening the Delawares signified, that, if the General would consent to it, they would perform a war-dance. Permission was easily obtained, and, after the Indian braves had finished their toilet, they approached in formal procession, arrayed in all the glory and terror of war-paint. A huge fire had been built. The inhabitants of our little camp quickly gathered, officers, soldiers of the Guard, and Sharpshooters, negroes and teamsters. The Indians ranged themselves on one side of the fire, and the rest of us completed the circle. The dancing was done by some half-dozen young Indians, to the monotonous beating of two small drums and a guttural accompaniment which the dancers sang, the other Indians joining in the chorus. The performance was divided into parts, and the whole was intended to express the passions which war excites in the Indian nature,—the joy which they feel at the prospect of a fight,—their contempt for their enemies,—their frenzy at sight of the foe,—the conflict,—the operations of tomahawking and scalping their opponents,—and, finally, the triumph of victory. The performances occupied over two hours. Fall-Leaf presided with an air of becoming gravity, smoking an enormous stone pipe with a long reed stem.

After rendering thanks in proper form, Fall-Leaf was told, that, by way of return for their civility, and in special honor of the Delawares, the negroes would dance one of their national dances. Two agile darkies came forward, and went through with a regular break-down, to the evident entertainment of the red men. Afterwards an Irishman leaped into the ring, and began an Irish hornpipe. He was the best dancer of all, and his complicated steps and astonishing *tours-de-force* completely upset the gravity of the Indians, and they burst into loud laughter. It was midnight before the camp was composed to its last night's sleep.

This morning we started an hour before day, and marched to this place, twenty miles, by noon.

Thus ended the expedition of General Fremont to Springfield.

In bringing these papers to a close, the writer cannot refrain from expressing his regret that circumstances have prevented him from making that exposition of affairs in the Western Department which the country has long expected. While he was in the field, General Fremont permitted the attacks of his enemies to pass unheeded, because he held them unworthy to be intruded upon more important occupations, and he would not be diverted from the great objects he was pursuing; since his recall, considerations affecting the public service, and the desire not at this time to embarrass the Government with personal matters, have sealed his lips. I will not now disregard his wishes by entering into any detailed discussion of the charges which have been made against him,—but I cannot lay down my pen without bearing voluntary testimony to the fidelity, energy, and skill which he brought to his high office. It will be hard for any one who was not a constant witness of his career to appreciate the labor which he assumed and successfully performed. From the first to the last hour of the day, there was no idle moment. No time was given to pleasure,—none even to needed relaxation. Often, long after the strength of his body was spent, the force of his will bound him to exhausting toil. No religious zealot ever gave himself to his devotions with more absorbing abandonment than General Fremont to his hard, and, as it has proved, most thankless task. Time will verify the statement, that, whether as respects thoroughness or economy, his administration of affairs at the West will compare favorably with the transactions of any other department of the Government, military or civil, during the last nine months. Let it be contrasted with the most conspicuous instance of the management of military affairs at the East.

The period between the President's Proclamation and the Battle of Manassas was about equal in duration to the career of Fremont in the West. The Federal Government had at command all the resources, in men, material, and money, of powerful, wealthy, and populous communities. Nothing was asked which was not promptly and lavishly given. After three months of earnest effort, assisted by the best military and civil talent of the country, by the whole army organization, by scientific soldiers and an accomplished and experienced staff, a column of thirty thousand men, with thirty-four pieces of artillery and but four hundred cavalry, was moved a distance of twenty-two miles. Though it had been in camp several weeks, up to a few days before its departure it was without brigade or division organization, and ignorant of any evolutions except those of the battalion. It was sent forward without equipage, without a sufficient commissariat or an adequate medical establishment. This armed mob was led against an intrenched foe, and driven back in wild and disgraceful defeat,—a defeat which has prolonged the war for a year, called for a vast expenditure of men and treasure, and now to our present burdens seems likely to add those of a foreign war. The authors of this great disaster remain unpunished, and, except in the opinions of the public, unblamed; while nearly all the officers who led the ill-planned, ill-timed, and badly executed enterprise have received distinguished promotions, such as the soldier never expects to obtain, except as the reward of heroic and successful effort.

When General Fremont reached St. Louis, the Federal militia were returning to their homes, and a confident foe pressed upon every salient point of an extended and difficult defensive position. Drawing his troops from a few sparsely settled and impoverished States, denied expected and needed assistance in money and material from the General Government, he overcame every obstacle, and at the end of eight weeks led forth an army

of thirty thousand men, with five thousand cavalry and eighty-six pieces of artillery. Officers of high rank declared that this force could not leave its encampments by reason of the lack of supplies and transportation; but he conveyed them one hundred and ninety miles by rail, marched them one hundred and thirty-five miles, crossing a broad and rapid river in five days, and in three months from his assumption of the command, and in one month after leaving St. Louis, placed them in presence of the enemy, — not an incoherent mass, but a well-ordered and compact army, upon whose valor, steadfastness, and discipline the fate of the nation might safely have been pledged.

If General Fremont was not tried by the crowning test of the soldier — the battle-field — it was not through fault of his. On the very eve of battle he was removed. His army was arrested in its triumphal progress, and compelled to a shameful retreat, abandoning the beautiful region it had wrested from the foe, and deserting the loyal people who trusted to its protection, and who, exiles from their homes, followed its retreating files, — a mournful procession of broken-hearted men, weeping women, and suffering children. With an unscrupulousness which passes belief, the authors of this terrible disaster have denied the presence of the enemy at Springfield. The miserable wretches, once prosperous farmers upon the slopes of the Ozark Hills, who now wander mendicants through the streets of St. Louis, or crouch around the campfires of Rolla and Sedalia, can tell whether Price was near Springfield or not.

Forty-eight hours more must have given to General Fremont an engagement. What the result would have been no one who was there doubted. A victory such as the country has long desired and sorely needs, — a decisive, complete,

and overwhelming victory, — was as certain as it is possible for the skill and valor of man to make certain any future event. Now, twenty thousand men are required to hold our long line of defence in Missouri; then, five thousand at Springfield would have secured the State of Missouri, and a column pushed into Arkansas would have turned the enemy's position upon the Mississippi. In the same time and with the same labor that the march to the rear was made, two States might have been won, and the fate of the Rebellion in the Southwest decided.

While I am writing these concluding pages, the telegraph brings information that another expedition has started for Springfield. Strong columns are marching from Rolla, Sedalia, and Versailles, to do the work which General Fremont stood ready to do last November. After three months of experience and reflection, the enterprise which was denounced as aimless, extravagant, and ill-judged, which was derided as a wild hunt after an unreal foe, an exploration into desert regions, is now repeated in face of the obstacles of difficult roads and an inclement season, and when many of the objects of the expedition no longer exist, — for, unhappily, the loyal inhabitants of those fertile uplands, the fruitful farms and pleasant homes, are no longer there to receive the protection of our armies. General Fremont's military conduct could not have received more signal approval. The malignant criticisms of his enemies could in no other manner have been so completely refuted. Unmoved by the storm of calumny and detraction which raged around him, he has calmly and silently awaited the unerring judgment, the triumphant verdict, which he knew time and the ebb of the bad passions his success excited would surely bring.



*J. R. Sawin.*

## BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW. 36-

*With the following Letter from the REVEREND HOMER WILBUR, A. M.* C*To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.*Jaalam, 7<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1862.

RESPECTED FRIENDS, — If I know myself, and surely a man can hardly be supposed to have overpassed the limit of fourscore years without attaining to some proficiency in that most useful branch of learning, (*e cælo descendit*, says the pagan poet,) I have no great smack of that weakness which would press upon the publick attention any matter pertaining to my private affairs. But since the following letter of Mr. Sawin contains not only a direct allusion to myself, but that in connection with a topick of interest to all those engaged in the publick ministrations of the sanctuary, I may be pardoned for touching briefly thereupon. Mr. Sawin was never a stated attendant upon my preaching, — never, as I believe, even an occasional one, since the erection of the new house (where we now worship) in 1845. He did, indeed, for a time supply a not unacceptable bass in the choir, but, whether on some umbrage (*omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*) taken against the bass-viol, then, and till his decease in 1850, (*æt. 77.*) under the charge of Mr. Asaph Perley, or, as was reported by others, on account of an imminent subscription for a new bell, he thenceforth absented himself from all outward and visible communion. Yet he seems to have preserved, (*altâ mente repostum*,) as it were, in the pickle of a mind soured by prejudice, a lasting *scunner*, as he would call it, against our staid and decent form of worship: for I would rather in that wise interpret his fling, than suppose that any chance tares sown by my pulpit discourses should survive so long, while good seed too often fails to root itself. I humbly trust that I have no personal feeling in the matter; though I know, that, if we sound any man deep enough, our lead shall bring up the mud of human nature at last. The Bretons believe in an evil spirit which they call *ar c'houskezik*, whose office it is to make the congregation drowsy; and though I have never had reason to think that he was specially busy among my flock, yet have I seen enough to make me sometimes regret the hinged seats of the ancient meeting-house, whose lively clatter, not unwillingly intensified by boys beyond eyeshot of the titling-man, served at intervals as a wholesome *réveil*. It is true, I have numbered among my parishioners some whose gift of somnolence rivalled that of the Cretan Rip van Winkle, Epimenides, and who, nevertheless, complained not so much of the substance as of the length of my (by them unheard) discourses. Happy Saint Anthony of Padua, whose finny acolytes, however they might profit, could never murmur! *Quare fremuerunt gentes?* Who is he that can twice a week be inspired, or has eloquence (*ut ita dicam*) always on tap? A good man, and, next to David, a sacred poet, (himself, haply, not inexpert of evil in this particular,) has said, —

"The worst speak something good: if all want sense,  
God takes a text and preacheth patience."

There are one or two other points in Mr. Sawin's letter which I would also briefly animadvert upon. And first concerning the claim he sets up to a certain superiority of blood and lineage in the people of our Southern States, now unhappily in rebellion against lawful authority and their own better interests. There is a sort of opinions, anachronisms and anachorisms, foreign both to the age and the country, that maintain a feeble and buzzing existence, scarce to be called life, like winter flies, which in mild weather crawl out from obscure nooks and crannies to expatiate in the sun, and sometimes acquire vigour enough to disturb with their enforced familiarity the studious hours of the scholar. One of the most stupid and pertinacious of these is the theory that the Southern States were settled by a class of emigrants from the Old World socially superiour to those who founded the institutions of New England. The Virginians especially lay claim to this generosity of lineage, which were of no possible account, were it not for the fact that such superstitions are sometimes not without their effect on the course of human affairs. The early adventurers to Massachusetts at least paid their passages; no felons were ever shipped thither; and though it be true that many deboshed younger brothers of what are called good families may have sought refuge in Virginia, it is equally certain that a great part of the early deportations thither were the sweepings of the London streets and the leavings of the London stews. On what the heralds call the spindle side, some, at least, of the oldest Virginian families are descended from matrons who were exported and sold for so many hogsheds of tobacco the head. So notorious was this, that it became one of the jokes of contemporary playwrights, not only that men bankrupt in purse and character were "food for the Plantations," (and this before the set-

tlement of New England,) but also that any drab would suffice to wive such pitiful adventurers. "Never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia," says Middleton in one of his comedies. The mule is apt to forget all but the equine side of his pedigree. How early the counterfeit nobility of the Old Dominion became a topic of ridicule in the Mother Country may be learned from a play of Mrs. Behn's, founded on the Rebellion of Bacon: for even these kennels of literature may yield a fact or two to pay the raking. Mrs. Flirt, the keeper of a Virginia ordinary, calls herself the daughter of a baronet "undone in the late rebellion," — her father haying in truth been a tailor, — and three of the Council, assuming to themselves an equal splendour of origin, are shown to have been, one "a broken exciseman who came over a poor servant," another a tinker transported for theft, and the third "a common pickpocket often flogged at the cart's-tail." The ancestry of South Carolina will as little pass muster at the Herald's Visitation, though I hold them to have been more reputable, inasmuch as many of them were honest tradesmen and artisans, in some measure exiles for conscience' sake, who would have smiled at the high-flying nonsense of their descendants. Some of the more respectable were Jews. The absurdity of supposing a population of eight millions all sprung from gentle loins in the course of a century and a half is too manifest for confutation. The aristocracy of the South, such as it is, has the shallowest of all foundations, for it is only skin-deep, — the most odious of all, for, while affecting to despise trade, it traces its origin to a successful traffick in men, women, and children, and still draws its chief revenues thence. And though, as Doctor Chamberlayne says in his *Present State of England*, "to become a Merchant of Foreign Commerce, without serving any Apprentisage, hath been allowed no disparagement to a Gentleman born, especially to a younger Brother," yet I conceive that he would hardly have made a like exception in favour of the particular trade in question. Nor do I believe that such aristocracy as exists at the South (for I hold, with Marius, *fortissimum quemque generosissimum*) will be found an element of anything like persistent strength in war, — thinking the saying of Lord Bacon (whom one quaintly called *inductionis dominus et Verulamii*) as true as it is pithy, that, "the more gentlemen, ever the lower books of subsidies." It is odd enough as an historical precedent, that, while the fathers of New England were laying deep in religion, education, and freedom the basis of a polity which has substantially outlasted any then existing, the first work of the founders of Virginia, as may be seen in Wingfield's *Memorial*, was conspiracy and rebellion, — odder yet, as showing the changes which are wrought by circumstance, that the first insurrection in South Carolina was against the aristocratical scheme of the Proprietary Government. I do not find that the cuticular aristocracy of the South has added anything to the refinements of civilization except the carrying of bowie-knives and the chewing of tobacco, — a high-toned Southern gentleman being commonly not only *quadrumanous*, but *quidruminant*.

I confess that the present letter of Mr. Sawin increases my doubts as to the sincerity of the convictions which he professes, and I am inclined to think that the triumph of the legitimate Government, sure sooner or later to take place, will find him and a large majority of his newly-adopted fellow-citizens (who hold with Dædalus, the primal sitter-on-the-fence, that *medium tenere tutissimum*) original Union men. The criticisms toward the close of his letter on certain of our failings are worthy to be seriously perpended, for he is not, as I think, without a spice of vulgar shrewdness. As to the good-nature in us which he seems to gird at, while I would not consecrate a chapel, as they have not scrupled to do in France, to *Nôtre Dame de la Haine*, Our Lady of Hate, yet I cannot forget that the corruption of good-nature is the generation of laxity of principle. Good-nature is our national characteristick; and though it be, perhaps, nothing more than a culpable weakness or cowardice, when it leads us to put up tamely with manifold impositions and breaches of implied contracts, (as too frequently in our public conveyances,) it becomes a positive crime, when it leads us to look unresentfully on speculation, and to regard treason to the best Government that ever existed as something with which a gentleman may shake hands without soiling his fingers. I do not think the gallows-tree the most profitable member of our *Sylva*; but, since it continues to be planted, I would fain see a Northern limb ingrafted on it, that it may bear some other fruit than loyal Tennesseans.

A relick has recently been discovered on the east bank of Bushy Brook in North Jaalam, which I conceive to be an inscription in Runic characters relating to the early expedition of the Northernmen to this continent. I shall make fuller investigations, and communicate the result in due season.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A. M.

P. S. I inclose a year's subscription from Deacon Tinkham.

I HED it on my min' las' time, when I to write ye started,  
 To tech the leadin' featur's o' my gittin' me convarted ;  
 But, ez my letters hez to go clearn roun' by way o' Cuby,  
 'T wun't seem no staler now than then, by th' time it gits where you be.  
 You know up North, though secs an' things air plenty ez you please,  
 Ther' warn't nut one on 'em thet come jes' square with my idees :  
 I dessay they suit workin'-folks thet ain't noways pertic'lar,  
 But nut your Southun gen'leman thet keeps his perpendic'lar ;  
 I don't blame nary man thet casts his lot along o' *his* folks,  
 But ef you cal'late to save *me*, 't must be with folks thet *is* folks ;  
 Cov'nants o' works go 'ginst my grain, but down here I've found out  
 The true fus'-fem'ly A 1 plan, — here 's how it come about.  
 When I fus' sot up with Miss S., sez she to me, sez she, —  
 “ Without you git religion, Sir, the thing can't never be ;  
 Nut but wut I respeck,” sez she, “ your intellectle part,  
 But you wun't noways du for me athout a change o' heart :  
 Nothun religion works wal North, but it 's ez soft ez spruce,  
 Compared to ourn, for keepin' sound,” sez she, “ upon the goose ;  
 A day's experunce 'd prove to ye, ez easy 'z pull a trigger,  
 It takes the Southun pint o' view to raise ten bales a nigger ;  
 You 'll fin' thet human natur, South, ain't wholesome more 'n skin-deep,  
 An' once 't a darkie 's took with it, he wun't be wuth his keep.”  
 “ How *shell* I git it, Ma'am ? ” sez I. “ Attend the nex' camp-meetin',”  
 Sez she, “ an' it 'll come to ye ez cheap ez onbleached sheetin'.”

Wal, so I went along an' hearn most an impressive sarmon  
 About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-proof dew o' Harmon :  
 He did n' put no weaknin' in, but gin it tu us hot,  
 'Z ef he an' Satan 'd ben two bulls in one five-acre lot :  
 I don't purtend to foller him, but give ye jes' the heads ;  
 For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most ollers kin' o' spreads.  
 Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge, an' should n't we be li'ble  
 In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their priv'lege in the Bible ?  
 The cusses an' the promerses make one gret chain, an' ef  
 You snake one link out here, one there, how much on 't ud be lef' ?  
 All things wuz gin to man for 's use, his sarvice, an' delight ;  
 An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words thet mean a Man mean White ?  
 Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its proudest' featur's  
 To think 't wuz wrote for black an' brown an' 'lasses-colored creaturs,  
 Thet could n' read it, ef they would, nor ain't by lor allowed to,  
 But ough' to take wut we think suits their natures, an' be proud to ?  
 Warn't it more prof'table to bring your raw materil thru  
 Where you can work it inta grace an' inta cotton, tu,  
 Than sendin' missionaries out where fevers might defeat 'em,  
 An' ef the butcher did n' call, their p'rishioners might eat 'em ?  
 An' then, agin, wut airthly use ? Nor 't warn't our fault, in so fur  
 Ez Yankee skippers would keep on a-totin' on 'em over.  
 'T improved the whites by savin' 'em from ary need o' workin',  
 An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost thru idleness an' shirkin' ;  
 We took to 'er, ez nat'ral ez a barn-owl doos to mice,  
 An' hed our hull time on our hands to keep us out o' vice ;



It made us feel ez pop'lar ez a hen doos with one chicken,  
 An' fill our place in Natur's scale by givin' 'em a lickin':  
 For why should Cæsar git his dues more 'n Juno, Pomp, an' Cuffy?  
 It 's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger when he 's stuffy.  
 Where 'd their soles go tu, like to know, ef we should let 'em ketch  
 Freeknowledgeism an' Fourierism an' Speritoolism an' sech?  
 When Satan sets himself to work to raise his very bes' muss,  
 He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views relatin' to Ones'mus.

You 'd ough' to seen, though, how his fæcs an' argymunce an' figgers  
 Drawed tears o' real conviction from a lot o' pen'tent niggers!  
 It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where you 're shet up in a pew,  
 Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an' bilin' to be thru;  
 Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag o' sunthin' in it,  
 Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an' damp ye in a minute;  
 An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther' wuz n't no occasion  
 To lose the thread, because, ye see, he bellered like all Bashan.  
 It 's dry work follerin' argymunce, an' so, 'twix' this an' thet,  
 I felt conviction weighin' down somehow inside my hat;  
 It growed an' growed like Jonah's gourd, a kin' o' whirlin' ketched me,  
 Ontil I fin'ly clean giv out an' owned up thet he 'd fetched me;  
 An' when nine-tenths the perrish took to tumblin' roun' an' hollerin',  
 I did n' fin' no gret in th' way o' turnin' tu an' follerin'.  
 Soon ez Miss S. see thet, sez she, "*Thet 's wut I call wuth seein'!*  
*Thet 's actin' like a reas'nable an' intellectle bein'!*"  
 An' so we fin'ly made it up, concluded to hitch hosses,  
 An' here I be 'n my ellermunt among creation's bosses;  
 Arter I 'd drawed sech heaps o' blanks, Fortin at last hez sent a prize,  
 An' chose me for a shinin' light o' missionary enterprise.

This leads me to another pint on which I 've changed my plan  
 O' thinkin' so 's 't I might become a straight-out Southun man.  
 Miss S. (her maiden name wuz Higgs, o' the fus' fem'ly here)  
 On her Ma's side 's all Juggernot, on Pa's all Cavileer,  
 An' sence I 've merried into her an' stept into her shoes,  
 It ain't more 'n nateral thet I should modderfy my views:  
 I 've ben a-readin' in Debow until I 've fairly gut  
 So 'nlightened thet I 'd full ez lives ha' ben a Dook ez nut;  
 An' when we 've laid ye all out stiff, an' Jeff hez gut his crown,  
 An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't* this child be in town!  
 We 'll hev an Age o' Chivverly surpassin' Mister Burke's,  
 Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary white man works:  
 Our system 's sech, the thing 'll root ez easy ez a tater;  
 For while your lords in furrin parts ain't noways marked by natur',  
 Nor sot apart from ornery folks in featur's nor in figgers,  
 Ef oun 'll keep their faces washed, you 'll know 'em from their niggers.  
 Ain't *sech* things wuth secedin' for, an' gittin' red o' you  
 Thet waller in your low idees, an' will till all is blue?  
 Fact is, we *air* a diff'rent race, an' I, for one, don't see,  
 Sech havin' ollers ben the case, how w' ever *did* agree.  
 It 's sunthin' thet you lab'rin'-folks up North hed ough' to think on,  
 Thet Higgses can't bemean themselves to rulin' by a Lincoln, —

Thet men, (an' guv'nors, tu,) thet hez sech Normal names ez Pickens,  
 Accustomed to no kin' o' work, 'thout 't is to givin' lickins,  
 Can't masure votes with folks thet git their livins from their farms  
 An' prob'ly think thet Law 's ez good ez hevin' coats o' arms.  
 Sence I 've ben here, I 've hired a chap to look about for me  
 To git me a transplantable an' thrifty fem'ly-tree,  
 An' he tells *me* the Sawins is ez much o' Normal blood  
 Ez Pickens an' the rest on 'em, an' older 'n Noah's flood.  
 Your Normal schools wun't turn ye into Normals, for it 's clear,  
 Ef eddykatin' done the thing, they 'd be some skurcer here.  
 Pickenses, Boggsses, Pettuses, Magoffins, Letchers, Polks,—  
 Where can you scare up names like them among your mudsill folks?  
 Ther' 's nothin' to compare with 'em, you 'd fin', ef you should glance,  
 Among the tip-top femerlies in Englan', nor in France:  
 I 've hearn from 'sponsible men whose word wuz full ez good 's their note,  
 Men thet can run their face for drinks, an' keep a Sunday coat,  
 Thet they wuz all on 'em come down, an' come down pooty fur,  
 From folks thet, 'thout their crowns wuz on, ou'doors would n' never stir,  
 Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man but wut wuz *primy fashy*  
 O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an' Afriky an' Ashy:  
 Sech bein' the case, is 't likely we should bend like cotton-wickin',  
 Or set down under anythin' so low-lived ez a lickin' ?  
 More 'n this,—hain't we the literatoor an' science, tu, by gorry ?  
 Hain't we them intellectle twins, them giants, Simms an' Maury,  
 Each with full twice the ushle brains, like nothin' thet I know,  
 'Thout 't wuz a double-headed calf I see once to a show ?

For all thet, I warn't jest at fust in favor o' secedin';  
 I wuz for layin' low a spell to find out where 't wuz leadin',  
 For hevin' South-Carliny try her hand at seprit-nationin',  
 She takin' resks an' findin' funds, an' we coöperationin',—  
 I mean a kin' o' hangin' roun' an' settin' on the fence,  
 T'ill Prov'dunce pinte how to jump an' save the most expense;  
 I reecollected thet 'ere mine o' lead to Shiraz Centre  
 Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an' did n't want to ventur'  
 'Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud pay for wut went in,  
 For swappin' silver off for lead ain't the sure way to win;  
 (An', fact, it *doos* look now ez though—but folks must live an' larn—  
 We should git lead, an' more 'n we want, out o' the Old Consarn;)  
 But when I see a man so wise an' honest ez Buchanan  
 A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all the arms an' cannon,  
 Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an' you wuz nat'lly wrong,  
 Coz you wuz lab'r'in'-folks an' we wuz wut they call *bong-tong*,  
 An' coz there warn't no fight in ye more 'n in a mashed potater,  
 While two o' *us* can't skurcelly meet but wut we fight by natur',  
 An' th' ain't a bar-room here would pay for openin' on 't a night,  
 Without it giv the priverlege o' bein' shot at sight,  
 Which proves we 're Natur's noblemen, with whom it don't surprise  
 The British aristoxty should feel boun' to sympathize,—  
 Seein' all this, an' seein', tu, the thing wuz strikin' roots  
 While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes thet some one 'd bring his boots,  
 I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz off, an' let myself be sucked in

To rise a peg an' jine the crowd thet went for reconstructin', —  
 Thet is, to hev the pardnership under th' ole name continner  
 Jest ez it wuz, we drorrin' pay, you findin' bone an' sinner, —  
 On'y to put it in the bond, an' enter 't in the journals,  
 Thet you 're the nat'ral rank an' file an' we the nat'ral kurnels.

Now this I thought a fees'ble plan, thet 'ud work smooth ez grease,  
 Suitin' the Nineteenth Century an' Upper Ten idees,  
 An' there I meant to stick, an' so did most o' th' leaders, tu,  
 Coz we all thought the chance wuz good o' puttin' on it thru;  
 But Jeff he hit upon a way o' helpin' on us forrard  
 By bein' unannermous, — a trick you ain't quite up to, Norrard.  
 A baldin' hain't no more 'f a chance with them new apple-corers  
 Than folks's oppersition views against the Ringtail Roarers;  
 They 'll take 'em out on him 'bout east, — one canter on a rail  
 Makes a man feel unannermous ez Jonah in the whale;  
 Or ef he 's a slow-moulded cuss thet can't seem quite t' agree,  
 He gits the noose by tellergraph upon the nighes' tree:  
 Their mission-work with Afrikins hez put 'em up, thet 's sartin,  
 To all the mos' across-lot ways o' preachin' an' convartin';  
 I 'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest, nor all on 'em together,  
 Thet cairs conviction to the min' like Reveren' Taranfeather;  
 Why, he sot up with me one night, an' labored to sech purpose,  
 Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst a flock o' teazin' chirpers  
 Sees clearer 'n mud the wickedness o' eatin' little birds)  
 I see my error an' agreed to shen it arterwurds;  
 An' I should say, (to jedge our folks by facs in my possession,)  
 Thet three 's Unannermous where one 's a 'Riginal Secession;  
 So it 's a thing you fellers North may safely bet your chink on,  
 Thet we 're all water-proofed agin th' usurpin' reign o' Lincoln.

Jeff 's *scme*. He 's gut another plan thet hez pertic'lar merits,  
 In givin' things a cherfle look an' stiffnin' loose-hung sperits;  
 For while your million papers, wut with lyin' an' discussin',  
 Keep folks's tempers all on eend a-fumin' an' a-fussin',  
 A-wondrin' this an' guessin' thet, an' dreadin', every night,  
 The breechin' o' the Univarse 'll break afore it 's light,  
 Our papers don't purtend to print on'y wut Guv'ment choose,  
 An' thet insures us all to git the very best o' noose:  
 Jeff hez it of all sorts an' kines, an' sarves it out ez wanted,  
 So 's 't every man gits wut he likes an' nobody ain't scanted;  
 Sometimes it 's vict'ries, (they 're 'bout all ther' is thet 's cheap down here,)  
 Sometimes it 's France an' England on the jump to interfere.  
 Fact is, the less the people know o' wut ther' is a-doin',  
 The hendier 't is for Guv'ment, sence it henders trouble brewin';  
 An' noose is like a shinplaster, — it 's good, ef you believe it,  
 Or, wut 's all same, the other man thet 's goin' to receive it:  
 Ef you 've a son in th' army, wy, it 's comfortin' to hear  
 He 'll hev no gretter resk to run than seein' th' in'my's rear,  
 Coz, ef an F. F. looks at 'em, they ollers break an' run,  
 Or wilt right down ez debtors will thet stumble on a dun  
 (An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth o' proper fem'ly pride,



Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors are all on Lincoln's side );  
 Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no more 'n a Belgin rifle,  
 An' read thet it 's at par on 'Change, it makes me feel deli'f'e ;  
 It 's cheerin', tu, where every man mus' fortify his bed,  
 To hear thet Freedom 's the one thing our darkies mos'ly dread,  
 An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to Dixie's Land hez shown  
 Ther' 's nothin' like a powder-cask f'r a stiddy corner-stone ;  
 Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is sellin' by the ounce  
 For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons, (ef bought in small amounts,)  
 When even whiskey 's gittin' skurce, an' sugar can't be found,  
 To know thet all the ellerments o' luxury abound ?  
 An' don't it glorify sal'-pork, to come to understand  
 It 's wut the Richmon' editors call fatness o' the land ?  
 Nex' thing to knowin' you 're well off is *nut* to know when y' ain't ;  
 An' ef Jeff says all 's goin' wal, who 'll ventur' t' say it ain't ?

This cairn the Constitooshun roun' ez Jeff doos in his hat  
 Is hendier a drefle sight, an' comes more kin' o' pat.  
 I tell ye wut, my jedgment is you 're pooty sure to fail,  
 Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin' back for counsel to the tail :  
 Th' advantiges of our consarn for bein' prompt air gret,  
 While, 'long o' Congress, you can't strike, 'f you git an iron het ;  
 They bother roun' with argoo'in', an' var'ous sorts o' foolin',  
 To make sure ef it 's leg'lly het, an' all the while it 's coolin',  
 So 's 't when you come to strike, it ain't no gret to wish ye j'y on,  
 An' hurts the hammer 'z much or more ez wut it doos the iron.  
 Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for three months at a stretch,  
 Knowin' the ears long speeches suits air mostly made to metch ;  
 He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps an' reg'lar ten-inch bores  
 An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef they 'll du it with closed doors ;  
 So they ain't no more bothersome than ef we 'd took an' sunk 'em,  
 An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one another's Buncombe  
 'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an' 'thout its costin' nothin',  
 Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds, they findin' keep an' clothin' ;  
 They taste the sweets o' public life, an' plan their little jobs,  
 An' suck the Treash'ry, (no gret harm, for it 's ez dry ez cobs,)  
 An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe ez in a prison,  
 An' hev their business to themselves, while Buregard hez hisn :  
 Ez long 'z he gives the Hessians fits, committees can't make bother  
 'Bout whether 't 's done the legle way or whether 't 's done the t'other.  
 An' *I* tell *you* you 've gut to larn thet War ain't one long teeter  
 Betwixt *I wan'* to an' '*T wun't du*, debatin' like a skeetur  
 Afore he lights, — all is, to give the other side a millin',  
 An' arter thet 's done, th' ain't no resk but wut the lor 'll be willin' ;  
 No metter wut the guv'ment is, ez nigh ez I can hit it,  
 A lickin' 's constitooshunal, pervidin' *We* don't git it.  
 Jeff don't stan' dilly-dallyin', afore he takes a fort,  
 ( With no one in, ) to git the leave o' the nex' Soopreme Court,  
 Nor don't want forty'-leven weeks o' jawin' an' expoundin'  
 To prove a nigger hez a right to save him, ef he 's drowndin' ;  
 Whereas ole Abram 'd sink afore he 'd let a darkie boost him,  
 Ef Taney should n't come along an' hed n't interdooced him.

It ain't your twenty millions thet 'll ever block Jeff's game,  
 But one Man thet wun't let 'em jog jest ez he 's takin' aim :  
 Your numbers they may strengthen ye or weaken ye, ez 't heppens  
 They 're willin' to be helpin' hands or wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns.

I 've chose my side, an' 't ain't no odds ef I wuz drawed with magnets,  
 Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine the nighes' bagnets ;  
 I 've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered out, from all I see an' heard,  
 Th' ole Constitooshun never 'd git her decks for action cleared,  
 Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor shotes thet want to go  
 Coz they can't seem to git their grub no otherways than so,  
 An' let your bes' men stay to home coz they wun't show ez talkers,  
 Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof'-soap ye at a caucus, —  
 Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more 'n ye do by folks's merits,  
 Ez though experunce thriv by change o' sile, like corn an' kerrits, —  
 Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims" coz, spite o' shoves an' tippins,  
 He 's kep' his private pan jest where 't would ketch mos' public drippins, —  
 Long 'z A. 'll turn tu an' grin' B.'s exe, ef B. 'll help him grin' hisn,  
 (An' thet 's the main idee by which your leadin' men hev risen,) —  
 Long 'z you let *ary* exe be groun', 'less 't is to cut the weasan'  
 O' sneaks thet dunno till they 're told wut is an' wut ain't Treason, —  
 Long 'z ye give out commissions to a lot o' peddlin' drones  
 Thet trade in whiskey with their men an' skin 'em to their bones, —  
 Long 'z ye sift out "safe" canderdates thet no one ain't afeared on  
 Coz they 're so thund'rin' eminent for bein' never heard on,  
 An' hain't no record, ez it 's called, for folks to pick a hole in,  
 Ez ef it hurt a man to hev a body with a soul in,  
 An' it wuz ostenstashun to be showin' on 't about,  
 When half his feller-citizens contrive to do without, —  
 Long 'z you suppose your votes can turn biled kebbage into brain,  
 An' ary man thet 's pop'lar 's fit to drive a lightnin'-train, —  
 Long 'z you believe democracy means *I 'm ez good ez you be*,  
 An' thet a feller from the ranks can't be a knave or booby, —  
 Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like yer street-cars an' yer 'busses,  
 With ollers room for jes' one more o' your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,  
 Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul, an' yit with means about 'em  
 (Like essence-peddlers \*) thet 'll make folks long to be without 'em,  
 Jest heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet 's doubtfe the wrong way,  
 An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein' nasty pay, —  
 Long 'z them things last, (an' *I* don't see no gret signs of improvin'),  
 I sha'n't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor 't would n't pay for movin';  
 For, 'fore you lick us, it 'll be the long'st day ever *you* see.  
 Yourn, (ez I 'xpec' to be nex' spring,)

B., MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY.

A rustic euphemism for the American variety of the *Mephitis*. — H. W.

37-

## TAXATION.

E. Everett.

MILTON, in his superb sonnet to Sir Henry Vane the Younger, declares that Rome, in the most prosperous age of the Republic, never possessed a better senator,—

“Whether to settle peace, or to unfold

The hollow drift of States, hard to be spelled;

Then to advise how war may, best upheld,

Move by *her two main nerves, iron and gold,*

In all her equipage.”

The list of his writings appended by Mr. Upham to his instructive biography of our *quondam* fellow-citizen and governor\* does not enable us to judge to which of his twenty-five works Milton particularly refers, in this magnificent commendation of Sir Henry Vane's financial skill. It might be inferred, however, from the significant union of iron and gold, as the “main nerves” of war, that he understood the importance of a specie currency, which in fact, in those days, was the only currency known.

Our business, however, at present, is not with currency, but with taxes, which as long ago as Cicero's time were pronounced “the nerves of the State,” and which, whether paid in gold or in what can in the present condition of the country be best substituted, must be allowed to be the great sympathetic nerve of the body-politic. Introduce a wise and efficient system of taxation, and life and energy will pervade the country. Without such a system it will soon sink into a general and fatal paralysis.

The country is engaged at this moment in a struggle of unexampled magnitude. The great wars of the last generation in Europe gathered no army equal in magnitude to that which the Government of

the United States has, within little more than six months, called into being. Its naval operations, so far as concerns the extent of sea-coast effectively blockaded, and considering the condition of that branch of the service at the breaking out of the war, will not suffer in comparison with those of England in the wars of the French Revolution. England is now threatening to take part against us in this war, waged by the first State (according to Mr. Vice-President Stephens) ever avowedly founded on Slavery as its corner-stone, on the ground that our blockade of the Southern ports is not effectual,—forgetting, apparently, that our last war with her was in part to resist her pretended right to seal up with a paper blockade every port in the French Empire.

The great practical question which presses most heavily upon the mind, not only of every person responsible for the conduct of affairs, but of every intelligent and thoughtful citizen, is, in what way the vast expenditure is to be met, which is necessary to bring this gigantic struggle to a prompt and successful issue. It has been customary, from the first, to estimate this expenditure at a million and a half of dollars *per diem*, and it will not be lessened while the war lasts. How is this frightful expenditure to be met?

The answer is simple, and is contained in the one little word “Taxation.” Without this, all else will be of no avail. Our civil rulers may have the wisdom of Solomon; our generals and admirals may equal in skill and courage the greatest captains of ancient or modern times; we may place in the field the bravest and best-disciplined armies that ever battled in a righteous cause,—but without an amount of taxation adequate to sustain the credit of the Government, all this show of counsel and strength will pass away, and that at no distant period, like a morning cloud and the early dew.

\* Sir Henry Vane the Younger, being then twenty-three years of age, arrived in Boston in 1635, was chosen governor of the Colony in 1636, and returned to England the next year. His house stood, within the recollection of the writer, on what is now Tremont Street, on a spot opposite the Museum.



"Adequate to sustain the credit of the Government," — for that is all that is required. It is by no means necessary, as it is by no means just, that the whole of this vast expenditure should fall upon the shoulders of the present generation. Engaged in a contest of which the result, for good or for evil, is, if possible, more important to posterity than to ourselves, — a struggle in which the great cause of civil liberty, as embodied and regulated by the Constitution and laws, is more deeply involved, not only for this, but for all future generations, than in any other war ever waged, — it is not right that the burden should fall exclusively on ourselves. Nor is it necessary. There is, perhaps, no feature in our modern civilization in which its beauty, flexibility, and strength, as compared with that of antiquity, is more signally displayed, than the well-organized credit-system of a prosperous State: the system which makes men not only willing, but desirous, to forego the actual possession of that darling property which has been the great object of desire through life, — which they have sought by all honest and, unhappily too often, dishonest means, to gain and accumulate, — provided only they can receive a fair equivalent for its use. By the wise application of this almost mysterious principle, the members of modern civilized States are not only, for the time being, much more effectually consociated in the joint life and action of the country than would have been possible without it, but even distant generations — men separated from each other by years, not to say ages — are brought into a noble partnership of effort in great and generous undertakings and sacrifices.

Dr. Johnson somewhat cynically says, that

"Mortgaged States, in everlasting debt,  
From age to age their grandsires' wreaths  
regret."

This may be true of debts incurred in wars of ambition and conquest; but what citizen of the United States, at the present day, would not, with a willing mind,

if it were still necessary, bear his part of the pecuniary burdens of the American Revolution?

It is a well-established law of public credit, that it can be carried to any length to which it is sustained by an efficient system of taxation. So long as provision is made to secure in this way the regular payment of the interest on the sums borrowed, the Government holds the purse-strings of the capitalist, and has nothing to do but to call for whatever amount is needed for the public service. This, however, is the essential condition, and nothing else will, for any length of time, produce the desired result. In the first fervor of a great popular movement, and in confident reliance that effective provision to sustain it will eventually be made, a large loan may be obtained from the banks, from capitalists, or the mass of the people; but this will be a temporary, probably a solitary, effort. No Government can permanently sustain its credit, but by providing the means (independent of credit) to pay the interest on its public debt. To borrow more money in order to pay the interest on that already borrowed is bankruptcy in disguise.

With these general principles established and clearly borne in mind, we perceive the absurdity of the language which has been so freely used abroad and is even sometimes heard at home, since the suspension of specie-payments, that the United States are on the verge of bankruptcy. Let the expenses of the war in which we are now engaged against the "disappointed aspirants" of the South be estimated as high as six hundred millions of dollars. A loan to this amount implies, at the usual rate, the payment of an interest of thirty-six millions, certainly a large amount in addition to the ordinary expenditure of the Government, but not more than a fifth part of the annual interest on the public debt of England, — by no means a formidable percentage, allowing for a short war, on the annual surplus income of the country.

In fact, when we cast our eyes over the

continent and contemplate the vast extent of fertile land already brought or capable of being readily brought into cultivation,—the productive agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial investments,—our internal and foreign trade,—our fisheries, and our mining operations,—the rapid increase of *labor* (the great creative source of wealth) by the growth of our own native population and the steady flow of immigration from abroad,—when we contemplate these things, the draughts which must be made upon the resources of the country in the successful prosecution of the war, great as they are, are really insignificant. Let us take a single item, but one which may serve as a fair index of the resources of the loyal States. In the American Circular of Messrs. Hallett & Co. of New York, for the 6th of November last, the value of the tonnage of all kinds annually moved upon the public works (railroads and canals) of the Northern and Middle States is estimated in even figures at \$4,620,000,000. This enormous sum, of course, represents only that part of the internal and foreign trade of the country which is moved upon the canals and railroads. All that portion of trade which is not transacted in this way,—all that moves exclusively on the lakes, rivers, and coastwise, without coming in contact with artificial communications,—the retail business of every kind in the large cities, and all that is transported in moderate parcels by animal power in the neighborhood of the places of production, is in addition to this vast amount.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his patriotic appeal to the country last summer, calculates “the real and personal values, in the States now loyal to the Union, at eleven thousand millions of dollars,” while he remarks that “the yearly *surplus earnings* of the loyal people are estimated at more than four hundred millions of dollars.” A tax of nine per cent. on this surplus would pay an interest of six per cent. on a loan of six hundred millions. Now in this country, where we are so little accustomed to

taxation, such a tax may seem to be a very serious affair; but the man who in times like these, and for objects like those for which we are struggling, is not willing to pay nine per cent. of his *surplus earnings*, does not deserve to enjoy the blessings of a free government.

It is therefore a gross exaggeration to say that the country is bankrupt, or on the verge of bankruptcy. Nothing more is true than that the Government of the country—the legislative power—has not as yet shown the sagacity and vigor to apply a moderate portion of its abundant resources to the preservation of all we hold dear. The wealth is here,—not merely what is locked up in the vaults of the banks, (for this, though ample for all the purposes of these institutions, is but a very small portion of the wealth of the country, not much over one-half of the annual surplus earnings,) but the entire accumulations of town and country, the whole vast aggregate of the property having a marketable value or capable of being applied in kind or by exchange for its equivalent to the public service. All this fund belongs to the people, to be levied upon and appropriated to the service of the country by the people’s representatives and servants. It belongs only *sub modo* to those who are commonly deemed its owners. They are the stewards to whom Providence has confided it, subject to the condition, in time of need, of being employed, under equitable and equal laws, to defend the life of the country. And when we consider how small a portion of it is required to answer the demands of the public service, we cannot but be amazed at the language of despondency which is sometimes uttered at the state of the public finances. We call the individual man of wealth a *miser*, who hoards his income, instead of spending a portion of it in deeds of charity and public spirit, or even on his own comforts and those of his family. This expressive use of that word, says Bishop South, is peculiar to the English language. Although the word is Latin, we have improved on the Romans, in the bitter sarcasm of this appli-

cation. But a Government deserves the same stigma or worse, which, with the exuberant wealth of a loyal people at its command, wants the moral courage to apply a moderate portion of it to obtain ample means for feeding, clothing, and arming the brave men who, on the land and the water, are risking their lives in the public service.

We speak of "the moral courage" to establish an efficient system of taxation, more in deference to the traditionary unpopularity of the tax-gatherer than because, in the present state of affairs, there is any just cause to doubt the willingness of the people to make the necessary sacrifices for the support of the Government and the defence of the country. In peaceful times and in an ordinary state of affairs, it may be admitted that the tax-gatherer is an unwelcome visitant. Mr. Jefferson relied upon him in 1799 to bring about a change of parties and administrations. But the country was then poor, the parties equally divided, and the political issues matters of temper and theory, on which men delight to differ and to argue, rather than those stern realities in which, at the present time, the very being of the State is wrapt up. Accordingly, it is a most remarkable fact at the present day, and one certainly without example in this country, perhaps in any country, that the unanimous desire of the people is for taxation, adequate, efficient taxation. Although the emergencies of the service, and the large amounts which it requires, are daily commented on by the public journals, and are perfectly well understood, not a voice has been uttered on the subject which does not call for taxation. The Secretary of the Treasury is censured, the Committee of Ways and Means rebuked, the patriotism of Congress called in question, because the absolute necessity for heavy taxation is not urged with sufficient warmth by the Executive, and the requisite laws for laying the tax are delayed in their introduction and passage. And reason good; for, while the legislation required to impose a tax lingers, the whole mass

of the country's property is incurring the fearful peril of a prostration of the public credit.

But though the loyal people of the country are more than willing — are ardently desirous — to be taxed for the public service, they are not willing to be taxed for the benefit of fraudulent contractors, or to enrich the miscreants who, not content with plundering the Treasury by exorbitant prices, put the health and lives of our brave men in peril, and the success of the war at hazard, by furnishing arms that have been condemned as unserviceable, clothes and shoes that drop to pieces in a fortnight's wear, water poisoned by filthy casks, horses too feeble to be ridden, and vessels known by their vendors to be of a draught too great for the intended service. It is not unlikely that there may be exaggeration in the accounts of this kind that find their way into the public journals; but if any reliance can be placed on the reports of our legislative committees, frauds like those alluded to have been carried to a stupendous length. If we mistake not, a bill has been introduced into Congress for the condign punishment of the wretches guilty of these abominable crimes. The offences which have filled Forts Lafayette and Warren with their inmates are venial, compared with the guilt of the man who is willing to fatten on the sufferings of the country and the health and lives of its patriotic defenders. But the evil, enormous as it is, admits of an easy remedy. If, on the one hand, one or two cases of gross fraud, highly prejudicial to the public service, were summarily dealt with by a court-martial, while, on the other hand, fifty per cent. of the contract-price were habitually retained for three or four months, till the value of the article furnished was ascertained by trial, the evil would soon be brought within manageable limits. A little of the wholesome severity with which Bonaparte, in 1797, carried on what he called "*la guerre aux voleurs*"\* would not only save millions to the Treasury of the United States,

\* Thiers, Tome II., p. 337.



but protect the country from consequences still more disastrous.

In fact, it will be one of the incidental benefits of an efficient system of taxation, that it will induce greater care in the expenditure of the public money. Fraudulent contracts are not the only, nor even the chief cause of our financial embarrassments. It may be hoped that what is extracted from it by downright swindling, however considerable in amount, does not cause the great drain upon the Treasury. But if money can be obtained by the simple issue of evidences of debt, and without any provision to sustain the credit of the Government by taxation, the process of supply is too facile. The funds so easily procured are in danger of being too profusely spent. Individual responsibility in money-matters, aided by direct self-interest, is usually more efficient in imposing limits to improvidence than a general sense of duty on the part of official personages. But if funds could be obtained *ad libitum* by the speculator, without the necessity of giving security for the payment of principal or interest, bankruptcy would soon become the rule and solvency the exception. Still more urgently, in the administration of the National Treasury, is the wholesome corrective of taxation required, to make economy a necessity as well as a virtue.

Much must be pardoned to the urgency of the public service, in a crisis like that of last summer, when the Government was compelled to *improvise* the forces, military and naval, required for the suppression of a gigantic rebellion, long concocted and matured in treacherous secrecy. With the capital of the country beleaguered by open foes without, swarming with hardly concealed traitors within, who privately thwarted and paralyzed when they could not openly defeat the measures of the Government, and conveyed information of them to the enemy with the regularity of official returns, some degree of improvi-

dent hurry in every branch of the service was inevitable, and must not be too severely scanned. You cannot stand chaffering at a bargain as to the cheapest mode of extinguishing a fire kindled by a red-hot cannon-ball at the door of the magazine. But the crisis and the necessity for precipitate action are past. The rebellion, dragged to the light of day, has assumed definite proportions. The means for its suppression are ample, and nothing is requisite but the firmness and sagacity to apply them. In other words, the one thing needful for the successful prosecution of the war is a judicious system of taxation.

With such a system, as we have already intimated, there is no limit to the credit of the Government. With an efficient system of taxation to sustain its loans, the entire property of the country—that is, all that is needed of it—may be consecrated to the public service. We must not be terrified by the ghost of the paper-money with which the country was flooded during the Revolutionary War. It became worthless because there was no limit to its issue and no provision for its redemption or the payment of interest. The Congress of the Confederation possessed no power to lay a tax, and the States which had the power were destitute of resources, without mutual concert, and often moved by influences at variance with each other. In this state of things taxation was out of the question, and the paper-money, which had been manufactured by wholesale rather than issued on any system of finance, steadily and at length rapidly sank to its intrinsic worthlessness. Its memory has left behind a wholesome dread of paper-money, but ought not to create a prejudice against a well-organized system of credit, sustained by efficient taxation.

No one will be better pleased than the writer of this article, if, before it sees the light, the vigorous action of Congress shall render its suggestions superfluous and unseasonable.

38-

## VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

*C. W. Sturges.*

'T is midnight : through my troubled dream  
 Loud wails the tempest's cry ;  
 Before the gale, with tattered sail,  
 A ship goes plunging by.  
 What name ? Where bound ? — The rocks around  
 Repeat the loud halloo.  
 — The good ship Union, Southward bound :  
 God help her and her crew !

And is the old flag flying still  
 That o'er your fathers flew,  
 With bands of white and rosy light,  
 And field of starry blue ?  
 — Ay ! look aloft ! its folds full oft  
 Have braved the roaring blast,  
 And still shall fly when from the sky  
 This black typhoon has past !

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark !  
 May I thy peril share ?  
 — O landsman, these are fearful seas  
 The brave alone may dare !  
 — Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,  
 What matters wind or wave ?  
 The rocks that wreck your reeling deck  
 Will leave me nought to save !

O landsman, art thou false or true ?  
 What sign hast thou to show ?  
 — The crimson stains from loyal veins  
 That hold my heart-blood's flow !  
 — Enough ! what more shall honor claim ?  
 I know the sacred sign ;  
 Above thy head our flag shall spread,  
 Our ocean path be thine !

The bark sails on ; the Pilgrim's Cape  
 Lies low along her lee,  
 Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes  
 To lock the shore and sea.  
 No treason here ! it cost too dear  
 To win this barren realm !  
 And true and free the hands must be  
 That hold the whaler's helm !

Still on ! Manhattan's narrowing bay  
 No Rebel cruiser scars ;

Her waters feel no pirate's keel  
That flaunts the fallen stars !  
— But watch the light on yonder height,—  
Ay, pilot, have a care !  
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud  
The capes of Delaware !

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,  
Whose sentinels look down  
From moated walls that show the sea  
Their deep embrasures' frown ?  
The Rebel host claims all the coast,  
But these are friends, we know,  
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"  
And this is ? — Fort Monroe !

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore ?  
— The traitorous wreckers' hands  
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays  
Along the Hatteras sands.  
— Ha ! say not so ! I see its glow !  
Again the shoals display  
The beacon light that shines by night,  
The Union Stars by day !

The good ship flies to milder skies,  
The wave more gently flows,  
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas  
The breath of Beaufort's rose.  
What foid is this the sweet winds kiss,  
Fair-striped and many-starred,  
Whose shadow palls these orphaned walls,  
The twins of Beauregard ?

What ! heard you not Port Royal's doom ?  
How the black war-ships came  
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom  
To redder wreaths of flame ?  
How from Rebellion's broken reed  
We saw his emblem fall,  
As soon his cursèd poison-weed  
Shall drop from Sumter's wall ?

On ! on ! Pulaski's iron hail  
Falls harmless on Tybee !  
Her topsails feel the freshening gale,  
She strikes the open sea ;  
She rounds the point, she threads the keys  
That guard the Land of Flowers,  
And rides at last where firm and fast  
Her own Gibraltar towers !



The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,  
 At anchor safe she swings,  
 And loud and clear with cheer on cheer  
 Her joyous welcome rings:  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,  
 It thunders on the shore,—  
 One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
 One Nation, evermore!

## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

For Better, for Worse. A Story from "Temple Bar" and "Tales of the Day." Complete. Boston. T. O. H. P. Burnham. 8vo. paper. pp. 165. 25 cts.

Prayers. By Theodore Parker. Boston. Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 200. 75 cts.

Lilliesleaf: being a Concluding Series of Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside. Written by Herself. Boston. T. O. H. P. Burnham. 16mo. pp. 393. \$1.00.

The Seven Sons of Mammon. By George Augustus Sala, Author of "A Journey due North," etc. Boston. T. O. H. P. Burnham. 8vo. paper. pp. 212. 50 cts.

Pilgrims of Fashion. A Novel. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. xvi., 337. \$1.00.

Religio Medici, A Letter to a Friend. Christian Morals, Urn-Burial, and other Papers. By Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., M. D. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. \$1.50.

The Magnet Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," etc. With Illustrations. Boston. J. Munroe & Co. 16mo. pp. 296. 75 cts.

Report of a Committee of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, on the Alleged Dangers which accompany the Inhalation of the Vapor of Sulphuric Ether. Boston. David Clapp. 8vo. paper. pp. 36. 25 cts.

Montrose, and other Biographical Sketches. Boston. Soule & Williams. 16mo. pp. 400. \$1.00.

Notice to Quit. By W. G. Wills, Author of "Life's Foreshadowings." New York. Harper & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 156. 50 cts.

Tales of a Grandfather. History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Notes. In Six Volumes. Vols. III., IV., V., and VI. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 291; 298; viii., 283; viii., 310. per vol., 75 cts.

Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Bigelow Monument, Worcester, Massachusetts, April 19, 1861. Boston. Printed by John Wilson & Son. 8vo. paper. pp. 37. 25 cts.

Streaks of Light; or, Fifty-Two Facts from the Bible for the Fifty-Two Sundays of the Year. By the Author of "More about Jesus," "Peep of Day," etc. New York. Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 344. 75 cts.

Spare Hours. By John Brown, M. D. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 458. \$1.50.

Cheap Cotton by Free Labor. By a Cotton-Manufacturer. Second Edition. Boston. A. Williams & Co. 8vo. paper. pp. 52. 12 cts.

Manual for Heavy Artillery, for the Use of Volunteers. New York. D. Van Nostrand. 16mo. pp. 72. 75 cts.

Providence in War. A Thanksgiving Discourse, delivered at the Thirteenth-Street Presbyterian Church, New York, November 23, 1861. By the Rev. S. D. Burchard, D. D. New York. E. D. Barker. 16mo. paper. pp. 24. 10 cts.

Thanksgiving. A Sermon preached in the Arch-Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, on Thursday, November 23, 1861. By Charles Wadsworth. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 32. 15 cts.

War and Emancipation. A Thanksgiving Sermon, preached in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday, November 23, 1861. By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 31. 15 cts.

can in the shortest time so direct the greater force. In artillery as well as infantry practice, the control over the time necessary in the decomposition of the powder has been obtained through the refinements already made in the manufacture, and the best results of the latest trials confirm in full the conclusion that saltpetre is a source of great and easily controlled power, which can act through short or extended space.

Under the view here presented, it is evident that saltpetre is indispensable to progress in the arts of civilization and peace, as well as in military operations, and that no nation can advance in ma-

terial interests, or even maintain strict independence, without possessing within its boundaries either saltpetre or the sources from which it can be drawn at all times. In its use for protecting the property of a nation from the attacks of an enemy, and as the means of insuring respect, we may consider saltpetre as an element of strength in a State, and as such deserving a high place in the consideration of those who direct the counsels or form the policy of a country.

Has the subject of having an exhaustless supply of this important product or the means of producing it been duly considered?

## WEATHER IN WAR. C

It is not very flattering to that glory-loving, battle-seeking creature, Man, that his best-arranged schemes for the destruction of his fellows should often be made to fail by the condition of the weather. More or less have the greatest of generals been "servile to all the skyey influences." Upon the state of the atmosphere frequently depends the ability of men to fight, and military hopes rise and fall with the rising and falling of the metal in the thermometer's tube. Mercury governs Mars. A hero is stripped of his plumes by a tempest, and his laurels fly away on the invisible wings of the wind, and are seen no more forever. Empires fall because of a heavy fall of snow. Storms of rain have more than once caused monarchs to cease to reign. A hard frost, a sudden thaw, a "hot spell," a "cold snap," a contrary wind, a long drought, a storm of sand,—all these things have had their part in deciding the destinies of dynasties, the fortunes of races, and the fate of nations. Leave the weather out of history, and it is as if night were left out of the day, and winter out of the year. Americans have

fretted a little because their "Grand Army" could not advance through mud that came up to the horses' shoulders, and in which even the seven-league boots would have stuck, though they had been worn as deftly as Ariel could have worn them. They talked as if no such thing had ever before been known to stay the march of armies; whereas all military operations have, to a greater or a lesser extent, depended for their issue upon the softening or the hardening of the earth, or upon the clearing or the clouding of the sky. The elements have fought against this or that conqueror, or would-be conqueror, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; and the Kishon is not the only river that has through its rise put an end to the hopes of a tyrant. The condition of rivers, which must be owing to the condition of the weather, has often colored events for ages, perhaps forever. The melting of the snows of the Pyrenees, causing a great rise of the rivers of Northern Spain, came nigh bringing ruin upon Julius Cæsar himself; and nothing but the feeble character of the opposing general saved him from destruction.

The preservation of Greece, with all its incalculable consequences, must be credited to the weather. The first attempt to conquer that country, made by the Persians, failed because of a storm that disabled their fleet. Mardonius crossed the Hellespont twelve or thirteen years before that feat was accomplished by Xerxes, and he purposed marching as far as Athens. His army was not unsuccessful, but off Mount Athos the Persian fleet was overtaken by a storm, which destroyed three hundred ships and twenty thousand men. This compelled him to retreat, and the Greeks gained time to prepare for the coming of their enemy. But for that storm, Athens would have been taken and destroyed, the Persians having an especial grudge against the Athenians because of their part in the taking and burning of Sardis; and Athens was destined to become Greece for all after-time, so that her as yet dim light could not have been quenched without darkening the whole world. When Xerxes himself entered Europe, and was apparently about to convert Hellas into a satrapy, it was a storm, or a brace of storms, that saved that country from so sad a fate, and preserved it for the welfare of all after generations of men. The Great King, in the hope of escaping "the unseen atmospheric enemies which howl around that formidable promontory," had caused Mount Athos to be cut through, but, as the historian observes, "the work of destruction to his fleet was only transferred to the opposite side of the intervening Thracian sea." That fleet was anchored on the Magnesian coast, when a hurricane came upon it, known to the people of the country as the *Hellespontias*, and which blew right upon the shore. For three days this wind continued to blow, and the Persians lost four hundred warships, many transports and provision craft, myriads of men, and an enormous amount of *matériel*. The Grecian fleet, which had fled before that of Persia, now retraced its course, believing that the latter was destroyed, and would have fled again but for the arts and influence of

Themistocles. The sea-fights of Artemisium followed, in which the advantage was, though not decisively, with the Greeks; and that they finally retreated was owing to the success of the Persians at Thermopylæ. Between the first and second battle of Artemisium the Persians suffered from another storm, which inflicted great losses upon them. These disasters to the enemy greatly encouraged the Greeks, who believed that they came directly from the gods; and they made it possible for them to fight the naval battle of Salamis, and to win it. So great was the alarm of Xerxes, who thought that the victors would sail to the Hellespont, and destroy the bridge he had thrown over that strait, that he ordered his still powerful fleet to hasten to its protection. He himself fled by land, but on his arrival at the Hellespont he found that the bridge had been destroyed by a storm; and he must have been impressed as deeply as Napoleon was in this century, that the elements had leagued themselves with his mortal enemies. After his flight, and the withdrawal of his fleet from the war, the Persians had not a chance left, and the defeat of his lieutenant Mardonius, at Plataea, was of the nature of a foregone conclusion.

It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of the assistance which the Greeks received from the storms mentioned, and it is not strange that they were lavish in their thanks and offerings to Poseidon the Saviour, or that they continued piously to express their gratitude in later days. Mankind at large have reason to be thankful for the occurrence of those storms; for if they had not happened, Greece must have been conquered, and all that she has been to the world would have been that world's loss. It was not until after the overthrow of the Persians that Athens became the home of science, literature, art, and commerce; and if Athens had been removed from Greece, there would have been little of Hellenic genius left for the delight of future days. Not only was most of that which is known as Greek literature the



production of the years that followed the failure of Xerxes, but the success of the Greeks was the means of preserving all of their earlier literature. The Persians were not barbarians, and, had they achieved their purpose, they might have promoted civilization in Europe; but that civilization would have been Asiatic in its character, and it might have been as fleeting as the labors of the Carthaginians in Europe and Africa. Nor would they have felt any interest in the preservation of the works of those Greeks who wrote before the Marathonian time, which they would have regarded with that contempt with which most conquerors look upon the labors of those whom they have enslaved. That most brilliant of ages, the age of Pericles, could never have come to pass under the dominion of Persia; and the Greeks of Europe, when ruled by satraps from Susa, would have been of as little weight in the ancient world as, under that kind of rule, were the Greeks of Ionia. All future history was involved in the decision of the Persian contest, and we may well feel grateful that the event was not left for the hands of men to decide, but that the winds and the waves of the Grecian seas so far equalized the power of the combatants as to enable the Greeks, who fought for us as well as for themselves, to roll back the tide of Oriental conquest. We might not have had even the Secession War, if there had been no storms in the Thracian seas in a summer the roses of which perished more than two thousand three hundred years ago.\*

The modern contest which most resembles that which was waged between the

\* When the Athenian patriots under Thrasybulus occupied Phyle, they would have been destroyed by the forces of the Thirty Tyrants, had not a violent snow-storm happened, which compelled the besiegers to retreat. The patriots characterized this storm as Providential. Had the weather remained fair, the patriots would have been beaten, the democracy would not have been restored, and we should never have had the orations of Demosthenes; and perhaps even Plato might not have written and thought for all after time.

Greeks and the Persians is that war between England and Spain which came to a crisis in 1588, when the Spanish Armada was destroyed by the tempests of the Northern seas, after having been well mauled by the English fleet. The English seamen behaved well, as they always do; but the Spanish loss would not have been irreparable, if the weather had remained mild. What men had begun so well storms completed. A contrary wind prevented the Spanish Admiral from pursuing his course in a direction that would have proved favorable to his second object, which was the preservation of his fleet. He was forced to stand to the North, so that he rushed right into the jaws of destruction. He encountered in those remote and almost unknown waters tempests that were even more merciless than the fighting ships and fire-ships of the island heretics. Philip II. bore his loss with the same calmness that he bore the victory of Lepanto. As, on hearing of the latter, he merely said, "Don John risked a great deal," so, when tidings came to him that the Invincible Armada had been found invincible, he quietly remarked, "I sent it out against men, and not against the billows." Down to the very last year, it had been the common, and all but universal opinion, that, if the Spaniards had succeeded in landing in England, they would have been beaten, so resolute were the English in their determination to oppose them, and so extensive were their preparations for resistance. Elizabeth at Tilbury had been one of the stock pieces of history, and her words of defiance to Parma and to Spain have been ringing through the world ever since they were uttered *after* the Armada had ceased to threaten her throne. We now know that the common opinion on this subject, like the common opinion respecting some other crises, was all wrong, a delusion and a sham, and based on nothing but plausible lies. Mr. Motley has put men right on this point, as on some others; and it is impossible to read his brilliant and accurate narrative of the events of

1588 without coming to the conclusion that Elizabeth was in the summer of that year in the way to receive punishment for the cowardly butchery which had been perpetrated, in her name, if not by her direct orders, in the great hall of Fotheringay. She was saved by those winds which helped the Dutch to blockade Parma's army, in the first instance, and then by those Orcadian tempests which smote the Armada, and converted its haughty pride into a by-word and a scoffing. The military preparations of England were of the feeblest character; and it is not too much to say, that the only parallel case of Governmental weakness is that which is afforded by the American history of last spring, when we had not an efficient company or a seaworthy armed ship with which to fight the Secessionists, who had been openly making their preparations for war for months. The late Mr. Richard Rush mentions, in the second series of his "Residence at the Court of London," that at a dinner at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, in 1820, the conversation turned on the Spanish Armada; and he was surprised to find that most of the company, which was composed of members of Parliament and other public men, were of the opinion that the Spaniards, could they have been landed, would have been victorious. With genuine American faith in English invincibility, he wondered what the company could mean, and also what the English armies would have been about. It was not possible for any one then to have said that there were no English armies at that time to be about anything; but now we see that those armies were but imaginary bodies, having not even a paper existence. Parma, who was even an abler diplomatist than soldier,—that is, he was the most accomplished liar in an age that was made up of falsehood,—had so completely gullied the astute Elizabeth that she was living in the fools' paradise; and so little did she and most of her counsellors expect invasion, that a single Spanish regiment of infantry might, had it then been landed, have driven the whole organized force of

England from Sheerness to Bristol. Those Englishmen who sneer so bitterly at the conduct of our Government but a year ago would do well to study closely the history of their own country in 1588, in which they will find much matter calculated to lessen their conceit, and to teach them charity. The Lincoln Government of the United States had been in existence but little more than thirty days when it found itself involved in war with the Rebels; the Elizabethan Government had been in existence for thirty years when the Armada came to the shores of England, to the astonishment and dismay of those "barons bold and statesmen old in bearded majesty" whom we have been content to regard as the bravest and the wisest men that have lived since David and Solomon. Elizabeth, who had a beard that vied with Burleigh's,—the evidence of her virgin innocence,—felt every hair of her head curling from terror when she learned how she had been "done" by Philip's lieutenant; and old Burleigh must have thought that his mistress was in the condition of Jockey of Norfolk's master at Bosworth,—*"bought and sold."* Fortunately for both old women, and for us all, the summer gales of 1588 were adverse to the Spaniards, and protected Old England. We know not whence the wind cometh nor whither it goeth, but we know that its blows have often been given with effect on human affairs; and it never blew with more usefulness, since the time when it used up the ships of Xerxes, than when it sent the ships of Philip to join "the treasures that old Ocean hoards." Had England then been conquered by Spain, though but temporarily, Protestant England would have ceased to exist, and the current of history would have been as emphatically changed as was the current of the Euphrates under the labors of the soldiers of Cyrus. We should have had no Shakspeare, or a very different Shakspeare from the one that we have; and the Elizabethan age would have presented to after centuries an appearance altogether

unlike that which now so impressively strikes the mind. As that was the time out of which all that is great and good in England and America has proceeded, in letters and in arms, in religion and in politics, we can easily understand how vast must have been the change, had not the winds of the North been so unpropitious to the purposes of the King of the South.

The English are very proud of the victories of Crécy and Agincourt, as well they may be; for, though gained in the course of as unjust and unprovoked and cruel wars as ever were waged even by Englishmen, they are as splendid specimens of slaughter-work as can be found in the history of "the Devil's code of honor." But they owe them both to the weather, which favored their ancestors, and was as unfavorable to the ancestors of the French. At Crécy the Italian cross-bow men in the French army not only came into the field worn down by a long march on a hot day in August, but immediately after their arrival they were exposed to a terrible thunder-storm, in which the rain fell in absolute torrents, wetting the strings of their bows, and rendering them unserviceable. The English archers, who carried the far more useful long-bow, kept their bows in their cases until the rain ceased, and then took them out dry, and in perfect condition; besides which, even if the strings of the long-bows had been wetted, they could not have been materially injured, as they were thin and pliable, while those of the cross-bows were so thick and unpliant that they could not be tightened or slackened at pleasure. In after-days this defect in the cross-bow was removed, but it existed in full force in 1346. When the battle began, the Italian *quarrel* was found to be worthless, because of the strings of the arbalests having absorbed so much moisture, while the English arrows came upon the poor Genoese in frightful showers, throwing them into a panic, and inaugurating disaster to the French at the very beginning of the action. The day was lost from that moment, and there was

not a leader among the French capable of restoring it.

At Agincourt the circumstances were very different, but quite as fatal to the French. That battle was fought on the 25th of October, 1415, and the French should have won it according to all the rules of war,—but they did not win it, because they had too much valor and too little sense. A cautious coward makes a better soldier than a valiant fool, and the boiling bravery of the French has lost them more battles than any other people have lost through timidity. Henry V.'s invasion of France was the most wicked attack that ever was made even by England on a neighboring nation, and it was meeting with its proper reward, when French folly ruined everything. The French overtook the English on the 24th of October, and by judicious action might have destroyed them, for they were by far the more numerous,—though most English authorities, with characteristic "unveracity," grossly exaggerate the inequality of numbers that really did exist between the two armies. On the night of the 24th the rain fell heavily, making the ground quite unfit for the operations of heavy cavalry, in which the strength of the French consisted, while the English had their incomparable archers, the worthy predecessors of the English infantry of to-day, one of whom was calculated to do more efficient service than could have been expected, as the circumstances of the field were, from ten knights cumbered with bulky mail. Sir Harris Nicolas, the most candid English historian of the battle, and who prepared a very useful, but unreadable volume concerning it, after speaking of the bad arrangements adopted by the French, proceeds to say,—“The inconveniences under which the French labored were much increased by the state of the ground, which was not only soft from heavy rains, but was broken up by their horses during the preceding night, the weather having obliged the valets and pages to keep them in motion. Thus the statement of French historians may



readily be credited, that, from the ponderous armor with which the men-at-arms were enveloped, and the softness of the ground, it was with the utmost difficulty they could either move or lift their weapons, notwithstanding their lances had been shortened to enable them to fight closely, — that the horses at every step sunk so deeply into the mud, that it required great exertion to extricate them, — and that the narrowness of the place caused their archers to be so crowded as to prevent them from drawing their bows." Michelet's description of the day is the best that can be read, and he tells us, that, when the signal of battle was given by Sir Thomas Erpingham, the English shouted, but "the French army, to their great astonishment, remained motionless. Horses and knights appeared to be enchanted, or struck dead in their armor. The fact was, that their large battle-steeds, weighed down with their heavy riders and lumbering caparisons of iron, had all their feet completely sunk in the deep wet clay; they were fixed there, and could only struggle out to crawl on a few steps at a walk." Upon this mass of chivalry, all stuck in the mud, the cloth-yard shafts of the English yeomen fell like hailstones upon the summer corn. Some few of the French made mad efforts to charge, but were annihilated before they could reach the English line. The English advanced upon the "mountain of men and horses mixed together," and butchered their immovable enemies at their leisure. Plebeian hands that day poured out patrician blood in torrents. The French fell into a panic, and those of their number who could run away did so. It was the story of Poitiers over again, in one respect; for the Black Prince owed his victory to a panic that befell a body of sixteen thousand French, who scattered and fled without having struck a blow. Agincourt was fought on St. Crispin's day, and a precious strapping the French got. The English found that there was "nothing like leather." It was the last battle in which the oriflamme was displayed;

and well it might be; for, red as it was, it must have blushed a deeper red over the folly of the French commanders.

The greatest battle ever fought on British ground, with the exceptions of Hastings and Bannockburn, — and greater even than Hastings, if numbers are allowed to count, — was that of Towton, the chief action in the Wars of the Roses; and its decision was due to the effect of the weather on the defeated army. It was fought on the 29th of March, 1461, which was the Palm-Sunday of that year. Edward, Earl of March, eldest son of the Duke of York, having made himself King of England, advanced to the North to meet the Lancastrian army. That army was sixty thousand strong, while Edward IV. was at the head of less than forty-nine thousand. After some preliminary fighting, battle was joined on a plain between the villages of Saxton and Towton, in Yorkshire, and raged for ten hours. Palm-Sunday was a dark and tempestuous day, with the snow falling heavily. At first the wind was favorable to the Lancastrians, but it suddenly changed, and blew the snow right into their faces. This was bad enough, but it was not the worst, for the snow slackened their bow-strings, causing their arrows to fall short of the Yorkists, who took them from the ground, and sent them back with fatal effect. The Lancastrian leaders then sought closer conflict, but the Yorkists had already achieved those advantages which, under a good general, are sure to prepare the way to victory. It was as if the snow had resolved to give success to the pale rose. That which Edward had won he was resolved to increase, and his dispositions were of the highest military excellence; but it is asserted that he would have been beaten, because of the superiority of the enemy in men, but for the coming up, at the eleventh hour, of the Duke of Norfolk, who was the Joseph Johnston of 1461, doing for Edward what the Secessionist Johnston did for Beauregard in 1861. The Lancastrians then gave way, and retreated, at first in orderly fashion, but finally falling into a panic,

when they were cut down by thousands. They lost twenty-eight thousand men, and the Yorkists eight thousand. This was a fine piece of work for the beginning of Passion-Week, bloody laurels gained in civil conflict being substituted for palm-branches! No such battle was ever fought by Englishmen in foreign lands. This was the day when

"Wharfe ran red with slaughter,  
Gathering in its guilty flood  
The carnage, and the ill-spilt blood  
That forty thousand lives could yield.  
Crécy was to this but sport,  
Poitiers but a pageant vain,  
And the work of Agincourt  
Only like a tournament.  
Half the blood which there was spent  
Had sufficed to win again  
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,  
Normandy and Aquitaine."

Edward IV., it should seem, was especially favored by the powers of the air; for, if he owed victory at Towton to wind and snow, he owed it to a mist at Barnet. This last action was fought on the 14th of April, 1471, and the prevalence of the mist, which was very thick, enabled Edward so to order his military work as to counterbalance the enemy's superiority in numbers. The mist was attributed to the arts of Friar Bungay, a famous and most rascally "nigromancer." The mistake made by Warwick's men, when they thought Oxford's cognizance, a star paled with rays, was that of Edward, which was a sun in full glory, (the *White Rose en soleil*), and so assailed their own friends, and created a panic, was in part attributable to the mist, which prevented them from seeing clearly; and this mistake was the immediate occasion of the overthrow of the army of the Red Rose. That Edward was enabled to fight the Battle of Barnet with any hope of success was also owing to the weather. Margaret of Anjou had assembled a force in France, Louis XI. supporting her cause, and this force was ready to sail in February, and by its presence in England victory would unquestionably have been secured for the Lancastrians. But the elements opposed themselves to her purpose with so much

pertinacity and consistency that it is not strange that men should have seen therein the visible hand of Providence. Three times did she embark, but only to be driven back by the wind, and to suffer loss. Some of her party sought to persuade her to abandon the enterprise, as Heaven seemed to oppose it; but Margaret was a strong-minded woman, and would not listen to the suggestions of superstitious cowards. She sailed a fourth time, and held on in the face of bad weather. Half a day of good weather was all that was necessary to reach England, but it was not until the end of almost the third week that she was able to effect a landing, and then at a point distant from Warwick. Had the King-maker been the statesman-soldier that he has had the credit of being, he never would have fought Edward until he had been joined by Margaret; and he must have known that her non-arrival was owing to contrary winds, he having been himself a naval commander. But he acted like a knight-errant, not like a general, gave battle, and was defeated and slain, "The Last of the Barons." Having triumphed at Barnet, Edward marched to meet Margaret's army, which was led by Somerset, and defeated it on the 4th of May, after a hardly-contested action at Tewkesbury. It was on that field that Prince Edward of Lancaster perished; and as his father, Henry VI., died a few days later, "of pure displeasure and melancholy," the line of Lancaster became extinct.

In justice to the memory of a monarch to whom justice has never been done, it should be remarked, in passing, that Edward IV. deserved the favors of Fortune, if talent for war insures success in war. He was, so far as success goes, one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived. He never fought a battle that he did not win, and he never won a battle without annihilating his foe. He was not yet nineteen when he commanded at Towton, at the head of almost fifty thousand men; and two months before he had gained the Battle of Mortimer's Cross, under cir-

cumstances that showed skilful generalship. No similar instance of precocity is to be found in the military history of mankind. His victories have been attributed to Warwick, but it is noticeable that he was as successful over Warwick as he had been over the Lancastrians, against whom Warwick originally fought. Barnet was, with fewer combatants, as remarkable an action as Towton; and at Mortimer's Cross Warwick was not present, while he fought and lost the second battle of St. Alban's seventeen days after Edward had won his first victory. Warwick was not a general, but a magnificent paladin, resembling much *Cœur de Lion*, and most decidedly out of place in the England of the last half of the fifteenth century. What is peculiarly remarkable in Edward's case is this: he had received no military training beyond that which was common to all high-born youths in that age. The French wars had long been over, and what had happened in the early years of the Roses' quarrel was certainly not calculated to make generals out of children. In this respect Edward stands quite alone in the list of great commanders. Alexander, Hannibal, the first Scipio Africanus, Pompeius, Don John of Austria, Condé, Charles XII., Napoleon, and some other young soldiers of the highest eminence, were either all regularly instructed in the military art, or succeeded to the command of veteran armies, or were advised and assisted by old and skilful generals. Besides, they were all older than Edward when they first had independent command. Gaston de Foix approaches nearest to the Yorkist king, but he gained only one battle, was older at Ravenna than Edward was at Towton, and perished in the hour of victory. Clive, perhaps, may be considered as equalling the Plantagenet king in original genius for war, but the scene of his actions, and the materials with which he wrought, were so very different from those of other youthful commanders, that no just comparison can be made between him and any one of their number.

The English have asserted that they lost the Battle of Falkirk, in 1746, because of the severity of a snow-storm that took place when they went into action, a strong wind blowing the snow straight into their faces; and one of the causes of the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, three months later, was another fall of snow, which was accompanied by wind that then blew into their faces. Fortune was impartial, and made the one storm to balance the other.

That the American army was not destroyed soon after the Battle of Long Island must be attributed to the foggy weather of the 29th of August, 1776. But for the successful retreat of Washington's army from Long Island, on the night of the 29th-30th, the Declaration of Independence would have been made waste paper in "sixty days" after its adoption; and that retreat could not have been made, had there not been a dense fog under cover of which to make it, and to deter the enemy from action. Washington and his whole army would have been slain or captured, could the British forces have had clear weather in which to operate. "The fog which prevailed all this time," says Irving, "seemed almost Providential. While it hung over Long Island, and concealed the movements of the Americans, the atmosphere was clear on the New York side of the river. The adverse wind, too, died away, the river became so smooth that the row-boats could be laden almost to the gunwale; and a favoring breeze sprang up for the sail-boats. The whole embarkation of troops, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses, and carts, was happily effected, and by daybreak the greater part had safely reached the city, thanks to the aid of Glover's Marblehead men. Scarce anything was abandoned to the enemy, excepting a few heavy pieces of artillery. At a proper time, Mifflin with his covering party left the lines, and effected a silent retreat to the ferry. Washington, though repeatedly entreated, refused to enter a boat until all the troops were embarked, and crossed the river with the



last." Americans should ever regard a fog with a certain reverence, for a fog saved their country in 1776.

That Poland was not restored to national rank by Napoleon I. was in some measure owing to the weather of the latter days of 1806. Those of the French officers who marched through the better portions of that country were for its restoration, but others who waded through its terrible mud took different ground in every sense. Hence there was a serious difference of opinion in the French councils on this vitally important subject, which had its influence on Napoleon's mind. The severe winter-weather of 1806-7, by preventing the Emperor from destroying the Russians, which he was on the point of doing, was prejudicial to the interests of Poland; for the ultimate effect was, to compel France to treat with Russia as equal with equal, notwithstanding the crowning victory of Friedland. This done, there was no present hope of Polish restoration, as Alexander frankly told the French Emperor that the world would not be large enough for them both, if he should seek to renew Poland's rank as a nation. So far as the failure of the French in 1812 is chargeable upon the weather, the weather must be considered as having been again the enemy of Poland; for Napoleon would have restored that country, had he succeeded in his Russian campaign. Such restoration would then have been a necessity of his position. But it was not the weather of Russia that caused the French failure of 1812. That failure was all but complete before the invaders of Russia had experienced any very severe weather. The two powers that conquered Napoleon were those which General Von Knesebeck had pointed out to Alexander as sure to be too much for him,—Space and Time. The cold, frosts, and snows of Russia simply completed what those powers had so well begun, and so well done.

In the grand campaign of 1813, the weather had an extraordinary influence on Napoleon's fortunes, the rains of Germany really doing him far more mischief

than he had experienced from the snows of Russia; and, oddly enough, a portion of this mischief came to him through the gate of victory. The war between the French and the Allies was renewed the middle of August, and Napoleon purposed crushing the Army of Silesia, under old Blücher, and marched upon it; but he was recalled by the advance of the Grand Army of the Allies upon Dresden; for, if that city had fallen into their hands, his communications with the Rhine would have been lost. Returning to Dresden, he restored affairs there on the 26th of August; and on the 27th, the Battle of Dresden was fought, the last of his great victories. It was a day of mist and rain, the mist being thick, and the rain heavy. Under cover of the mist, Murat surprised a portion of the Austrian infantry, and, as their muskets were rendered unserviceable by the rain, they fell a prey to his horse, who were assisted by infantry and artillery, more than sixteen thousand men being killed, wounded, or captured. The left wing of the Allies was annihilated. So far all was well for the Child of Destiny; but Nemesis was preparing to exact her dues very swiftly. A victory can scarcely be so called, unless it be well followed up; and whether Dresden should be another Austerlitz depended upon what might be done during the next two or three days. Napoleon did *not* act with his usual energy on that critical occasion, and in seven months he had ceased to reign. Why did he refrain from reaping the fruits of victory? Because the weather, which had been so favorable to his fortunes on the 27th, was quite as unfavorable to his person. On that day he was exposed to the rain for twelve hours, and when he returned to Dresden, at night, he was wet to the skin, and covered with mud, while the water was streaming from his chapeau, which the storm had knocked out of a cocked hat. It was a peculiarity of Napoleon's constitution, that he could not expose himself to damp without bringing on a pain in the stomach; and this pain seized him at noon on the 28th, when he had partaken of a repast at Pir-

na, whither he had gone in the course of his operations against the beaten enemy. This illness caused him to cease his personal exertions, but not from giving such orders as the work before him required him to issue. Perhaps it would have had no evil effect, had it not been, that, while halting at Pirna, news came to him of two great failures of distant armies, which led him to order the Young Guard to halt at that place,—an order that cost him his empire. One more march in advance, and Napoleon would have become greater than ever he had been; but that march was not made, and so the flying foe was converted into a victorious army. For General Vandamme, who was at the head of the chief force of the pursuing French, pressed the Allies with energy, relying on the support of the Emperor, whose orders he was carrying out in the best manner. This led to the Battle of Kulm, in which Vandamme was defeated, and his army destroyed for the time, because of the overwhelming superiority of the enemy; whereas that action would have been one of the completest French victories, had the Young Guard been ordered to march from Pirna, according to the original intention. The roads were in a most frightful state, in consequence of the wet weather; but, as a victorious army always finds food, so it always finds roads over which to advance to the completion of its task, unless its chief has no head. Vandamme had a head, and thought he was winning the Marshal's staff which Napoleon had said was awaiting him in the midst of the enemy's retiring masses. So confident was he that the Emperor would support him, that he would not retreat while yet it was in his power to do so; and the consequence was that his *corps d'armée* was torn to pieces, and himself captured. Napoleon had the meanness to charge Vandamme with going too far and seeking to do too much, as he supposed he was slain, and therefore could not prove that he was simply obeying orders, as well as acting in exact accordance with sound military principles. That Vandamme was right is established

by the fact that an order came from Napoleon to Marshal Mortier, who commanded at Pirna, to reinforce him with two divisions; but the order did not reach Mortier until after Vandamme had been defeated. Marshal Saint-Cyr, who was bound to aid Vandamme, was grossly negligent, and failed of his duty; but even he would have acted well, had he been acting under the eye of the Emperor, as would have been the case, had not the weather of the 27th broken down the health of Napoleon, and had not other disasters to the French, all caused by the same storm that had raged around Dresden, induced Napoleon to direct his personal attention to points remote from the scene of his last triumph.\*

\* There was a story current that Napoleon's indisposition on the 28th of August was caused by his eating heartily of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with garlic, not the wholesomest food in the world; and the digestive powers having been reduced by long exposure to damp, this dish may have been too much for them. Thiers says that the Imperial illness at Pirna was "a malady invented by flatterers," and yet only a few pages before he says that "Napoleon proceeded to Pirna, where he arrived about noon, and where, after having partaken of a slight repast, he was seized with a pain in the stomach, to which he was subject after exposure to damp." Napoleon suffered from stomach complaints from an early period of his career, and one of their effects is greatly to lessen the powers of the sufferer's mind. His want of energy at Borodino was attributed to a disordered stomach, and the Russians were simply beaten, not destroyed, on that field. When he heard of Vandamme's defeat, Napoleon said, "One should make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, where it is impossible, as in Vandamme's case, to oppose to him a bulwark of steel." He forgot that his own plan was to have opposed to the enemy a bulwark of steel, and that the non-existence of that bulwark on the 30th of August was owing to his own negligence. Still, the reverse at Kulm might not have proved so terribly fatal, had it not been preceded by the reverses on the Katzbach, which also were owing to the heavy rains, and news of which was the cause of the halting of so large a portion of his pursuing force at Pirna, and the march of many of his best men back to Dresden, his intention being to attempt the restoration of affairs in that quarter, where they had been so sadly compro-

When Napoleon was called from the pursuit of Blücher by Schwarzenberg's advance upon Dresden, he confided the command of the army that was to act against that of Silesia to Marshal Macdonald, a brave and honest man, but a very inferior soldier, yet who might have managed to hold his own against so unscientific a leader as the fighting old hussar, had it not been for the terrible rain-storm that began on the night of the 25th of August. The swelling of the rivers, some of them deep and rapid, led to the isolation of the French divisions, while the rain was so severe as to prevent them from using their muskets. Animated by the most ardent hatred, the new Prussian levies, few of whom had been in service half as long as our volunteers, and many of whom were but mere boys, rushed upon their enemies, butchering them with butt and bayonet, and forcing them into the boiling torrent of the Katzbach. Puthod's division was prevented from rejoining its comrades by the height of the waters, and was destroyed, though one of the best bodies in the French army. The state of the country drove the French divisions together on the same lines of retreat, creating immense confusion, and leading to the most serious losses of men and *matériel*. Macdonald's blunder was in advancing after the storm began, and had lasted for a whole night. His officers pointed out the danger of his course, but he was one of those men who think, that, because

mised under Macdonald's direction. He was as much overworked by the necessity of attending to so many theatres of action as his armies were overmatched in the field by the superior numbers of the Allies. He is said to have repeated the following lines, after musing for a while on the news from Kulm:—

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années;  
Du monde entre mes mains j'ai vu les destinées,  
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement  
Le destin des états dépendait d'un moment."

But he had hours, we might say days, to settle his destiny, and was not tied down to a moment. Afterward he had the fairness to admit that he had lost a great opportunity to regain the ascendancy in not supporting Vandamme with the whole of the Young Guard.

they are not knaves, they can accomplish everything; but the laws of Nature no more yield to honest stupidity than to clever roguery. The Baron Von Müffling, who was present in Blücher's army, says, that, when the French attempted to protect their retreat at the Katzbach with artillery, the guns stuck in the mud; and he adds,—"The field of battle was so saturated by the incessant rain, that a great portion of our infantry left their shoes sticking in the mud, and followed the enemy barefoot." Even a brook, called the Deichsel, was so swollen by the rain that the French could cross it at only one place, and there they lost wagons and guns. Old Blücher issued a thundering proclamation for the encouragement of his troops. "In the battle on the Katzbach," he said to them, "the enemy came to meet you with defiance. Courageously, and with the rapidity of lightning, you issued from behind your heights. You scorned to attack them with musketry-fire: you advanced without a halt; your bayonets drove them down the steep ridge of the valley of the raging Neisse and Katzbach. Afterwards you waded through rivers and brooks swollen with rain. You passed nights in mud. You suffered for want of provisions, as the impassable roads and want of conveyance hindered the baggage from following. You struggled with cold, wet, privations, and want of clothing; nevertheless you did not murmur,—with great exertions you pursued your routed foe. Receive my thanks for such laudable conduct. The man alone who unites such qualities is a true soldier. One hundred and three cannons, two hundred and fifty ammunition-wagons, the enemy's field-hospitals, their field-forges, their flour-wagons, one general of division, two generals of brigade, a great number of colonels, staff and other officers, eighteen thousand prisoners, two eagles, and other trophies, are in your hands. The terror of your arms has so seized upon the rest of your opponents, that they will no longer bear the sight of your bayonets. You have seen the roads



and fields between the Katzbach and the Bober: they bear the signs of the terror and confusion of your enemy." The bluff old General, who at seventy had more "dash" than all the rest of the leaders of the Allies combined, and who did most of the real fighting business of "those who wished and worked" Napoleon's fall, knew how to talk to soldiers, which is a quality not always possessed by even eminent commanders. Soldiers love a leader who can take them to victory, and then talk to them about it. Such a man is "one of them."

Napoleon never recovered from the effects of the losses he experienced at Kulm and on the Katzbach,—losses due entirely to the wetness of the weather. He went downward from that time with terrible velocity, and was in Elba the next spring, seven months after having been on the Elbe. The winter campaign of 1814, of which so much is said, ought to furnish some matter for a paper on weather in war; but the truth is, that that campaign was conducted politically by the Allies. There was never a time, after the first of February, when, if they had conducted the war solely on military principles, they could not have been in Paris in a fortnight.

Napoleon's last campaign owed its lamentable decision to the peculiar character of the weather on its last two days, though one would not look for such a thing as severe weather in June, in Flanders. But so it was, and Waterloo would have been a French victory, and Wellington where *Henry* was when he ran against *Eclipse*,—nowhere,—if the rain that fell so heavily on the 17th of June had been postponed only twenty-four hours. Up to the afternoon of the 17th, the weather, though very warm, was dry, and the French were engaged in following their enemies. The Anglo-Dutch infantry had retreated from Quatre-Bras, and the cavalry was following, and was itself followed by the French cavalry, who pressed it with great audacity. "The weather," says Captain Siborne, "during the morning, had be-

come oppressively hot; it was now a dead calm; not a leaf was stirring; and the atmosphere was close to an intolerable degree; while a dark, heavy, dense cloud impended over the combatants. The 18th [English] Hussars were fully prepared, and awaited but the command to charge, when the brigade guns on the right commenced firing, for the purpose of previously disturbing and breaking the order of the enemy's advance. The concussion seemed instantly to rebound through the still atmosphere, and communicate, as an electric spark, with the heavily charged mass above. A most awfully loud thunder-clap burst forth, immediately succeeded by a rain which has never, probably, been exceeded in violence even within the tropics. In a very few minutes the ground became perfectly saturated,—so much so, that it was quite impracticable for any rapid movement of the cavalry." This storm prevented the French from pressing with due force upon their retiring foes; but that would have been but a small evil, if the storm had not settled into a steady and heavy rain, which converted the fat Flemish soil into a mud that would have done discredit even to the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and the latter has the discredit of being the nastiest earth in America. All through the night the windows of heaven were open, as if weeping over the spectacle of two hundred thousand men preparing to butcher each other. Occasionally the rain fell in torrents, greatly distressing the soldiers, who had no tents. On the morning of the 18th the rain ceased, but the day continued cloudy, and the sun did not show himself until the moment before setting, when for an instant he blazed forth in full glory upon the forward movement of the Allies. One may wonder if Napoleon then thought of that morning "Sun of Austerlitz," which he had so often apostrophized in the days of his meridian triumphs. The evening sun of Waterloo was the practical antithesis to the rising sun of Austerlitz.

The Battle of Waterloo was not begun

until about twelve o'clock, because of the state of the ground, which did not admit of the action of cavalry and artillery until several hours had been allowed for its hardening. That inevitable delay was the occasion of the victory of the Allies; for, if the battle had been opened at seven o'clock, the French would have defeated Wellington's army before a Prussian regiment could have arrived on the field. It has been said that the rain was as baneful to the Allies as to the French, as it prevented the early arrival of the Prussians; but the remark comes only from persons who are not familiar with the details of the most momentous of modern pitched battles. Bülow's Prussian corps, which was the first to reach the field, marched through Wavre in the forenoon of the 18th; but no sooner had its advanced guard — an infantry brigade, a cavalry regiment, and one battery — cleared that town, than a fire broke out there, which greatly delayed the march of the remainder of the corps. There were many ammunition-wagons in the streets, and, fearful of losing them, and of being deprived of the means of fighting, the Prussians halted, and turned firemen for the occasion. This not only prevented most of the corps from arriving early on the right flank of the French, but it prevented the advanced guard from acting, Bülow being too good a soldier to risk so small a force as that immediately at his command in an attack on the French army. It was not until about half-past one that the Prussians were first seen by the Emperor, and then at so great a distance that even with glasses it was difficult to say whether the objects looked at were men or trees. But for the bad weather, it is possible that Bülow's whole corps, supposing there had been no fire at Wavre, might have arrived within striking distance of the French army by two o'clock, P. M.; but by that hour the battle between Napoleon and Wellington would have been decided, and the Prussians would have come up only to "augment the slaughter," had the ground been hard enough for operations at an early

hour of the day. As the battle was necessarily fought in the afternoon, because of the softness of the soil consequent on the heavy rains of the preceding day and night, there was time gained for the arrival of Bülow's corps by four o'clock of the afternoon of the 18th. Against that corps Napoleon had to send almost twenty thousand of his men, and sixty-six pieces of cannon, all of which might have been employed against Wellington's army, had the battle been fought in the forenoon. As it was, that large force never fired a shot at the English. The other Prussian corps that reached the field toward the close of the day, Zieten's and Pirch's, did not leave Wavre until about noon. The coming up of the advanced guard of Zieten, but a short time before the close of the battle, enabled Wellington to employ the fresh cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur at another part of his line, where they did eminent service for him at a time which is known as "the crisis" of the day. Taking all these facts into consideration, it must be admitted that there never was a more important rain-storm than that which happened on the 17th of June, 1815. Had it occurred twenty-four hours later, the destinies of the world might, and most probably would, have been completely changed; for Waterloo was one of those decisive battles which dominate the ages through their results, belonging to the same class of combats as do Marathon, Pharsalia, Lepanto, Blenheim, Yorktown, and Trafalgar. It was decided by water, and not by fire, though the latter was hot enough on that fatal field to satisfy the most determined lover of courage and glory.

If space permitted, we could bring forward many other facts to show the influence of weather on the operations of war. We could show that it was owing to changes of wind that the Spaniards failed to take Leyden, the fall of which into their hands would probably have proved fatal to the Dutch cause; that a sudden thaw prevented the French from seizing the Hague in 1672, and compelling the Dutch to acknowledge themselves subjects of

Louis XIV.; that a change of wind enabled William of Orange to land in England, in 1688, without fighting a battle, when even victory might have been fatal to his purpose; that Continental expeditions fitted out for the purpose of restoring the Stuarts to the British throne were more than once ruined by the occurrence of tempests; that the defeat of our army at Germantown was in part due to the existence of a fog; that a severe storm prevented General Howe from assailing the American position on Dorchester Heights, and so enabled Washington to make that position too strong to be attacked with hope of success, whereby Boston was freed from the enemy's presence; that a heavy fall of rain, by rendering the River Catawba unfordable, put a stop, for a few days, to those movements by which Lord Cornwallis intended to destroy the army of General Morgan, and obtain compensation for Tarleton's defeat at the Cowpens; that an autumnal tempest compelled the same British commander to abandon a project of retreat from Yorktown, which good military critics have thought well conceived, and promising success; that the severity of the winter of 1813 interfered effectively with the measures

which Napoleon had formed with the view of restoring his affairs, so sadly compromised by his failure in Russia; that the "misty, chilly, and insalubrious" weather of Louisiana, and its mud, had a marked effect on Sir Edward Pakenham's army, and helped us to victory over one of the finest forces ever sent by Europe to the West; that in 1828 the Russians lost myriads of men and horses, in the Danubian country and its vicinity, through heavy rains and hard frosts; that the November hurricane of 1854 all but paralyzed the allied forces in the Crimea;—and many similar things that establish the helplessness of men in arms when the weather is adverse to them. But enough has been said to convince even the most skeptical that our Potomac Army did not stand alone in being forced to stand still before the dictation of the elements. Our armies, indeed, have suffered less from the weather than it might reasonably have been expected they would suffer, having simply been delayed at some points by the occurrence of winds and thaws; and over all such obstacles they are destined ultimately to triumph, as the Union itself will bid defiance to what Bacon calls "the waves and weathers of time."

---

## LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF THEODORE WINTHROP.

O KNIGHTLY soldier bravely dead!  
 O poet-soul too early sped!  
 O life so pure! O life so brief!  
 Our hearts are moved with deeper grief,  
 As, dwelling on thy gentle face,  
 Its twilight smile, its tender grace,  
 We fill the shadowy years to be  
 With what had been thy destiny.  
 And still, amid our sorrow's pain,  
 We feel the loss is yet our gain;  
 For through the death we know the life,  
 Its gold in thought, its steel in strife,—  
 And so with reverent kiss we say  
 Adieu! O Bayard of our day!



SLAVERY, IN ITS PRINCIPLES, DEVELOPMENT, AND  
EXPEDIENTS.

WITHIN the memory of men still in the vigor of life, American Slavery was considered by a vast majority of the North, and by a large minority of the South, as an evil which should, at best, be tolerated, and not a good which deserved to be extended and protected. A kind of lazy acquiescence in it as a local matter, to be managed by local legislation, was the feeling of the Free States. In both the Slave and the Free States, the discussion of the essential principles on which Slavery rests was confined to a few disappointed Nullifiers and a few uncompromising Abolitionists, and we can recollect the time when Calhoun and Garrison were both classed by practical statesmen of the South and North in one category of pestilent "abstractionists." Negro Slavery was considered simply as a fact; and general irritation among most politicians of all sections was sure to follow any attempt to explore the principles on which the fact reposed. That these principles had the mischievous vitality which events have proved them to possess, few of our wisest statesmen then dreamed, and we have drifted by degrees into the present war without any clear perception of its animating causes.

The future historian will trace the steps by which the subject of Slavery was forced on the reluctant attention of the citizens of the Free States, so that at last the most cautious conservative could not ignore its intrusive presence, could not banish its reality from his eyes, or its image from his mind. He will show why Slavery, disdaining its old argument from expediency, challenged discussion on its principles. He will explain the process by which it became discontented with toleration within its old limits, and demanded the championship or connivance of the National Government in a plan for its limitless extension. He will indicate the means by which it corrupted the South-

ern heart and Southern brain, so that at last the elemental principles of morals and religion were boldly denied, and the people came to "believe a lie." He will, not unnaturally, indulge in a little sarcasm, when he comes to consider the occupation of Southern professors of ethics, compelled by their position to scoff at the "rights" of man, and Southern professors of theology, compelled by their position to teach that Christ came into the world, not so much to save sinners, as to enslave negroes. He will be forced to class these among the meanest and most abject slaves that the planters owned. In treating of the subserviency of the North, he will be constrained to write many a page which will flush the cheeks of our descendants with indignation and shame. He will show the method by which Slavery, after vitiating the conscience and intelligence of the South, contrived to vitiate in part, and for a time, the conscience and intelligence of the North. It will be his ungrateful task to point to many instances of compliance and concession on the part of able Northern statesmen which will deeply affect their fame with posterity, though he will doubtless refuse to adopt to the full the contemporary clamor against their motives. He will understand, better than we, the amount of patriotism which entered into their "concessions," and the amount of fraternal good-will which prompted their fatal "compromises." But he will also declare that the object of the Slave Power was not attained. Vacillating statesmen and corrupt politicians it might address, the first through their fears, the second through their interests; but the intrepid and incorruptible "people" were but superficially affected. A few elections were gained, but the victories were barren of results. From political defeat the free people of the North came forth more earnest and more united than ever.

The insolent pretensions of the Slavocracy were repudiated; its political and ethical maxims were disowned; and after having stirred the noblest impulses of the human heart by the spectacle of its tyranny, its attempt to extend that tyranny only roused an insurrection of the human understanding against the impudence of its logic. The historian can then only say, that the Slave Power "seceded," being determined to form a part of no government which it could not control. The present war is to decide whether its real force corresponds to the political force it has exerted heretofore in our affairs.

That this war has been forced upon the Free States by the "aggressions" of the Slave Power is so plain that no argument is necessary to sustain the proposition. It is not so universally understood that the Slave Power is aggressive by the necessities of the wretched system of labor on which its existence is based. By a short exposition of the principles of Slavery, and the expedients it has practised during the last twenty or thirty years, we think that this proposition can be established.

And first it must be always borne in mind, that Slavery, as a system, is based on the most audacious, inhuman, and self-evident of lies,—the assertion, namely, that property can be held in men. Property applies to things. There is a metaphysical impossibility implied in the attempt to extend its application to persons. It is possible, we admit, to ordain by local law that four and four make ten, but such an exercise of legislative wisdom could not overcome certain arithmetical prejudices innate in our minds, or dethrone the stubborn eight from its accustomed position in our thoughts. But you might as well ordain that four and four make ten as ordain that a man has no right to himself, but can properly be held as the chattel of another. Yet this arrogant falsehood of property in men has been organized into a colossal institution. The South calls it a "peculiar" institution; and herein perhaps consists

its peculiarity, that it is an absurdity which has lied itself into a substantial form, and now argues its right to exist from the fact of its existence. Doubtless, the fact that a thing exists proves that it has its roots in human nature; but before we accept this as decisive of its right to exist, it may be well to explore those qualities in human nature, "peculiar" and perverse as itself, from which it derives its poisonous vitality and strength. It is plain, we think, that an institution embodying an essential falsity, which equally affronts the common sense and the moral sense of mankind, and which, as respects chronology, was as repugnant to the instincts of Homer as it is to the instincts of Whittier, must have sprung from the unblessed union of wilfulness and avarice, of avarice which knows no conscience, and of wilfulness that tramples on reason; and the marks of this parentage, the signs of these its boasted roots in human nature, are, we are constrained to concede, visible in every stage of its growth, in every argument for its existence, in every motive for its extension.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that some of the advocates of Slavery do not relish the analysis which reveals the origin of their institution in those dispositions which connect man with the tiger and the wolf. Accordingly they discourage, with true democratic humility, all genealogical inquiries into the ancestry of their system, substitute generalization for analysis, and, twisting the maxims of religion into a philosophy of servitude, bear down all arguments with the sounding proposition, that Slavery is included in the plan of God's providence, and therefore cannot be wrong. Certain thinkers of our day have asserted the universality of the religious element in human nature; and it must be admitted that men become very pious when their minds are illuminated by the discernment of a Providential sanction for their darling sins, and by the discovery that God is on the side of their interests and passions. Napoleon's religious perceptions

were somewhat obtuse, as tried by the standards of the Church, yet nothing could exceed the depth of his belief that God "was with the heaviest column"; and the most obdurate jobber in human flesh may well glow with apostolic fervor, as, from the height of philosophic contemplation to which this principle lifts him, he discerns the sublime import of his Providential mission. It is true, he is now willing to concede, that a man's right to himself, being given by God, can only by God be taken away. "But," he exultingly exclaims, "it *has* been taken away by God. The negro, having always been a slave, must have been so by divine appointment; and I, the mark of obloquy to a few fanatical enthusiasts, am really an humble agent in carrying out the designs of a higher law even than that of the State, of a higher will even than my own." This mode of baptizing man's sin and calling it God's providence has not altogether lacked the aid of certain Southern clergymen, who ostentatiously profess to preach Christ and Him crucified, and by such arguments, we may fear, crucified by *them*. Here is Slavery's abhorred riot of vices and crimes, from whose soul-sickenening details the human imagination shrinks aghast,—and over all, to complete the picture, these theologians bring in the seraphic countenance of the Saviour of mankind, smiling celestial approval of the multitudinous miseries and infamies it serenely beholds!

It may be presumptuous to proffer counsel to such authorized expositors of religion, but one can hardly help insinuating the humble suggestion, that it would be as well, if they must give up the principles of liberty, not to throw Christianity in. We may be permitted to doubt the theory of Providence which teaches that a man never so much serves God as when he serves the Devil. Doubtless, Slavery, though opposed to God's laws, is included in the plan of God's providence, but, in the long run, the providence most terribly confirms the laws. The stream of events, having its fountains in iniquity, has its end in retribu-

tion. It is because God's laws are immutable that God's providence can be *foreseen* as well as seen. The mere fact that a thing exists, and persists in existing, is of little importance in determining its right to exist, or its eventual destiny. These must be found in an inspection of the principles by which it exists; and from the nature of its principles, we can predict its future history. The confidence of bad men and the despair of good men proceed equally from a too fixed attention to the facts and events before their eyes, to the exclusion of the principles which underlie and animate them; for no insight of principles, and of the moral laws which govern human events, could ever cause tyrants to exult or philanthropists to despond.

If we go farther into this question, we shall commonly find that the facts and events to which we give the name of Providence are the acts of human wills divinely overruled. There is iniquity and wrong in these facts and events, because they are the work of free human wills. But when these free human wills organize falsehood, institute injustice, and establish oppression, they have passed into that mental state where will has been perverted into wilfulness, and self-direction has been exaggerated into self-worship. It is the essence of wilfulness that it exalts the impulses of its pride above the intuitions of conscience and intelligence, and puts force in the place of reason and right. The person has thus emancipated himself from all restraints of a law higher than his personality, and acts *from* self, *for* self, and in sole obedience *to* self. But this is personality in its Satanic form; yet it is just here that some of our theologians have discovered in a person's actions the purposes of Providence, and discerned the Divine intention in the fact of guilt instead of in the certainty of retribution. The tyrant element in man is found in this Satanic form of his individuality. His will, self-released from restraint, preys upon and crushes other wills. He asserts himself by enslaving others, and mimics Divinity



on the stilts of diabolism. Like the barbarian who thought himself enriched by the powers and gifts of the enemy he slew, he aggrandizes his own personality, and heightens his own sense of freedom, through the subjection of feebler natures. Ruthless, rapacious, greedy of power, greedy of gain, it is in Slavery that he wantons in all the luxury of injustice, for it is here that he tastes the exquisite pleasure of depriving others of that which he most values in himself.

Thus, whether we examine this system in the light of conscience and intelligence, or in the light of history and experience, we come to but one result, — that it has its source and sustenance in Satanic energy, in Satanic pride, and in Satanic greed. This is Slavery in itself, detached from the ameliorations it may receive from individual slaveholders. Now a bad system is not continued or extended by the virtues of any individuals who are but partially corrupted by it, but by those who work in the spirit and with the implements of its originators. Every amelioration is a confession of the essential injustice of the thing ameliorated, and a step towards its abolition; and the humane and Christian slaveholders owe their safety, and the security of what they are pleased to call their property, to the vices of the hard and stern spirits whom they profess to abhor. If they invest in stock of the Devil's corporation, they ought not to be severe on those who look out that they punctually receive their dividends. The true slaveholder feels that he is encamped among his slaves, that he holds them by the right of conquest, that the relation is one of war, and that there is no crime he may not be compelled to commit in self-defence. Disdaining all cant, he clearly perceives that the system, in its practical working, must conform to the principles on which it is based. He accordingly believes in the lash and the fear of the lash. If he is cruel and brutal, it may as often be from policy as from disposition, for brutality and cruelty are the means by which

weaker races are best kept "subordinated" to stronger races; and the influence of his brutality and cruelty is felt as restraint and terror on the plantation of his less resolute neighbor. And when we speak of brutality and cruelty, we do not limit the application of the words to those who scourge, but extend it to some of those who preach, — who hold up heaven as the reward of those slaves who are sufficiently abject on earth, and threaten damnation in the next world to all who dare to assert their manhood in this.

If, however, any one still doubts that this system develops itself logically and naturally, and tramples down the resistance offered by the better sentiments of human nature, let him look at the legislation which defines and protects it, — a legislation which, as expressing the average sense and purpose of the community, is to be quoted as conclusive against the testimony of any of its individual members. This legislation evinces the dominion of a malignant principle. You can hear the crack of the whip and the clank of the chain in all its enactments. Yet these laws, which cannot be read in any civilized country without mingled horror and derision, indicate a mastery of the whole theory and practice of oppression, are admirably adapted to the end they have in view, and bear the unmistakable marks of being the work of practical men, — of men who know their sin, and "knowing, dare maintain." They do not, it is true, enrich the science of jurisprudence with any large or wise additions, but we do not look for such luxuries as justice, reason, and beneficence in ordinances devised to prop up iniquity, falsehood, and tyranny. Ghastly caricatures of justice as these offshoots of Slavery are, they are still dictated by the nature and necessities of the system. They have the flavor of the rank soil whence they spring.

If we desire any stronger evidence that slaveholders constitute a general Slave Power, that this Slave Power acts as a unit, the unity of a great interest impelled by powerful passions, and that the vir-

tues of individual slaveholders have little effect in checking the vices of the system, we can find that evidence in the zeal and audacity with which this power engaged in extending its dominion. Seemingly aggressive in this, it was really acting on the defensive,—on the defensive, however, not against the assaults of men, but against the immutable decrees of God. The world is so constituted, that wrong and oppression are not, in a large view, politic. They heavily mortgage the future, when they glut the avarice of the present. The avenging Providence, which the slaveholder cannot find in the New Testament, or in the teachings of conscience, he is at last compelled to find in political economy; and however indifferent to the Gospel according to Saint John, he must give heed to the gospel according to Adam Smith and Malthus. He discovers, no doubt to his surprise, and somewhat to his indignation, that there is an intimate relation between industrial success and justice; and however much, as a practical man, he may despise the abstract principles which declare Slavery a nonsensical enormity, he cannot fail to read its nature, when it slowly, but legibly, writes itself out in curses on the land. He finds how true is the old proverb, that, “if God moves with leaden feet, He strikes with iron hands.” The law of Slavery is, that, to be lucrative, it must have a scanty population diffused over large areas. To limit it is therefore to doom it to come to an end by the laws of population. To limit it is to force the planters, in the end, to free their slaves, from an inability to support them, and to force the slaves into more energy and intelligence in labor, in order that they may subsist as freemen. People prattle about the necessity of compulsory labor; but the true compulsory labor, the labor which has produced the miracles of modern industry, is the labor to which a man is compelled by the necessity of saving himself, and those who are dearer to him than self, from ignominy and want. It was by this policy of territorial limitation, that

Henry Clay, before the annexation of Texas, declared that Slavery must eventually expire. The way was gradual, it was prudent, it was safe, it was distant, it was sure, it was according to the nature of things. It would have been accepted, had there been any general truth in the assertion that the slaveholders were honestly desirous of reconverting, at any time, and on any practicable plan, their chattels into men. But true to the malignant principles of their system, they accepted the law of its existence, but determined to evade the law of its extinction. As Slavery required large areas and scanty population, large areas and scanty population it should at all times have. New markets should be opened for the surplus slave-population; to open new markets was to acquire new territory; and to acquire new territory was to gain additional political strength. The expansive tendencies of freedom would thus be checked by the tendencies no less expansive of bondage. To acquire Texas was not merely to acquire an additional Slave State, but it was to keep up a demand for slaves which would prevent Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, and Kentucky from becoming Free States. As soon as old soils were worn out, new soils were to be ready to receive the curse; and where slave-labor ceased to be profitable, slave-breeding was to take its place.

This purpose was so diabolical, that, when first announced, it was treated as a caprice of certain hot spirits, irritated by the declamations of the Abolitionists. But it is idle to refer to transient heat thoughts which bear all the signs of cool atrocity; and needless to seek for the causes of actions in extraneous sources, when they are plainly but steps in the development of principles already known. Slave-breeding and Slavery-extension are necessities of the system. Like Romulus and Remus, “they are both suckled from one wolf.”

But it was just here that the question became to the Free States a practical question. There could be no “fanati-

cism" in meeting it at this stage. What usually goes under the name of fanaticism is the habit of uncompromising assault on a thing because its principles are absurd or wicked; what usually goes under the name of common sense is the disposition to assail it at that point where, in the development of its principles, it has become immediately and pressingly dangerous. Now by no sophistry could we of the Free States evade the responsibility of being the extenders of Slavery, if we allowed Slavery to be extended. If we did not oppose it from a sense of right, we were bound to oppose it from a sense of decency. It may be said that we had nothing to do with Slavery at the South; but we had something to do with rescuing the national character from infamy, and unhappily we could not have anything to do with rescuing the national character from infamy without having something to do with Slavery at the South. The question with us was, whether we would allow the whole force of the National Government to be employed in upholding, extending, and perpetuating this detestable and nonsensical enormity? — especially, whether we would be guilty of that last and foulest atheism to free principles, the deliberate planting of slave institutions on virgin soil? If this question had been put to any despot of Europe, — we had almost said, to any despot of Asia, — his answer would undoubtedly have been an indignant negative. Yet the South confidently expected so to wheedle or bully us into dragging our common sense through the mud and mire of momentary expedients, that we should connive at the commission of this execrable crime!

There can be no doubt, that, if the question had been fairly put to the inhabitants of the Free States, their answer would have been at once decisive for freedom. Even the strongest conservatives would have been "Free-Soilers," — not only those who are conservatives in virtue of their prudence, moderation, sagacity, and temper, but prejudiced conservatives, conservatives who are

tolerant of all iniquity which is decorous, inert, long-established, and disposed to die when its time comes, conservatives as thorough in their hatred of change as Lamennais himself. "What a noise," says Paul Louis Courier, "Lamennais would have made on the day of creation, could he have witnessed it. His first cry to the Divinity would have been to respect that ancient chaos." But even to conservatives of this class, the attempt to extend Slavery, though really in the order of its natural development, must still have appeared a monstrous innovation, and they were bound to oppose the Marats and Robespierres of despotism who were busy in the bad work. Indeed, in our country, conservatism, through the presence of Slavery, has inverted its usual order. In other countries, the radical of one century is the conservative of the next; in ours, the conservative of one generation is the radical of the next. The American conservative of 1790 is the so-called fanatic of 1820; the conservative of 1820 is the fanatic of 1856. The American conservative, indeed, descended the stairs of compromise until his descent into utter abnegation of all that civilized humanity holds dear was arrested by the Rebellion. And the reason of this strange inversion of conservative principles was, that the movement of Slavery is towards barbarism, while the movement of all countries in which labor is not positively chattelized is towards freedom and civilization. True conservatism, it must never be forgotten, is the refusal to give up a positive, though imperfect good, for a possible, but uncertain improvement: in the United States it has been misused to denote the cowardly surrender of a positive good from a fear to resist the innovations of an advancing evil and wrong.

There was, therefore, little danger that Slavery would be extended through the conscious thought and will of the people, but there was danger that its extension might, somehow or other, occur. Misconception of the question, devotion to party or the memory of party, prejudice



against the men who more immediately represented the Anti-Slavery principle, might make the people unconsciously slide into this crime. And it must be said that for the divisions in the Free States as to the mode in which the free sentiment of the people should operate the strictly Anti-Slavery men were to some extent responsible. It is difficult to convince an ardent reformer that the principle for which he contends, being impersonal, should be purified from the passions and whims of his own personality. The more fervid he is, the more he is identified in the public mind with his cause; and, in a large view, he is bound not merely to defend his cause, but to see that the cause, through him, does not become offensive. Men are ever ready to dodge disagreeable duties by converting questions of principles into criticisms on the men who represent principles; and the men who represent principles should therefore look to it that they make no needless enemies and give no needless shock to public opinion for the purpose of pushing pet opinions, wreaking personal grudges, or gratifying individual antipathies. The artillery of the North has heretofore played altogether too much on Northerners.

But to return. The South expected to fool the North into a compliance with its designs, by availing itself of the divisions among its professed opponents, and by dazzling away the attention of the people from the real nature of the wickedness to be perpetrated. Slavery was to be extended, and the North was to be an accomplice in the business; but the Slave Power did not expect that we should be active and enthusiastic in this work of self-degradation. It did not ask us to extend Slavery, but simply to allow its extension to occur; and in this appeal to our moral timidity and moral laziness, it contemptuously tossed us a few fig-leaves of fallacy and false statement to save appearances.

We were informed, for instance, that by the equality of men is meant the equality of those whom Providence has made

equal. But this is exactly the sense in which no sane man ever understood the doctrine of equality; for Providence has palpably made men unequal, white men as well as black.

Then we were told that the white and black races could dwell together only in the relation of masters and slaves, — and, in the same breath, that in this relation the slaves were steadily advancing in civilization and Christianity. But, if steadily advancing in civilization and Christianity, the time must inevitably come when they would not submit to be slaves; and then what becomes of the statement that the white and black races cannot dwell together as freemen? Why boast of their improvement, when you are improving them only that you may exterminate them, or they *you*?

Then, with a composure of face which touches the exquisite in effrontery, we were assured that this antithesis of master and slave, of tyrant and abject natures, is really a perfect harmony. Slavery — so said these logicians of liberticide — has solved the great social problem of the working-classes, comfortably for capital, happily for labor; and has effected this by an ingenious expedient which could have occurred only to minds of the greatest depth and comprehension, the expedient, namely, of enslaving labor. Now doubtless there has always been a struggle between employers and employed, and this struggle will probably continue until the relations between the two are more humane and Christian. But Slavery exhibits this struggle in its earliest and most savage stage, a stage answering to the rude energies and still ruder conceptions of barbarians. The issue of the struggle, it is plain, will not be that capital will own labor, but that labor will own capital, and *no man* be owned.

Still we were vehemently told, that, though the slaves, for their own good, were deprived of their rights as men, they were in a fine state of physical comfort. This was not and could not be true; but even if it were, it only represented the slaveholder as addressing his

slave in some such words of derisive scorn as Byron hurls at Duke Alphonso, —

"Thou! born to eat, and be despised, and die,  
Even as the brutes that perish," —

though we doubt if he could truly add, —

"save that thou  
Hast a more splendid trough and wider sty."

Then we were solemnly warned of our patriotic duty to "know no North and no South." This was the very impudence of ingratitude; for we had long known no North, and unhappily had known altogether too much South.

Then we were most plaintively adjured to comply with the demands of the Slave Power, in order to save the Union. But how save the Union? Why, by violating the principles on which the Union was formed, and scouting the objects it was intended to serve.

But lastly came the question, on which the South confidently relied as a decisive argument, "What could we do with our slaves, provided we emancipated them?" The peculiarity which distinguished this question from all other interrogatories ever addressed to human beings was this, that it was asked for the purpose of *not* being answered. The moment a reply was begun, the ground was swiftly shifted, and we were overwhelmed with a torrent of words about State Rights and the duty of minding our own business.

But it is needless to continue the examination of these substitutes and apologies for fact and reason, especially as their chief characteristic consisted in their having nothing to do with the practical question before the people. They were thrown out by the interested defenders of Slavery, North and South, to divert attention from the main issue. In the fine felicity of their inappropriateness to the actual condition of the struggle between the Free and Slave States, they were almost a match for that renowned sermon, preached by a metropolitan bishop before an asylum for the blind, the halt, and the legless, on "The Moral Dangers of Foreign Travel." But still they were infinitely mischievous, consid-

ered as pretences under which Northern men could skulk from their duties, and as sophistries to lull into a sleepy acquiescence the consciences of those political adventurers who are always seeking occasions for being tempted and reasons for being rogues. They were all the more influential from the circumstance that their show of argument was backed by the solid substance of patronage. These false facts and bad reasons were the keys to many fat offices. The South had succeeded in instituting a new political test, namely, that no man is qualified to serve the United States unless he is the champion or the sycophant of the Slave Power. Proscription to the friends of American freedom, honors and emoluments to the friends of American slavery, — adopt that creed, or you did not belong to any "healthy" political organization! Now we have heard of civil disabilities for opinion's sake before. In some countries no Catholics are allowed to hold office, in others no Protestants, in others no Jews. But it is not, we believe, in Protestant countries that Protestants are proscribed; it is not in Catholic countries that Catholics are incompetent to serve the State. It was left for a free country to establish, practically, civil disabilities against freemen, — for Republican America to proscribe Republicans! Think of it, — that no American, whatever his worth, talents, or patriotism, could two years ago serve his country in any branch of its executive administration, unless he was unfortunate enough to agree with the slaveholders, or base enough to sham an agreement with them! The test, at Washington, of political orthodoxy was modelled on the pattern of the test of religious orthodoxy established by Napoleon's minister of police. "You are not orthodox," he said to a priest. "In what," inquired the astonished ecclesiastic, "have I sinned against orthodoxy?" "You have not pronounced the eulogium of the Emperor, or proved the righteousness of the conscription."

Now we had been often warned of the danger of sectional parties, on account

of their tendency to break up the Government. The people gave heed to this warning; for here was a sectional party in possession of the Government. We had been often advised not to form political combinations on one idea. The people gave heed to this advice; for here was a triumphant political combination, formed not only on one idea, but that the worst idea that ever animated any political combination. Here was an association of three hundred and fifty thousand persons, spread over some nine hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, and wielding its whole political power, engaged in the work of turning the United States into a sort of slave plantation, of which they were to be overseers. We opposed them by argument, passion, and numerical power; and they read us long homilies on the beauty of law and order, — order sustained by Border Ruffians, law which was but the legalizing of criminal instincts, — law and order which, judged by the code established for Kansas, seemed based on legislative ideas imported from the Feejee Islands. We opposed them again, and they talked to us about the necessity of preserving the Union; — as if, in the Free States, the love of the Union had not been a principle and a passion, proof against many losses, and insensible to many humiliations; as if, with our teachers, disunion had not been for half a century a stereotyped menace to scare us into compliance with their rascalities; as if it were not known that only so long as they could wield the powers of the National Government to accomplish their designs, were they loyal to the Union! We opposed them again, and they clamored about their Constitutional rights and our Constitutional obligations; but they adopted for themselves a theory of the Constitution which made each State the judge of the Constitution in the last resort, while they held us to that view of it which made the Supreme Court the judge in the last resort. Written constitutions, by a process of interpretation, are always made to follow the drift

of great forces; they are twisted and tortured into conformity with the views of the power dominant in the State; and our Constitution, originally a charter of freedom, was converted into an instrument which the slaveholders seemed to possess by right of squatter sovereignty and eminent domain.

Did any one suppose that we could retard the ever-onward movement of their unscrupulous force and defiant wills by timely compromises and concessions? Every compromise we made with them only stimulated their rapacity, heightened their arrogance, increased their demands. Every concession we made to their insolent threats was only a step downwards to a deeper abasement; and we parted with our most cherished convictions of duty to purchase, not their gratitude, but their contempt. Every concession, too, weakened us and strengthened them for the inevitable struggle, into which the Free States were eventually goaded, to preserve what remained of their dignity, their honor, and their self-respect. In 1850 we conceded the application of the Wilmot Proviso; in 1856 we were compelled to concede the principle of the Wilmot Proviso. In 1850 we had no fears that slaves would enter New Mexico; in 1861 we were threatened with a view of the flag of the rattlesnake floating over Faneuil Hall. If any principle has been established by events, with the certainty of mathematical demonstration, it is this, that concession to the Slave Power is the suicide of Freedom. We are purchasing this fact at the expense of arming five hundred thousand men and spending a thousand millions of dollars. More than this, if any concessions were to be made, they ought, on all principles of concession, to have been made to the North. Concessions, historically, are not made by freedom to privilege, but by privilege to freedom. Thus King John conceded Magna Charta; thus King Charles conceded the Petition of Right; thus Protestant England conceded Catholic Emancipation to Ireland; thus aristocratic England conceded the Reform



Bill to the English middle class. And had not we, the misgoverned many, a right to demand from the slaveholders, the governing few, some concessions to our sense of justice and our prejudices for freedom? Concession indeed! If any class of men hold in their grasp one of the dear-bought chartered "rights of man," it is infamous to concede it.

"Make it the darling of your precious eye!

*To lose or give 't away* were such perdition  
As nothing else could match."

Considerations so obvious as these could not, by any ingenuity of party-contrivance, be prevented from forcing themselves by degrees into the minds of the great body of the voters of the Free States. The common sense, the "large roundabout common sense" of the people, slowly, and somewhat reluctantly, came up to the demands of the occasion. The sophistries and fallacies of the Northern defenders of the pretensions of the slaveholding sectional minority were gradually exposed, and were repudiated in the lump. The conviction was implanted in the minds of the people of the Free States, that the Slave Power, representing only a thirtieth part of the population of the Slave States, and a ninth part of the property of the country, was bent on governing the nation, and on subordinating all principles and all interests to its own. Not being ambitious of having the United States converted into a Western Congo, with the traffic in "niggers" as its fundamental idea, the people elected Abraham Lincoln, in a perfectly Constitutional way, President. As the majority of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the Supreme Court was still left, by this election, on the side of the "rights of the South," (humorously so styled,) and as the President could do little to advance Republican principles with all the other branches of the Government opposed to him, the people naturally imagined that the slaveholders would acquiesce in their decision.

But such was not the result. The election was in November. The new President could not assume office until March.

The triumphs of the Slave Power had been heretofore owing to its willingness and readiness to peril everything on each question as it arose, and each event as it occurred. South Carolina, perhaps the only one of the Slave States that was thoroughly in earnest, at once "seceded." The "Gulf States" and others followed its example, not so much from any fixed intention of forming a Southern Confederacy as for the purpose of intimidating the Free States into compliance with the extreme demands of the South. The Border Slave States were avowedly neutral between the "belligerents," but indicated their purpose to stand by their "Southern brethren," in case the Government of the United States attempted to carry out the Constitution and the laws in the seceded States by the process of "coercion."

The combination was perfect. The heart of the Rebellion was in South Carolina, a State whose free population was about equal to that of the city of Brooklyn, and whose annual productions were exceeded by those of Essex County, in the State of Massachusetts. Around this centre was congregated as base a set of politicians as ever disgraced human nature. A conspiracy was formed to compel a first-class power, representing thirty millions of people, to submit to the dictation of about three hundred thousand of its citizens. The conspirators did not dream of failure. They were sure, as they thought, of the Gulf States and of the Border States, of the whole Slave Power, in fact. They also felt sure of that large minority in the Free States which had formerly acted with them, and obeyed their most humiliating behests. They therefore entered the Congress of the nation with a confident front, knowing that President Buchanan and the majority of his Cabinet were practically on their side. Before Mr. Lincoln could be inaugurated they imagined they could accomplish all their designs, and make the Government of the United States a Pro-Slavery power in the eyes of all the nations of the world. Mr. Calhoun's para-

doxes had heretofore been indorsed only by majorities in the national legislature and by the Supreme Court. What a victory it would be, if, by threatening rebellion, they could induce the people of the United States to incorporate those paradoxes into the fundamental law of the nation, dominant over both Congress and the Court! All their previous "compromises" had been merely legislative compromises, which, as their cause advanced, they had themselves annulled. They now seized the occasion, when the "people" had risen against them, to compel the people to sanction their most extreme demands. They determined to convert defeat, sustained at the polls, into a victory which would have far transcended any victory they might have gained by electing their candidate, Breckinridge, as President.

A portion of the Republicans, seeing clearly the force arrayed against them, and disbelieving that the population of the Free States would be willing, *en masse*, to sustain the cause of free labor by force of arms, tried to avert the blow by proposing a new compromise. Mr. Seward, the calmest, most moderate, and most obnoxious statesman of the Republican party, offered to divide the existing territories of the United States by the Missouri line, all south of which should be open to slave labor. As he at the same time stated that by natural laws the South could obtain no material advantage by his seeming concession, the concession only made him enemies among the uncompromising champions of the Wilmot Proviso. The conspirators demanded that the Missouri line should be the boundary, not only between the territories which the United States then possessed, but between the territories they might hereafter *acquire*. As the country north of the Missouri line was held by powerful European States which it would be madness to offend, and as the country south of that line was held by feeble States which it would be easy to conquer, no Northern or Western statesman could vote for such a measure without

proving himself a rogue or a simpleton. Hence all measures of "compromise" necessarily failed during the last days of the administration of James Buchanan.

It is plain, that, when Mr. Lincoln — after having escaped assassination from the "Chivalry" of Maryland, and after having been subjected to a virulence of invective such as no other President had incurred — arrived at Washington, his mind was utterly unaffected by the illusions of passion. His Inaugural Message was eminently moderate. The Slave Power, having failed to delude or bully Congress, or to intimidate the people, — having failed to murder the elected President on his way to the capital, — was at its wits' end. It thought it could still rely on its Northern supporters, as James II. of England thought he could rely on the Church of England. While the nation, therefore, was busy in expedients to call back the seceded States to their allegiance, the latter suddenly bombarded Fort Sumter, trampled on the American flag, threatened to wave the rattlesnake rag over Faneuil Hall, and to make the Yankees "smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel." All this was done with the idea that the Northern "Democracy" would rally to the support of their "Southern brethren." The result proved that the South was, in the words of Mr. Davis's last and most melancholy Message, the victim of "misplaced confidence" in its Northern "associates." The moment a gun was fired, the honest Democratic voters of the North were even more furious than the Republican voters; the leaders, including those who had been the obedient servants of Slavery, were ravenous for commands in the great army which was to "coerce" and "subjugate" the South; and the whole organization of the "Democratic party" of the North melted away at once in the fierce fires of a reawakened patriotism. The slaveholders ventured everything on their last stake, and lost. A North, for the first time, sprang into being; and it issued, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, full-armed. The much-vaunted en-

gineer, Beauregard, was "hoist with his own petard."

Now that the slaveholders have been so foolish as to appeal to physical force, abandoning their vantage-ground of political influence, they must be not only politically overthrown, but physically humiliated. Their arrogant sense of superiority must be beaten out of them by main force. The feeling with which every Texan and Arkansas bully and assassin regarded a Northern mechanic — a feeling akin to that with which the old Norman robber looked on the sturdy Saxon laborer — must be changed, by showing the bully that his bowie-knife is dangerous only to peaceful, and is imbecile before armed citizens. The Southerner has appealed to force, and force he should have, until, by the laws of force, he is not only beaten, but compelled to admit the humiliating fact. That he is not disposed "to die in the last ditch," that he has none of the practical heroism of desperation, is proved by the actual results of battles. When defeated, and his means of escape are such as only desperation can surmount, he quickly surrenders, and is even disposed to take the oath of allegiance. The martial virtues of the common European soldier he has displayed in exceedingly scanty measure in the present conflict. He has relied on engineers; and the moment his fortresses are turned or stormed, he retreats or becomes a prisoner of war. Let Mr. Davis's Message to the Confederate Congress, and his order suspending Pillow and Floyd, testify to this unquestionable statement. Even if we grant martial intrepidity to the members of the Slavocracy, the present war proves that the system of Slavery is not one which develops martial virtues among the "free whites" it has cajoled or forced into its hateful service. Indeed, the armies of Jefferson Davis are weak on the same principle on which the slave-system is weak. Everything depends on the intelligence and courage of the commanders, and the moment these fail the soldiers become a mere mob.

American Slavery, by the laws which control its existence, first rose from a local power, dominant in certain States, to a national power, assuming to dominate over the United States. At the first faint fact which indicated the intention of the Free States to check its progress and overturn its insolent dominion, it rebelled. The rebellion now promises to be a failure; but it will cost the Free States the arming of half a million of men and the spending of a thousand millions of dollars to make it a failure. Can we afford to trifle with the cause which produced it? We note that some of the representatives of the loyal Slave States in Congress are furious to hang individual Rebels, but at the same time are anxious to surround the system those Rebels represent with new guaranties. When they speak of Jeff Davis and his crew, their feeling is as fierce as that of Tilly and Pappenheim towards the Protestants of Germany. They would burn, destroy, confiscate, and kill without any mercy, and without any regard to the laws of civilized war; but when they come to speak of Slavery, their whole tone is changed. They wish us to do everything barbarous and inhuman, provided we do not go to the last extent of barbarity and inhumanity, which, according to their notions, is, to inaugurate a system of freedom, equality, and justice. Provided the negro is held in bondage and denied the rights of human nature, they are willing that any severity should be exercised towards his rebellious master. Now we have no revengeful feeling towards the master at all. We think that he is a victim as well as an oppressor. We wish to emancipate the master as well as the slave, and we think that thousands of masters are persons who merely submit to the conditions of labor established in their respective localities. Our opposition is directed, not against Jefferson Davis, but against the system whose cumulative corruptions and enormities Jefferson Davis very fairly represents. As an individual, Jefferson Davis is not worse than many people whom a gen-



eral amnesty would preserve in their persons and property. To hang him, and at the same time guaranty Slavery, would be like destroying a plant by a vain attempt to kill its most poisonous blossom. Our opposition is not to the blossom, but to the root.

We admit that to strike at the root is a very difficult operation. In the present condition of the country it may present obstacles which will practically prove insuperable. But it is plain that we can strike lower than the blossom; and it is also plain that we must, as practical men, devise some method by which the existence of the Slavocracy as a political power may be annihilated. The President of the United States has lately recommended that Congress offer the co-operation and financial aid of the whole nation in a peaceful effort to abolish Slavery,—with a significant hint, that, unless the loyal Slave States accept the proposition, the necessities of the war may dictate severer measures. Emancipation is the policy of the Government, and will soon be the determination of the people. Whether it shall be gradual or immediate depends altogether on the slaveholders themselves. The prolongation of the war for a year, and the operation of the internal tax bill, will convert all the voters of the Free States, whether Republicans or Democrats, into practical Emancipationists. The tax bill alone will teach the people important lessons which no politicians can gainsay. Every person who buys a piece of broadcloth or calico,—every person who takes a cup of tea or coffee,—every person who lives from day to day on the energy he thinks he derives from patent medicines, or beer, or whiskey,—every person who signs a note, or draws a bill of exchange, or sends a telegraphic despatch, or advertises in a newspaper, or makes a will, or “raises” anything, or manufactures anything, will naturally inquire why he or she is compelled to submit to an irritating as well as an onerous tax. The only answer that can possibly be returned is this,—that all these vexatious burdens are ne-

cessary because a comparatively few persons out of an immense population have chosen to get up a civil war in order to protect and foster their slave-property, and the political power it confers. As this property is but a small fraction of the whole property of the country, and as its owners are not a hundredth part of the population of the country, does any sane man doubt that the slave-property will be relentlessly confiscated in order that the Slave Power may be forever crushed?

There are, we know, persons in the Free States who pretend to believe that the war will leave Slavery where the war found it,—that our half a million of soldiers have gone South on a sort of military picnic, and will return in a cordial mood towards their Southern brethren in arms,—and that there is no real depth and earnestness of purpose in the Free States. Though one year has done the ordinary work of a century in effecting or confirming changes in the ideas and sentiments of the people, these persons still sagely rely on the party-phrases current some eighteen months ago to reconstruct the Union on the old basis of the domination of the Slave Power, through the combination of a divided North with a united South. By the theory of these persons, there is something peculiarly sacred in property in men, distinguishing it from the more vulgar form of property in things; and though the cost of putting down the Rebellion will nearly equal the value of the Southern slaves, considered as chattels, they suppose that the owners of property in things will cheerfully submit to be taxed for a thousand millions,—a fourth of the almost fabulous debt of England,—without any irritation against the chivalric owners of property in men, whose pride, caprice, and insubordination have made the taxation necessary. Such may possibly be the fact, but as sane men we cannot but disbelieve it. Our conviction is, that, whether the war is ended in three months or in twelve months, the Slave Power is sure to be undermined or overthrown.

The sooner the war is ended, the more favorable will be the terms granted to the Slavocracy; but no terms will be granted which do not look to its extinction. The slaveholders are impelled by their system to complete victory or utter ruin. If they obey the laws of their system, they have, from present appearances, nothing but defeat, beggary, and despair to expect. If they violate the laws of their system, they must take their place in some one of the numerous de-

grees, orders, and ranks of the Abolitionists. It will be well for them, if the wilfulness developed by their miserable system gives way to the plain reason and logic of facts and events. It will be well for them, if they submit to a necessity, not only inherent in the inevitable operation of divine laws, but propelled by half a million of men in arms. Be it that God is on the side of the heaviest column,—there can be no doubt that the heaviest column is now the column of Freedom.

### THE VOLUNTEER.

*E. J. Aubler.*

41-

"At dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,  
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."  
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,  
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,—  
Through it a level river slowly drawn.  
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head  
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,  
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay;  
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,  
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dream;  
And still, with steady pulse and deepening eye,  
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam,  
I follow, though I die!"

Wise youth! By few is glory's wreath attained;  
But death or late or soon awaiteth all.  
To fight in Freedom's cause is something gained,—  
And nothing lost, to fall.

J. R. Lowell.

SPEECH OF HON<sup>BLE</sup> PRESERVED DOE IN SECRET CAUCUS.*To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.*Jaalam, 12<sup>th</sup> April, 1862.

GENTLEMEN, — As I cannot but hope that the ultimate, if not speedy, success of the national arms is now sufficiently ascertained, sure as I am of the righteousness of our cause and its consequent claim on the blessing of God, (for I would not show a faith inferior to that of the pagan historian with his *Facile evenit quod Dis cordi est*), it seems to me a suitable occasion to withdraw our minds a moment from the confusing din of battle to objects of peaceful and permanent interest. Let us not neglect the monuments of preterite history because what shall be history is so diligently making under our eyes. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*; to-morrow will be time enough for that stormy sea; to-day let me engage the attention of your readers with the Runick inscription to whose fortunate discovery I have heretofore alluded. Well may we say with the poet, *Multa renascuntur quæ jam cecidere*. And I would premise, that, although I can no longer resist the evidence of my own senses from the stone before me to the ante-Columbian discovery of this continent by the Northmen, *gens inclytissima*, as they are called in a Palermitan inscription, written fortunately in a less debatable character than that which I am about to decypher, yet I would by no means be understood as wishing to vilipend the merits of the great Genoese, whose name will never be forgotten so long as the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia" shall continue to be heard. Though he must be stripped also of whatever praise may belong to the experiment of the egg, which I find proverbially attributed by Castilian authours to a certain Juanito or Jack, (perhaps an offshoot of our giant-killing mythus,) his name will still remain one of the most illustrious of modern times. But the impartial historian owes a duty likewise to obscure merit, and my solicitude to render a tardy justice is perhaps quickened by my having known those who, had their own field of labour been less secluded, might have found a readier acceptance with the reading publick. I could give an example, but I forbear: *forsitan nostris ex ossibus oritur ultor*.

Touching Runick inscriptions, I find that they may be classed under three general heads: 1<sup>o</sup>. Those which are understood by the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and Professor Rafn, their Secretary; 2<sup>o</sup>. Those which are comprehensible only by Mr Rafn; and 3<sup>o</sup>. Those which neither the Society, Mr Rafn, nor anybody else can be said in any definite sense to understand, and which accordingly offer peculiar temptations to enucleating sagacity. These last are naturally deemed the most valuable by intelligent antiquaries, and to this class the stone now in my possession fortunately belongs. Such give a picturesque variety to ancient events, because susceptible oftentimes of as many interpretations as there are individual archaeologists; and since facts are only the pulp in which the Idea or event-seed is softly imbedded till it ripen, it is of little consequence what colour or flavour we attribute to them, provided it be agreeable. Availing myself of the obliging assistance of Mr. Arphaxad Bowers, an ingenious photographick artist, whose house-on-wheels has now stood for three years on our Meeting-House Green, with the somewhat contradictory inscription, — "*Our motto is onward*," — I have sent accurate copies of my treasure to many learned men and societies, both native and European. I may hereafter communicate their different and (*me judice*) equally erroneous solutions. I solicit also, Messrs. Editors, your own acceptance of the copy herewith inclosed. I need only premise further, that the stone itself is a goodly block of metamorphick sandstone, and that the Runes resemble very nearly the ornithichnites or fossil bird-tracks of Dr. Hitchcock, but with less regularity or apparent design than is displayed by those remarkable geological monuments. These are rather the *non bene juncturum discordia semina rerum*. Resolved to leave no door open to cavil, I first of all attempted the elucidation of this remarkable example of lithick literature by the ordinary modes, but with no adequate return for my labour. I then considered myself amply justified in resorting to that heroick treatment the felicity of which, as applied by the great Bentley to Milton, had long ago enlisted my admiration. Indeed, I had already made up my mind, that, in case good-fortune should throw any such invaluable record in my way, I would proceed with it in the following simple and satisfactory method. After a cursory examination, merely sufficing for an approximative estimate of its length, I would write down a hypothetical inscription based upon antecedent probabilities, and then proceed to extract from the characters engraven on the stone a meaning as nearly as possible conformed to this *a priori* product of my own ingenuity. The result more than justified my hopes, inasmuch as the two inscriptions were made without any great violence to tally in all essential particulars. I then



proceeded, not without some anxiety, to my second test, which was, to read the Runick letters diagonally, and again with the same success. With an excitement pardonable under the circumstances, yet tempered with thankful humility, I now applied my last and severest trial, *my experimentum crucis*. I turned the stone, now doubly precious in my eyes, with scrupulous exactness upside down. The physical exertion so far displaced my spectacles as to derange for a moment the focus of vision. I confess that it was with some tremulousness that I readjusted them upon my nose, and prepared my mind to bear with calmness any disappointment that might ensue. But, *O albo dies notanda lapillo!* what was my delight to find that the change of position had effected none in the sense of the writing, even by so much as a single letter! I was now, and justly, as I think, satisfied of the conscientious exactness of my interpretation. It is as follows:—

HERE

BJARNA GRÍMÓLFSSON

FIRST DRANK CLOUD-BROTHER

THROUGH CHILD-OF-LAND-AND-WATER:

that is, drew smoke through a reed stem. In other words, we have here a record of the first smoking of the herb *Nicotiana Tabacum* by a European on this continent. The probable results of this discovery are so vast as to baffle conjecture. If it be objected, that the smoking of a pipe would hardly justify the setting up of a memorial stone, I answer, that even now the Moquis Indian, ere he takes his first whiff, bows reverently toward the four quarters of the sky in succession, and that the loftiest monuments have been reared to perpetuate fame, which is the dream of the shadow of smoke. The *Saga*, it will be remembered, leaves this Bjarna to a fate something like that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on board a sinking ship in the "wormy sea," having generously given up his place in the boat to a certain Icelander. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to meet with this proof that the brave old man arrived safely in Vinland, and that his declining years were cheered by the respectful attentions of the dusky denizens of our then uninvaded forests. Most of all was I gratified, however, in thus linking forever the name of my native town with one of the most momentous occurrences of modern times. Hitherto Jaalam, though in soil, climate, and geographical position as highly qualified to be the theatre of remarkable historical incidents as any spot on the earth's surface, has been, if I may say it without seeming to question the wisdom of Providence, almost maliciously neglected, as it might appear, by occurrences of world-wide interest in want of a situation. And in matters of this nature it must be confessed that adequate events are as necessary as the *vates sacer* to record them. Jaalam stood always modestly ready, but circumstances made no fitting response to her generous intentions. Now, however, she assumes her place on the historick roll. I have hitherto been a zealous opponent of the Circean herb, but I shall now re-examine the question without bias.

I am aware that the Rev<sup>d</sup> Jonas Tutchel, in a recent communication to the Bogus Four Corners Weekly Meridian, has endeavoured to show that this is the sepulchral inscription of Thorwald Eriksson, who, as is well known, was slain in Vinland by the natives. But I think he has been misled by a preconceived theory, and cannot but feel that he has thus made an ungracious return for my allowing him to inspect the stone with the aid of my own glasses (he having by accident left his at home) and in my own study. The heathen ancients might have instructed this Christian minister in the rites of hospitality; but much is to be pardoned to the spirit of self-love. He must indeed be ingenious who can make out the words *hér heilir* from any characters in the inscription in question, which, whatever else it may be, is certainly not mortuary. And even should the reverend gentleman succeed in persuading some fantastical wits of the soundness of his views, I do not see what useful end he will have gained. For if the English Courts of Law hold the testimony of grave-stones from the burial-grounds of Protestant dissenters to be questionable, even where it is essential in proving a descent, I cannot conceive that the epitaphial assertions of heathens should be esteemed of more authority by any man of orthodox sentiments.

At this moment, happening to cast my eyes upon the stone, on which a transverse light from my southern window brings out the characters with singular distinctness, another interpretation has occurred to me, promising even more interesting results. I hasten to close my letter in order to follow at once the clue thus providentially suggested.

I inclose, as usual, a contribution from Mr. Biglow, and remain,

Gentlemen, with esteem and respect,  
Your Ob<sup>t</sup> Humble Servant,  
HOMER WILBUR. A. M.

I THANK ye, my friens, for the warmth o' your greetin':  
 Ther' 's few airthly blessins but wut 's vain an' fleetin';  
 But ef ther' is one thet hain't *no* cracks an' flaws,  
 An' is wuth goin' in for, it 's pop'lar applause;  
 It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,  
 An' I feel it — wal, down to the eend o' my pockets.  
 Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,  
 But it 's Canaan paid quarterly t' hev 'em love you;  
 It 's a blessin' thet 's breakin' out ollus in fresh spots;  
 It 's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the flesh-pots.

But, Gennlemen, 'scuse me, I ain't sech a raw cus  
 Ez to go luggin' ellerkence into a caucus, —  
 Thet is, into one where the call comprehens  
 Nut the People in person, but on'y their friens;  
 I 'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the masses  
 Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-govern'n' asses,  
 I forgut thet *we* 're all o' the sort thet pull wires  
 An' arrange for the public their wants an' desires,  
 An' thet wut we hed met for wuz jes' to agree  
 Wut the People's opinions in futur' should be.

But to come to the nub, we 've ben all disappointed,  
 An' our leadin' idees are a kind o' disjinted, —  
 Though, fur ez the nateral man could discern,  
 Things ough' to ha' took most an oppersite turn.  
 But The'ry is jes' like a train on the rail,  
 Thet, weather or no, puts her thru without fail,  
 While Fac 's the ole stage thet gits sloughed in the ruts,  
 An' hez to allow for your darned efs an' buts,  
 An' so, nut intendin' no pers'nal reflections,  
 They don't — don't nut allus, thet is — make connections:  
 Sometimes, when it really doos seem thet they 'd oughter  
 Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum an' water,  
 Both 'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez a bagnet,  
 Ez otherwise-minded ez th' eends of a magnet,  
 An' folks like you 'n me, thet ain't ept to be sold,  
 Git somehow or 'nother left out in the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a row,  
 Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln is now,  
 With Taney to say 't wuz all legle an' fair,  
 An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear  
 Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into the ditch  
 By the fault o' the North in misplacin' the switch.  
 Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss 'em;  
 But the People they would n't be Mexicans, cuss 'em!  
 Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z you may say,  
 Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?  
 An' doos n't the right primy-fashy include  
 The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?

The fact is, we 'd gone for the Union so strong,  
 When Union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,  
 Thet the people gut fooled into thinkin' it might  
 Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.  
 We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rous ez France,  
 Where politikle enterprise hez a fair chance,  
 An' the people is heppy an' proud et this hour,  
 Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap hev the power ;  
 But *our* folks they went an' believed wut we 'd told 'em,  
 An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could hold 'em.  
 'T wuz pervokin' jest when we wuz cert'in to win, —  
 An' I, for one, wunt trust the masses agin :  
 For a people thet knows much ain't fit to be free  
 In the self-cockin', back-action style o' J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half on 't is lies ;  
 For who 'd thought the North wuz a-goin' to rise,  
 Or take the pervokin'est kin' of a stump,  
 'Thout 't wuz sunthin' ez pressin' ez Gabr'el's las' trump ?  
 Or who 'd ha' supposed, arter *sech* swell an' bluster  
 'Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they 'd muster,  
 Raised by hand on briled lightnin', ez op'lent 'z you please  
 In a primitive furrest o' femmily-trees,  
 Who 'd ha' thought thet them Southuners ever 'ud show  
 Stars with pedigrees to 'em like theirn to the foe,  
 Or, when the vamosin' come, ever to find  
 Nat'ral masters in front an' mean white folks behind ?  
 By ginger, ef I 'd ha' known half I know now,  
 When I wuz to Congress, I would n't, I swow,  
 Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an' sarsy,  
 'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call vicy-varsy.  
 To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes' then  
 To be dreffle forbearin' towards Southun men ;  
 We hed to go sheers in preservin' the bellance :  
 An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz wastin' their tellents  
 'Thout some un to kick, 't warn't more 'n proper, you know,  
 Each should funnish his part ; an' sence they found the toe,  
 An' we wuz n't cherubs — wal, we found the buffer,  
 For fear thet the Compromise System should suffer.

I wun't say the plan hed n't onpleasant featur, —  
 For men are perverse an' onreasonin' creaturs,  
 An' forgit thet in this life 't ain't likely to heppen  
 Their own privit fancy should ollus be cappen, —  
 But it worked jest ez smooth ez the key of a safe,  
 An' the gret Union bearins played free from all chafe.  
 They warn't hard to suit, ef they hed their own way ;  
 An' we (thet is, some on us) made the thing pay :  
 'T wuz a fair give-an'-take out of Uncle Sam's heap ;  
 Ef they took wut warn't theirn, wut we give come ez cheap ;  
 The elect gut the offices down to tidewaiter,  
 The people took skinnin' ez mild ez a tater,



Seemed to choose who they wanted tu, footed the bills,  
 An' felt kind o' 'z though they wuz havin' their wills,  
 Which kep' 'em ez harmless an' cherfle ez crickets,  
 While all we invested wuz names on the tickets:  
 Wal, ther' 's nothin' for folks fond o' lib'ral consumption,  
 Free o' charge, like democ'acy tempered with gumption!

Now warn't thet a system wuth pains in presarvin',  
 Where the people found jints an' their friens done the carvin', —  
 Where the many done all o' their thinkin' by proxy,  
 An' were proud on 't ez long ez 't wuz christened Democ'cy, —  
 Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's foundations,  
 Ef you called it reformin' with prudence an' patience,  
 An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should hetch with the rest,  
 Ef you writ "Constitootional" over the nest?  
 But it 's all out o' kilter, ('t wuz too good to last,)  
 An' all jes' by J. D.'s perceedin' too fast;  
 Ef he 'd on'y hung on for a month or two more,  
 We 'd ha' gut things fixed nicer 'n they hed ben before:  
 Afore he drewed off an' lef' all in confusion,  
 We wuz safely intrenched in the ole Constitootion,  
 With an outlyin', heavy-gun, casemated fort  
 To rake all assailants, — I mean th' S. J. Court.  
 Now I never 'll acknowledge (nut ef you should skin me)  
 'T wuz wise to abandon sech works to the in'my,  
 An' let him fin' out thet wut scared him so long,  
 Our whole line of argyments, lookin' so strong,  
 All our Scriptur' an' law, every the'ry an' fac',  
 Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Pro-slavery black.  
 Why, ef the Republicans ever should git  
 Andy Johnson or some one to lend 'em the wit  
 An' the spunk jes' to mount Constitootion an' Court  
 With Columbiad guns, your real ekle-rights sort,  
 Or drill out the spike from the ole Declaration  
 Thet can kerry a solid shot clearn roun' creation,  
 We 'd better take maysures for shettin' up shop,  
 An' put off our stock by a vendoo or swop.

But they wun't never dare tu; you 'll see 'em in Edom  
 'Fore they ventur' to go where their doctrines 'ud lead 'em:  
 They 've ben takin' our princerples up ez we dropt 'em,  
 An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to adopt 'em;  
 But they 'll fin' out 'fore long thet their hope 's ben deceivin' 'em,  
 An' thet princerples ain't o' no good, ef you b'lieve in 'em;  
 It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to use,  
 Where they 'd ough' to be easy 'z an ole pair o' shoes.  
 Ef we say 'n our pletform thet all men are brothers,  
 We don't mean thet some folks ain't more so 'n some others;  
 An' it 's wal understood thet we make a selection,  
 An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides arter 'lection.  
 The fust thing for sound politicians to larn is,  
 Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o' harness,

Mus' be kep' in the abstract, — for, come to apply it,  
 You 're ept to hurt some folks's interists by it.  
 Wal, these 'ere Republicans (some on 'em) acs  
 Ez though ginerall mexims 'ud suit speshle facs;  
 An' there 's where we 'll nick 'em, there 's where they 'll be lost:  
 For applyin' your princerple 's wut makes it cost,  
 An' folks don't want Fourth o' July t' interfere  
 With the business-consarns o' the rest o' the year,  
 No more 'n they want Sunday to pry an' to peek  
 Into wut they are doin' the rest o' the week.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,  
 Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard;  
 For, ez sure ez he doos, he 'll be blartin' 'em out  
 'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more 'n a spout,  
 Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw  
 In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw:  
 An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint  
 Thet we 'd better nut air our perceedins in print,  
 Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm  
 Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, do us harm;  
 For when you 've done all your real meanin' to smother,  
 The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother.  
 Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his "born free an' ekle,"  
 But it 's turned out a real crooked stick in the sekle;  
 It 's taken full eighty-odd year — don't you see? —  
 From the pop'lar belief to root out thet idee,  
 An', arter all, sprouts on 't keep on buddin' forth  
 In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the North.  
 No, never say nothin' without you 're compelled tu,  
 An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu,  
 Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin' loose  
 For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

You know I 'm a feller thet keeps a skinned eye  
 On the leetle events thet go skurryin' by,  
 Coz it 's of'ner by them than by gret ones you 'll see  
 Wut the p'litickle weather is likely to be.  
 Now I don't think the South 's more 'n begun to be licked,  
 But I *du* think, ez Jeff says, the wind-bag 's gut pricked;  
 It 'll blow for a spell an' keep puffin' an' wheezin',  
 The tighter our army an' navy keep squeezein', —  
 For they can't help spread-eaglein' long 'z ther' 's a mouth  
 To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef' at the South.  
 But it 's high time for us to be settin' our faces  
 Towards reconstructin' the national basis,  
 With an eye to beginnin' agin on the jolly ticks  
 We used to chalk up 'hind the back-door o' politics;  
 An' the fus' thing 's to save wut of Slav'ry ther' 's lef'  
 Arter this (I mus' call it) imprudence o' Jeff:  
 For a real good Abuse, with its roots fur an' wide,  
 Is the kin' o' thing *I* like to hev on my side;

A Scriptur' name makes it ez sweet ez a rose,  
 An' it 's tougher the older an' uglier it grows —  
 (I ain't speakin' now o' the righteousness of it,  
 But the p'litickle purchase it gives, an' the profit).

Things looks pooty squally, it must be allowed,  
 An' I don't see much signs of a bow in the cloud :  
 Ther' 's too many Deemocrats — leaders, wut 's wuss —  
 Thet go for the Union 'thout carin' a cuss  
 Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz heard on,  
 So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian bird on.  
 But ther' 's still some conservative signs to be found  
 Thet shows the gret heart o' the People is sound :  
 (Excuse me for usin' a stump-phrase agin,  
 But, once in the way on 't, they *will* stick like sin :)  
 There 's Phillips, for instance, hez jes' ketched a Tartar  
 In the Law-'n'-Order Party of ole Cincinnater ;  
 An' the Compromise System ain't gone out o' reach,  
 Long 'z you keep the right limits on freedom o' speech ;  
 'T warn't none too late, neither, to put on the gag,  
 For he 's dangerous now he goes in for the flag :  
 Nut thet I altogether approve o' bad eggs,  
 They 're mos' gin'lly argymunt on its las' legs, —  
 An' their logic is ept to be tu indiscriminate,  
 Nor don't ollus wait the right objecs to 'liminate ;  
 But there is a variety on 'em, you 'll find,  
 Jest ez usefle an' more, besides bein' refined, —  
 I mean o' the sort thet are laid by the dictionary,  
 Sech ez sophisms an' cant thet 'll kerry conviction ary  
 Way thet you want to the right class o' men,  
 An' are staler than all 't ever come from a hen :  
 "Disunion" done wal till our resh Southun friends  
 Took the savor all out on 't for national ends ;  
 But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a spell yit,  
 When the war 's done, an' so will "Forgive-an'-forgit."  
 Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o' all jint,  
 Ef we can't make a good constitootional pint ;  
 An' the good time 'll come to be grindin' our exes,  
 When the war goes to seed in the nettle o' texes :  
 Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps to assist him,  
 I give up my faith in the free-suffrage system ;  
 Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite interestin',  
 Nor p'litikle capital much wuth investin' ;  
 An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay low  
 Till we see the right minute to put in our blow. —

But I 've talked longer now 'n I hed any idee,  
 An' ther' 's others you want to hear more 'n you du me ;  
 So I 'll set down an' give thet 'ere bottle a skrimmage,  
 For I 've spoke till I 'm dry ez a real graven image.



## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Record of an Obscure Man. Tragedy of Errors*, Parts I. and II. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861, 1862.

AMONG the marked literary productions long to be associated with our present struggle — among them, yet not of them — are the volumes whose titles we have quoted. They differ from the recent electric messages of Holmes, Whittier, and Mrs. Howe, in not being obvious results of vivid events. "Bread and the Newspaper," "The Song of the Negro Boatmen," and "Our Orders" will reproduce for another generation the fervid feelings of to-day. But the pathetic warnings exquisitely breathed in the writings before us will then come to their place as a deep and tender prelude to the voices heard in this passing tragedy.

The "Record of an Obscure Man" is the modest introduction to a dramatic poem of singular pathos and beauty. A New-Englander of culture and sensibility, naturalized at the South, is supposed to communicate the results of his study and observation of that outcast race which has been the easy contempt of ignorance in both sections of the country. Our instructor has not only a clear judgment of the value of different testimonies, and the scholarly instinct of arrangement and classification, but also that divine gift of sympathy, which alone, in this world given for our observation, can tell us what to observe. The illustrations of the negro's character, and the answers to vulgar depreciation of his tendencies and capacities, are given with the simple directness of real comprehension. It is the privilege of one acquainted in no common degree with languages and their history to expose that dreary joke of the dialect of the oppressed, which superficial people have so long found funny or contemptible. The simplicity and earnestness which give dignity to any phraseology come from the humanity behind it. We are well reminded that divergences from the common use of language, never held to degrade the meaning in Milton or Shakespeare, need not render thought despicable

when the negro uses identical forms. If he calls a leopard a "libbard," he only imitates the most sublime of English poets; and the first word of his petition, "Gib us this day our daily bread," is pronounced as it rose from the lips of Luther. The highest truths the faith of man may reach are symbolized more definitely, and often more picturesquely, by the warm imagination of the African than by the cultivated genius of the Caucasian. Also it is shown how the laziness and ferocity with which the negro is sometimes charged may be more than matched in the history of his assumed superior. Yet, while acknowledging how well-considered is the matter of this introductory volume, we regret what seems to be an imperfection in the form in which it is presented. There is too much *story*, or too little, — too little to command the assistance of fiction, too much to prevent a feeling of disappointment that romance is attempted at all. The concluding autobiography of the friend of Colvil is hardly consistent with his character as previously suggested; it seems unnecessary to the author's purpose, and is not drawn with the minuteness or power which might justify its introduction. We notice this circumstance as explaining why this Introduction may possibly fail of a popularity more extended than that which its tenderness of thought and style at once claimed from the best readers.

The "Tragedy of Errors" presents, with the vivid idealization of art, some of the results of American Slavery. Travelers, novelists, ethnologists have spoken with various ability of the laborers of the South; and now the poet breaks through the hard monotony of their external lives, and lends the plasticity of a cultivated mind to take impress of feeling to which the gift of utterance is denied. And it is often only through the imagination of another that the human bosom can be delivered "of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." For it is a very common error to estimate mental activity by a command of the arts of expression; whereas, at its best estate, speech is an imperfect sign of perception, and one which without

recall them, and recollect myself. It is only after a long and serious effort to recollect my best thoughts that I become again aware of their cohabitancy. If it were not for such families as this, I think I should move out of Concord.

We are accustomed to say in New England that few and fewer pigeons visit us every year. Our forests furnish no mast for them. So, it would seem, few and fewer thoughts visit each growing man from year to year, for the grove in our minds is laid waste,—sold to feed unnecessary fires of ambition, or sent to mill, and there is scarcely a twig left for them to perch on. They no longer build nor breed with us. In some more genial season, perchance, a faint shadow flits across the landscape of the mind, cast by the *wings* of some thought in its vernal or autumnal migration, but, looking up, we are unable to detect the substance of the thought itself. Our winged thoughts are turned to poultry. They no longer soar, and they attain only to a Shanghai and Cochinchina grandeur. Those *gracile* thoughts, those *gracile* men you hear of!

We hug the earth,—how rarely we mount! Methinks we might elevate ourselves a little more. We might climb a tree, at least. I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall white pine, on the top of a hill; and though I got well pitched, I was well paid for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before,—so much more of the earth and the heavens. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for threescore years and ten, and yet I certainly should never have seen them. But, above all, I discovered around me,—it was near the end of June,—on the ends of the topmost branches only, a few minute and delicate red cone-like blossoms, the fertile flower of the white pine looking heavenward. I carried straightway to the village the topmost spire, and showed it to stranger jurymen who walked the streets,—for it

was court-week,—and to farmers and lumber-dealers and wood-choppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but they wondered as at a star dropped down. Tell of ancient architects finishing their works on the tops of columns as perfectly as on the lower and more visible parts! Nature has from the first expanded the minute blossoms of the forest only toward the heavens, above men's heads and unobserved by them. We see only the flowers that are under our feet in the meadows. The pines have developed their delicate blossoms on the highest twigs of the wood every summer for ages, as well over the heads of Nature's red children as of her white ones; yet scarcely a farmer or hunter in the land has ever seen them.

Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament,—the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early, and kept up early, and to be where he is is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world,—healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives no fugitive slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note?

The merit of this bird's strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sun-

day, or, perchance, a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, "There is one of us well, at any rate,"—and with a sudden gush return to my senses.

We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting, after a cold gray day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon, and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon, and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hill-side, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only notes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and, perchance, as it has never set before,—where there is but a solitary marsh-hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in autumn.

---

## WAR AND LITERATURE.

It would be a task worthy of a volume, and requiring that space in order to be creditably performed, to show how war affects literature, at what points they meet, where they are at variance, if any wars stimulate, and what kinds depress the intellectual life of nations. The subject is very wide. It would embrace a discussion of the effects of war when it occurs during a period of great literary and artistic splendor, as in Athens and in the Italian Republics; whether intellectual decline is postponed or accelerated by the interests and passions of the strife; whether the preliminary concen-

tration of the popular heart may claim the merit of adding either power or beauty to the intellectual forms which bloom together with the war.

These things are not entirely clear, and the experience of different countries is conflicting. The Thirty Years' War, though it commenced with the inspiration of great political and religious ideas, did not lift the German mind to any new demonstrations of truth or impassioned utterances of the imagination. The nation sank away from it into a barren and trivial life, although the war itself occasioned a multitude of poems, songs, hymns,



and political disquisitions. The hymns of this period, which are filled with a sense of dependence, of the greatness and awfulness of an invisible eternity, and breathe a desire for the peaceful traits of a remote religious life, are at once a confession of the weariness of the best minds at the turmoil and uncertainty of the contest and a permanent contribution of the finest kind to that form of sacred literature. But princes and electors were fighting as much for the designation and establishment of their petty nationalities, which first checkered the map of Europe after the imperial Catholic power was rolled southwardly, as they were for the pure interest of Protestantism. The German intellect did eventually gain something from this political result, because it interrupted the literary absolutism which reigned at Vienna; no doubt literature grew more popular and German, but it did not very strikingly improve the great advantage, for there was at last exhaustion instead of a generously nourishing enthusiasm, and the great ideas of the period became the pieces with which diplomatists carried on their game. The *Volkslied* (popular song) came into vogue again, but it was not so fresh and natural as before; Opitz, one of the best poets of this period, is worth reading chiefly when he depicts his sources of consolation in the troubles of the time. Long poetical bulletins were written, in the epical form, to describe the battles and transactions of the war. They had an immense circulation, and served the place of newspapers. They were bright and characteristic enough for that; and indeed newspapers in Germany date from this time, and from the doggerel broadsides of satire and description which then supplanted minstrels of whatsoever name or guild, as they were carried by post, and read in every hamlet.\* But the

best of these poems were pompous, dull, and tediously elaborated. They have met the fate of newspapers, and are now on file. The more considerable poets themselves appeared to be jealous of the war; they complained bitterly that Mars had displaced Apollo; but later readers regret the ferocious sack of Magdeburg, or the death of Gustavus Adolphus, more than the silencing of all those pens.

On the other hand, Spain, while fighting for religion and a secure nationality, had her Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, all of whom saw service in the field, and other distinguished names, originators of literary forms and successful cultivators of established ones. They created brilliant epochs for a bigoted and cruel country. All that was noble or graceful in the Spanish spirit survives in works which that country once stimulated through all the various fortunes of popular wars. But they were not wars for the sake of the people; the country has therefore sunk away from the literature which foretold so well how great she might have become, if she had been fortunate enough to represent, or to sympathize with, a period of moral and spiritual ideas. Her literary forms do not describe growth, but arrested development.

A different period culminated in the genius of Milton, whose roots were in that golden age when England was flowering into popular freedom. He finally spoke for the true England, and expressed the vigorous thoughts which a bloody epoch cannot quench. Some of his noblest things were inspired by the exigencies of the Commonwealth, which he saw "as an eagle nursing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

The Dutch people, in their great struggle against Philip II., seemed to find a stimulus in the very exhaustions of war. The protesting ideas for which they fought

of Catholic origin, and one, entitled *Post-Bote*, (*The Express*), is quite as good as anything issued by the opposite party.

\* Newspapers proper appeared as early as 1615 in Germany. But these rhymed gazettes were very numerous. They were more or less bulky pamphlets, with pithy sarcastic programmes for titles, and sometimes a wood or copper cut prefixed. A few of them were

drew fresh tenacity from the soil, wet with blood and tears, into which generous passion and resolution sank with every death. Here it is plain that a milder conflict, carried on by intrigue and diplomatic forms alone, for peaceable separation from the Catholic interest, would not have so quickened the intelligence which afterwards nourished so many English exiles and helped to freight the Mayflower. And we see the German mind first beginning to blossom with a language and a manifold literature during and after the Seven Years' War, which developed a powerful Protestant State and a native German feeling. Frederic's Gallic predilections did not infect the country which his arms had rendered forever anti-Gallic and anti-Austrian. The popular enthusiasm for himself, which his splendid victories mainly created, was the first instinctive form of the coming German sense of independence. The nation's fairest period coincided with the French Revolution and the aggressions of the Empire. "Hermann and Dorothea" felt the people's pulse, which soon beat so high at Jena and Leipsic with rage and hope. The hope departed with the Peace of 1815, and pamphleteering, pragmatic writing, theological investigation, historical research, followed the period of creative genius, whose flowers did not wither while the fields ran red.

A war must be the last resort of truly noble and popular ideas, if it would do more than stimulate the intelligence of a few men, who write best with draughts of glory and success. It must be the long-repressed understanding of a nation suffused with strong primitive emotions, that flies to arms to secure the precious privilege of owning and entertaining its knowledge and its national advantages. And in proportion as any war has ever been leavened with the fine excitement of religion or humanity, however imperfectly, and though tyrannized over by political selfishness, we can see that the honest feeling has done something to obliterate the traces of violence, to offer the comfort of worth in the cause to wounded lips.

When the people themselves take to fighting, not for dynastic objects, to secure the succession of an Infant to the throne, to fix a Pope in his chair, or to horse a runaway monarch around their necks, not to extort some commercial advantage, or to resist a tampering with the traditional balance of power, but to drive back the billows of Huns or Turks from fields where cities and a middle class must rise, to oppose citizen-right to feudal-right, and inoculate with the lance-head Society with the popular element, to assert the industrial against the baronial interest, or to expel the invader who forages among their rights to sweep them clean and to plant a system which the ground cannot receive, then we find that the intense conviction, which has been long gathering and brooding in the soul, thunders and lightens through the whole brain, and quickens the germs of Art, Beauty and Knowledge. Then war is only a process of development, which threatens terribly and shakes the locks upon its ægis in the face of the brutes which infest its path. Minerva is aware that wisdom and common sense will have to fight for recognition and a world: she fends blows from her tranquil forehead with the lowering crest; the shield is not always by her side, nor the sword-point resting on the ground. What is so vital as this armed and conscious intelligence? The pen, thus tempered to a sword, becomes a pen again, but flows with more iron than before.

But the original intellectual life begins while the pen is becoming tempered in the fires of a great national controversy, before it is hard enough to draw blood. Magnetic streams attract each slender point to a centre of prophesying thought long before the blood-red aurora stains suddenly the midnight sky and betrays the influence which has been none the less mighty because it has been colorless. Sometimes a people says all that it has in its mind to say, during that comfortless period while the storm is in the air and has not yet precipitated its cutting crystals. The most sensitive minds are

goaded to express emphatically their moral feeling and expectation in such a rude climate, which stimulates rather than depresses, but which is apt to fall away into languor and content. This only shows that the people have no commanding place in history, but are only bent upon relieving themselves from sundry annoyances, or are talking about great principles which they are not in a position, from ethnical or political disability, to develop. Such is all the Panslavic literature which is not Russian.\* But sometimes a people whose intellect passes through a noble pre-revolutionary period, illustrating it by impetuous eloquence, indignant lyrics, and the stern lines which a protesting conscience makes upon the faces of the men who are lifted above the crowd, finds that its ideas reach beyond the crisis in its life into a century of

\* Some cultivated Bohemians who can recall the glories of Ziska and his chiefs, and who comprehend the value of the tendency which they strove to represent, think that there would have grown a Bohemian people, a great centre of Protestant and Slavonic influence, if it had not been for the Battle of Weissenberg in 1620, when the Catholic Imperialists defeated their King Frederic. A verse of a popular song, *The Patriot's Lament*, runs thus, in Wratislaw's translation:—

“Cursed mountain, mountain white!  
Upon thee was crushed our might;  
What in thee lies covered o'er  
Ages cannot back restore.”

If there had been a Bohemian people, preserving a real vital tendency, the Battle of the White Mountain would have resulted differently, even had it been a defeat.

Other patriots, cultivated enough to be Panslavists, indulge a more cheerful vein. They see a good time coming, and raise the cry of *Hej Slované!*

“Hey, Slavonians! our Slavonic language still is  
living,  
Long as our true loyal heart is for our nation  
striving;  
Lives, lives, the Slavonic spirit, and 't will live  
forever:  
Hell and thunder! vain against us all your rage  
shall shiver.”

This is nothing but a frontier feeling. The true Slavonic centre is at St. Petersburg; thence will roll a people and a language over all kindred ground.

power and beauty, during which its emancipated tendency springs forward, with graceful gestures, to seize every spiritual advantage. Its movements were grand and impressive while it struggled for the opportunity to make known the divine intent that inspired it; but when the fetters burst, and every limb enjoys the victory and the release, the movements become unbounded, yet rhythmical, like Nature's, and smite, or flow, or penetrate, like hers. To such a people war comes as the disturbance of the earth's crust which helps it to a habitable surface and lifts fair slopes to ripen wine and grain.

After all, then, we must carefully discover what a war was about, before we can trace it, either for good or for evil, into the subsequent life of a nation. There can be no such thing as exhaustion or deterioration, if the eternal laws have won the laurel of a fight; for they are fountains of youth, from which new blood comes rushing through the depleted veins. And it soon mantles on the surface, to mend the financial and industrial distress. Its blush of pride and victory announces no heady passion. It is the signal which Truth waves from the hearts of her children.

If we wish directly to consider the effect of war upon our own intellectual development, we must begin by asking what ideas of consequence are suggested by our copious use of the word Country. What a phrase is that—Our Country—which we have been accustomed for eighty years to use upon all festivals that commemorate civic rights, with flattering and pompous hopes! We never understood what it meant, till this moment which threatens to deprive us of the ideas and privileges which it really represents. We never appreciated till now its depth and preciousness. Orators have built up, sentence by sentence, a magnificent estimate of the elements which make our material success, and they thought it was a patriotic chord which they touched with the climax of their fine periods. It was such patriotism as



thrives in the midst of content and satisfactory circumstances, which loves to have an inventory made of all the fixtures and conveniences and the crude splendor of a country's housekeeping,—things which are not indeed to be despised, for they show what a people can do when cast upon their own resources, at a distance from Governmental interference, free to select their own way of living, to be fervent in business, in charities, in the cause of education, in the explorations which lay open new regions to the emigration of a world, in the inventiveness which gives labor new pursuits and increases the chances of poor men, in the enterprise which has made foundries, mines, workshops, manufactories, and granaries of independent States. We have loved to linger over the praises of our common schools and our voluntary system of congregational worship, to count the spires which mark every place that man clears to earn his living in. It has been pleasant to trace upon the map the great arteries of intercommunication, flowing east and west, churned by countless paddle-wheels, as they force a vast freight of wealth, material, social, intellectual, to and fro, a freshet of fertilizing life to swell every stream. We love to repeat the names which self-taught men have hewn out in rude places, with the only advantage of being members of Mankind, holding their own share in the great heart and soul of it, and making that itself more illustrious than lineage and fortune. Every element of an unexhausted soil, and all the achievements of a people let loose upon it to settle, build, sow, and reap, with no master but ambition and no dread but of poverty, and a long list of rights thrust suddenly into their hands, with liberty to exercise them,—the right to vote, to speak, to print, to be tried by jury,—all this margin for unfettered action, even the corresponding vastness of the country itself, whose ruggedest features and greatest distances were playthings of the popular energy,—to love and extol these things were held by us equivalent to having a native land

and feeding a patriotic flame. But now all at once this catalogue of advantages, which we were accustomed to call "our country," is stripped of all its value, because we begin to feel that it depends upon something else, more interior and less easy to appraise, which we had not noticed much before. Just as when suddenly, in a favorite child, endowed with strength, beauty, and effective gifts of every member, of whom we were proud and expected great things, and whom we took unlimited comfort in calling our own, there appears the solemn intention of a soul to use this fine body to express its invisible truth and honor, a wonderful revelation of a high mind filled with aspirations which we had not suspected,—a sudden lifting of the whole body like an eyelid before an inner eye, and we are astonished at the look it gives us: so this body of comfort and success, which we worshipped as our country, is suddenly possessed by great passions and ideas, by a consciousness that providential laws demand the use of it, and will not be restrained from inspiring the whole frame, and directing every member of it with a new plan of Unity, and a finer feeling for Liberty, and a more generous sense of Fraternity than ever before. Lately we did as we pleased, but now we are going to be real children of Liberty. Formerly we had a Union which transacted business for us, secured the payment of our debts, and made us appear formidable abroad while it corrupted and betrayed us at home,—a Union of colporteurs, and caucuses, and drummers of Southern houses; not a Union, but a long coffin of patriotic laymen, southerly clergymen, and slaves. Now the soul of a Democracy, gazing terribly through eyes that are weeping for the dead and for indignation at the cause of their dying, holds the thing which we call Union, and determines to keep its mighty hold till it can be informed with Unity, of which justice is the prime condition. See a Country at last, that is, a Republican Soul, making the limbs of free states shiver with the excitement of its great ideas, turning all

our comfortable and excellent institutions into ministers to execute its will, resolved to wring the great sinews of the body with the stress of its awakening, and to tax, for a spiritual purpose, all the material resources and those forms of liberty which we had pompously called our native land. A people in earnest, smarting with the wounds of war and the deeper inflictions of treachery, is abroad seeking after a country. It has been repeating with annual congratulations for eighty years the self-evident truths of the document which declared its independence; now it discovers that more evidence of it is needed than successful trading and building can bring, and it sends it forth afresh, with half a million of glittering specialities to enforce its doctrines, while trade, and speculation, and all the ambitions of prosperous men, and delicately nurtured lives, and other lives as dearly cherished and nursed to maturity, are sent out with an imperative commission to buy, at all hazards, a real country, to exchange what is precious for the sake of having finally what we dreamed we had before,—the most precious of all earthly things,—a Commonwealth of God. Yes, our best things go, like wads for guns, to bid our purpose speak more emphatically, as it expresses the overruling inspiration of the hour.

Is this really the character of our war, or is it only an ideal picture of what the war might be? That depends solely upon ourselves.

Our soldiers kindle nightly their bivouac fires from East to West, and set their watch. They are the advance posts of the great idea, which is destined to make a country as it advances southwardly, and to settle it with republicans. If we put it in a single sentence, "Freedom of industry for hand and brain to all men," we must think awhile upon it before we can see what truths and temporal advantages it involves. We see them best, in this night of our distress and trial, by the soldiers' watch-fires. They encroach upon the gloom, and open it for us with hopes. They shine like the stars of a

deeper sky than day affords, and we can see a land stretching to the Gulf, and lying expectant between either sea, whose surface is given to a Republic to people and civilize for the sake of Man. Whoever is born here, or whoever comes here, brought by poverty or violence, an exile from misery or from power, and whatever be his ethnological distinction, is a republican of this country because he is a man. Here he is to find safety, coöperation, and welcome. His very ignorance and debasement are to be welcomed by a country eager to exhibit the plastic power of its divine idea,—how animal restrictions can be gradually obliterated, how superstition and prejudice must die out of stolid countenances before the steady gaze of republican good-will, how ethnic peculiarities shall subserve the great plan and be absorbed by it. The country no longer will have a conventional creed, that men are more important than circumstances and governments: we always said so, but our opinion was at the mercy of a Know-Nothing club, a slaveholding cabal, a selfish democracy: it will have a living faith, born with the pangs of battle, that nothing on earth is so precious as the different kinds of men. It will want them, to illustrate its preëminent idea, and it will go looking for them through all the neglected places of the world, to invite them in from the by-lanes and foul quarters of every race, expressly to show that man *is* superior to his accidents, by bringing their bodies into a place where their souls can get the better of them. Where can that be except where a democracy has been waging a religious war against its own great evil, and has repented in blood for having used all kinds of men as the white and black pawns in its games of selfish politics, with its own country for the board, and her peace and happiness lying in the pool for stakes? Where can man be respected best except here, where he has been undervalued most, and bitterness and blood have sprung from that contempt?

This is the first truly religious war ever waged. Can there be such a thing as a

religious war? There can be wars in the interest of different theologies, and mixed wars of diplomacy and confessions of belief, wars to transfer the tradition of infallibility from a pope to a book, wars of Puritans against the divine right of kings in the Old World and the natural rights of Indians in the New, in all of which the name of God has been invoked for sanction, and Scripture has been quoted, and Psalms uplifted on the battle-field for encouragement. And it is true that every conflict, in which there are ideas that claim their necessary development against usage and authority, has a religious character so far as the ideas vindicate God by being good for man. But a purely religious war must be one to restore the attributes and prerogatives of manhood, to confirm primitive rights that are given to finite souls as fast as they are created, to proclaim the creed of humanity, which is so far from containing a single article of theology, that it is solely and distinctively religious without it, because it proclaims one Father in heaven and one blood upon the earth. Manhood is always worth fighting for, to resist and put down whatever evil tendency impairs the full ability to be a man, with a healthy soul conscious of rights and duties, owning its gifts, and valuing above everything else the liberty to place its happiness in being noble and good. Every man wages a religious war, when he attacks his own passions in the interest of his own humanity. The most truly religious thing that a man can do is to fight his way through habits and deficiencies back to the pure manlike elements of his nature, which are the ineffaceable traces of the Divine workmanship, and alone really worth fighting for. And when a nation imitates this private warfare, and attacks its own gigantic evils, lighted through past deficiencies and immediate temptations by its best ideas, as its human part rallies against its inhuman, and all the kingly attributes of a freeborn individual rise up in final indignation against its slavish attributes, then commences the true and only war of a people, and the only war of which we

dare say, though it have the repulsive features that belong to all wars, that it is religious. But that we do say; for it is to win and keep the unity of a country for the great purposes of mankind, a place where souls can have their chances to work, with the largest freedom and under the fewest disabilities, at the divine image stamped upon them,—to get here the tools, both temporal and spiritual, with which to strike poverty and misery out of those glorious traces, and to chisel deep and fresh the handwriting where God says, *This is a Man!*

Here is a sufficient ground for expecting that intellectual as well as political enlargement will succeed this trial of our country. It is well to think of all the approaching advantages, even those remote ones which will wear the forms of knowledge and art. For it is undeniable, that a war cannot be so just as to bring no evils in its train,—not only the disturbance of all kinds of industry, the suppression of some, the difficulty of diverting, at a moment's notice, labor towards new objects,—not only financial embarrassment and exhaustion, and the shadow of a coming debt,—not the maiming of strong men and their violent removal from the future labors of peace, nor the emotional suffering of thousands of families whose hearts are in the field with their dear ones, tossed to and fro in every skirmish, where the balls slay more than the bodies which are pierced: not these evils alone,—nor the feverish excitement of eighteen millions of people, whose gifts and intelligence are all distraught, and at the mercy of every bulletin,—nor yet the possible violations of private rights, and the over-riding of legal defences, which, when once attempted in a state of war, is not always relinquished on the return of peace. These do not strike us so much as the moral injury which many weak and passionate minds sustain from the necessity of destroying life, of ravaging and burning, of inflicting upon the enemy politic distresses. There will be a taint in the army and the community which will endure in the relations of pacific life. And more



than half a million of men, who have tasted the fierce joy of battle, have suffered the moral privations and dangers of the camp, are to be returned suddenly to us, and cast adrift, with no hope of finding immediate employment, and hankering for some excitements to replace those of the distant field. If little truth and little conscience have been at stake, these are the reasons which make wars so demoralizing: they leave society restored to peace, but still at war within itself, infested by those strange cravings, and tempted by a new ambition, that of waging successful wars. This will be the most dangerous country on the face of the earth, after the termination of this war; for it will see its own ideas more clearly than ever before, and long to propagate them with its battle-ardors and its scorn of hypocritical foreign neutralities. We have the elements to make the most martial nation in the world, with a peculiar combination of patience and impulse, coldness and daring, the capacity to lie in watchful calm and to move with the vibrations of the earthquake. And if ever the voice of our brother, crying out to us from the ground of any country, shall sigh among the drums which are then gathering dust in our arsenals, the long roll would wake again, and the arms would rattle in that sound, which is part of the speech of Liberty. But it is useless to affirm or to deny such possibilities. It is plain, however, that we are organizing most formidable elements, and learning how to forge them into bolts. The spirit of the people, therefore, must be high and pure. The more emphatically we declare, in accordance with the truth, that this war is for a religious purpose, to prepare a country for the growing of souls, a place where every element of material success and all the ambitions of an enthusiastic people shall only provide fortunate circumstances, so that men can be educated in the freedom which faith, knowledge, and awe before the Invisible secure, the better will it be for us when peace returns. A great believing people will more readily absorb the hurts of war. Spiritual vitality will throw off

vigorously the malaria which must arise from deserted fields of battle. It must be our daily supplication to feel the religious purport of the truths for which we fight. We must disavow vindictiveness, and purge our hearts of it. There must be no vulgar passion illustrated by our glorious arms. And when we say that we are fighting for mankind, to release souls and bodies from bondage, we must understand, without affectation, that we are fighting for the slaveholder himself, who knows it not, as he hurls his iron disbelief and hatred against us. For we are to have one country, all of whose children shall repeat in unison its noble creed, which the features of the land itself proclaim, and whose railroads and telegraphs are its running-hand.

How often we have enumerated and deprecated the evils of war! The Mexican War, in which Slavery herself involved us, (using the power of the Republic against which she conspired to further her conspiracy,) gave us occasion to extol the benefits of peace, and to draw up a formidable indictment against the spirit which lusted for the appeal to arms. We have not lusted for it, and the benefits of peace seem greater than ever; but the benefits of equity and truth seem greater than all. Show me justice, or try to make me unjust,—force upon me at the point of the sword the unspeakable degradation of abetting villany, and I will seize the hilt, if I can, and write my protest clear with the blade, and while I have it in my hand I will reap what advantages are possible in the desolation which it makes.

Among these advantages of a war waged to secure the rights of citizenship to all souls will be the excitement of a national intellectual life, which will take on the various forms of a national literature. This is to be expected for two reasons. First, because our arms will achieve unity. By this is meant not only that there will be a real union of all the States, consequent upon an eventual agreement in great political and moral ideas, but also that this very consent will bring the dif-

ferent characteristic groups of the country so near together, in feeling and mutual appreciation, and with a free interchange of traits, that we shall begin to have a nationality. And there can be no literature until there is a nation; when the varieties of the popular life begin to coalesce, as all sections are drawn together towards the centre of great political ideas which the people themselves establish, there will be such a rich development of intellectual action as the Old World has not seen. Without this unity, literature may be cultivated by cliques of men of talent, who are chiefly stimulated to express themselves by observing the thought and beauty which foreign intellects and past times produced; but their productions will not spring from the country's manifold life, nor express its mighty individuality. The sections of the country which are nearest to the intelligence of the Old World will furnish the readiest writers and the most polished thinkers, until the New World dwarfs the Old World by its unity, and inspires the best brains with the collected richness of the popular heart. Up to the period of this war the country's most original men have been those who, by protesting against its evils and displaying a genius emancipated from the prescriptions of Church and State, have prophesied the revolution, and given to America the first rich foretaste of her growing mind. The thunder rolled up the sky in the orator's great periods, the lightning began to gleam in the preacher's moral indignation, the glittering steel slumbered uneasily and showed its half-drawn menace from the subtle lines of poets and essayists who have been carrying weapons these twenty years; their souls thirsted for an opportunity to rescue fair Liberty from the obscene rout who had her in durance for their purposes, and to hail her accession to a lawful throne with the rich gifts of knowledge, use, and beauty, a homage that only free minds can pay, and only when freedom claims it. We do not forget the literary activity with which a thousand ready intellects have furnished

convenient food for the people: there has been no lack of books, nor of the ambition to attempt all the intellectual forms. Some of this pabulum was not good for a growing frame; the excuse for offering it may be found in the exigencies of squatter-life. We are a notable people for our attachment to the frying-pan, and there is no doubt that it is a shifty utensil: it can be slung at the saddle-bow or carried in a valise, it will bear the jolting of a corduroy road, and furnish a camp-mess in the minimum of time out of material that was perhaps but a moment before sniffing or pecking at its rim. A very little blaze sets the piece of cold fat swimming, and the black cavity soon glows and splutters with extemporaneous content. But what dreams howl about the camp-fires, what hideous scalping-humor creeps from the leathery supper into the limbs and blood of the adventurous pioneer!

No better, and quite as scrofulous, has been the nourishment furnished by the rhetorical time-servers and polished conventionalists, whose gifts have been all directed against the highest good of the country's mind, to offer sweets to its crying conscience, and draughts of fierce or languid cordials to lull the uneasy moods of this fast-growing child of Liberty. Such men are fabricators of smooth speech; they have brought their gilding to put upon the rising pillars of the country, instead of strength to plant them firmly in their places and to spread the protecting roof. This period of storm will wash off their dainty work. When the clean granite stands where it should to shelter the four-and-thirty States as they walk the vast colonnades together, intent upon the great interchanges of the country's thought and work, this tinsel will not be missed; as men look upon the grave lines that assure them of security, they will rejoice that the time for the truly beautiful has arrived, and hasten to relieve the solid space with shapes as durable as the imagination which conceives.

There must be a great people before there can be a great character in its

books, its instructions, or its works of art. This character is prophesied only in part by what is said and thought while the people is becoming great, and the molten constituents are sparkling as they run into their future form. We have been so dependent upon traditional ideas that we suppose an epic, for instance, to be the essential proof that a people is alive and has something to express. Let us cease to wonder whether there will ever be an American poem, an American symphony, or an American *Novum Organon*. It is a sign of weakness and subservience: and this is a period crowded with acts of emancipation. We cannot escape from the past, if we would; we have a right to inherit all the previous life of men that does not surfeit us and impede our proper work, but let us stop our unavailing sighs for *Iliads*. The newspaper gathers and circulates all true achievements faster than blind poets can plod round with the story. The special form of the epic answered to a state of society when the harper connected cities with his golden wire, slowly unrolling its burden as he went. Vibrations travel faster now; men would be foolish to expect that the new life will go journeying in classic vehicles. When the imagination becomes free, it can invent forms equally surprising and better adapted to the face of the country.

There is no part of this country which has not its broad characters and tendencies, different from anything ever seen before, imperfect while they are doomed to isolation, during which they show only a maimed and grotesque vitality. The religious tendency is different, the humor is different, the imagination differs from anything beyond the Atlantic. And the East differs from the West, the North from the South; and the Pacific States will have also to contribute gifts peculiar to themselves, as the silt of the Sacramento glitters unlike that of the Merrimac or the Potomac. We are not yet a People; but we have great, vivid masses of popular life, which a century of literary expression will not exhaust.

All these passionate characters are running together in this general danger, having seized a weapon: they have found an idea in common, they are pervaded by their first really solemn feeling, they issue the same word for the night from East to West. The nationality thus commenced will introduce the tendency to blend in place of the tendency to keep apart, and each other's gifts will pass sympathetically from hand to hand.

The heightened life of this epoch is another cause which shall prepare a great development of intellectual forms. Excitement and enthusiasm pervade all classes of the people. All the primitive emotions of the human heart — friendship, scorn, sympathy, human and religious love — break into the liveliest expression, penetrate every quarter of society; a great river is let loose from the rugged mountain-recesses of the people; its waters, saturated with Nature's simple fertility, cover the whole country, and will not retire without depositing their renewing elements. A sincere and humble people is feeling the exigency. A million families have fitted out their volunteers with the most sumptuous of all equipments, which no Government could furnish, love, tears of anxiety and pride, last kisses and farewells, and prayers more heaven-cleaving than a time of peace can breathe. What an invisible cloud of domestic pathos overhung for a year the course of the Potomac, and settled upon those huts and tents where the best part of home resided! what an ebb and flow of letters, bearing solemnity and love upon their surface! what anxiety among us, with all its brave housekeeping shifts, to keep want from the door while labor is paralyzed, and the strong arms have beaten their ploughshares into swords! What self-sacrifice of millions of humble wives and daughters whose works and sorrows are now refining the history of their country, and lifting the popular nobleness: they are giving *all that they are* to keep their volunteers in the field. The flag waves over no such faithfulness; its stars sparkle not like this sin-



cerity. The feeling and heroism of the women are enough to refresh and to remould the generation. Like subtle lightning, the womanly nature is penetrating the life of the age. From every railroad-station the ponderous train bore off its freight of living valor, amid the cheers of sympathizing thousands who clustered upon every shed and pillar, and yearned forward as if to make their tumultuous feelings the motive power to carry those dear friends away. What an ardent and unquenchable emotion! Drums do not throb like these hearts, bullets do not patter like these tears. There is not a power of the soul which is not vitalized and expanded by these scenes. But long after the crowd vanishes, there stands a woman at the corner, with a tired child

asleep upon her shoulder; the bosom does not heave so strongly as to break its sleep. There are no regrets in the calm, proud face; no, indeed!—for it is the face of our country, waiting to suffer and be strong for liberty, and to put resolutely the dearest thing where it can serve mankind. In her face read the history of the future as it shall be sung and written by pens which shall not know whence their sharpened impulse springs; the page shall reflect the working of that woman's face, daughter of the people; and when exulting posterity shall draw new patriotism from it, and declare that it is proud, pathetic, resolved, sublime, they shall not yet call it by its Christian name, for that will be concealed with moss upon her forgotten head-stone.

---

### AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things that you never saw?  
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—  
The picture must not be over-bright,—  
Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
Lying between them, not quite sere,  
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,  
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room  
Under their tassels,—cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
With bluebirds twittering all around,—  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)—  
These, and the house where I was born,  
Low and little, and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows, open wide,—  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,

of one of the many mysteries in life; for the lack of appreciation in England was no longer to concern her, and, unshackled and unrestrained, she could feel herself surrounded by the genial atmosphere of loving listeners. But perhaps it was not lawful that she should further impart these great secrets which she had learned. "I sometimes think," she murmurs, "when women try to rise too high either in their deeds or their desires, that the spirit which bade them so rise sinks back beneath the weakness of their earthly constitution, and never appeals again, — or else that the spirit, being too strong, does away with the mortal altogether, — they die, or rather they live again." It was like forecasting her own horoscope. All suffering seems to have descended upon her, — and there are some natures whose power of enjoyment, so infinite, yet so deep as to be hidden, is balanced only by as infinite a power to endure; she learned anew, as she says, and intensely, "what a long dream of misery is life from which health's bloom has been brushed, — that irreparable bloom, — and how far more terrible is the doom of those in whom the nerve-life has been untuned." Sun-stroke and fever, vibration between opiates at night and tonics at noon, — but the flame was too strong to fan away lightly, it must burn itself out, the spirit was too quenchless, — pain, wretchedness, exhaustion. On one of those delicious days that came in the middle of this year's April, — warmth and fresh earth-smells breathing all about, — the wide sprays of the lofty boughs lying tinged in rosy purple, a web-like tracery upon the sky whose azure was divine, — the air itself lucid and mellow, as if some star had been dissolved within it, — on

such a day the little foreign letter came, telling that at length balm had dropped upon the weary eyelids, — Elizabeth Sheppard was dead.

But in the midst of regret, — since all lovely examples lend their strength, since they give such grace even to the stern facts of suffering and death, and since there are too few such records on Heaven's scroll, — be glad to know that for every throb of anguish, for every swooning lapse of pain, there was one beside her with tenderest hands, most careful eyes, most yearning and revering heart, — one into whose sacred grief our intrusion is denied, but the remembrance of whose long and deep devotion shall endure while there are any to tell how Severn watched the Roman death-bed of Keats!

It is impossible to estimate our loss, because it draws upon infinitude; there was so much growth yet possible to this soul; to all that she was not she might yet have enlarged; and while at first her audience had limits, she would in a calm and prosperous future have become that which she herself described in saying that a really vast genius who is as vast an artist will affect all classes, "touch even the uninitiated with trembling and delight, and penetrate even the ignorant with strong, if transient spell, as the galvanic energy binds each and all who embrace in the chain-circle of grasping hands, in the shock of perfect sympathy." Nevertheless, she has served Art incalculably, — Art, which is the interpretation of God in Nature. And if, as she believed, in spiritual things Beauty is the gage of immortality, the pledge may yet be redeemed on earth, ever forbidding her memory to die.

44-

## ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

*J. A. Whittier.*

WHEN first I saw our banner wave  
Above the nation's council-hall,  
I heard beneath its marble wall  
The clanking fetters of the slave !

In the foul market-place I stood,  
And saw the Christian mother sold,  
And childhood with its locks of gold,  
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,  
And, smothering down the wrath and shame  
That set my Northern blood aflame,  
Stood silent — where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell  
Where wasted one in slow decline  
For uttering simple words of mine,  
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome  
Flapped menace in the morning air ;  
I stood, a perilled stranger, where  
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue : Gown and Sword  
And Law their threefold sanction gave,  
And to the quarry of the slave  
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power ;  
And yet I knew that every wrong,  
However old, however strong,  
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie, —  
Somehow, sometime, the end would be ;  
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see  
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it ! In the sun  
A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
And at the nation's hearth and home  
The justice long delayed is done.



Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,  
The message of deliverance comes,  
But heralded by roll of drums  
On waves of battle-troubled air!—

'Midst sounds that madden and appall,  
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew!—  
The harp of David melting through  
The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped;— but what are we?  
Above our broken dreams and plans  
God lays, with wiser hand than man's,  
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him: the voice  
That freedom's blessed gospel tells  
Is sweet to me as silver bells,  
Rejoicing!— yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends still toiling in the sun, —  
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore  
The slow work by your hands begun, —

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod  
Blossoms with love; the furnace heat  
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet  
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs  
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief  
Rise day by day in strong relief  
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

## PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE-PALM.

## A LEGEND OF NEW ORLEANS.

## I.

## MISS BADEAU.

It is useless to disguise the fact: Miss Badeau is a Rebel.

Mr. Beauregard's cannon had not done battering the walls of Sumter, when Miss Badeau was packed up, labelled, and sent North, where she has remained ever since in a sort of aromatic, rose-colored state of rebellion.

She is not one of your blood-thirsty Rebels, you know; she has the good sense to shrink with horror from the bare mention of those heathen who, at Manassas and elsewhere, wreaked their unmanly spite on the bodies of dead heroes: still she is a bitter little Rebel, with blonde hair, superb eyelashes, and two brothers in the Confederate service,—if I may be allowed to club the statements. When I look across the narrow strait of our boarding-house table, and observe what a handsome wretch she is, I begin to think that if Mr. Seward does n't presently take her in charge, *I* shall.

The preceding paragraphs have little or nothing to do with what I am going to relate: they merely illustrate how wildly a fellow will write, when the eyelashes of a pretty woman get tangled with his pen. So I let them stand,—as a warning.

My exordium should have taken this shape:—

"I hope and trust," remarked Miss Badeau, in that remarkably scathing tone which she assumes in alluding to the U. S. V., "I hope and trust, that, when your five hundred thousand, more or less, men capture my New Orleans, they will have the good taste not to injure Père Antoine's Date-Palm."

"Not a hair of its head shall be touched," I replied, without having the faintest idea of what I was talking about.

"Ah! I hope not," she said.

There was a certain tenderness in her voice which struck me.

"Who is Père Antoine?" I ventured to ask. "And what is this tree that seems to interest you so?"

"I will tell you."

Then Miss Badeau told me the following legend, which I think worth writing down. If it should appear tame to the reader, it will be because I have n't a black ribbed-silk dress, and a strip of point-lace around my throat, like Miss Badeau; it will be because I have n't her eyes and lips and music to tell it with, confound me!

## II.

## THE LEGEND.

NEAR the *levée* (quay) and not far from the old French Cathedral, in New Orleans, stands a fine date-palm, some thirty feet high, growing out in the open air as sturdily as if its roots were sucking sap from their native earth. Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Second Visit to the United States," mentions this exotic:—"The tree is seventy or eighty years old; for Père Antoine, a Roman Catholic priest, who died about twenty years ago, told Mr. Bringier that he planted it himself, when he was young. In his will he provided that they who succeeded to this lot of ground should forfeit it, if they cut down the palm."

Wishing to learn something of Père Antoine's history, Sir Charles Lyell made inquiries among the ancient Creole inhabitants of the *faubourg*. That the old priest, in his last days, became very much emaciated, that he walked about the streets like a mummy, that he gradually dried up, and finally blew away, was the meagre result of the tourist's investigations.

When Lafayette heard that the troops had sailed up the Chesapeake, — instead of to New York, which he had very correctly supposed to be their destination, — he thought Cornwallis was going to strike at Baltimore, and that he must "cut across" to Fredericksburg. That way he marched with his light infantry. His amazement hardly concealed itself when he found the enemy stopped at Yorktown. Back he came to Williamsburg, and wrote to Washington, — "If a fleet should arrive at this moment, our affairs will take a very fortunate turn." This was on the 6th of August. On the 1st of September he could write, — "From the bottom of my heart, my dear General, I felicitate you on the arrival of the French fleet. . . . Thanks to you, my dear General, I am in a charming situation, and I find myself at the head of a superb corps." The Marquis of St. Simon joined him with three thousand French infantry from the fleet, — and at Williamsburg they effectually kept Cornwallis from escape by land, as the French fleet did by sea.

The only proposal which Cornwallis made to save his corps after this was carefully considered, and, it is said, at one time determined on; but it was finally rejected, in expectation of relief from Clinton. Just now that we are beginning "solid operations in Virginia," and may have occasion to move a hundred thousand men, more or less, up the long neck of land between York and James Rivers, the passage is an interesting one. Washington had not yet arrived. The English plan was to attack and beat Lafayette and St. Simon before Washington joined them. The English col-

umns were to move from Yorktown so as to attack Williamsburg before day-break. "That time was deemed eligible," says Tarleton, "because the ground near and in Williamsburg is cut by several ravines, and because the British column, in advancing in the long and straight road through the town, would not be so much exposed to the enemy's cannon under cover of the night as during the day." Let the reader remember these details, as he traces the march of another column from Fort Monroe through Yorktown to Williamsburg, with some General Magruder falling back before it, watching his chances to strike. Cornwallis gave up the plan, however, and waited for the help from Clinton, which never came. On the 15th of September Washington and Rochambeau joined Lafayette; on the 18th of October Cornwallis capitulated, and for eighty years the Virginian campaigns were over.

There is not one subdivision of them but is touched by the movements of to-day. Everything is changed, indeed, except Virginia. But Raccoon Ford and Bottom's Bridge are where they were then. The division which marches on Gordonsville may send a party down the "Marquis's Road," as the people still call the wood-road which Lafayette opened; and all the battles of the next month,\* in short, will be fought on the ground familiar to the soldiers of eighty years ago.

\* By "the next month" the writer meant May. It will be observed that his article was finally prepared for the press on the second of April. It has not since been changed. The references to Williamsburg, the Chickahominy, and the "neck between the rivers" are not "prophecies after the fact."



J. R. Lowell.

## SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Jaalam, 17<sup>th</sup> May, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—At the special request of Mr. Biglow, I intended to inclose, together with his own contribution, (into which, at my suggestion, he has thrown a little more of pastoral sentiment than usual,) some passages from my sermon on the day of the National Fast, from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them," *Heb. xiii. 3.* But I have not leisure sufficient at present for the copying of them, even were I altogether satisfied with the production as it stands. I should prefer, I confess, to contribute the entire discourse to the pages of your respectable miscellany, if it should be found acceptable upon perusal, especially as I find the difficulty of selection of greater magnitude than I had anticipated. What passes without challenge in the fervour of oral delivery cannot always stand the colder criticism of the closet. I am not so great an enemy of Eloquence as my friend Mr. Biglow would appear to be from some passages in his contribution for the current month. I would not, indeed, hastily suspect him of covertly glancing at myself in his somewhat caustick animadversions, albeit some of the phrases he girds at are not entire strangers to my lips. I am a more hearty admirer of the Puritans than seems now to be the fashion, and believe, that, if they Hebraized a little too much in their speech, they showed remarkable practical sagacity as statesmen and founders. But such phenomena as Puritanism are the results rather of great religious than merely social convulsions, and do not long survive them. So soon as an earnest conviction has cooled into a phrase, its work is over, and the best that can be done with it is to bury it. *Ite, missa est.* I am inclined to agree with Mr. Biglow that we cannot settle the great political questions which are now presenting themselves to the nation by the opinions of Jeremiah or Ezekiel as to the wants and duties of the Jews in their time, nor do I believe that an entire community with their feelings and views would be practicable or even agreeable at the present day. At the same time I could wish that their habit of subordinating the actual to the moral, the flesh to the spirit, and this world to the other were more common. They had found out, at least, the great military secret that soul weighs more than body.—But I am suddenly called to a sick-bed in the household of a valued parishioner.

With esteem and respect.

Your obt<sup>l</sup> servt,

HOMER WILBUR.

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a draw  
 An' it clings hold like precerents in law :  
 Your gran'ma'am put it there,—when, goodness knows,—  
 To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-clo'es ;  
 But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,  
 (For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life ?)  
 An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks dread  
 O' the spare-chamber, slinks into the shed,  
 Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides  
 To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides ;  
 But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,  
 An' all you keep in 't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets : wut they 've airly read  
 Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,  
 So 's 't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers  
 With furrin countries or played-out ideers,  
 Nor hev a feelin', ef it doos n't smack  
 O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back :  
 This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,  
 Ez though we 'd nothin' here that blows an' sings,—

(Why, I 'd give more for one live bobolink  
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink,) —  
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,  
Which 't ain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it  
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet !  
They 're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks  
Up in the country ez it doos in books ;  
They 're no more like than hornets'-nests an' hives,  
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.  
I, with my trouses perched on cow-hide boots,  
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,  
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse  
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,  
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,  
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes :  
I 've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,  
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.  
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,  
Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by the inch ;  
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,  
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing 's to du,  
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,  
Ez stiddily ez though 't wuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find  
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,  
An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's notes, —  
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,  
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,  
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl, —  
But these are jes' Spring's pickets ; sure ez sin,  
The rebbles frosts 'll try to drive 'em in ;  
For half our May 's so awfully like May n't,  
'T would rile a Shaker or an evrige saint ;  
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs  
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,  
An' when you 'most give up, without more words  
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds :  
Thet 's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,  
But when it *doos* git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out !

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'r'in' in tall trees,  
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses, —  
Queer politicians, though, for I 'll be skinned,  
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.  
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief, —  
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,  
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers  
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold

Softer 'n a baby's be at three days old :  
 This is the robin's almanick ; he knows  
 Thet arter this ther' 's only blossom-snows ;  
 So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
 He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.

Then seems to come a hitch, — things lag behind,  
 Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,  
 An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams  
 Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,  
 A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,  
 Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,  
 Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,  
 Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,  
 Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune  
 An' gives one leap from April into June :  
 Then all comes crowdin' in ; afore you think,  
 The oak-buds mist the side-hill woods with pink,  
 The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud,  
 The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,  
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings  
 An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings,  
 All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers  
 The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,  
 Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try  
 With pins, — they 'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby !  
 But I don't love your cat'logue style, — do you ? —  
 Ez ef to sell all Natur' by vendoo ;  
 One word with blood in 't 's twice ez good ez two :  
 'Nuff sed, June 's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here ;  
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,  
 Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,  
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins  
 In spring, with curus heats an' prickly pains,  
 Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to walk  
 Off by myself to hev a privit talk  
 With a queer critter that can't seem to 'gree  
 Along o' me like most folks, — Mister Me.  
 Ther' 's times when I 'm unsoshle ez a stone,  
 An' sort o' suffocate to be alone, —  
 I 'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are nigh,  
 An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky ;  
 Now the wind 's full ez shifty in the mind  
 Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,  
 An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'west weather,  
 My innard vane pints east for weeks together,  
 My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins  
 Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez pins :



Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight  
 An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight  
 With the one cuss I can't lay on the shelf,  
 The crook'dest stick in all the heap, — Myself.

'T wuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-time :  
 Findin' my feelins would n't noways rhyme  
 With nobody's, but off the hendle flew  
 An' took things from an east-wind pint o' view,  
 I started off to lose me in the hills  
 Where the pines be, up back o' 'Siah's Mills :  
 Pines, ef you 're blue, are the best friends I know,  
 They mope an' sigh an' sheer your feelins so, —  
 They hesh the ground beneath so, tu, I swan,  
 You half-forgit you 've gut a body on.

Ther' 's a small school'us' there where four roads meet,  
 The door-steps hollered out by little feet,  
 An' side-posts carved with names whose owners grew  
 To gret men, some on 'em, an' deacons, tu ;  
 'T ain't used no longer, coz the town hez gut  
 A high-school, where they teach the Lord knows wut :  
 Three-story larnin' 's pop'lar now ; I guess  
 We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories less,  
 For it strikes me ther' 's sech a thing ez sinnin'  
 By overloadin' children's underpinnin' :  
 Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,  
 An' it 's a kind o' favorite spot with me.

We 're curus critters : Now ain't jes' the minute  
 Thet ever fits us easy while we 're in it ;  
 Long ez 't wuz futur', 't would be perfect bliss, —  
 Soon ez it 's past, *thet* time 's wuth ten o' this ;  
 An' yit there ain't a man thet need be told  
 Thet Now 's the only bird lays eggs o' gold.  
 A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan  
 An' think 't wuz life's cap-sheaf to be a man ;  
 Now, gittin' gray, there 's nothin' I enjoy  
 Like dreamin' back along into a boy :  
 So the ole school'us' is a place I choose  
 Afore all others, ef I want to muse ;  
 I set down where I used to set, an' git  
 My boyhood back, an' better things with it, —  
 Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it is n't Cherrity,  
 It 's want o' guile, an' thet 's ez gret a rerrity.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath arternoon  
 Thet I sot out to tramp myself in tune,  
 I found me in the school'us' on my seat,  
 Drummin' the march to No-where's with my feet.  
 Thinkin' o' nothin', I 've heerd ole folks say,  
 Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way :

It 's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,  
 Or ever hearn, to make your feelins blue.  
 I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell :  
 I thought o' the Rebellion, then o' Hell,  
 Which some folks tell ye now is jest a metterfor  
 (A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none the better for);  
 I thought o' Reconstruction, wut we 'd win  
 Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin;  
 I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the wits,  
 So much a month, warn't givin' Natur' fits, —  
 Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own milk fail,  
 To work the cow thet hez an iron tail,  
 An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan  
 Would send up cream to humor ary man :  
 From this to thet I let my worryin' creep,  
 Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like streams thet glide  
 'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each side,  
 Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix an' mingle  
 In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either single;  
 An' when you cast off moorins from To-day,  
 An' down towards To-morrer drift away,  
 The imiges thet tingle on the stream  
 Make a new upside-down'ard world o' dream :  
 Sometimes they seem like sunrise-streaks an' warnins  
 O' wut 'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-mornins,  
 An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,  
 Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't gone right.  
 I 'm gret on dreams, an' often, when I wake,  
 I 've lived so much it makes my mem'ry ache,  
 An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in my cheer  
 'Thout hevin' 'em, some good, some bad, all queer.

Now I wuz settin' where I 'd ben, it seemed,  
 An' ain't sure yit whether I 'rally dreamed,  
 Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha' slep',  
 When I hearn some un stompin' up the step,  
 An' lookin' round, ef two an' two make four,  
 I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.  
 He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an' spurs  
 With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut-burrs,  
 An' his gret sword behind him sloped away  
 Long 'z a man's speech thet dunno wut to say. —  
 "Ef your name 's Biglow, an' your given-name  
 Hosee," sez he, "it 's arter you I came;  
 I 'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied by three." —  
 "My *wut*?" sez I. — "Your gret-gret-gret," sez he :  
 "You would n't ha' never ben here but for me.  
 Two hunderd an' three year ago this May  
 The ship I come in sailed up Boston Bay;  
 I 'd ben a cunnle in our Civil War, —

But wut on airth hev *you* gut up one for ?  
 I 'm told you write in public prints : ef true,  
 It 's nateral you should know a thing or two." —  
 " Thet air 's an argymunt I can't endorse, —  
 'T would prove, coz you wear spurs, you kep' a horse :  
 For brains," sez I, " wutever you may think,  
 Ain't boun' to cash the drafs o' pen-an'-ink, —  
 Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped jes' quickenin'  
 The churn would argoo skim-milk into thickenin' ;  
 But skim-milk ain't a thing to change its view  
 O' useflessness, no more 'n a smoky flue.  
 But du pray tell me, 'fore we furdur go,  
 How in all Natur' did you come to know  
 'Bout our affairs," sez I, " in Kingdom-Come ? " —  
 " Wal, I worked round at sperrit-rappin' some,  
 In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin' on,"  
 Sez he, " but mejums lie so like all-split  
 Thet I concluded it wuz best to quit.  
 But, come now, ef you wun't confess to knowin',  
 You 've some conjecturs how the thing 's a-goin'." —  
 " Gran'ther," sez I, " a vane warn't never known  
 Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its own ;  
 An' yit, ef 't ain't gut rusty in the jints,  
 It 's safe to trust its say on certin pints :  
 It knows the wind's opinions to a T,  
 An' the wind settles wut the weather 'll be." —  
 " I never thought a scion of our stock  
 Could grow the wood to make a weathercock ;  
 When I wuz younger 'n you, skurce more 'n a shaver,  
 No airthly wind," sez he, " could make me waver !"  
 (Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw an' forehead,  
 Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-hilt forrard.) —  
 " Jes' so it wuz with me," sez I, " I swow,  
 When *I* wuz younger 'n wut you see me now, —  
 Nothin', from Adam's fall to Huldys bonnet,  
 Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedgment on it ;  
 But now I 'm gittin' on in life, I find  
 It 's a sight harder to make up my mind, —  
 Nor I don't often try tu, when events  
 Will du it for me free of all expense.  
 The moral question 's ollus plain enough, —  
 It 's jes' the human-natur' side thet 's tough ;  
 Wut 's best to think may n't puzzle me nor you, —  
 The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du* ;  
 Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez grease,  
 Coz there the men ain't nothin' more 'n idees, —  
 But come to *make* it, ez we must to-day,  
 Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the way :  
 It 's easy fixin' things in facts an' figgers, —  
 They can't resist, nor warn't brought up with niggers ;  
 But come to try your the'ry on, — why, then  
 Your facts an' figgers change to ign'ant men



Actin' ez ugly" — "Smite 'em hip an' thigh!"  
 Sez gran'ther, "an' let every man-child die!  
 Oh for three weeks o' Crommle an' the Lord!  
 O Israel, to your tents an' grind the sword!" —  
 "Thet kind o' thing worked wal in ole Judee,  
 But you forgit how long it 's ben A. D.;  
 You think thet 's ellerkence, — I call it shoddy,  
 A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul nor body;  
 I like the plain all-wool o' common-sense,  
 Thet warms ye now, an' will a twelvemonth hence.  
 You took to follerin' where the Prophets beckoned,  
 An', fust you knowed on, back come Charles the Second;  
 Now wut I want 's to hev all *we* gain stick,  
 An' not to start Millennium too quick;  
 We hain't to punish only, but to keep,  
 An' the cure 's gut to go a cent'ry deep." —  
 "Wal, milk-an'-water ain't a good cement,"  
 Sez he, "an' so you 'll find it in th' event;  
 Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally  
 Loses ez often wut 's ten times the vally.  
 Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck gut split,  
 Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over yit:  
 Slav'ry 's your Charles, the Lord hez gin the exe," —  
 "Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight million necks.  
 The hardest question ain't the black man's right, —  
 The trouble is to 'mancipate the white;  
 One 's chained in body an' can be sot free, —  
 The other 's chained in soul to an idee:  
 It 's a long job, but we shall worry thru it;  
 Ef bag'nets fail, the spellin'-book must do it." —  
 "Hosee," sez he, "I think you 're goin' to fail:  
 The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the tail;  
 This 'ere rebellion 's nothin' but the rattle, —  
 You 'll stomp on thet an' think you 've won the bettle;  
 It 's Slavery thet 's the fangs an' thinkin' head,  
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead, —  
 An' cresh it suddin, or you 'll larn by waitin'  
 Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to debatin'!" —  
 "God's truth!" sez I, — "an' ef *I* held the club,  
 An' knowed jes' where to strike, — but there 's the rub!" —  
 "Strike soon," sez he, "or you 'll be deadly aillin', —  
 Folks thet 's afeared to fail are sure o' failin';  
 God hates your sneakin' creturs thet believe  
 He 'll settle things they run away an' leave!"  
 He brought his foot down fercely, ez he spoke,  
 An' give me sech a startle thet I woke.

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

---

VOL. X.—JULY, 1862.—NO. LVII.

---

SOME SOLDIER-POETRY.

It is certain that since the time of Homer the deeds and circumstances of war have not been felicitously sung. If any ideas have been the subject of the strife, they seldom appear to advantage in the poems which chronicle it, or in the verses devoted to the praise of heroes. Remove the "Iliad," the "Nibelungenlied," some English, Spanish, and Northern ballads, two or three Old-Bohemian, the war-songs composed by Ziska, and one or two Romaic, from the field of investigation, and one is astonished at the scanty gleanings of battle-poetry, camp-songs, and rhymes that have been scattered in the wake of great campaigns, and many of the above-mentioned are more historical or mythological than descriptive of war. The quantity of political songs and ballads, serious and satirical, which were suggested by the great critical moments of modern history, is immense. Every country has, or might have, its own peculiar collections. In France the troubles of the League gave an impulse to song-writing, and the productions of Desportes and Bertaut are relics of that time. Historical and revolutionary songs

abound in all countries; but even the "Marseillaise," the gay, ferocious "Carmagnole," and the "Ça Ira," which somebody wrote upon a drum-head in the Champ de Mars, do not belong to fighting-poetry. The actual business of following into the field the men who represent the tendencies of any time, and of helping to get through with the unavoidable fighting-jobs which they organize, seems to inspire the same rhetoric in every age, and to reproduce the same set of conventional war-images. The range of feeling is narrow; the enthusiasm for great generals is expressed in pompous commonplaces; even the dramatic circumstances of a campaign full of the movement and suffering of great masses of men, in bivouac, upon the march, in the gloomy and perilous defile, during a retreat, and in the hours when wavering victory suddenly turns and lets her hot lips be kissed, are scarcely seen, or feebly hinted at. The horizon of the battle-field itself is limited, and it is impossible to obtain a total impression of the picturesque and terrible fact. After the smoke has rolled away, the historian finds a position whence the

scenes deliberately reveal to him all their connection, and reenact their passion. He is the real poet of these solemn passages in the life of man.\*

One would think that a poet in the ranks would sometimes exchange the pike or musket for the pen in his knapsack, and let all the feelings and landscapes of war distil through his fine fancy from it drop by drop. But the knapsack makes too heavy a draught upon the nervous power which the cerebellum supplies for marching orders; concentration goes to waste in doing porter's work; his tent-lines are the only kind a poet cares for. If he extemporizes a song or hymn, it is lucky if it becomes a favorite of the camp. The great song which the soldier lifts during his halt, or on the edge of battle, is generally written beforehand by some pen unconscious that its glow would tip the points of bayonets, and cheer hearts in suspense for the first cannon-shot of the foe. If anybody undertakes to furnish songs for camps, he prospers as one who resolves to write anthems for a prize-committee to sit on: it is sutler's work, and falls a prey to the provost-marshal.

Nor are poets any more successful, when they propose to make camp-life and soldiers' feelings subjects for æsthetic consideration. Their lines are smooth, their images are spirited; but as well might the

\* There is a little volume, called *Voices from the Ranks*, in which numerous letters written by privates, corporals, etc., in the Crimea, are collected and arranged. They are full of incident and pathos. Suffering, daring, and humor, the love of home, and the religious dependence of men capable of telling their own Iliad, make this a very powerful book. In modern times the best literature of a campaign will be found in private letters. We have some from Magenta and Solferino, written by Frenchmen; the character stands very clear in them. And here is one written by an English lad, who is describing a landing from boats in Finland, when he shot his first man. The act separated itself from the whole scene, and charged him with it. Instinctively he walked up to the poor Finn; they met for the first time. The wounded man quietly regarded him; he leaned on his musket, and returned the fading look till it went out.

campaign itself have been conducted in the poet's study as its situations be deliberately transferred there to verse. The "Wallenstein's Camp" of Schiller is not poetry, but racy and sparkling pamphleteering. Its rhyming does not prevent it from belonging to the historical treatment of periods that are picturesque with many passions and interests, that go clad in jaunty regimental costumes, and require not to be idealized, but simply to be described. Goethe, in his soldier's song in "Faust," idealizes at a touch the rough work, the storming and marauding of the mediæval *Lanzknecht*; set to music, it might be sung by fine *dilettanti* tenors in garrison, but would be stopped at any outpost in the field for want of the countersign. But when Goethe describes what he saw and felt in the campaign in France, with that lucid and observant prose, he reproduces an actual situation. So does Chamisso, in that powerful letter which describes the scenes in Hameln, when it was delivered to the French. But Chamisso has written a genuine soldier's song, which we intend to give. The songs of Körner are well known already in various English dresses.\*

But the early poetry which attempts the description of feats at arms which were wrought by men who represented turning-points in the welfare of nations — when, for instance, Germany was struggling to have her middle class against the privileges of the barons — is more interesting than all the modern songs which nicely

\* See translations of Von Zedlitz's *Midnight Review*, of Follen's *Blücher's Ball*, of Freiligrath's *Death of Grabbe*, of Rückert's *Patriot's Lament*, of Arndt's *Field-Marshal Blücher*, of Pfeffel's *Tobacco-Pipe*, of Gleim's *War-Song*, of Tegner's *Veteran*, (Swedish,) of Rahbek's *Peter Colbjørnsen*, (Danish,) *The Death-Song of Regner Lodbrock*, (Norse,) and Körner's *Sword-Song*, in Mr. Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. See all of Körner's soldier-songs well translated, the *Sword-Song* admirably, by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, in *Specimens of Foreign Literature*, Vol. XIV. See, in Robinson's *Literature of Slavic Nations*, some Russian and Servian martial poetry.



depict soldiers' moods.\* Language itself was fighting for recognition, as well as industrial and social rights. The verses mark successive steps of a people into consciousness and civilization. Some of this battle-poetry is worth preserving; a few camp-rhymes, also, were famous enough in their day to justify translating. Here are some relics, of pattern more or less antique, picked up from that field of Europe where so many centuries have met in arms.

The Northern war-poetry, before the introduction of Christianity, is vigorous enough, but it abounds in disagreeable commonplaces: trunks are cleft till each half falls sideways; limbs are carved for ravens, who appear as invariably as the Valkyrs, and while the latter pounce upon the souls that issue with the expiring breath, the former banquet upon the remains. The celebration of a victory is an exulting description of actual scenes of revelling, mead-drinking from mounted skulls, division of the spoils, and half-drunken brags† of future prowess. The sense of dependence upon an unseen Power is manifested only in superstitious vows for luck and congratulations that the Strong Ones have been upon the conquering side. There is no lifting up of the heart which checks for a time the joy of victory. They are ferociously glad that they have beaten. This prize-fighting imagery belongs also to the Anglo-Saxon poetry, and is in marked contrast with the commemorative poetry of Franks and Germans after the introduction of Christianity. The allusions may be quite

\* Among such songs is one by Bayard Taylor, entitled *Annie Laurie*, which is of the very best kind.

† *Braga* was the name of the goblet over which the Norse drinkers made their vows. Probably no Secessionist ever threatened more pompously over his whiskey. The word goes back a great distance. *Paruf* is Sanscrit for rough, and *Rāgh*, to be equal to. In reading the Norse poetry, one can understand why *Brága* was the Apollo of the Asa gods, and why the present made to a favorite Scald was called *Bragar-Laun* (*Lohn*). *Bravo* is also a far-travelled form.

as conventional, but they show that another power has taken the field, and is willing to risk the fortunes of war. Norse poetry loses its vigor when the secure establishment of Christianity abolishes piracy and puts fighting upon an allowance. Its muscle was its chief characteristic. We speak only of war-poetry.

Here, for instance, is the difference plainly told. Hucbald, a monk of the cloister St. Amand in Flanders, wrote "The Louis-Lay," to celebrate the victory gained by the West-Frankish King Louis III. over the Normans, in 881, near Saucourt. It is in the Old-High-German. A few lines will suffice:—

The King rode boldly, sang a holy song,  
And all together sang, Kyrie eleison.  
The song was sung; the battle was begun;  
Blood came to cheeks; thereat rejoiced the  
Franks;  
Then fought each sword, but none so well as  
Ludwig,  
So swift and bold, for 't was his inborn nature;  
He struck down many, many a one pierced  
through,  
And at his hands his enemies received  
A bitter drink, woe to their life all day.  
Praise to God's power, for Ludwig overcame;  
And thanks to saints, the victor-fight was his.  
Homeward again fared Ludwig, conquering  
king,  
And harnessed as he ever is, wherever the  
need may be,  
Our God above sustain him with His majesty!

Earlier than this it was the custom for soldiers to sing just before fighting. Tacitus alludes to a kind of measured war-cry of the Germans, which they made more sonorous and terrific by shouting it into the hollow of their shields. He calls it *barditus* by mistake, borrowing a term from the custom of the Gauls, who sang before battle by proxy, — that is, their ards chanted the national songs. But Norse and German soldiers loved to sing. King Harald Sigurdson composes verses just before battle; so do the Skalds before the Battle of Stiklestad, which was fatal to the great King Olaf. The soldiers learn the verses and sing them with the Skalds. They also recollect older songs, — the "Biarkamal," for instance, which Biarke

made before he fought.\* These are all of the indomitable kind, and well charged with threats of unlimited slaughter.

The custom survived all the social and religious changes of Europe. But the wild war-phrases which the Germans shouted for mutual encouragement, and to derive, like the Highlanders, an omen from the magnitude of the sound, became hymns: they were sung in unison, with the ordinary monkish modulations of the time. The most famous of these was written by Notker, a Benedictine of St. Gall, about the year 900. It was translated by Luther in 1524, and an English translation from Luther's German can be found in the "*Lyra Germanica*," p. 237.

William's minstrel, Taillefer, sang a song before the Battle of Hastings: but the Normans loved the purely martial strain, and this was a ballad of French composition, perhaps a fragment of the older "*Roland's Song*." The "*Roman de Rou*," composed by Master Wace, or Gasse, a native of Jersey and Canon of Bayeux, who died in 1184, is very minute in its description of the Battle of Val des Dunes, near Caen, fought by Henry of France and William the Bastard against Guy, a Norman noble in the Burgundian interest. The year of the battle was 1047. There is a Latin narrative of the Battle of Hastings, in eight hundred and thirty-five hexameters and pentameters. This was composed by Wido, or Guido, Bishop of Amiens, who died in 1075.

The German knights on their way to Jerusalem sang a holy psalm, beginning, "*Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of the earth*." This was discovered not long ago in Westphalia; a translation of it, with the music, can be found in Mr. Richard Willis's collection of hymns.

One would expect to gather fragments of war-poetry from the early times of the Hungarians, who held the outpost of Europe against the Turks, and were also sometimes in arms against the imperial policy of Germany. But De Gerando informs us that they set both victories and

defeats to music. The "*Rákóti*" is a national air which bears the name of an illustrious prince who was overcome by Leopold. "It is remarkable that in Hungary great thoughts and deep popular feelings were expressed and consecrated, not by poetry, but by national airs. The armed Diets which were held upon the plain of Rákos were the symbol of ancient liberty to the popular apprehension; there is the '*Air of Rákos*,' also the '*Air of Mohács*,' which recalls the fall of the old monarchy, and the '*Air of Zrinyi*,' which preserves the recollection of the heroic defence of Szigeth."\* These airs are not written; the first comer extemporized their inartificial strains, which the feeling of the moment seized upon and transmitted by tradition. Among the Servians, on the contrary, the heroic ballad is full of fire and meaning, but the music amounts to nothing.

The first important production of the warlike kind, after Germany began to struggle with its mediæval restrictions, was composed after the Battle of Sempach, where Arnold Struthahn of Winkelried opened a passage for the Swiss peasants through the ranks of Austrian spears. It is written in the Middle-High-German, by Halbsuter, a native of Lucerne, who was in the fight. Here are specimens of it. There is a paraphrase by Sir Walter Scott, but it is done at the expense of the metre and *naïve* character of the original.

In the thousand and three hundred and six  
and eightieth year  
Did God in special manner His favor make appear:  
Hei! the Federates, I say,  
They got this special grace upon St. Cyril's day.

That was July 9, 1386. The Swiss had been exasperated by the establishment of new tolls by the nobility, who were upheld in it by the Duke of Austria. The Federates (*Confederates* can never again be used in connection with a just fight) began to attack the castles which shel-

\* Laing's *Sea-Kings of Norway*, Vol. II. p. 312; Vol. III. p. 90.

\* A. De Gerando, *La Transylvanie et ses Habitants*, Tom. II. p. 265, et seq.

tered the oppressive baronial power. The castle behind the little town of Willisow is stormed and burned. Thereupon the nobles swear to put these Swiss free peasants down and get them a master. The poet tells all this, and proceeds to describe their excesses and pride. Then,—  
 Ye Lowland lords are drawing hither to the Oberland,  
 To what an entertainment ye do not understand:  
 Hei! 't were better for shrift to call,  
 For in the mountain-fields mischances may befall.

To which the nobles are imagined to reply,—

"Indeed! where sits the priest, then, to grant this needful gift?"  
 In the Schweiz he is all ready,—he'll give you hearty shrift:  
 Hei! he will give it to you sheer,  
 This blessing will he give it with sharp halberds and such gear.

The Duke's people are mowing in the fields near Sempach. A knight insolently demands lunch for them from the Sempachers; a burgher threatens to break his head and lunch them in a heavy fashion, for the Federates are gathering, and will undoubtedly make him spill his porridge. A cautious old knight, named Von Hasenburg, rides out to reconnoitre, and he sees enough to warn the Duke that it is the most serious business in which he ever engaged.

Then spake a lord of Ochsenstein, "O Hasenburg, hare-heart!"  
 Him answereth Von Hasenburg, "Thy words bring me a smart:  
 Hei! I say to you faithfully,  
 Which of us is the coward this very day you'll see."

So the old knight, not relishing being punned upon for his counsel, dismounts. All the knights, anticipating an easy victory, dismount, and send their horses to the rear, in the care of varlets who subsequently saved themselves by riding them off. The solid ranks are formed bristling with spears. There is a pause as the two parties survey each other. The nobles pass the word along that it looks like a paltry business:—

So spake they to each other: "Yon folk is very small,—  
 In case such boors should beat us, 't will bring no fame at all:  
 'Hei! fine lords the boors have mauled!' "  
 Then the honest Federates on God in heaven called.

"Ah, dear Christ of Heaven, by Thy bitter death we plead,  
 Help bring to us poor sinners in this our strait and need;  
 Hei! and stand by us in the field,  
 And have our land and people beneath Thy ward and shield."

The shaggy bull (of Uri) was quite ready to meet the lion (Leopold), and threw the dust up a little with its hoof.

"Hei! will you fight with us who have beaten you before?"

To this the lion replies,—

"Thank you for reminding me. I have many a knight and varlet here to pay you off for Laupen, and for the ill turn you did me at Morgarten; now you must wait here till I am even with you."

Now drew the growling lion his tail in for a spring:

Then spake the bull unto him, "Wilt have your reckoning?"

Hei! then nearer to us get,  
 That this green meadow may with blood be growing wet."

Then they began a-shooting against us in the grove,

And their long lances toward the pious Federates move:

Hei! the jest it was not sweet,  
 With branches from the lofty pines down rattling at their feet.

The nobles' front was fast, their order deep and spread;

That vexed the pious mind; a Winkelried he said,

"Hei! if you will keep from need  
 My pious wife and child, I'll do a hardy deed.

"Dear Federates and true, my life I give to win;

They have their rank too firm, we cannot break it in:

Hei! a breaking in I'll make,  
 The while that you my offspring to your protection take."



Herewith did he an armful of spears nimbly  
take;  
His life had an end, for his friends a lane did  
make:

Hei! he had a lion's mood,  
So manly, stoutly dying for the Four Cantons'  
good.

And so it was the breaking of the nobles' front  
began

With hewing and with sticking,—it was God's  
holy plan:

Hei! if this He had not done,  
It would have cost the Federates many an  
honest one.

The poem proceeds now with chaffing  
and slaughtering the broken enemy, en-  
joining them to run home to their fine  
ladies with little credit or comfort, and  
shouting after them an inventory of the  
armor and banners which they leave be-  
hind.\*

Veit Weber, a Swiss of Freiburg, also  
wrote war-verses, but they are pitched on  
a lower key. He fought against Charles  
the Bold, and described the Battle of  
Murten, (Morat,) June 22, 1476. His  
facetiousness is of the grimmest kind. He  
exults without poetry. Two or three  
verses will be quite sufficient to designate  
his style and temper. Of the moment  
when the Burgundian line breaks, and  
the rout commences, he says, —

One hither fled, another there,  
With good intent to disappear,  
Some hid them in the bushes:

\* It is proper to state that an attack has  
lately been made in Germany upon the au-  
thenticity of the story of Winkelried, on the  
ground that it is mentioned in no contem-  
poraneous document or chronicle which has yet  
come to light, and that a poem in fifteen verses  
composed before this of Halbsuter's does not  
mention it. Also it is shown that Halbsuter  
incorporated the previous poem into his own.  
It is furthermore denied that Halbsuter was a  
citizen of Lucerne. In short, there was no  
Winkelried! Perhaps we can afford to "re-  
habilitate" villains of every description, but  
need therefore the heroic be reduced to *dés-  
habillé*? That we cannot so well afford. We  
can give up William Tell's apple as easily as  
we can the one in Genesis, but Winkelried's  
"sheaf of Austrian spears" is an essential  
argument against original sin, being an altogeth-  
er original act of virtue.

I never saw so great a pinch, —  
A crowd that had no thirst to quench  
Into the water pushes.

They waded in up to the chin,  
Still we our shot kept pouring in,  
As if for ducks a-fowling:  
In boats we went and struck them dead,  
The lake with all their blood was red, —  
What begging and what howling!

Up in the trees did many hide,  
There hoping not to be espied;  
But like the crows we shot them:  
The rest on spears did we impale,  
Their feathers were of no avail,  
The wind would not transport them.

He will not vouch for the number of  
the killed, but gives it on hearsay as twenty-  
six thousand drowned and slain; but  
he regrets that their flight was so precipi-  
tate as to prevent him from recording a  
more refreshing total. He is specially  
merry over the wealth and luxurious  
habits of Charles, alludes to his vapor-  
baths, etc.:—

His game of chess was to his cost,  
Of pawns has he a many lost,  
And twice\* his guard is broken;  
His castles help him not a mite,  
And see how lonesome stands his knight!  
Checkmate 's against him spoken.

The wars of the rich cities with the  
princes and bishops stimulated a great  
many poems that are full of the traits of  
burgher-life. Seventeen princes declar-  
ed war against Nuremberg, and seventy-  
two cities made a league with her. The  
Swiss sent a contingent of eight hundred  
men. This war raged with great fierce-  
ness, and with almost uninterrupted suc-  
cess for the knights, till the final battle  
which took place near Pillerent, in 1456.  
A Nuremberg painter, Hans Rosenplüt,  
celebrated this in verses like Veit We-  
ber's, with equal vigor, but downright pro-  
saic street-touches. Another poem de-  
scribes the rout of the Archbishop of  
Cologne, who attempted to get possession  
of the city, in 1444. All these Low-Ger-  
man poems are full of popular scorn and  
satire: they do not hate the nobles so  
much as laugh at them, and their discom-

\* Once, the year before, at Granson.

figures in the field are the occasion of elaborate ridicule.

The *Lanzknechts* were foot-soldiers recruited from the roughs of Germany, and derived their name from the long lance which they carried;\* but they were also armed subsequently with the arquebuse. They were first organized into bodies of regular troops by George Frundsberg of Mindelheim, a famous German captain, whose castle was about twenty miles southwest of Augsburg. It was afterwards the centre of a little principality which Joseph I. created for the Duke of Marlborough,† as a present for the victory of Hochstädt (Blenheim). Frundsberg was a man of talent and character, one of the best soldiers of Charles V. He saved the Imperial cause in the campaign of 1522 against the French and Swiss. At Bicocco he beat the famous Swiss infantry under Arnold of Winkelried, a descendant, doubtless, of one of the children whom Arnold Struthahn left to the care of his comrades. At Pavia a decisive charge of his turned the day against Francis I. And on the march to Rome, his unexpected death so inflamed the *Lanzknechts* that the meditated retreat of Bourbon became impossible, and the city was taken by assault. His favorite mottoes were, *Kriegsrath mit der That*, "Plan and Action," and *Viel Feinde, viel Ehre*, "The more foes, the greater honor." He was the only man who could influence the mercenary lancers, who were as terrible in peace as in war.

The *Lanzknecht's* lance was eighteen feet long: he wore a helmet and breastplate, and was taught to form suddenly and to preserve an impenetrable square. Before him all light and heavy cavalry went down, and that great arm of modern war did not recover from its disgrace and neglect till the time of Frederic. But his character was very indifferent: he

\* It is sometimes spelled *landsknecht*, as if it meant *country-fellows*, or recruits,—men raised at large. But that was a popular misapprehension of the word, because some of them were Suabian bumpkins.

† The French soldier-song about Marlborough is known to every one.

went foraging when there was no campaign, and in time of peace prepared for war by systematic billeting and plundering. It was a matter of economy to get up a war in order to provide employment for the *Lanzknecht*.

Hans Sachs wrote a very amusing piece in 1558, entitled, "The Devil won't let Landsknechts come to Hell." Lucifer, being in council one evening, speaks of the *Lanzknecht* as a new kind of man; he describes his refreshing traits of originality, and expresses a desire to have one. It is agreed that Beelzebub shall repair as a crimp to a tavern, and lie in wait for this new game. The agent gets behind a stove, which in Germany would shield from observation even Milton's Satan, and listens while the *Lanzknechts* drink. They begin to tell stories which make his hair stand on end, but they also God-bless each other so often, at sneezing and hiccupping, that he cannot get a chance at them. One of them, who had stolen a cock and hung it behind the stove, asks the landlord to go and fetch the poor devil. Beelzebub, soundly frightened, beats a hasty retreat, expressing his wonder that the *Lanzknecht* should know he was there. He apologizes to Lucifer for being unable to enrich his cabinet, and assures him that it would be impossible to live with them; the devils would be eaten out of house and home, and their bishopric taken from them. Lucifer concludes on the whole that it is discreet to limit himself to monks, nuns, lawyers, and the ordinary sinner.

The songs of the *Lanzknecht* are cheerful, and make little of the chances of the fight. Fasting and feasting are both welcome; he is as gay as a Zouave.\* To be maimed is a slight matter: if he loses an

\* Who besings himself thus, in a song from the Solferino campaign:—

"Quand l' zouzou, coiffé de son fez,  
A par hasard quequ' goutt' sous l' nez,  
L' tremblement s' met dans la cambuse;  
Mais s'il faut se flanquer des coups,  
Il salt rendre atouts pour atouts,  
Et gare deessous,  
C'est l' zouzou qui s'amuse!  
Des coups, des coups, des coups,  
C'est l' zouzou qui s'amuse."

arm, he bilks the Swiss of a glove; if his leg goes, he can creep, or a wooden leg will serve his purpose:—

It harms me not a mite,  
A wooden stump will make all right;  
And when it is no longer good,  
Some spital knave shall get the wood.

But if a ball my bosom strikes,  
On some wide field I lie,  
They 'll take me off upon their pikes,—  
A grave is always nigh;  
Pumerlein Pum,—the drums shall say  
Better than any priest,—Good day!

There is a very characteristic piece, without date or name of the writer, but which, to judge from the German, was written after the time of Luther. Nothing could better express the feeling of a people who have been saved by martial and religious enthusiasm, and brought through all the perils of history. It is the production of some Meistersinger, who introduced it into a History of Henry the Fowler, (fought the Huns, 919–935,) that was written by him in the form of a comedy, and divided into acts. He brings in a minstrel who sings the song before battle. The last verse, with adapted metre and music, is now a soldier's song.

Many a righteous cause on earth  
To many a battle growing,  
Of music God has thought them worth,  
A gift of His bestowing.  
It came through Jubal into life;  
For Lamech's son inventing  
The double sounds of drum and fife,  
They both became consenting.  
For music good  
Wakes manly mood,  
Intrepid goes  
Against our foes,  
Calls stoutly, "On!  
Fall on! fall on!  
Clear field and street  
Of hostile feet,  
Shoot, thrust them through, and cleave,  
Not one against you leave!"

Elias prophecy would make  
In thirsty Israel's passion:  
"To me a minstrel bring," he spake,  
"Who plays in David's fashion."  
Soon came on him Jehovah's hand,  
In words of help undoubted,—  
Great waters flowed the rainless land,  
The foe was also routed.

Drom, Drari, Drom,  
Pom, Pom, Pom, Pom,  
Drumming and fifing good  
Make hero-mood;  
Prophets upspring,  
Poets, too, sing;  
Music is life  
To peace and strife,—  
And men have ever heeded  
What chief by them is needed.

In Dorian mood when he would sing,  
Timotheus the charmer,  
'T is said the famous lyre would bring  
All listeners into armor:  
It woke in Alexander rage  
For war, and nought would slake it,  
Unless he could the world engage,  
And his by conquest make it.  
Timotheus  
Of Miletus  
Could strongly sing  
To rouse the King  
Of Macedon,  
Heroic one,  
Till, in his ire  
And manly fire,  
For shield and weapon rising,  
He went, the foe chastising.

For what God drives, that ever goes,—  
So sang courageous Judith;  
No one can such as He oppose;  
There prospers what He broodeth.  
Who has from God a martial mood,  
Through all resistance breaking,  
Can prove himself 'gainst heroes good,  
On foes a vengeance taking.  
Drums, when we droop;  
Stand fast, my troop!  
Let dart and sabre  
The air belabor;  
Give them no heed,  
But be agreed  
That flight 's a breach of honor:  
Of that be hearty scorner.

Although a part, as haps away,  
Will faintly take to fleeing,  
A lion's heart have I to-day  
For Kaiser Henry's seeing.  
The wheat springs forth, the chaff 's behind;\*  
Strike harder, then, and braver;

\* This was first said by Rudolph of Erlach at the Battle of Laupen, in 1339, fought between citizens of Berne and the neighboring lords. The great array of the nobles caused the rear ranks of the Bernese to shrink. "Good!" cried Erlach, "the chaff is separated from the wheat! Cowards will not share the victory of the brave."—Zschokke's *History of Switzerland*, p. 48, Shaw's translation.



Perhaps they all will change their mind,  
 So, brothers, do not waver!  
 Kyrie eleison!  
 Pidi, Pom, Pom, Pom,  
 Alarum beat,  
 There 's no retreat;  
 Wilt soon be slashed,  
 Be pierced and gashed:  
 But none of these things heeding,  
 The foe, too, set a-bleeding.

Many good surgeons have we here,  
 Again to heal us ready;  
 With God's help, then, be of good cheer,  
 The Pagans grow unsteady:  
 Let not thy courage sink before  
 A foe already flying;  
 Revenge itself shall give thee more,  
 And hearten it, if dying.  
 Drom, Drari, Drom,  
 Kyrie eleison!  
 Strike, thrust, — for we  
 Must victors be;  
 Let none fall out,  
 Keep order stout;  
 Close to my side,  
 Comrade, abide!  
 Be grace of God revealed now,  
 And help us hold the field now!

God doth Himself encamp us round,  
 Himself the fight inspiring;  
 The foe no longer stands his ground,  
 On every side retiring:  
 Ye brothers, now set boldly on  
 The hostile ranks! — they waver, —  
 They break before us and are gone, —  
 Praise be to God the Saver!  
 Drom, Drari, Drom,  
 Come, brother, come!  
 Drums, make a noise!  
 My troops, rejoice!  
 Help now pursue  
 And thrust and hew;  
 Pillage restrain, —  
 The spoils remain  
 In reach of every finger,  
 But not a foe will linger.

Ye bold campaigners, praise the Lord,  
 And strifeful heroes, take now  
 The prize He doth to us accord,  
 Good cheer and pillage make now:  
 What each one finds that let him take,  
 But friendly share your booty,  
 For parents', wives', and children's sake,  
 For household use or beauty.  
 Pidi, Pom, Pom, Pom,  
 Field-surgeon come,  
 My gash to bind,  
 Am nearly blind, —

The arrows stick,  
 Out pull them quick, —  
 A bandage here,  
 To save my ear, —  
 Come, bind me up,  
 And reach a cup, —  
 Ho, here at hand,  
 I cannot stand, —  
 Reach hither what you 're drinking,  
 My heart is 'neath me sinking.

War-comrades all, heart's-brothers good,  
 I spare no skill and labor,  
 For these your hurts in hero-mood  
 You got from hostile sabre.  
 Now well behave, keep up thy heart,  
 God's help itself will tend thee;  
 Although at present great the smart,  
 To dress the wound will mend thee:  
 Wash off the blood,  
 Time makes it good, —  
 Reach me the shear, —  
 A plaster here, —  
 Hold out your arm,  
 'T is no great harm, —  
 Give drink to stay,  
 He limps away:  
 Thank God, their wounds all tended,  
 Be dart- and pike-hole mended!

Three faces does a surgeon wear:  
 At first God is not higher;  
 And when with wounds they illy fare,  
 He comes in angel's tire;  
 But soon as word is said of pay,  
 How gracelessly they grieve him!  
 They bid his odious face away,  
 Or knavishly deceive him:  
 No thanks for it  
 Spoils benefit,  
 Ill to endure  
 For drugs that cure;  
 Pay and respect  
 Should he collect,  
 For at his art  
 Your woes depart;  
 God bids him speed  
 To you in need;  
 Therefore our dues be giving,  
 God wills us all a living.

No death so blessed in the world  
 As his who, struck by foeman,  
 Upon the airy field is hurled,  
 Nor hears lament of woman;  
 From narrow beds death one by one  
 His pale recruits is calling,  
 But comrades here are not alone,  
 Like Whitsun blossoms falling.  
 'T is no ill jest  
 To say that best

Of ways to die  
 Is thus to lie  
 In honor's sleep,  
 With none to weep:  
 Marched out of life  
 By drum and fife  
 To airy grave,  
 Thus heroes crave  
 A worthy fame, —  
 Men say his name  
 Is *Fatherland's Befriender*,  
 By life and blood surrender.

With the introduction of standing armies popular warlike poetry falls away, and is succeeded by camp-songs, and artistic renderings of martial subjects by professed poets. The people no longer do the fighting; they foot the bills and write melancholy hymns. Weckerlin (1584–1651) wrote some hearty and simple things; among others, *Frisch auf, ihr tapfere Soldaten*, "Ye soldiers bold, be full of cheer." Michael Altenburg, (1583–1640,) who served on the Protestant side, wrote a hymn after the Battle of Leipsic, 1631, from the watch word, "God with us," which was given to the troops that day. His hymn was afterwards made famous by Gustavus Adolphus, who sang it at the head of his soldiers before the Battle of Lützen, November 16, 1632, in which he fell. Here it is. (*Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein*.)

Be not cast down, thou little band,  
 Although the foe with purpose stand  
 To make thy ruin sure;  
 Because they seek thy overthrow,  
 Thou art right sorrowful and low:  
 It will not long endure.

Be comforted that God will make  
 Thy cause His own, and vengeance take, —  
 'T is His, and let it reign:  
 He knoweth well His Gideon,  
 Through him already hath begun  
 Thee and His Word sustain.

Sure word of God it is to tell  
 That Satan, world, and gates of hell,  
 And all their following,  
 Must come at last to misery:  
 God is with us, — with God are we, —  
 He will the victory bring.

Here is certainly a falling off from Luther's *Ein feste Burg*, but his spirit was in the fight; and the hymn is won-

derfully improved when the great Swedish captain takes it to his death.

Von Kleist (1715–1759) studied law at Königsberg, but later became an officer in the Prussian service. He wrote, in 1759, an ode to the Prussian army, was wounded at the Battle of Künersdorf, where Frederic the Great lost his army and received a ball in his snuff-box. His poetry is very poor stuff. The weight of the enemy crushes down the hills and makes the planet tremble; agony and eternal night impend; and where the Austrian horses drink, the water fails. But his verses were full of good advice to the soldiers, to spare, in the progress of their great achievements, the poor peasant who is not their foe, to help his need, and to leave pillage to Croats and cowards. The advice was less palatable to Frederic's troops than the verses.

But there were two famous soldier's songs, of unknown origin, the pets of every camp, which piqued all the poets into writing war-verses as soon as the genius of Frederic kindled such enthusiasm among Prussians. The first was an old one about Prince Eugene, who was another hero, loved in camps, and besung with ardor around every watch-fire. It is a genuine soldier's song.

Prince Eugene, the noble captain,  
 For the Kaiser would recover  
 Town and fortress of Belgrade;  
 So he put a bridge together  
 To transport his army thither,  
 And before the town parade.

When the floating bridge was ready,  
 So that guns and wagons steady  
 Could pass o'er the Danube stream,  
 By Semlin a camp collected,  
 That the Turks might be ejected,  
 To their great chagrin and shame.

Twenty-first of August was it,  
 When a spy in stormy weather  
 Came, and told the Prince and swore  
 That the Turks they all amounted,  
 Near, at least, as could be counted,  
 To three hundred thousand men, or more.

Prince Eugenius never trembled  
 At the news, but straight assembled  
 All his generals to know:

Them he carefully instructed  
How the troops should be conducted  
Smartly to attack the foe.

With the watchword he commanded  
They should wait till twelve was sounded  
At the middle of the night;  
Mounting then upon their horses,  
For a skirmish with the forces,  
Go in earnest at the fight.

Straightway all to horseback getting,  
Weapons handy, forth were setting  
Silently from the redoubt:  
Musketeers, dragoons also,  
Bravely fought and made them fall so, —  
Led them such a dance about.

And our cannoneers advancing  
Furnished music for the dancing,  
With their pieces great and small;  
Great and small upon them playing,  
Heathen were averse to staying,  
Ran, and did not stay at all.

Prince Eugenius on the right wing  
Like a lion did his fighting,  
So he did field-marshal's part:  
Prince Ludwig rode from one to th' other,  
Cried, "Keep firm, each German brother,  
Hurt the foe with all your heart!"

Prince Ludwig, struck by bullet leaden,  
With his youthful life did redden,  
And his soul did then resign:  
Badly Prince Eugene wept o'er him,  
For the love he always bore him, —  
Had him brought to Peterwardein.

The music is peculiar, — one flat,  $\frac{5}{4}$  time,  
— a very rare measure, and giving plenty  
of opportunity for a quaint camp-style of  
singing.

The other song appeared during Frederic's Silesian War. It contains some choice reminiscences of his favorite rhetoric.

Fridericus Rex, our master and king,  
His soldiers altogether to the field would  
bring,  
Battalions two hundred, and a thousand  
squadrons clear,  
And cartridges sixty to every grenadier.

"Cursed fellows, ye!" — his Majesty began, —  
"For me stand in battle, each man to man;  
Silesia and County Glatz to me they will not  
grant,  
Nor the hundred millions either which I  
want.

"The Empress and the French have gone to  
be allied,  
And the Roman kingdom has revolted from  
my side,  
And the Russians are bringing into Prussia  
war; —  
Up, let us show them that we Prussians are!

"My General Schwerin, and Field-Marshal  
Von Keith,  
And Von Ziethen, Major-General, are ready  
for a fight;  
Turban-spitting Element! Cross and Light-  
ning get  
Who has not found Fritz and his soldiers out  
yet!

"Now adieu, Louisa! \* — Louisa, dry your  
eyes!  
There's not a soldier's life for every ball that  
flies;  
For if all the bullets singly hit their men,  
Where could our Majesties get soldiers then?

"Now the hole a musket-bullet makes is  
small, —  
'T is a larger hole made by a cannon-ball;  
But the bullets all are of iron and of lead,  
And many a bullet goes for many overhead.

"'T is a right heavy calibre to our artillery,  
And never goes a Prussian over to the enemy,  
For 't is cursed bad money that the Swedes  
have to pay;  
Is there any better coin of the Austrian? —  
who can say?

"The French are paid off in pomade by their  
king,  
But each week in pennies we get our reckon-  
ing;  
Sacrament of Cross and Lightning! Turbans,  
spit away!  
Who draws so promptly as the Prussian his  
pay?"

With a laurel-wreath adorned, Fridericus my  
King,  
If you had only oftener permitted plundering,  
Fridericus Rex, king and hero of the fight,  
We would drive the Devil for thee out of  
sight!

Among the songs which the military  
ardor of this period stimulated, the best  
are those by Gleim, (1719-1803,) called  
"Songs of a Prussian Grenadier." All  
the literary men, Lessing not excepted,  
were seized with the Prussian enthusiasm;

\* His queen.



the pen ravaged the domain of sentiment to collect trophies for Father Friedrich. The desolation it produced in the attempt to write the word *Glory* could be matched only by the sword. But Gleim was a man of spirit and considerable power. The shock of Frederic's military successes made him suddenly drop the pen with which he had been inditing Anacreontics, and weak, rhymeless Horatian moods. His grenadier-songs, though often meagre and inflated, and marked with the literary vices of the time, do still account for the great fame which they acquired, as they went marching with the finest army that Europe ever saw. Here is a specimen:—

VICTORY-SONG AFTER THE BATTLE NEAR  
PRAGUE.

Victoria! with us is God;  
There lies the haughty foe!  
He falls, for righteous is our God;  
Victoria! he lies low.

'T is true our father\* is no more,  
Yet hero-like he went,  
And now the conquering host looks o'er  
From high and starry tent.

The noble man, he led the way  
For God and Fatherland,  
And scarce was his old head so gray  
As valiant his hand.

With fire of youth and hero-craft  
A banner snatching, he  
Held it aloft upon its shaft  
For all of us to see;

And said,—"My children, now attack,—  
Take each redoubt and gun!"  
And swifter than the lightning track  
We followed, every one.

Alas, the flag that led the strife  
Falls with him ere we win!  
It was a glorious end of life:  
O fortunate Schwerin!

And when thy Frederic saw thee low,  
From out his sobbing breath

\* Marshal Schwerin, seventy years of age, who was killed at the head of a regiment, with its colors in his hand, just as it crossed through the fire to the enemy's intrenchments.

His orders hurled us on the foe  
In vengeance for thy death.

Thou, Henry,\* wert a soldier true,  
Thou foughtest royally!  
From deed to deed our glances flew,  
Thou lion-youth, with thee!

A Prussian heart with valor quick,  
Right Christian was his mood:  
Red grew his sword, and flowing thick  
His steps with Pandour †-blood.

Full seven earth-works did we clear,  
The bear-skins broke and fled;  
Then, Frederic, went thy grenadier  
High over heaps of dead:

Remembered, in the murderous fight,  
God, Fatherland, and thee,—  
Turned, from the deep and smoky night,  
His Frederic to see,

And trembled,—with a flush of fear  
His visage mounted high;  
He trembled, not that death was near,  
But lest thou, too, shouldst die:

Despised the balls like scattered seed,  
The cannon's thunder-tone,  
Fought fiercely, did a hero's deed,  
Till all thy foes had flown.

Now thanks he God for all His might,  
And sings, Victoria!  
And all the blood from out this fight  
Flows to Theresia.

And if she will not stay the plague,  
Nor peace to thee concede,  
Storm with us, Frederic, first her Prague,  
Then to Vienna lead!

The love which the soldiers had for  
Frederic survived in the army after all  
the veterans of his wars had passed away.  
It is well preserved in this camp-song:—

THE INVALIDES AT FATHER FREDERIC'S  
GRAVE.

Here stump we round upon our crutches, round  
our Father's grave we go,  
And from our eyelids down our grizzled beards  
the bitter tears will flow.

\* The King's brother.

† A corps of foot-soldiers in the Austrian service, eventually incorporated in the army. They were composed of Servians, Croats, etc., inhabitants of the military frontier, and were named originally from the village of Pandúr in Lower Hungary, where probably the first recruits were gathered.

'T was long ago, with Frederic living, that we  
got our lawful gains:

A meagre ration now they serve us, — life's no  
longer worth the pains.

Here stump we round, deserted orphans, and  
with tears each other see, —

Are waiting for our marching orders hence,  
to be again with thee.

Yes, Father, only could we buy thee, with our  
blood, by Heaven, yes, —

We Invalides, forlorn detachment, straight  
through death would storming press!

When the German princes issued to  
their subjects unlimited orders for Con-  
stitutions, to be filled up and presented  
after the domination of Napoleon was  
destroyed, all classes hastened, fervid  
with hope and anti-Gallic feeling, to  
offer their best men for the War of Lib-  
eration. Then the poets took again their  
rhythm from an air vibrating with the can-  
non's pulse. There was Germanic unity  
for a while, fed upon expectation and the  
smoke of successful fields. Most of the  
songs of this period have been already  
translated. Rückert, in a series of verses  
which he called "Sonnets in Armor,"  
gave a fine scholarly expression to the  
popular desires. Here is his exultation  
over the Battle of Leipsic:—

Can there no song  
Roar with a might  
Loud as the fight  
Leipsic's region along?

Three days and three nights,  
No moment of rest,  
And not for a jest,  
Went thundering the fights.

Three days and three nights  
Leipsic Fair kept: Frenchmen who pleased  
There with an iron yardstick were meas-  
ured,  
Bringing the reckoning with them to rights.

Three days and all night  
A battue of larks the Leipsicker makes,  
Every haul a hundred he takes,  
A thousand each fight.

Ha! it is good,  
Now that the Russian can boast no longer  
He alone of us is stronger  
To slake his steppes with hostile blood.

Not in the frosty North alone,  
But here in Meissen,  
Here at Leipsic on the Pleissen,  
Can the French be overthrown.

Shallow Pleissen deep is flowing;  
Plains upheaving,  
The dead receiving,  
Seem to mountains for us growing.

They will be our mountains never,  
But this fame  
Shall be our claim  
On the rolls of earth forever.

What all this amounted to, when the  
German people began to send in their con-  
stitutional *cartes-blanches*, is nicely taken  
off by Hoffman von Fallersleben, in this  
mock war-song, published in 1842:—

*All sing.*

Hark to the beating drum!  
See how the people come!  
Flag in the van!  
We follow, man for man.  
Rouse, rouse  
From hearth and house!  
Ye women and children, good night!  
Forth we hasten, we hasten to the fight,  
With God for our King and Fatherland.

*A night-patrol of 1813 sings.*

O God! and why, and why,  
For princes' whim, renown, and might,  
To the fight?  
For court-flies and other crows,  
To blows?  
For the nonage of our folk,  
Into smoke?  
For must-war-meal and class-tax,  
To thwacks?  
For privilege and censorship —  
Hum —  
Into battle without winking?  
But — I was thinking —

*All sing.*

Hark to the beating drum!  
See how the people come!  
Flag in the van!  
We follow, man for man:  
In battle's roar  
The time is o'er  
To ask for reasons, — hear, the drum  
Again is calling, — tum — tum — tum, —  
With God for King and Fatherland.

Or to put it in two stanzas of his, written

on a visit to the Valhalla, or Hall of German Worthies, at Regensburg: —

I salute thee, sacred Hall,  
Chronicle of German glory!  
I salute ye, heroes all  
Of the new time and the hoary!

Patriot heroes, from your sleep  
Into being could ye pass!  
No, a king would rather keep  
Patriots in stone and brass.

The Danish sea-songs, like those of the English, are far better than the land-songs of the soldiers: but here is one with a true and temperate sentiment, which the present war will readily help us to appreciate. It is found in a book of Danish popular songs.\* (*Herlig er Krigerens Færd.*)

Good is the soldier's trade,  
For envy well made:  
The lightning-blade  
Over force-men he swingeth;  
A loved one shall prize  
The honor he bringeth;  
Is there a duty?  
That 's soldier's booty, —  
To have it he dies.

True for his king and land  
The Northman will stand;  
An oath is a band, —  
He never can rend it;  
The dear coast, 't is right  
A son should defend it;  
For battle he burneth,  
Death's smile he returneth,  
And bleeds with delight.

Scars well set off his face, —  
Each one is a grace;  
His profit they trace, —  
No labor shines brighter:  
A wreath is the scar  
On the brow of a fighter;  
His maid thinks him fairer,  
His ornament rarer  
Than coat with a star.

Reaches the king his hand,  
That makes his soul grand,  
And fast loyal band  
Round his heart it is slinging;  
From Fatherland's good

\* *Sange til Brug for blandede Selskaber*, samlede af FREDERIK SCHALDEMOSE. 1816.  
Songs for Use in Social Meetings, etc.

The motion was springing:  
His deeds so requited,  
Is gratefully lighted  
A man's highest mood.

Bravery's holy fire,  
Beam nobler and higher,  
And light our desire  
A path out of madness!  
By courage and deed  
We conquer peace-gladness:  
We suffer for that thing,  
We strike but for that thing,  
And gladly we bleed.

But our material threatens the space we have at command. Four more specimens must suffice for the present. They are all favorite soldier-songs. The first is by Chamisso, known popularly as the author of "Peter Schlemihl's Shadow," and depicts the mood of a soldier who has been detailed to assist in a military execution: —

The muffled drums to our marching play.  
How distant the spot, and how long the way!  
Oh, were I at rest, and the bitterness through!  
Methinks it will break my heart in two!

Him only I loved of all below, —  
Him only who yet to death must go;  
At the rolling music we parade,  
And of me too, me, the choice is made!

Once more, and the last, he looks upon  
The cheering light of heaven's sun;  
But now his eyes they are binding tight:  
God grant to him rest and other light!

Nine muskets are lifted to the eye,  
Eight bullets have gone whistling by;  
They trembled all with comrades' smart, —  
But I — I hit him in his heart!

The next is by Von Holtei: —

#### THE VETERAN TO HIS CLOAK.

Full thirty years art thou of age, hast many a  
storm lived through,  
Brother-like hast round me tightened,  
And whenever cannons lightened,  
Both of us no terror knew.

Wet soaking to the skin we lay for many a  
blessed night,  
Thou alone hast warmth imparted,  
And if I was heavy-hearted,  
Telling thee would make me light.



My secrets thou hast never spoke, wert ever  
still and true;

Every tatter did befriend me,  
Therefore I'll no longer mend thee,  
Lest, old chap, 't would make thee new.

And dearer still art thou to me when jests  
about thee roll;

For where the rags below are dropping,  
There went through the bullets popping, —  
Every bullet makes a hole.

And when the final bullet comes to stop a  
German heart,

Then, old cloak, a grave provide me,  
Weather-beaten friend, still hide me,  
As I sleep in thee apart.

There lie we till the roll-call together in the  
grave:

For the roll I shall be heedful,  
Therefore it will then be needful  
For me an old cloak to have.

The next one is taken from a student-  
song book, and was probably written in  
1814: —

#### THE CANTEN.

Just help me, Lottie, as I spring;

My arm is feeble, see, —

I still must have it in a sling;

Be softly now with me!

But do not let the canteen slip, —

Here, take it first, I pray, —

For when that 's broken from my lip,

All joys will flow away.

"And why for that so anxious? — pshaw!

It is not worth a pin:

The common glass, the bit of straw,

And not a drop within!"

No matter, Lottie, take it out, —

'T is past your reckoning:

Yes, look it round and round about, —

There drank from it — my King!

By Leipsic near, if you must know, —

'T was just no children's play, —

A ball hit me a grievous blow,

And in the crowd I lay;

Nigh death, they bore me from the scene,

My garments off they fling,

Yet held I fast by my canteen, —

There drank from it — my King!

For once our ranks in passing through

He paused, — we saw his face;

Around us keen the volleys flew, ;

He calmly kept his place.

He thirsted, — I could see it plain,

And courage took to bring

My old canteen for him to drain, —

He drank from it — my King!

He touched me on the shoulder here,

And said, "I thank thee, friend, —

Thy liquor gives me timely cheer, —

Thou didst right well intend."

O'erjoyed at this, I cried aloud,

"O comrades, who can bring

Canteen like this to make him proud? —

There drank from it — my King!"

That old canteen shall no one have,

The best of treasures mine;

Put it at last upon my grave,

And under it this line:

"He fought at Leipsic, whom this green

Is softly covering;

Best household good was his canteen, —

There drank from it — his King!"

And finally, a song for all the cam-  
paigns of life: —

Morning-red! morning-red!

Lightest me towards the dead!

Soon the trumpets will be blowing,

Then from life must I be going,

I, and comrades many a one.

Soon as thought, soon as thought,

Pleasure to an end is brought:

Yesterday upon proud horses, —

Shot to-day, our quiet corse

Are to-morrow in the grave.

And how soon, and how soon,

Vanish shape and beauty's noon!

Of thy cheeks a moment vaunting,

Like the milk and purple flaunting, —

Ah, the roses fade away!

And what, then, and what, then,

Is the joy and lust of men?

Ever caring, ever getting,

From the early morn-light fretting

Till the day is past and gone.

Therefore still, therefore still

I content me, as God will:

Fighting stoutly, nought shall shake me:

For should death itself o'ertake me,

Then a gallant soldier dies.

## FROUDE'S HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THE spirit of historical criticism in the present age is on the whole a charitable spirit. Many public characters have been heard through their advocates at the bar of history, and the judgments long since passed upon them and their deeds, and deferentially accepted for centuries, have been set aside, and others of a widely different character pronounced. Julius Cæsar, who was wont to stand as the model usurper, and was regarded as having wantonly destroyed Roman liberty in order to gratify his towering ambition, is now regarded as a political reformer of the very highest and best class,—as the man who alone thoroughly understood his age and his country, and who was Heaven's own instrument to rescue unnumbered millions from the misrule of an oligarchy whose members looked upon mankind as their proper prey. He did not overthrow the freedom of Rome, but he took from Romans the power to destroy the personal freedom of all the races by them subdued. He identified the interests of the conquered peoples with those of the central government, so far as that work was possible,—thus proceeding in the spirit of the early Roman conquerors, who sought to comprehend even the victims of their wars in the benefits which proceeded from those wars. This view of his career is a sounder one than that which so long prevailed, and which enabled orators to round periods with references to the Rubicon. It is not thirty years since one of the first of American statesmen told the national Senate that "Julius Cæsar struck down Roman liberty at Pharsalia," and probably there was not one man in his audience who supposed that he was uttering anything beyond a truism, though they must have been puzzled to discover any resemblance between "the mighty Julius" and Mr. Martin Van Buren, the gentleman whom the orator was cutting up, and who was actually in the chair while Mr. Calhoun

was seeking to kill him, in a political sense, by quotations from Plutarch's Lives. We have learnt something since 1834 concerning Rome and Cæsar as well as of our own country and its chiefs, and the man who should now bring forward the conqueror of Gaul as a vulgar usurper would be almost as much laughed at as would be that man who should insist that General Jackson destroyed American liberty when he removed the deposits from the national bank. The facts and fears of one generation often furnish material for nothing but jests and jeers to that generation's successors; and we who behold a million of men in arms, fighting for or against the American Union, and all calling themselves Americans, are astonished when we read or remember that our immediate predecessors in the political world went to the verge of madness on the Currency question. Perhaps the men of 1889 may be equally astonished, when they shall turn to files of newspapers that were published in 1862, and read therein the details of those events that now excite so painful an interest in hundreds of thousands of families. Nothing is so easy as to condemn the past, except the misjudging of the present, and the failure to comprehend the future.

Men of a very different stamp from the first of the Romans have been allowed the benefits that come from a rehearsing of their causes. Robespierre, whose deeds are within the memory of many yet living, has found champions, and it is now admitted by all who can effect that greatest of conquests, the subjugation of their prejudices, that he was an honest fanatic, a man of iron will, but of small intellect, who had the misfortune, the greatest that can fall to the lot of humanity, to be placed by the force of circumstances in a position which would have tried the soundest of heads, even had that head been united with the purest

Land. She was silent for a little time, and then she murmured, lingering gently on the words, 'No, it must not be. We are, indeed, inalienably one, in a nearer and dearer sense than can be expressed by any transient symbol. Let us not seek to quit the spiritual sphere in which we have long dwelt and communed together, for one liable to discord and misinterpretation. I have an irresistible impression that my life here will be very brief. While I remain, come to me when you will, let me be the Egeria of your hours of leisure, and a consoler in your cares,—but let us

await, for another and a higher life, the more perfect consummation of our love. For, oh, believe, as I believe, faith is no mockery, nor is the heart's prophecy a lie. We were not born to be the dupes of dreams or the sport of chance. The voice which whispered to me long ago the promise fulfilled in this hour tells me that in a bright Hereafter we shall find compensation for every sorrow, reality for every ideal, and that there at last shall be resolved in luminous perception the veiled and troubled mystery of PRESENCE!"

## CHIEFLY ABOUT WAR-MATTERS.

BY A PEACEABLE MAN.

THERE is no remoteness of life and thought, no hermetically sealed seclusion, except, possibly, that of the grave, into which the disturbing influences of this war do not penetrate. Of course, the general heart-quake of the country long ago knocked at my cottage-door, and compelled me, reluctantly, to suspend the contemplation of certain fantasies, to which, according to my harmless custom, I was endeavoring to give a sufficiently life-like aspect to admit of their figuring in a romance. As I make no pretensions to state-craft or soldiership, and could promote the common weal neither by valor nor counsel, it seemed, at first, a pity that I should be debarred from such unsubstantial business as I had contrived for myself, since nothing more genuine was to be substituted for it. But I magnanimously considered that there is a kind of treason in insulating one's self from the universal fear and sorrow, and thinking one's idle thoughts in the dread time of civil war; and could a man be so cold and hard-hearted, he would better deserve to be sent to Fort Warren than

many who have found their way thither on the score of violent, but misdirected sympathies. I remembered the touching rebuke administered by King Charles to that rural squire the echo of whose hunting-horn came to the poor monarch's ear on the morning before a battle, where the sovereignty and constitution of England were to be set at stake. So I gave myself up to reading newspapers and listening to the click of the telegraph, like other people; until, after a great many months of such pastime, it grew so abominably irksome that I determined to look a little more closely at matters with my own eyes.

Accordingly we set out—a friend and myself—towards Washington, while it was still the long, dreary January of our Northern year, though March in name; nor were we unwilling to clip a little margin off the five months' winter, during which there is nothing genial in New England save the fireside. It was a clear, frosty morning, when we started. The sun shone brightly on snow-covered hills in the neighborhood of Boston, and bur-



nished the surface of frozen ponds; and the wintry weather kept along with us while we trundled through Worcester and Springfield, and all those old, familiar towns, and through the village-cities of Connecticut. In New York the streets were afloat with liquid mud and slosh. Over New Jersey there was still a thin covering of snow, with the face of Nature visible through the rents in her white shroud, though with little or no symptom of reviving life. But when we reached Philadelphia, the air was mild and balmy; there was but a patch or two of dingy winter here and there, and the bare, brown fields about the city were ready to be green. We had met the Spring half-way, in her slow progress from the South; and if we kept onward at the same pace, and could get through the Rebel lines, we should soon come to fresh grass, fruit-blossoms, green peas, strawberries, and all such delights of early summer.

On our way, we heard many rumors of the war, but saw few signs of it. The people were staid and decorous, according to their ordinary fashion; and business seemed about as brisk as usual,—though, I suppose, it was considerably diverted from its customary channels into warlike ones. In the cities, especially in New York, there was a rather prominent display of military goods at the shop-windows,—such as swords with gilded scabbards and trappings, epaulets, carabines, revolvers, and sometimes a great iron cannon at the edge of the pavement, as if Mars had dropped one of his pocket-pistols there, while hurrying to the field. As railway-companions, we had now and then a volunteer in his French-gray great-coat, returning from furlough, or a new-made officer travelling to join his regiment, in his new-made uniform, which was perhaps all of the military character that he had about him,—but proud of his eagle-buttons, and likely enough to do them honor before the gilt should be wholly dimmed. The country, in short, so far as bustle and movement went, was more quiet than in ordinary times, be-

cause so large a proportion of its restless elements had been drawn towards the seat of conflict. But the air was full of a vague disturbance. To me, at least, it seemed so, emerging from such a solitude as has been hinted at, and the more impressible by rumors and indefinable presentiments, since I had not lived, like other men, in an atmosphere of continual talk about the war. A battle was momentarily expected on the Potomac; for, though our army was still on the hither side of the river, all of us were looking towards the mysterious and terrible Manassas, with the idea that somewhere in its neighborhood lay a ghastly battlefield, yet to be fought, but foredoomed of old to be bloodier than the one where we had reaped such shame. Of all haunted places, methinks such a destined field should be thickest thronged with ugly phantoms, ominous of mischief through ages beforehand.

Beyond Philadelphia there was a much greater abundance of military people. Between Baltimore and Washington a guard seemed to hold every station along the railroad; and frequently, on the hill-sides, we saw a collection of weather-beaten tents, the peaks of which, blackened with smoke, indicated that they had been made comfortable by stove-heat throughout the winter. At several commanding positions we saw fortifications, with the muzzles of cannon protruding from the ramparts, the slopes of which were made of the yellow earth of that region, and still unsodded; whereas, till these troublous times, there have been no forts but what were grass-grown with the lapse of at least a lifetime of peace. Our stopping-places were thronged with soldiers, some of whom came through the cars, asking for newspapers that contained accounts of the battle between the Merrimack and Monitor, which had been fought the day before. A railway-train met us, conveying a regiment out of Washington to some unknown point; and reaching the capital, we filed out of the station between lines of soldiers, with shouldered muskets, putting us in mind of similar spectacles

at the gates of European cities. It was not without sorrow that we saw the free circulation of the nation's life-blood (at the very heart, moreover) clogged with such strictures as these, which have caused chronic diseases in almost all countries save our own. Will the time ever come again, in America, when we may live half a score of years without once seeing the likeness of a soldier, except it be in the festal march of a company on its summer tour? Not in this generation, I fear, nor in the next, nor till the Millennium; and even that blessed epoch, as the prophecies seem to intimate, will advance to the sound of the trumpet.

One terrible idea occurs, in reference to this matter. Even supposing the war should end to-morrow, and the army melt into the mass of the population within the year, what an incalculable preponderance will there be of military titles and pretensions for at least half a century to come! Every country-neighborhood will have its general or two, its three or four colonels, half a dozen majors, and captains without end,—besides non-commissioned officers and privates, more than the recruiting-offices ever knew of,—all with their campaign-stories, which will become the staple of fireside-talk forevermore. Military merit, or rather, since that is not so readily estimated, military notoriety, will be the measure of all claims to civil distinction. One bullet-headed general will succeed another in the Presidential chair; and veterans will hold the offices at home and abroad, and sit in Congress and the State legislatures, and fill all the avenues of public life. And yet I do not speak of this deprecatingly, since, very likely, it may substitute something more real and genuine, instead of the many shams on which men have heretofore founded their claims to public regard; but it behooves civilians to consider their wretched prospects in the future, and assume the military button before it is too late.

We were not in time to see Washington as a camp. On the very day of our

arrival sixty thousand men had crossed the Potomac on their march towards Manassas; and almost with their first step into the Virginia mud, the phantasmagory of a countless host and impregnable ramparts, before which they had so long remained quiescent, dissolved quite away. It was as if General McClellan had thrust his sword into a gigantic enemy, and, beholding him suddenly collapse, had discovered to himself and the world that he had merely punctured an enormously swollen bladder. There are instances of a similar character in old romances, where great armies are long kept at bay by the arts of necromancers, who build airy towers and battlements, and muster warriors of terrible aspect, and thus feign a defence of seeming impregnability, until some bolder champion of the besiegers dashes forward to try an encounter with the foremost foeman, and finds him melt away in the death-grapple. With such heroic adventures let the march upon Manassas be hereafter reckoned. The whole business, though connected with the destinies of a nation, takes inevitably a tinge of the ludicrous. The vast preparation of men and warlike material,—the majestic patience and docility with which the people waited through those weary and dreary months,—the martial skill, courage, and caution, with which our movement was ultimately made,—and, at last, the tremendous shock with which we were brought suddenly up against nothing at all! The Southerners show little sense of humor nowadays, but I think they must have meant to provoke a laugh at our expense, when they planted those Quaker guns. At all events, no other Rebel artillery has played upon us with such overwhelming effect.

The troops being gone, we had the better leisure and opportunity to look into other matters. It is natural enough to suppose that the centre and heart, of Washington is the Capitol; and certainly, in its outward aspect, the world has not many statelier or more beautiful edifices, nor any, I should suppose, more skilfully adapted to legislative purposes, and

to all accompanying needs. But, etc., etc.\*

We found one man, however, at the Capitol, who was satisfactorily adequate to the business which brought him thither. In quest of him, we went through halls, galleries, and corridors, and ascended a noble staircase, balustraded with a dark and beautifully variegated marble from Tennessee, the richness of which is quite a sufficient cause for objecting to the secession of that State. At last we came to a barrier of pine boards, built right across the stairs. Knocking at a rough, temporary door, we thrust a card beneath; and in a minute or two it was opened by a person in his shirt-sleeves, a middle-aged figure, neither tall nor short, of Teutonic build and aspect, with an ample beard of a ruddy tinge and chestnut hair. He looked at us, in the first place, with keen and somewhat guarded eyes, as if it were not his practice to vouchsafe any great warmth of greeting, except upon sure ground of observation. Soon, however, his look grew kindly and genial, (not that it had ever been in the least degree repulsive, but only reserved,) and Leutze allowed us to gaze at the cartoon of his great fresco, and talked about it unaffectedly, as only a man of true genius can speak of his own works. Meanwhile the noble design spoke for itself upon the wall. A sketch in color, which we saw afterwards, helped us to form some distant and flickering notion of what the picture will be, a few months hence, when these bare outlines, already so rich in thought and suggestiveness, shall glow with a fire of their own,—a fire which, I truly believe, will consume every other pictorial decoration of the

Capitol, or, at least, will compel us to banish those stiff and respectable productions to some less conspicuous gallery. The work will be emphatically original and American, embracing characteristics that neither art nor literature have yet dealt with, and producing new forms of artistic beauty from the natural features of the Rocky-Mountain region, which Leutze seems to have studied broadly and minutely. The garb of the hunters and wanderers of those deserts, too, under his free and natural management, is shown as the most picturesque of costumes. But it would be doing this admirable painter no kind office to overlay his picture with any more of my colorless and uncertain words; so I shall merely add that it looked full of energy, hope, progress, irrepressible movement onward, all represented in a momentary pause of triumph; and it was most cheering to feel its good augury at this dismal time, when our country might seem to have arrived at such a deadly stand-still.

It was an absolute comfort, indeed, to find Leutze so quietly busy at this great national work, which is destined to glow for centuries on the walls of the Capitol, if that edifice shall stand, or must share its fate, if treason shall succeed in subverting it with the Union which it represents. It was delightful to see him so calmly elaborating his design, while other men doubted and feared, or hoped treacherously, and whispered to one another that the nation would exist only a little longer, or that, if a remnant still held together, its centre and seat of government would be far northward and westward of Washington. But the artist keeps right on, firm of heart and hand, drawing his outlines with an unwavering pencil, beautifying and idealizing our rude, material life, and thus manifesting that we have an indefeasible claim to a more enduring national existence. In honest truth, what with the hope-inspiring influence of the design, and what with Leutze's undisturbed evolvement of it, I was exceedingly encouraged, and allowed these cheerful auguries to weigh against

\* We omit several paragraphs here, in which the author speaks of some prominent Members of Congress with a freedom that seems to have been not unkindly meant, but might be liable to misconstruction. As he admits that he never listened to an important debate, we can hardly recognize his qualification to estimate these gentlemen, in their legislative and oratorical capacities.



a sinister omen that was pointed out to me in another part of the Capitol. The freestone walls of the central edifice are pervaded with great cracks, and threaten to come thundering down, under the immense weight of the iron dome, — an appropriate catastrophe enough, if it should occur on the day when we drop the Southern stars out of our flag.

Everybody seems to be at Washington, and yet there is a singular dearth of imperatively noticeable people there. I question whether there are half a dozen individuals, in all kinds of eminence, at whom a stranger, wearied with the contact of a hundred moderate celebrities, would turn round to snatch a second glance. Secretary Seward, to be sure, — a pale, large-nosed, elderly man, of moderate stature, with a decided originality of gait and aspect, and a cigar in his mouth, — etc., etc.\*

Of course, there was one other personage, in the class of statesmen, whom I should have been truly mortified to leave Washington without seeing; since (temporarily, at least, and by force of circumstances) he was the man of men. But a private grief had built up a barrier about him, impeding the customary free intercourse of Americans with their chief magistrate; so that I might have come away without a glimpse of his very remarkable physiognomy, save for a semi-official opportunity of which I was glad to take advantage. The fact is, we were invited to annex ourselves, as supernumeraries, to a deputation that was about to wait upon the President, from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip.

Our immediate party consisted only of four or five, (including Major Ben Perley Poore, with his note-book and pencil,)

\* We are again compelled to interfere with our friend's license of personal description and criticism. Even Cabinet Ministers (to whom the next few pages of the article were devoted) have their private immunities, which ought to be conscientiously observed, — unless, indeed, the writer chanced to have some very piquant motives for violating them.

but we were joined by several other persons, who seemed to have been lounging about the precincts of the White House, under the spacious porch, or within the hall, and who swarmed in with us to take the chances of a presentation. Nine o'clock had been appointed as the time for receiving the deputation, and we were punctual to the moment; but not so the President, who sent us word that he was eating his breakfast, and would come as soon as he could. His appetite, we were glad to think, must have been a pretty fair one; for we waited about half an hour in one of the antechambers, and then were ushered into a reception-room, in one corner of which sat the Secretaries of War and of the Treasury, expecting, like ourselves, the termination of the Presidential breakfast. During this interval there were several new additions to our group, one or two of whom were in a working-garb, so that we formed a very miscellaneous collection of people, mostly unknown to each other, and without any common sponsor, but all with an equal right to look our head-servant in the face. By-and-by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passageway, etc., etc.\*

Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities

\* We are compelled to omit two or three pages, in which the author describes the interview, and gives his idea of the personal appearance and deportment of the President. The sketch appears to have been written in a benign spirit, and perhaps conveys a not inaccurate impression of its august subject; but it lacks *reverence*, and it pains us to see a gentleman of ripe age, and who has spent years under the corrective influence of foreign institutions, falling into the characteristic and most ominous fault of Young America.

(already well known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two, in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterwards, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to himself to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a backwoods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime-minister.

Among other excursions to camps and places of interest in the neighborhood of Washington, we went, one day, to Alexandria. It is a little port on the Potomac, with one or two shabby wharves and docks, resembling those of a fishing-village in New England, and the respectable old brick town rising gently behind. In peaceful times it no doubt bore an aspect of decorous quietude and dulness; but it was now thronged with the Northern soldiery, whose stir and bustle contrasted strikingly with the many closed warehouses, the absence of citizens from their customary haunts, and the lack of any symptom of healthy activity, while army-wagons trundled heavily over the

pavements, and sentinels paced the sidewalks, and mounted dragoons dashed to and fro on military errands. I tried to imagine how very disagreeable the presence of a Southern army would be in a sober town of Massachusetts; and the thought considerably lessened my wonder at the cold and shy regards that are cast upon our troops, the gloom, the sullen demeanor, the declared or scarcely hidden sympathy with rebellion, which are so frequent here. It is a strange thing in human life, that the greatest errors both of men and women often spring from their sweetest and most generous qualities; and so, undoubtedly, thousands of warm-hearted, sympathetic, and impulsive persons have joined the Rebels, not from any real zeal for the cause, but because, between two conflicting loyalties, they chose that which necessarily lay nearest the heart. There never existed any other Government against which treason was so easy, and could defend itself by such plausible arguments as against that of the United States. The anomaly of two allegiances (of which that of the State comes nearest home to a man's feelings, and includes the altar and the hearth, while the General Government claims his devotion only to an airy mode of law, and has no symbol but a flag) is exceedingly mischievous in this point of view; for it has converted crowds of honest people into traitors, who seem to themselves not merely innocent, but patriotic, and who die for a bad cause with as quiet a conscience as if it were the best. In the vast extent of our country, — too vast by far to be taken into one small human heart, — we inevitably limit to our own State, or, at farthest, to our own section, that sentiment of physical love for the soil which renders an Englishman, for example, so intensely sensitive to the dignity and well-being of his little island, that one hostile foot, treading anywhere upon it, would make a bruise on each individual breast. If a man loves his own State, therefore, and is content to be ruined with her, let us shoot him, if we can, but

allow him an honorable burial in the soil he fights for.\*

In Alexandria, we visited the tavern in which Colonel Ellsworth was killed, and saw the spot where he fell, and the stairs below, whence Jackson fired the fatal shot, and where he himself was slain a moment afterwards; so that the assassin and his victim must have met on the threshold of the spirit-world, and perhaps came to a better understanding before they had taken many steps on the other side. Ellsworth was too generous to bear an immortal grudge for a deed like that, done in hot blood, and by no skulking enemy. The memorial-hunters have completely cut away the original wood-work around the spot, with their pocket-knives; and the staircase, balustrade, and floor, as well as the adjacent doors and door-frames, have recently been renewed; the walls, moreover, are covered with new paper-hangings, the former having been torn off in tatters; and thus it becomes something like a metaphysical question whether the place of the murder actually exists.

Driving out of Alexandria, we stopped on the edge of the city to inspect an old slave-pen, which is one of the lions of the place, but a very poor one; and a little farther on, we came to a brick church where Washington used sometimes to attend service,—a pre-Revolutionary edifice, with ivy growing over its walls, though not very luxuriantly. Reaching the open country, we saw forts and camps on all sides; some of the tents being placed immediately on the ground, while others were raised over a basement of logs, laid lengthwise, like those of a log-hut, or driven vertically into the soil in a circle,—thus forming a solid wall, the chinks closed up with Virginia mud, and above it the pyramidal shelter of the tent. Here were in progress all the occupations, and all the idleness, of the soldier in the tented

field: some were cooking the company-rations in pots hung over fires in the open air; some played at ball, or developed their muscular power by gymnastic exercise; some read newspapers; some smoked cigars or pipes; and many were cleaning their arms and accoutrements,—the more carefully, perhaps, because their division was to be reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief that afternoon; others sat on the ground, while their comrades cut their hair,—it being a soldierly fashion (and for excellent reasons) to crop it within an inch of the skull; others, finally, lay asleep in breast-high tents, with their legs protruding into the open air.

We paid a visit to Fort Ellsworth, and from its ramparts (which have been heaped up out of the muddy soil within the last few months, and will require still a year or two to make them verdant) we had a beautiful view of the Potomac, a truly majestic river, and the surrounding country. The fortifications, so numerous in all this region, and now so unsightly with their bare, precipitous sides, will remain as historic monuments, grass-grown and picturesque memorials of an epoch of terror and suffering: they will serve to make our country dearer and more interesting to us, and afford fit soil for poetry to root itself in: for this is a plant which thrives best in spots where blood has been spilt long ago, and grows in abundant clusters in old ditches, such as the moat around Fort Ellsworth will be a century hence. It may seem to be paying dear for what many will reckon but a worthless weed; but the more historical associations we can link with our localities, the richer will be the daily life that feeds upon the past, and the more valuable the things that have been long established: so that our children will be less prodigal than their fathers in sacrificing good institutions to passionate impulses and impracticable theories. This herb of grace, let us hope, may be found in the old footprints of the war.

Even in an æsthetic point of view, however, the war has done a great deal of enduring mischief, by causing the dev-

\* We do not thoroughly comprehend the author's drift in the foregoing paragraph, but are inclined to think its tone reprehensible, and its tendency impolitic in the present stage of our national difficulties.



astation of great tracts of woodland scenery, in which this part of Virginia would appear to have been very rich. Around all the encampments, and everywhere along the road, we saw the bare sites of what had evidently been tracts of hard-wood forest, indicated by the unsightly stumps of well-grown trees, not smoothly felled by regular axe-men, but hacked, haggled, and unevenly amputated, as by a sword, or other miserable tool, in an unskilful hand. Fifty years will not repair this desolation. An army destroys everything before and around it, even to the very grass; for the sites of the encampments are converted into barren esplanades, like those of the squares in French cities, where not a blade of grass is allowed to grow. As to other symptoms of devastation and obstruction, such as deserted houses, unfenced fields, and a general aspect of nakedness and ruin, I know not how much may be due to a normal lack of neatness in the rural life of Virginia, which puts a squalid face even upon a prosperous state of things; but undoubtedly the war must have spoilt what was good, and made the bad a great deal worse. The carcasses of horses were scattered along the way-side.

One very pregnant token of a social system thoroughly disturbed was presented by a party of contrabands, escaping out of the mysterious depths of Secesia; and its strangeness consisted in the leisurely delay with which they trudged forward, as dreading no pursuer, and encountering nobody to turn them back. They were unlike the specimens of their race whom we are accustomed to see at the North, and, in my judgment, were far more agreeable. So rudely were they attired, — as if their garb had grown upon them spontaneously, — so picturesquely natural in manners, and wearing such a crust of primeval simplicity, (which is quite polished away from the Northern black man,) that they seemed a kind of creature by themselves, not altogether human, but perhaps quite as good, and akin to the fauns and rustic deities of olden times. I wonder whether

I shall excite anybody's wrath by saying this. It is no great matter. At all events, I felt most kindly towards these poor fugitives, but knew not precisely what to wish in their behalf, nor in the least how to help them. For the sake of the manhood which is latent in them, I would not have turned them back; but I should have felt almost as reluctant, on their own account, to hasten them forward to the stranger's land; and I think my prevalent idea was, that, whoever may be benefited by the results of this war, it will not be the present generation of negroes, the childhood of whose race is now gone forever, and who must henceforth fight a hard battle with the world, on very unequal terms. On behalf of my own race, I am glad, and can only hope that an inscrutable Providence means good to both parties.

There is an historical circumstance, known to few, that connects the children of the Puritans with these Africans of Virginia, in a very singular way. They are our brethren, as being lineal descendants from the Mayflower, the fated womb of which, in her first voyage, sent forth a brood of Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock, and, in a subsequent one, spawned slaves upon the Southern soil, — a monstrous birth, but with which we have an instinctive sense of kindred, and so are stirred by an irresistible impulse to attempt their rescue, even at the cost of blood and ruin. The character of our sacred ship, I fear, may suffer a little by this revelation; but we must let her white progeny offset her dark one, — and two such portents never sprang from an identical source before.

While we drove onward, a young officer on horseback looked earnestly into the carriage, and recognized some faces that he had seen before; so he rode along by our side, and we pestered him with queries and observations, to which he responded more civilly than they deserved. He was on General McClellan's staff, and a gallant cavalier, high-booted, with a revolver in his belt, and mounted on a noble horse, which trotted hard and high

without disturbing the rider in his accustomed seat. His face had a healthy hue of exposure and an expression of careless hardihood; and, as I looked at him, it seemed to me that the war had brought good fortune to the youth of this epoch, if to none beside; since they now make it their daily business to ride a horse and handle a sword, instead of lounging listlessly through the duties, occupations, pleasures — all tedious alike — to which the artificial state of society limits a peaceful generation. The atmosphere of the camp and the smoke of the battle-field are morally invigorating; the hardy virtues flourish in them, the nonsense dies like a wilted weed. The enervating effects of centuries of civilization vanish at once, and leave these young men to enjoy a life of hardship, and the exhilarating sense of danger, — to kill men blamelessly, or to be killed gloriously, — and to be happy in following out their native instincts of destruction, precisely in the spirit of Homer's heroes, only with some considerable change of mode. One touch of Nature makes not only the whole world, but all time, akin. Set men face to face, with weapons in their hands, and they are as ready to slaughter one another now, after playing at peace and good-will for so many years, as in the rudest ages, that never heard of peace-societies, and thought no wine so delicious as what they quaffed from an enemy's skull. Indeed, if the report of a Congressional committee may be trusted, that old-fashioned kind of goblet has again come into use, at the expense of our Northern head-pieces, — a costly drinking-cup to him that furnishes it! Heaven forgive me for seeming to jest upon such a subject! — only, it is so odd, when we measure our advances from barbarism, and find ourselves just here!\*

We now approached General McClellan's head-quarters, which, at that time,

were established at Fairfield Seminary. The edifice was situated on a gentle elevation, amid very agreeable scenery, and, at a distance, looked like a gentleman's seat. Preparations were going forward for reviewing a division of ten or twelve thousand men, the various regiments composing which had begun to array themselves on an extensive plain, where, methought, there was a more convenient place for a battle than is usually found in this broken and difficult country. Two thousand cavalry made a portion of the troops to be reviewed. By-and-by we saw a pretty numerous troop of mounted officers, who were congregated on a distant part of the plain, and whom we finally ascertained to be the Commander-in-Chief's staff, with McClellan himself at their head. Our party managed to establish itself in a position conveniently close to the General, to whom, moreover, we had the honor of an introduction; and he bowed, on his horseback, with a good deal of dignity and martial courtesy, but no airs nor fuss nor pretension beyond what his character and rank inevitably gave him.

Now, at that juncture, and, in fact, up to the present moment, there was, and is, a most fierce and bitter outcry, and detraction loud and low, against General McClellan, accusing him of sloth, imbecility, cowardice, treasonable purposes, and, in short, utterly denying his ability as a soldier, and questioning his integrity as a man. Nor was this to be wondered at; for when before, in all history, do we find a general in command of half a million of men, and in presence of an enemy inferior in numbers and no better disciplined than his own troops, leaving it still debatable, after the better part of a year, whether he is a soldier or no? The question would seem to answer itself in the very asking. Nevertheless, being most profoundly ignorant of the art of war, like the majority of the General's critics, and, on the other hand, having some considerable impressibility by men's characters, I was glad

\* We hardly expected this outbreak in favor of war from the Peaceable Man; but the justice of our cause makes us all soldiers at heart, however quiet in our outward life. We have heard of twenty Quakers in a single company of a Pennsylvania regiment.

offices of the Provost-Marshall and other military authorities, to whom we forthwith reported ourselves. The Provost-Marshall kindly sent a corporal to guide us to the little building which John Brown seized upon as his fortress, and which, after it was stormed by the United States marines, became his temporary prison. It is an old engine-house, rusty and shabby, like every other work of man's hands in this God-forsaken town, and stands fronting upon the river, only a short distance from the bank, nearly at the point where the pontoon-bridge touches the Virginia shore. In its front wall, on each side of the door, are two or three ragged loop-holes which John Brown perforated for his defence, knocking out merely a brick or two, so as to give himself and his garrison a sight over their rifles. Through these orifices the sturdy old man dealt a good deal of deadly mischief among his assailants, until they broke down the door by thrusting against it with a ladder, and tumbled headlong in upon him. I shall not pretend to be an admirer of old John Brown, any farther than sympathy with Whittier's excellent ballad about him may go; nor did I expect ever to shrink so unutterably from any apophthegm of a sage, whose happy lips have uttered a hundred golden sentences, as from that saying, (perhaps falsely attributed to so honored a source,) that the death of this blood-stained fanatic has "made the Gallows as venerable as the Cross!" Nobody was ever more justly hanged. He won his martyrdom fairly, and took it firmly. He himself, I am persuaded, (such was his natural integrity,) would have acknowledged that Virginia had a right to take the life which he had staked and lost; although it would have been better for her, in the hour that is fast coming, if she could generously have forgotten the criminality of his attempt in its enormous folly. On the other hand, any common-sensible man, looking at the matter unsentimentally, must have felt a certain intellectual satisfaction in seeing him hanged, if it were

only in requital of his preposterous miscalculation of possibilities.\*

But, coolly as I seem to say these things, my Yankee heart stirred triumphantly when I saw the use to which John Brown's fortress and prison-house has now been put. What right have I to complain of any other man's foolish impulses, when I cannot possibly control my own? The engine-house is now a place of confinement for Rebel prisoners.

A Massachusetts soldier stood on guard, but readily permitted our whole party to enter. It was a wretched place. A room of perhaps twenty-five feet square occupied the whole interior of the building, having an iron stove in its centre, whence a rusty funnel ascended towards a hole in the roof, which served the purposes of ventilation, as well as for the exit of smoke. We found ourselves right in the midst of the Rebels, some of whom lay on heaps of straw, asleep, or, at all events, giving no sign of consciousness; others sat in the corners of the room, huddled close together, and staring with a lazy kind of interest at the visitors; two were astride of some planks, playing with the dirtiest pack of cards that I ever happened to see. There was only one figure in the least military among all these twenty prisoners of war,—a man with a dark, intelligent, moustached face, wearing a shabby cotton uniform, which he had contrived to arrange with a degree of soldierly smartness, though it had evidently borne the brunt of a very filthy campaign. He stood erect, and talked freely with those who addressed him, telling them his place of residence, the number of his regiment, the circumstances of his capture, and such other particulars as their Northern inquisitiveness prompted them to ask. I liked the manliness of his deportment; he was neither ashamed, nor afraid, nor in the slightest degree sullen, peppery, or contumacious, but bore himself as if whatever animosity he had felt towards his enemies was left upon the battle-field,

\* Can it be a son of old Massachusetts who utters this abominable sentiment? For shame!



and would not be resumed till he had again a weapon in his hand.

Neither could I detect a trace of hostile feeling in the countenance, words, or manner of any prisoner there. Almost to a man, they were simple, bumpkin-like fellows, dressed in homespun clothes, with faces singularly vacant of meaning, but sufficiently good-humored: a breed of men, in short, such as I did not suppose to exist in this country, although I have seen their like in some other parts of the world. They were peasants, and of a very low order: a class of people with whom our Northern rural population has not a single trait in common. They were exceedingly respectful,—more so than a rustic New-Englander ever dreams of being towards anybody, except perhaps his minister; and had they worn any hats, they would probably have been self-constrained to take them off, under the unusual circumstance of being permitted to hold conversation with well-dressed persons. It is my belief that not a single bumpkin of them all (the moustached soldier always excepted) had the remotest comprehension of what they had been fighting for, or how they had deserved to be shut up in that dreary hole; nor, possibly, did they care to inquire into this latter mystery, but took it as a godsend to be suffered to lie here in a heap of unwashed human bodies, well warmed and well foddered to-day, and without the necessity of bothering themselves about the possible hunger and cold of to-morrow. Their dark prison-life may have seemed to them the sunshine of all their lifetime.

There was one poor wretch, a wild-beast of a man, at whom I gazed with greater interest than at his fellows; although I know not that each one of them, in their semi-barbarous moral state, might not have been capable of the same savage impulse that had made this particular individual a horror to all beholders. At the close of some battle or skirmish, a wounded Union soldier had crept on hands and knees to his

feet, and besought his assistance,—not dreaming that any creature in human shape, in the Christian land where they had so recently been brethren, could refuse it. But this man (this fiend, if you prefer to call him so, though I would not advise it) flung a bitter curse at the poor Northerner, and absolutely trampled the soul out of his body, as he lay writhing beneath his feet. The fellow's face was horribly ugly; but I am not quite sure that I should have noticed it, if I had not known his story. He spoke not a word, and met nobody's eye, but kept staring upward into the smoky vacancy towards the ceiling, where, it might be, he beheld a continual portraiture of his victim's horror-stricken agonies. I rather fancy, however, that his moral sense was yet too torpid to trouble him with such remorseful visions, and that, for his own part, he might have had very agreeable reminiscences of the soldier's death, if other eyes had not been bent reproachfully upon him and warned him that something was amiss. It was this reproach in other men's eyes that made him look aside. He was a wild-beast, as I began with saying,—an unsophisticated wild-beast,—while the rest of us are partially tamed, though still the scent of blood excites some of the savage instincts of our nature. What this wretch needed, in order to make him capable of the degree of mercy and benevolence that exists in us, was simply such a measure of moral and intellectual development as we have received; and, in my mind, the present war is so well justified by no other consideration as by the probability that it will free this class of Southern whites from a thralldom in which they scarcely begin to be responsible beings. So far as the education of the heart is concerned, the negroes have apparently the advantage of them; and as to other schooling, it is practically unattainable by black or white.

Looking round at these poor prisoners, therefore, it struck me as an immense absurdity that they should fancy us their enemies; since, whether we intend it so

or no, they have a far greater stake on our success than we can possibly have. For ourselves, the balance of advantages between defeat and triumph may admit of question. For them, all truly valuable things are dependent on our complete success; for thence would come the regeneration of a people,—the removal of a foul scurf that has overgrown their life, and keeps them in a state of disease and decrepitude, one of the chief symptoms of which is, that, the more they suffer and are debased, the more they imagine themselves strong and beautiful. No human effort, on a grand scale, has ever yet resulted according to the purpose of its projectors. The advantages are always incidental. Man's accidents are God's purposes. We miss the good we sought, and do the good we little cared for.\*

Our Government evidently knows when and where to lay its finger upon its most available citizens; for, quite unexpectedly, we were joined with some other gentlemen, scarcely less competent than ourselves, in a commission to proceed to Fortress Monroe and examine into things in general. Of course, official propriety compels us to be extremely guarded in our description of the interesting objects which this expedition opened to our view. There can be no harm, however, in stating that we were received by the commander of the fortress with a kind of acid good-nature, or mild cynicism, that indicated him to be a humorist, characterized by certain rather pungent peculiarities, yet of no unamiable cast. He is a small, thin old gentleman, set off by a large pair of brilliant epaulets,—the only pair, so far as my observation went, that adorn the shoulders of any officer in the Union army. Either for our inspection, or because the matter had already been arranged, he drew out a regiment

of Zouaves that formed the principal part of his garrison, and appeared at their head, sitting on horseback with rigid perpendicularity, and affording us a vivid idea of the disciplinarian of Baron Steuben's school.

There can be no question of the General's military qualities; he must have been especially useful in converting raw recruits into trained and efficient soldiers. But valor and martial skill are of so evanescent a character, (hardly less fleeting than a woman's beauty,) that Government has perhaps taken the safer course in assigning to this gallant officer, though distinguished in former wars, no more active duty than the guardianship of an apparently impregnable fortress. The ideas of military men solidify and fossilize so fast, while military science makes such rapid advances, that even here there might be a difficulty. An active, diversified, and therefore a youthful, ingenuity is required by the quick exigencies of this singular war. Fortress Monroe, for example, in spite of the massive solidity of its ramparts, its broad and deep moat, and all the contrivances of defence that were known at the not very remote epoch of its construction, is now pronounced absolutely incapable of resisting the novel modes of assault which may be brought to bear upon it. It can only be the flexible talent of a young man that will evolve a new efficiency out of its obsolete strength.

It is a pity that old men grow unfit for war, not only by their incapacity for new ideas, but by the peaceful and unadventurous tendencies that gradually possess themselves of the once turbulent disposition, which used to snuff the battle-smoke as its congenial atmosphere. It is a pity; because it would be such an economy of human existence, if time-stricken people (whose value I have the better right to estimate, as reckoning myself one of them) could snatch from their juniors the exclusive privilege of carrying on the war. In case of death upon the battle-field, how unequal would be the comparative sacrifice! On one part, a few

\* The author seems to imagine that he has compressed a great deal of meaning into these little, hard, dry pellets of aphoristic wisdom. We disagree with him. The counsels of wise and good men are often coincident with the purposes of Providence; and the present war promises to illustrate our remark.

unenjoyable years, the little remnant of a life grown torpid; on the other, the many fervent summers of manhood in its spring and prime, with all that they include of possible benefit to mankind. Then, too, a bullet offers such a brief and easy way, such a pretty little orifice, through which the weary spirit might seize the opportunity to be exhaled! If I had the ordering of these matters, fifty should be the tenderest age at which a recruit might be accepted for training; at fifty-five or sixty, I would consider him eligible for most kinds of military duty and exposure, excluding that of a forlorn hope, which no soldier should be permitted to volunteer upon, short of the ripe age of seventy. As a general rule, these venerable combatants should have the preference for all dangerous and honorable service in the order of their seniority, with a distinction in favor of those whose infirmities might render their lives less worth the keeping. Methinks there would be no more Bull Runs; a warrior with gout in his toe, or rheumatism in his joints, or with one foot in the grave, would make a sorry fugitive!

On this admirable system, the productive part of the population would be undisturbed even by the bloodiest war; and, best of all, those thousands upon thousands of our Northern girls, whose proper mates will perish in camp-hospitals or on Southern battle-fields, would avoid their doom of forlorn old-maidenhood. But, no doubt, the plan will be pooh-poohed down by the War Department; though it could scarcely be more disastrous than the one on which we began the war, when a young army was struck with paralysis through the age of its commander.

The waters around Fortress Monroe were thronged with a gallant array of ships of war and transports, wearing the Union flag,—"Old Glory," as I hear it called in these days. A little withdrawn from our national fleet lay two French frigates, and, in another direction, an English sloop, under that banner which always makes itself visible, like a

red portent in the air, wherever there is strife. In pursuance of our official duty, (which had no ascertainable limits,) we went on board the flag-ship, and were shown over every part of her, and down into her depths, inspecting her gallant crew, her powerful armament, her mighty engines, and her furnaces, where the fires are always kept burning, as well at midnight as at noon, so that it would require only five minutes to put the vessel under full steam. This vigilance has been felt necessary ever since the *Merimack* made that terrible dash from Norfolk. Splendid as she is, however, and provided with all but the very latest improvements in naval armament, the *Minnesota* belongs to a class of vessels that will be built no more, nor ever fight another battle,—being as much a thing of the past as any of the ships of Queen Elizabeth's time, which grappled with the galleons of the Spanish Armada.

On her quarter-deck, an elderly flag-officer was pacing to and fro, with a self-conscious dignity to which a touch of the gout or rheumatism perhaps contributed a little additional stiffness. He seemed to be a gallant gentleman, but of the old, slow, and pompous school of naval worthies, who have grown up amid rules, forms, and etiquette which were adopted full-blown from the British navy into ours, and are somewhat too cumbrous for the quick spirit of to-day. This order of nautical heroes will probably go down, along with the ships in which they fought valorously and strutted most intolerably. How can an admiral condescend to go to sea in an iron pot? What space and elbow-room can be found for quarter-deck dignity in the cramped lookout of the *Monitor*, or even in the twenty-foot diameter of her cheese-box? All the pomp and splendor of naval warfare are gone by. Henceforth there must come up a race of enginemen and smoke-blackened cannoners, who will hammer away at their enemies under the direction of a single pair of eyes; and even heroism—so deadly a gripe is Science laying on our noble possibilities—will



become a quality of very minor importance, when its possessor cannot break through the iron crust of his own armament and give the world a glimpse of it.

At no great distance from the Minnesota lay the strangest-looking craft I ever saw. It was a platform of iron, so nearly on a level with the water that the swash of the waves broke over it, under the impulse of a very moderate breeze; and on this platform was raised a circular structure, likewise of iron, and rather broad and capacious, but of no great height. It could not be called a vessel at all; it was a machine,—and I have seen one of somewhat similar appearance employed in cleaning out the docks; or, for lack of a better similitude, it looked like a gigantic rat-trap. It was ugly, questionable, suspicious, evidently mischievous,—nay, I will allow myself to call it devilish; for this was the new war-fiend, destined, along with others of the same breed, to annihilate whole navies and batter down old supremacies. The wooden walls of Old England cease to exist, and a whole history of naval renown reaches its period, now that the Monitor comes smoking into view; while the billows dash over what seems her deck, and storms bury even her turret in green water, as she burrows and snorts along, oftener under the surface than above. The singularity of the object has betrayed me into a more ambitious vein of description than I often indulge; and, after all, I might as well have contented myself with simply saying that she looked very queer.

Going on board, we were surprised at the extent and convenience of her interior accommodations. There is a spacious ward-room, nine or ten feet in height, besides a private cabin for the commander, and sleeping accommodations on an ample scale; the whole well lighted and ventilated, though beneath the surface of the water. Forward, or aft, (for it is impossible to tell stem from stern,) the crew are relatively quite as well provided for as the officers. It was like finding a palace, with all its conveniences, under

the sea. The inaccessibility, the apparent impregnability, of this submerged iron fortress are most satisfactory; the officers and crew get down through a little hole in the deck, hermetically seal themselves, and go below; and until they see fit to reappear, there would seem to be no power given to man whereby they can be brought to light. A storm of cannon-shot damages them no more than a handful of dried peas. We saw the shot-marks made by the great artillery of the Merrimack on the outer casing of the iron tower; they were about the breadth and depth of shallow saucers, almost imperceptible dents, with no corresponding bulge on the interior surface. In fact, the thing looked altogether too safe; though it may not prove quite an agreeable predicament to be thus boxed up in impenetrable iron, with the possibility, one would imagine, of being sent to the bottom of the sea, and, even there, not drowned, but stifled. Nothing, however, can exceed the confidence of the officers in this new craft. It was pleasant to see their benign exultation in her powers of mischief, and the delight with which they exhibited the circumvoluntary movement of the tower, the quick thrusting forth of the immense guns to deliver their ponderous missiles, and then the immediate recoil, and the security behind the closed port-holes. Yet even this will not long be the last and most terrible improvement in the science of war. Already we hear of vessels the armament of which is to act entirely beneath the surface of the water; so that, with no other external symptoms than a great bubbling and foaming, and gush of smoke, and belch of smothered thunder out of the yeasty waves, there shall be a deadly fight going on below,—and, by-and-by, a sucking whirlpool, as one of the ships goes down.

The Monitor was certainly an object of great interest; but on our way to Newport News, whither we next went, we saw a spectacle that affected us with far profounder emotion. It was the sight of the few sticks that are left of the frigate

Congress, stranded near the shore,—and still more, the masts of the Cumberland rising midway out of the water, with a tattered rag of a pennant fluttering from one of them. The invisible hull of the latter ship seems to be careened over, so that the three masts stand slantwise; the rigging looks quite unimpaired, except that a few ropes dangle loosely from the yards. The flag (which never was struck, thank Heaven!) is entirely hidden under the waters of the bay, but is still doubtless waving in its old place, although it floats to and fro with the swell and reflux of the tide, instead of rustling on the breeze. A remnant of the dead crew still man the sunken ship, and sometimes a drowned body floats up to the surface.

That was a noble fight. When was ever a better word spoken than that of Commodore Smith, the father of the commander of the Congress, when he heard that his son's ship was surrendered? "Then Joe's dead!" said he; and so it proved. Nor can any warrior be more certain of enduring renown than the gallant Morris, who fought so well the final battle of the old system of naval warfare, and won glory for his country and himself out of inevitable disaster and defeat. That last gun from the Cumberland, when her deck was half-submerged, sounded the requiem of many sinking ships. Then went down all the navies of Europe, and our own, Old Ironsides and all, and Trafalgar and a thousand other fights became only a memory, never to be acted over again; and thus our brave countrymen come last in the long procession of heroic sailors that includes Blake and Nelson, and so many mariners of England, and other mariners as brave as they, whose renown is our native inheritance. There will be other battles, but no more such tests of seamanship and manhood as the battles of the past; and, moreover, the Millennium is certainly approaching, because human strife is to be transferred from the heart and personality of man into cunning contrivances of machinery, which by-and-by will fight out our wars with only the clank and smash of iron,

strewn the field with broken engines, but damaging nobody's little finger except by accident. Such is obviously the tendency of modern improvement. But, in the mean while, so long as manhood retains any part of its pristine value, no country can afford to let gallantry like that of Morris and his crew, any more than that of the brave Worden, pass unhonored and unrewarded. If the Government do nothing, let the people take the matter into their own hands, and cities give him swords, gold boxes, festivals of triumph, and, if he needs it, heaps of gold. Let poets brood upon the theme, and make themselves sensible how much of the past and future is contained within its compass, till its spirit shall flash forth in the lightning of a song!

From these various excursions, and a good many others, (including one to Manassas,) we gained a pretty lively idea of what was going on; but, after all, if compelled to pass a rainy day in the hall and parlors of Willard's Hotel, it proved about as profitably spent as if we had floundered through miles of Virginia mud, in quest of interesting matter. This hotel, in fact, may be much more justly called the centre of Washington and the Union than either the Capitol, the White House, or the State Department. Everybody may be seen there. It is the meeting-place of the true representatives of the country,—not such as are chosen blindly and amiss by electors who take a folded ballot from the hand of a local politician, and thrust it into the ballot-box unread, but men who gravitate or are attracted hither by real business, or a native impulse to breathe the intensest atmosphere of the nation's life, or a genuine anxiety to see how this life-and-death struggle is going to deal with us. Nor these only, but all manner of loafers. Never, in any other spot, was there such a miscellany of people. You exchange nods with governors of sovereign States; you elbow illustrious men, and tread on the toes of generals; you hear statesmen and orators speaking in their familiar tones. You are mixed up with office-

seekers, wire-pullers, inventors, artists, poets, prosers, (including editors, army-correspondents, *attachés* of foreign journals, and long-winded talkers,) clerks, diplomatists, mail-contractors, railway-directors, until your own identity is lost among them. Occasionally you talk with a man whom you have never before heard of, and are struck by the brightness of a thought, and fancy that there is more wisdom hidden among the obscure than is anywhere revealed among the famous. You adopt the universal habit of the place, and call for a mint-julep, a whiskey-skin, a gin-cocktail, a brandy-smash, or a glass of pure Old Rye; for the conviviality of Washington sets in at an early hour, and, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, never terminates at any hour, and all these drinks are continually in request by almost all these people. A constant atmosphere of cigar-smoke, too, envelopes the motley crowd, and forms a sympathetic medium, in which men meet more closely and talk more frankly than in any other kind of air. If legislators would smoke in session, they might speak truer words, and fewer of them, and bring about more valuable results.

It is curious to observe what antiquated figures and costumes sometimes make their appearance at Willard's. You meet elderly men with frilled shirt-fronts, for example, the fashion of which adornment passed away from among the people of this world half a century ago. It is as if one of Stuart's portraits were walking abroad. I see no way of accounting for this, except that the trouble of the times, the impiety of traitors, and the peril of our sacred Union and Constitution have disturbed, in their honored graves, some of the venerable fathers of the country, and summoned them forth to protest against the meditated and half-accomplished sacrilege. If it be so, their wonted fires are not altogether extinguished in their ashes,—in their throats, I might rather say;—for I beheld one of these excellent old men quaffing such a horn of Bourbon whiskey as a toper of the present century would be loath to venture upon. But,

really, one would be glad to know where these strange figures come from. It shows, at any rate, how many remote, decaying villages and country-neighborhoods of the North, and forest-nooks of the West, and old mansion-houses in cities, are shaken by the tremor of our native soil, so that men long hidden in retirement put on the garments of their youth and hurry out to inquire what is the matter. The old men whom we see here have generally more marked faces than the young ones, and naturally enough; since it must be an extraordinary vigor and renewability of life that can overcome the rusty sloth of age, and keep the senior flexible enough to take an interest in new things; whereas hundreds of commonplace young men come hither to stare with eyes of vacant wonder, and with vague hopes of finding out what they are fit for. And this war (we may say so much in its favor) has been the means of discovering that important secret to not a few.

We saw at Willard's many who had thus found out for themselves, that, when Nature gives a young man no other utilizable faculty, she must be understood as intending him for a soldier. The bulk of the army had moved out of Washington before we reached the city; yet it seemed to me that at least two-thirds of the guests and idlers at the hotel wore one or another token of the military profession. Many of them, no doubt, were self-commissioned officers, and had put on the buttons and the shoulder-straps, and booted themselves to the knees, merely because captain, in these days, is so good a travelling-name. The majority, however, had been duly appointed by the President, but might be none the better warriors for that. It was pleasant, occasionally, to distinguish a grizzly veteran among this crowd of carpet-knights,—the trained soldier of a lifetime, long ago from West Point, who had spent his prime upon the frontier, and very likely could show an Indian bullet-mark on his breast,—if such decorations, won in an obscure warfare, were worth the showing now.

The question often occurred to me,—



and, to say the truth, it added an indefinable piquancy to the scene, — what proportion of all these people, whether soldiers or civilians, were true at heart to the Union, and what part were tainted, more or less, with treasonable sympathies and wishes, even if such had never blossomed into purpose. Traitors there were among them, — no doubt of that, — civil servants of the public, very reputable persons, who yet deserved to dangle from a cord; or men who buttoned military coats over their breasts, hiding perilous secrets there, which might bring the gallant officer to stand pale-faced before a file of musketeers, with his open grave behind him. But, without insisting upon such picturesque criminality and punishment as this, an observer, who kept both his eyes and heart open, would find it by no means difficult to discern that many residents and visitors of Washington so far sided with the South as to desire nothing more nor better than to see everything reëstablished on a little worse than its former basis. If the cabinet of Richmond were transferred to the Federal city, and the North awfully snubbed, at least, and driven back within its old political limits, they would deem it a happy day. It is no wonder, and, if we look at the matter generously, no unpardonable crime. Very excellent people hereabouts remember the many dynasties in which the Southern character has been predominant, and contrast the genial courtesy, the warm and graceful freedom of that region, with what they call (though I utterly disagree with them) the frigidity of our Northern manners, and the Western plainness of the President. They have a conscientious, though mistaken belief, that the South was driven out of the Union by intolerable wrong on our part, and that we are responsible for having compelled true patriots to love only half their country instead of the whole, and brave soldiers to draw their swords against the Constitution which they would once have died for, — to draw them, too, with a bitterness of animosity which is

the only symptom of brotherhood (since brothers hate each other best) that any longer exists. They whisper these things with tears in their eyes, and shake their heads, and stoop their poor old shoulders, at the tidings of another and another Northern victory, which, in their opinion, puts farther off the remote, the already impossible chance of a reunion.

I am sorry for them, though it is by no means a sorrow without hope. Since the matter has gone so far, there seems to be no way but to go on winning victories, and establishing peace and a truer union in another generation, at the expense, probably, of greater trouble, in the present one, than any other people ever voluntarily suffered. We woo the South "as the Lion wooes his bride"; it is a rough courtship, but perhaps love and a quiet household may come of it at last. Or, if we stop short of that blessed consummation, heaven was heaven still, as Milton sings, after Lucifer and a third part of the angels had seceded from its golden palaces, — and perhaps all the more heavenly, because so many gloomy brows, and soured, vindictive hearts, had gone to plot ineffectual schemes of mischief elsewhere.\*

\* We regret the innuendo in the concluding sentence. The war can never be allowed to terminate, except in the complete triumph of Northern principles. We hold the event in our own hands, and may choose whether to terminate it by the methods already so successfully used, or by other means equally within our control, and calculated to be still more speedily efficacious. In truth, the work is already done.

We should be sorry to cast a doubt on the Peaceable Man's loyalty, but he will allow us to say that we consider him premature in his kindly feelings towards traitors and sympathizers with treason. As the author himself says of John Brown, (and, so applied, we thought it an atrociously cold-blooded *dictum*,) "any common-sensible man would feel an intellectual satisfaction in seeing them hanged, were it only for their preposterous miscalculation of possibilities." There are some degrees of absurdity that put Reason herself into a rage, and affect us like an intolerable crime, — which this Rebellion is, into the bargain.

## THE MINUTE-GUNS.

I stood within the little cove,  
Full of the morning's life and hope,  
While heavily the eager waves  
Charged thundering up the rocky slope.

The splendid breakers ! how they rushed,  
All emerald green and flashing white,  
Tumultuous in the morning sun,  
With cheer, and sparkle, and delight !

And freshly blew the fragrant wind,  
The wild sea-wind, across their tops,  
And caught the spray and flung it far,  
In sweeping showers of glittering drops.

Within the cove all flashed and foamed,  
With many a fleeting rainbow hue ;  
Without, gleamed, bright against the sky,  
A tender, wavering line of blue,

Where tossed the distant waves, and far  
Shone silver-white a quiet sail,  
And overhead the soaring gulls  
With graceful pinions stemmed the gale.

And all my pulses thrilled with joy,  
Watching the wind's and water's strife, —  
With sudden rapture, — and I cried,  
“ Oh, sweet is Life ! Thank God for Life ! ”

Sailed any cloud across the sky,  
Marring this glory of the sun's ?  
Over the sea, from distant forts,  
There came the boom of minute-guns !

War-tidings ! Many a brave soul fled,  
And many a heart the message stuns ! —  
I saw no more the joyous waves,  
I only heard the minute-guns.

TAXATION NO BURDEN. *C**E. Atkinson.*

ACCORDING to returns made by the Census Bureau to the Secretary of the Treasury, the gross value of the productions of the United States for 1860 was \$3,900,000,000: namely,—the product of Manufactures, the Mechanic Arts, Mining, and the Fisheries, \$1,900,000,000; the product of Agriculture, \$2,000,000,000.

It is a well-understood principle of political economy, that the annual product of a country is the source from which internal taxes are to be derived.

The nation is to be considered a partnership, the several members engaged in the various departments of business, and producing annually products of the value of \$3,900,000,000, which are distributed among the partners, affording to each a certain share of profit. The firm is out of debt, but a sudden emergency compels an investment, in a new and not immediately profitable branch of business, of \$1,500,000,000, which sum the firm borrows. As the consequence of this liability, the firm must afterward incur an annual additional expense as follows: \$100,000,000 for the payment of members not engaged in productive labor, \$90,000,000 for interest upon the debt incurred, and \$60,000,000 for a sinking-fund which shall pay the debt in less than twenty years.

It is absolutely necessary for the future prosperity of the business of the firm, that this immense investment, so unexpectedly called for, shall be made to pay. How shall this problem be solved?

Large sums are confusing, and tend to prevent a clear understanding of the matter; therefore let the nation be represented by Uncle Sam, an active, middle-aged man, owning a farm and a factory, of which the annual product is \$40,000. The largest and best portion of his farm is very badly cultivated; no intelligent laborers can be induced to remain upon it, owing to certain causes, easily re-

movable, but which, being an easy-going man, well satisfied with his income as it has been, Uncle Sam has been unwilling to take hold of with any determination.

Suddenly and without notice, he is compelled to borrow \$15,000, and spend it upon this portion of his farm; and he then finds, while expending the money for another object and not a profitable one, he can remove the only obstacle which prevented his obtaining a full supply of the best and most intelligent labor, and that he can very soon increase his annual product to \$42,500. The increase of \$2,500 each year will enable him to pay his additional clerks, to meet the interest on his liabilities, and to accumulate a sinking-fund sufficient to pay his debts before his children come of age. He will be able to take some comfort and satisfaction in his agricultural laborers; he will have a larger amount of cotton to spin and to sell than ever before, and so much wool, that, instead of being obliged to buy one-third the amount required by his factory, as he has heretofore done, he will have more than he can spin; and lastly, he will be able to raise fruit, to make wine, to produce indigo, cochineal, and a great variety of articles never produced on his farm before.

What sound business-man would not thus regulate his investment, when compelled to make it, even though he had been unwilling to borrow the money for the simple purpose of making such an improvement?

If a farm and factory, which badly managed produce \$40,000 annually, can by good management be made to produce \$42,500, and can be very much increased in value and ease of management by the process, the owner had better borrow \$15,000 to accomplish the object, and the tax upon him of \$2,500 required to meet the interest and sink the principal will be no burden. That



is the whole problem,—no more, no less.

We have been driven into a war to maintain the boundaries of our farm; in so doing we shall probably spend \$1,500,000,000. It behoves us not only to meet the expenditure promptly, but to make the investment pay.

We have but to increase the annual product of the country six and one-half per cent., and we shall meet the tax for expenses, interest, and sinking-fund, and be as well off as we now are, provided the tax be equitably assessed.

This increase can be made without any increase in the number of laborers, by securing a larger return from those now employed, and by the permanent occupation of the fertile soil of the South by a large portion of the Union army, as settlers and cultivators, who have heretofore spent their energies upon the comparatively unproductive soil of the North.

Slavery is the one obstacle to be removed in order to render this war a paying operation.

Under the false pretence that the climate of the South is too hot for white men to labor in the fields, the degradation involved in field-labor in a Slave State excludes intelligent cultivators from the cotton-fields, a very large portion of which have a climate less hot and less unsuitable for white men than that of Philadelphia, while there is not a river-bottom in the whole South in which the extremes of heat during the summer are so great as in St. Louis. Slave-labor cultivates, in a miserable, shiftless manner, less than two per cent. of the area of the Cotton States; and upon this insignificant portion a crop of cotton has been raised in one year worth over \$200,000,000.

There is ample and conclusive evidence to be found in the statistics of the few well-managed and well-cultivated cotton-plantations, that skilful, educated farmers can get more than double the product to the hand or to the acre that is usually obtained as the result of slave-labor.

Again, it will be admitted that \$350 per annum is more than an average return for the work of a common laborer on an average New-England farm, including his own support.

It is capable of demonstration from actual facts that an average laborer, well directed, can produce a gross value of \$1,000 per annum, upon the uplands of Georgia and South Carolina, in the cultivation of cotton and grain. Negro slaves under a negro driver, with no white man on the premises, have produced this result in Hancock County, Georgia, upon lands previously considered worthless, with a system of cultivation singular and exceptional in that region, but common in all well-cultivated sections, namely, a simple rotation of crops and a moderate amount of manure.

Elevate the negro from a state of slavery to the dignity of a free laborer, and his consumption of manufactured goods increases enormously. In proof of this may be cited the trade with Hayti, and the immense increase in the import of manufactured goods into the British West Indies since emancipation. Slaves are furnished with two suits of clothes in a year, made from the coarsest and cheapest materials: it is safe to estimate, that, if the fair proportion of their earnings were paid them, their demand upon the North for staple articles would be doubled, while the importations of silks, velvets, and other foreign luxuries, upon which their earnings have been heretofore lavished by their masters, would decrease.

The commonly received view of the position of the cotton-planter is that he is in a chronic state of debt. Such is the fact; not, however, because he does not make a large amount of profit,—for cotton-planting is the most profitable branch of agriculture in the United States,—but because his standard of value is a negro, and not a dollar, and, in the words of a Southern writer, "He is constantly buying more land to make more cotton to buy more negroes to cultivate more land to raise more cotton to buy more ne-

groes," and for every negro he buys he gets trusted for another.

Both himself and his hands are of the least possible value to the community. By maintaining his system he excludes cheap labor from the cultivation of cotton,—slave-labor being the most wasteful and the most expensive of any. He purchases for his laborers the least possible amount of manufactured articles, and he wastes his own expenditure in the purchase of foreign luxuries.

Reference has been made to the increase to be expected in the product of wool, after the removal or destruction of Slavery.

We import annually 30,000,000 pounds of wool, and make little or no use of the best region for growing wool in the whole country,—the western slope of the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains and of the Blue Ridge. Free laborers will not go there, although few slaves are there to be found; for they well know that there is no respect or standing for the free laborer in any Slave State.

Again, throughout the uplands of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama, it has been proved that sheep can be raised upon the English system with the greatest success. Upon their light lands, (selling at less than \$1 per acre,) turnips can be raised in great abundance and fed to sheep in the field, and by the process the fields brought to a point of fertility, for cotton or grain, equal to the best bottom-lands of Mississippi or Louisiana. This fact has been sufficiently proved by the experience of the very few good farmers in Georgia.

The climate of these sections is wonderfully healthy, and is far better adapted to the production of wool than that of England, the extremes of heat and cold being far greater, and yet the cold not being sufficient to prevent the raising of turnips or feeding from the field in winter. To produce fine fleece-wool, a warm summer and a cool winter are requisite.

Let any one examine Southern writings upon agriculture, and note the experience of the few working, sensible cul-

tivators, who, by a system of rewards and premiums partially equivalent to the payment of wages to their slaves, have obtained the best results of which Slavery is capable, and he will realize the immense increase to be expected when free and intelligent labor shall be applied to Southern agriculture.

We hold, therefore, that by the destruction of Slavery, and by that only, this war can be made to pay, and taxation become no burden.

By free labor upon Southern soil we shall add to the annual product of the country a sum more than equal to the whole tax which will be required to pay interest and expenses, and to accumulate a sinking-fund which will pay the debt in less than twenty years; while to the North will come the immensely increased demand for manufactured articles required by a thrifty and prosperous middle class, instead of the small demand for coarse, cheap articles required by slaves, and the demand for foreign luxuries called for by the masters.

The addition of \$250,000,000 to the product of the country would be a gain to every branch of industry; and if the equitable system of taxation by a stamp-tax on all sales were adopted, the burden would not be felt. The additional product being mostly from an improved system of agriculture at the South, a much larger demand would exist for the manufactures of the North, and a much larger body of distributors would be required.

Let us glance for a moment at the alternative,—the restoration of the Union without the removal of Slavery.

The system of slave-labor has been shaken to its foundation, and for years to come its aggregate product will be far less than it has been, thus throwing upon the North the whole burden of the taxes with no compensating gain in resources.

Only the refuse of our army could remain in the Slave States, to become to us in the future an element of danger and not of security,—the industrious and respectable portion would come back to the

North, to find their places filled and a return to the pursuits of peace difficult to accomplish.

With Slavery removed, the best part of our army will remain upon the fertile soil and in the genial climate of the South, forming communities, retaining their arms, keeping peace and good order with no need of a standing army, and constituting the *nuclei* around which the poor-white trash of the South would gather to be educated in the labor-system of the North, and thus, and thus only, to become loyal citizens.

The mass of the white population of the South are ignorant and deluded; they need leaders, and will have them.

We have allowed them to be led by slaveholders, and are reaping our reward. Remove Slavery, and their present leaders are crushed out forever.

Give them new leaders from among the earnest and industrious portion of our army, and we increase our resources and render taxation no burden, and we restore the Union in fact and not simply in name.

Leave Slavery in existence, and we decrease our resources, throw the whole tax upon the North, reinforce the Secession element with the refuse of our army, and bequeath to our children the shadow of a Union, a mockery and a derision to all honest men.

## THE POET TO HIS READERS.

NAY, blame me not; I might have spared  
Your patience many a trivial verse,  
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,  
So let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, — "Those ruder songs  
Had freshness which the new have lost:  
To spring the opening leaf belongs,  
The chestnut-burrs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were brown;  
When these I write — ah, well-a-day!  
The autumn thistle's silvery down  
Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold  
Those garnered years in loving trust;  
How long before your blue and gold  
Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,  
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,  
Tell me each living poet's doom!  
How long before his book shall die?

It matters little, soon or late,  
A day, a month, a year, an age, —  
I read oblivion in its date,  
And *Finis* on its title-page.



with attractive drawings of his wares, and seduces people into paying the late tribute to their great-grandfather, or laying up a monument for themselves against the inevitable day of demand. His customers select from his samples a tasteful "set of stones"; and next summer he drives up and unloads the marble, with the names well spelt, and the cherub's head artistically chiselled by the best workmen of Boston. Cancut told us, as an instance of judicious economy, how, when he called once upon a recent widow to ask what he could do in his line for her deceased husband's tomb, she chose from his patterns neat head- and foot-stones for the dear defunct, and then bargained with him to throw in a small pair for her boy Johnny, — a poor, sick crittur, that would be wanting his monument long before next summer.

This lugubrious business had failed to infect Mr. Cancut with corresponding deportment. Undertakers are always sombre in dreary mockery of woe. Sextons are solemncholy, if not solemn. I fear Cancut was too cheerful for his trade, and therefore had abandoned it.

Such was our guide, the captain, steersman, and ballaster of our vessel. We struck our bargain with him at once, and at once proceeded to make preparations. Chiefly we prepared by stripping our-

selves bare of everything except "must-haves." A birch, besides three men, will carry only the simplest baggage of a trio. Passengers who are constantly to make portages will not encumber themselves with what-nots. Man must have clothes for day and night, and must have provisions to keep his clothes properly filled out. These two articles we took in compact form, regretting even the necessity of guarding against a ducking by a change of clothes. Our provision, that unrefined pork and hard tack, presently to be converted into artist and friend, was packed with a few delicacies in a firkin, — a commodious case, as we found.

A little steamer plies upon the lake, doing lumber-jobs, and not disdaining the traveller's dollars. Upon this, one August morning, we embarked ourselves and our frail birch, for our voyage to the upper end of Moosehead. Iglesias, in a red shirt, became a bit of color in the scene. I, in a red shirt, repeated the flame. Cancut, outweighing us both together, in a broader red shirt, outglared us both. When we three met, and our scarlet reflections commingled, there was one spot in the world gorgeous as a conclave of cardinals, as a squad of British grenadiers, as a Vermont maple-wood in autumn.

## RIFLE-CLUBS.

A SENSE of the importance of rifle-practice is becoming very generally prevalent. Rifle-clubs are organizing in our country-towns, and target-practice by individuals is increasing to a degree which proves incontestably the interest which is felt in the subject. The chief obstacle to the immediate and extensive practical operation of this interest lies in the difficulty of procuring serviceable guns, except at such a cost as places them beyond the reach of the

majority of those who would be glad to make themselves familiar with their use. Except in occasional instances, it is impossible to procure a trustworthy rifle for a less price than forty or fifty dollars. We believe, however, that the competition which has already become very active between rival manufacturers will ere long effect a material reduction of price; and we trust also that our legislators will perceive the necessity of adopting a strict military organization of all

the able-bodied men in the State, and providing them with weapons, with whose use they should be encouraged to make themselves familiar—apart from military drill and instruction—by the institution of public shooting-matches for prizes. The absolute necessity of stringent laws, in order to secure the attainment of anything worthy the name of military education and discipline, has been clearly proved by the experience of the drill-clubs which sprang into existence in such numbers last year. To say, that, as a general rule, the moral strength of the community is not sufficient to enable a volunteer association to sustain for any great length of time the severe and irksome details which are inseparable from the attainment of thorough military discipline, is no more a reflection upon the class to which the remark is applied than would be the equally true assertion that their physical strength is not equal to the performance of the work of an ordinary day-laborer. Under the pressure of necessity, both moral and physical strength might be forced and kept up to the required standard; but the mere conviction of expediency is not enough to secure its development, unless enforced by such laws as will insure universal and systematic action. A voluntary association for military instruction may be commenced with a zeal which will carry its members for a time through the daily routine of drilling; but it will not be long before the ranks will begin to diminish, and the observance of discipline become less strict; and if the officers attempt to enforce the laws by which all have agreed to abide, those laws will speedily be rescinded by the majority who find them galling, and the tie by which they are bound together will prove a rope of sand.

With the return of the troops who are now acquiring military knowledge in the best of all possible schools, we shall possess the necessary material for executing whatever system may be decided upon as best for the military education of the people; but meantime we may lay the

foundation for it, and take the most efficient means of securing legislative action, by the immediate organization of rifle-clubs for target-practice throughout the State. These clubs may be commenced very informally by a simple agreement among those who are interested and are provided, or will provide themselves, with weapons, to meet together at stated intervals for target-practice, which should be conducted according to the rules which have been found most effectual for securing good marksmanship. The mere interest of competition will be sufficient to insure private practice in the intervals; and if properly and respectably conducted, the interest will increase till it becomes general, and the target-ground will become a central object of attraction.

We earnestly invite the attention not only of all who are impressed with the necessity of inculcating a thorough practical knowledge of the use of weapons, as a measure of national interest, but of all who are interested in the subject of physical, and we may add, moral education, to the field which is here opened, and which, if not improved, as it may be, for noble and useful ends, will certainly be perverted for low and immoral purposes.

The interest which is beginning to be awakened in rifle-practice is the germ of a great movement, which it is the duty of all who have the national welfare at heart to use their influence in guiding and directing, as may easily be done, so that only good may result from it. Let it be countenanced and encouraged by the men, in every community, whose words and example give tone to public opinion, and it will become, as it ought, a means of health-giving and generous rivalry, while it infuses a sense of national power, which we, of all people on earth, ought to derive from the consciousness that it is based upon the physical ability of the people to maintain their own rights. If, however, it is frowned upon and sneered at, as unworthy the attention of a morally and intellectually cultivated people, we shall

draw upon ourselves the curse of creating a sin,—of poisoning at its source a fountain whose elements in themselves are not only innocent, but abounding in the best ingredients for the development of manly physical and intellectual character.

We trust, however, that such a caution is unnecessary. If there are any among us who, after the past year's experience, can look with doubt or coldness upon such a movement as we have indicated, we should hardly care to waste words in arguing the point. That such a feeling should have heretofore existed is not, perhaps, surprising. The possibility of such an emergency as has come upon us has seemed so improbable, not to say impossible, that it has appeared like a waste of time and labor to prepare for it; and the result has been, that we had come to look upon military education with much the same feeling as that with which we regard the pugilistic art, as of questionable, if not decidedly disreputable character, and such as a nation of our respectability could by no possibility have occasion for.

From this dream of security we have been unexpectedly and very disagreeably awakened, by finding ourselves engaged in a war whose magnitude we were at first slow to appreciate; and it was not till we found ourselves ominously threatened by a foreign power, while still engaged in a fearful struggle at home, that we seemed to be fully aroused to the necessity of being at all times prepared for defence.

Then there came over us a universal consciousness of undeveloped strength,—the feeling of a powerful man, who knows nothing of "the noble art of self-defence," at finding himself suddenly confronted by a professional boxer, who demands, with an ominous squaring of the shoulders, what he meant by treading on his toes,—to which he, poor man, instead of replying that it was so obviously unintentional that no gentleman would think of demanding an apology, is fain, in order to escape the impending blow, to answer

by assuring the bully in the most soothing terms that no insult was intended, that he never will do so again, and hopes that the occasion may serve as a precedent for Mr. Bully himself to avoid the corns of his neighbors for the future.

It is comparatively but few years since the success of Colonel Colt in the application of the repeating principle to fire-arms was regarded as a feat in which every American felt a national pride. It was such a vast improvement upon anything which had previously existed, and the importance of it was so obvious, that it became as much a matter of necessity to the whole civilized world as iron-clad steamers have become since the demonstration of their power which was given by the performances of the *Merrimack* and the *Monitor*. And, indeed, the best evidence of the universal acknowledgment of this fact is afforded by the innumerable imitations and attempts at improvement which have since made their appearance at home and abroad.

We have used Colt's 31-inch rifle, and also his rifled carbine, very freely, and tested them thoroughly for range, precision, penetration, and capacity for continued service, and for our own use in hunting are entirely satisfied with the performance of this rifle, and should be at a loss to imagine any possible demand of a hunter's weapon which it would fail to meet.

An able and interesting article on "Rifled Guns" in the "*Atlantic Monthly*" for October, 1859, has the following passage: "No breech-loading gun is so trustworthy in its execution as a muzzle-loader; for, in spite of all precautions, the bullets will go out irregularly. We have cut out too many balls of Sharpe's rifle from the target, which had entered sideways, not to be certain on this point; and we know of no other breech-loader so little likely to err in this respect."

We cannot speak of Sharpe's rifle from our own experience, but from one of the best riflemen of our acquaintance we have heard the same report,—that the cones will occasionally turn and strike



sidewise. We do not believe, however, that this fault is a necessary consequence of the peculiar method of loading; but, whatever may be the cause, with Colt's rifle the evil does not exist. For the past year we have practised with it at ranges of from fifty to six hundred yards, and have fired something like two thousand rounds; and only three balls have struck the target sidewise, two of which were ricochets, and the third struck a limb of a bush a few feet in front of the target. In no other instance has the shot failed to cut a perfectly true round hole, and these exceptions would of course be equally applicable to any gun. With the latest pattern of Colt's rifle we have never known an instance of a premature discharge of either of the chambers; though, from the repeated inquiries which have been made, it is obvious that such is the general apprehension. In reply to the common assertion, that much of the explosive force must be lost by escape of gas between the chamber and the barrel, we simply state the fact that we have repeatedly shot through nine inches of solid white cedar timber at forty yards. Finally, at two hundred yards, we find no difficulty in making an average of five inches from the centre, in ten successive shots, of which eight inches is the extreme variation. This is good enough for any ordinary purposes of hunting or military service,—for anything, in short, but gambling or fancy work; and for our own use, against either man or beast, we should ask no better weapon. But we should be very far from advocating its general adoption in military service; and, indeed, our own experience with it has brought the conviction that the repeating principle in any form is decidedly objectionable in guns for the use of ordinary troops of the line. We do not extend the objection to pistols in their proper place, but speak now solely of rifles in the hands of infantry.

In action, the time of each soldier must of necessity be divided between the processes of loading and firing; and it is better that these should come in regular al-

ternate succession than that a series of rapid shots should be succeeded by the longer interval required for inserting a number of charges. It would be hard to assign definitely the most important reasons for this conviction, which are based upon elements that prevail so generally in the moral and physical characters of men, and which we have so often seen developed in the excitement of hunting large game, that we can readily appreciate the motives which have made sagacious military men very shy of trusting miscellaneous bodies of soldiers with a weapon whose possible advantages are more than counterbalanced by the probable mischief that must ensue from the want of such instinctive power of manipulation as could result only from constant and long-continued familiarity, and which even then might be paralyzed in very many instances by nervous excitement.

We would not, however, be understood as condemning breech-loading guns for military service. On the contrary, we are firm in the conviction that they are destined to supersede entirely every species of muzzle-loaders, which will thenceforward be regarded only as curious evidences of the difficulty of making an advance of a single step, which, when taken, seems so simple that it appears incredible that it was not thought of before. The ingenuity of thousands of our most skilful men is now turned in this direction, and stimulated by a demand which will obviously insure a fortune to the successful competitor. The advantages of a breech-loading gun consist in the greater rapidity with which it can be loaded and fired, and the avoidance of the exposure incident to the motions of drawing the ramrod and ramming the cartridge. We are well aware that rapid firing is in itself an evil, and that a common complaint with officers is that the men will not take time enough in aiming to insure efficiency; but granting this, it by no means follows that the evil will be increased by the ability to load rapidly. Its remedy lies in thorough discipline and practical knowledge of

the use of the gun; and the soldier will be more likely to take time for aiming, if he knows he can be ready to repeat his shot almost instantly.

The contingencies of actual service demand the use of different kinds of guns to suit the different circumstances which may arise. In rifle-pits, against batteries, or for picking off artillerymen through the embrasures of a fort, the telescope-rifle has established its reputation beyond all question during the war in which we are now engaged. In repeated instances the enemy's batteries have been effectually kept silent by the aid of this weapon, till counter-works could be established, which could by no possibility have been constructed but for such assistance. During the siege of Yorktown, especially, the fact is historical that the Confederates acquired such a dread of these weapons that they forced their negroes to the work of serving the guns, which they did not dare attempt themselves, and our men were reluctantly compelled, in self-defence, to pick off the poor fellows who were unwillingly opposed to them. In more than one instance after an engagement, members of the "Andrew Sharpshooters" have indicated precisely the spot where their victims would be found, and the exact position of the bullet-holes which had caused their death; for with the telescope-rifle the question is not, whether an enemy shall be hit, but what particular feature of his face, or which button of his coat shall be the target. That this is no exaggeration may be easily proved by the indisputable evidence of hundreds of targets, every shot in which may be covered by the palm of the hand, though fired from a distance at which no unassisted eye could possibly discern the object aimed at.

But the telescope-rifle is utterly useless, except for special service. The great body of infantry comprised in an army must be provided with guns whose general appearance and character admit of no essential variation from the standard which experience has proved to be the best for the wants of the service.

We have given our objections to the whole class of repeating guns in what we have said of Colt's rifles; and we proceed to note the defects of other breech-loading guns, some of which would constitute no ground of objection to the sportsman, but are inadmissible in the soldier's gun. It is, of course, essential that any breech-loading gun which is offered for introduction in the army should be at least equal in range, penetration, and precision, to the best muzzle-loader now in use. It must be so simple in its construction and mode of operation that its manipulation may readily become an instinctive action, requiring no exercise of thought or judgment to guard against errors which might effect a derangement, — for a large portion of any miscellaneous body of men would be found incapable of exercising such judgment in the excitement of action. The limbs and joints comprised in the arrangement for introducing the charge at the breech must not only be so simple as to avoid the danger of making mistakes in their use, but of such strength as will bear the rough usage incident to field-service. They must, of course, make a perfectly tight joint, and there must be no possibility of their becoming clogged by fouling, so as to affect the facility with which they are worked. And finally, it is vitally important that no special ammunition be required, a failure in the supply of which may render the weapon useless.

As this last objection would rule out the whole class of guns requiring metallic cartridges, and as there are undeniable advantages connected with their use, we deem it necessary to give our reasons for this decision somewhat at length. The cartridges are made of copper and filled with powder, and the ball being inserted in the end, they are compressed about its base so as to render them perfectly water-tight. The fulminating powder, being in the base of the cartridge, is exploded by the blow of the hammer, which falls directly upon it. The advantages are, that there is no escape of gas, and

no liability of injury from water; and experience has abundantly proved the excellence of the system in the essential qualities of precision and force. The most obvious objection to them is the one above alluded to. The cartridges must, of necessity, be made by special machinery, and can be supplied only from the manufactory. To this it is replied, that the same objection may be urged against the use of percussion-caps. We grant it; and if it were possible to dispense with them, it would be an obvious gain. But because we must have caps, in spite of their disadvantages, it does not follow that we should increase unnecessarily the equipments against which the same objection exists in a much greater degree, owing to the more intricate process of manufacture and the very much greater difficulty of transportation. The additional weight for the soldier to carry, also, is no trifle, and will not be overlooked by those who appreciate the importance of every ounce that is saved. But apart from minor objections, a fatal one lies in the fact that every cartridge-box filled with this ammunition may be considered as a shell liable to explode by concussion and spread destruction around it. The powder and fulminating composition being always in contact in every cartridge, it is obvious that a chance shot may explode the whole boxful; and we have proved by experiment that this is not an imaginary danger.

Since the appearance of our previous article on "The Use of the Rifle," our attention has been called to several new inventions for breech-loading, some of them exceedingly ingenious and curious, but only one of which has at once commended itself as being so obviously and distinctly an improvement as to induce a further test of its powers, and has proved on trial so entirely efficient, and free from the faults which seemed to be inseparable from the system, as to lead to the belief, which we confidently express, that its general adoption as a military weapon must be a necessary consequence of its becoming known.

As a full description and report of the trial of this gun has been officially prepared by a commission appointed for the purpose, and will probably be published, we shall only say of it here that its performance is equal in all respects to that of the best muzzle-loader, and, while possessing all the advantages, it is entirely free from any of the objections which pertain in one form or another to every breech-loading gun we have heretofore had an opportunity to inspect. In appearance it is so nearly like the ordinary soldier's musket that the difference can be perceived only on examination; and, indeed, it may be used as a muzzle-loader either with a cartridge or with loose powder and ball. It is so simple in its mode of operation that there is less danger of error than with a muzzle-loader; yet the anatomical construction of the limbs and joints secures a degree of strength equal to that of a solid mass of iron. The force of the explosion causes so perfect a closing of the joint as to prevent any possible escape of gas, yet the breech may be removed by as simple a process as that of cocking the gun; and we have in the course of experiment fired the gun three hundred times, and have since seen it fired five hundred times, without once wiping or cleaning, and the working of the joints was as easy and the shooting as good at the last as at first.

It is a singular fact in the history of arms, that the successive improvements in their construction have occurred at long intervals, and have made but slow progress towards general adoption even when their advantages were apparent. It was more than a century after muskets were first used in war before they were introduced in the English army to the exclusion of bows and arrows; more than fifty years passed after the invention of flint-locks before they were substituted for match-locks; and many years elapsed after the invention of the percussion-lock before it came into general use.

It is probable that the introduction of



breech-loading guns will be proportionally slow. A distinguished English military writer says: "With respect to the choice between muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders, I am quite satisfied that the latter will eventually carry the day. The best principles of construction may not yet have been discovered; but I have no more doubt of their advantage over the muzzle-loaders than I have of the superiority of the percussion- over flint-lock guns."

We coincide entirely in this opinion, and we have a very strong feeling of confidence that the gun we have alluded to is destined to achieve the consummation here predicted.

For clubs which propose to combine a military drill with target-practice, it is of course essential that the guns should be of uniform pattern. But in our country-towns, until some definite system of military organization is established by law, it is not likely that volunteer associations will be formed for anything more than the object of perfecting themselves in marksmanship. Great numbers of able-bodied men may be found in every community, who will be very ready to join associations to meet at stated intervals for simple target-practice, but who could not afford the time which would necessarily be required for the attainment of anything like efficient discipline as soldiers. For such associations it is not only unimportant that the arms should be of uniform pattern, but a diversity is even desirable, as affording the means of testing their comparative merits, and thus giving the members the opportunity of learning from actual observation the governing principles of the science of projectiles.

It is essential, however, to the attainment of any proper degree of skill in the use of the rifle that it should be acquired systematically. Experience has proved to the instructors at the Hythe School, that, "the less practice the pupil has previously had with the rifle, the better shot he is likely in a limited period to become; for, in shooting, bad habits of any kind are difficult to eradicate,

and such is the Hythe system that it does not admit of being grafted upon any other. Those who have been zealously engaged in maturing it have left nothing to chance; they have ascertained by innumerable trials the best way in which every minute portion of the task to be executed should be performed, and no deviation, however slight, should be attempted from the directions laid down. By rigid adherence to them, far more than average proficiency in shooting is attainable without the expenditure of a single ball-cartridge. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is nevertheless strictly true. It is only, however, to be accomplished by a course of aiming and position drill." \*

We have seen too many instances of poor shooting by men who passed for good riflemen, owing to ignorance of principles whose observance would alone enable them to adapt their practice to varying circumstances, to have any doubt of the important truth contained in the above extract; and we would urge its careful consideration and a compliance with its suggestions upon every association of riflemen.

With all the instruction which can be got from books and teachers, however, it is only by constant practice that one can attain the degree of skill which inspires entire confidence in his capacity to develop the best powers of the rifle. It seems a very simple thing to bring the line of sight upon the target, and to pull the trigger at the right moment; but, in reality, it is what no man can do without continued practice, and he who has attained the power will confirm the assertion that the art of doing it is indescribable, and must be acquired by every man for himself.

For the sake of first becoming familiar with the powers of the weapon, we advise beginners to practise for a time with a rest. This should be a bag of sand, or some equally inelastic substance, on which the gun can repose firmly and

\* *Hand-Book for Hythe.* By Lieut. Hans Busk.

steadily; and a little practice with such aid will enable the shooter to realize the relation of the line of sight to the trajectory under varying circumstances of wind and light, and thus to proceed knowingly in his subsequent training. But we are unwilling to give this advice without accompanying it with the caution not to continue the practice till it becomes habitual. It is very difficult for one who is accustomed to use a rest to feel the confidence which is essential to success, when shooting from the shoulder; and no one is deserving the name of a rifleman who requires such aid.

It is difficult for an inexperienced person to conceive of the effect of even a light wind upon so small an object as a rifle-ball, when shot from the gun. The difficulty arises from the impossibility of taking in the idea of such rapid flight, or of the resistance produced by it, by comparison with anything within the limits of our experience. We may attain a conception of it, however, by trying to move a stick through the water. Moving it slowly, the resistance is imperceptible; but as we increase the velocity, we find the difficulty to increase very rapidly, and if we try to strike a quick blow through the water, we find the resistance so enormous that the effort is almost paralyzed. Mathematically, the resistance increases in the ratio of the square of the velocity; and although the air is of course more easily displaced than water, the same rule applies to it, and the flight of a ball is so inconceivably rapid that the resistance becomes enormous. The average initial velocity of a cannon- or rifle-ball is sixteen hundred feet in a second, and a twelve-pound round shot, moving at this rate, encounters an atmospheric resistance of nearly two hundred pounds, or more than sixteen times its own weight. Perhaps a clearer idea may be attained by the statement of the fact, that, were it possible to remove this resistance, or, in other

words, to fire a ball in a vacuum, it would fly ten miles in a second, — the same time it now requires to move sixteen hundred feet. Bearing in mind this enormous resistance, it will be more readily apparent that even a slight motion of the element through which the ball is struggling must influence its course. For this reason it is that the best time to shoot, as a general rule, is in the morning or evening, when the air is most apt to be perfectly calm. It will often be found, after making very satisfactory shots at sunrise, that by ten o'clock, even on what would be called a calm day, it is impossible to attain to anything like the accuracy with which the day's work was begun; and, owing to the irregular motion of the air, the difficulty cannot be overcome, except to a limited degree, by making allowance for it.

It is well, however, to practise in all possible conditions of weather, and not to be discouraged at finding unaccountable variations at different times in the flight of balls. A few weeks' experience will at least enable the learner to judge of the veracity of a class of stories one often hears, of the feats of backwoodsmen. It is not long since we were gravely assured by a quondam travelling acquaintance, who no doubt believed it himself, that there were plenty of men in the South who could shave off either ear of a squirrel with a rifle-ball at one hundred yards, without doing him further injury. A short experience of target-shooting will suffice to demonstrate the absurdity of all the wonderful stories of this class which are told and often insisted on with all the bigotry of ignorance. A somewhat extended acquaintance with backwoodsmen has served only to convince us, that, while a practical familiarity with the rifle is more general with them than with us, a scientific knowledge of its principles is rare; and the best target-shooting we have ever seen was in New England.

undisturbed the Grecian outline of its exterior, or criticize at will the unsightly cheapness of its stucco imitations; but he found himself forbidden to enter, save by passing an armed and uniformed sentinel at the door-way. No other State of the Union has thus found it necessary in time of profoundest quiet to protect its State-House by a permanent cordon of bayonets; indeed, the Constitution ex-

pressly prohibits to any State a standing army, however small. Yet there for sixty years has stood sentinel the "Public Guard" of Virginia, wearing the suicidal motto of that decaying Commonwealth, "*Sic semper Tyrannis*"; and when one asked the origin of the precaution, one learned that it was the lasting memorial of Gabriel's insurrection, the stern heritage of terror bequeathed by his defeat.

Sep.

### BETHEL.

J. St. Eugenne.

50-

WE mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,  
And the whisper went round of a fort to be stormed;  
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,  
And no voice of command, but our Colonel's low word, —  
"Column! Forward!"

And out, through the mist and the murk of the morn,  
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;  
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,  
Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore, —  
"Column! Forward!"

With hearts bounding bravely, and eyes all alight,  
As ye dance to soft music, so trod we, that night;  
Through the aisles of the greenwood, with vines overarched,  
Tossing dew-drops, like gems, from our feet, as we marched, —  
"Column! Forward!"

As ye dance with the damsels, to viol and flute,  
So we skipped from the shadows, and mocked their pursuit;  
But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the morn,  
As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving corn, —  
"Column! Forward!"

For the leaves were all laden with fragrance of June,  
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in tune;  
And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,  
That we heard our own heart-beats, like taps of a drum, —  
"Column! Forward!"

Till the lull of the lowlands was stirred by a breeze,  
And the buskins of Morn brushed the tops of the trees,  
And the glintings of glory that slid from her track  
By the sheen of our rifles were gayly flung back, —  
"Column! Forward!"



And the woodlands grew purple with sunshiny mist,  
 And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose-light were kissed,  
 And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in perfumes,  
 Till we marched as through gardens, and trampled on blooms, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

Ay ! trampled on blossoms, and seared the sweet breath  
 Of the greenwood with low-brooding vapors of death ;  
 O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a blast,  
 And away to the fore-front of battle we passed, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the glades,  
 And the sun was like lightning on banners and blades,  
 When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,  
 From the green of the woodlands rolled, crimson as blood, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the seas,  
 With the “ Star-Spangled Banner ” swelled over the leas ;  
 And the sword of DURYEA, like a torch, led the way,  
 Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel, that day, — \*  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

Through green-tasselled cornfields our columns were thrown,  
 And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were mown ;  
 While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the plain,  
 That our blood might be planted for LIBERTY's grain, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

Oh ! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,  
 But their rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours ;  
 And the sunshine of June, sprinkling gold on the corn,  
 Hath no harvest that ripeneth like BETHEL's red morn, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

When our heroes, like bridegrooms, with lips and with breath,  
 Drank the first kiss of Danger and clasped her in death ;  
 And the heart of brave WINTHROP grew mute, with his lyre,  
 When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in fire, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name,  
 And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame ;  
 For the gold of the Pen and the steel of the Sword  
 Write his deeds — in his blood — on the land he adored, —  
   “ Column ! Forward ! ”

\* The march on Bethel was begun in high spirits at midnight, but it was near noon when the Zouaves, in their crimson garments, led by Colonel Duryea, charged the batteries, after singing the “ Star-Spangled Banner ” in chorus. Major Winthrop fell in the storming of the enemy's defences, and was left on the battle-field. Lieutenant Greble, the only other officer killed, was shot at his gun soon after. This fatal contest inaugurated the “ war of posts ” which has since raged in Virginia.

And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air,  
 And the flowers and the grass-blades his memory upbear;  
 While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves,  
 With the corn-tassels whispers, and sings in the sheaves, —  
 "Column! Forward!"

## THE HORRORS OF SAN DOMINGO.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE BUCCANEERS — FLIBUSTIERS — TORTUGA — SETTLEMENT OF THE WESTERN PART OF SAN DOMINGO BY THE FRENCH.

PEACEABLE voyagers in the West Indies were much astonished at their first sight of certain men, who might have been a new species of native, generated with slight advances upon the old stock by the principle of selection, or spontaneous growths of a soil well guanoed by ferocity. They sported the scarlet suit of the Carib, but of a dye less innocent, as if the fated islands imparted this color to the men who preyed upon them. A cotton shirt hung on their shoulders, and a pair of cotton drawers struggled vainly to cover their thighs: you had to look very closely to pronounce upon the material, it was so stained with blood and fat. Their bronzed faces and thick necks were hirsute, as if overgrown with moss, tangled or crispy. Their feet were tied up in the raw hides of hogs or beeves just slaughtered, from which they also frequently extemporized drawers, cut while reeking, and left to stiffen to the shape of the legs. A heavy-stocked musket, made at Dieppe or Nantes, with a barrel four and a half feet long, and carrying sixteen balls to the pound,\* lay over the shoulder, a calabash full of powder, with a wax stopper, was slung behind, and a belt of crocodile's skin, with four knives and a

\* This musket was afterwards called *fusil boucanier*. *Fusil demi-boucanier* was the same kind, with a shorter barrel.

bayonet, went round the waist. These individuals, if the term is applicable to the phenomena in question, were *Buccaneers*.\*

The name is derived from the arrangements which the Caribs made to cook their prisoners of war. After being dismembered, their pieces were placed upon wooden gridirons, which were called in Carib, *barbacoa*. It will please our Southern brethren to recognize a congenial origin for their favorite barbecue. The place where these grilling hurdles were set up was called *boucan*, and the method of roasting and smoking, *boucaner*. The *Buccaneers* were men of many nations, who hunted the wild cattle, which had increased prodigiously from the original Spanish stock; after taking off the hide, they served the flesh

\* *Histoire des Avanturiers Flibustiers, avec la Vie, les Mœurs, et les Coutumes des Boucaniers*, par A. O. Oexmelin, who went out to the West Indies as a poor *Engagé*, and became a *Buccaneer*. Four Volumes. New Edition, printed in 1744: Vol. III., containing the Journal of a Voyage made with *Flibustiers* in the South Sea in 1685, by Le Sieur Ravenau de Lussan; and Vol. IV., containing a History of English pirates, with the Lives of two Female Pirates, Mary Read and Ann Bonny, and Extracts from *Pirate-Codes*: translated from the English of Captain Charles Johnson.—Charlevoix, *Histoire de St. Domingue*, Vols. III. and IV.—*The History of the Bucaniers of America, from the First Original down to this Time; written in Several Languages, and now collected into One Volume*. Third Edition, London, 1704: containing Portraits of all the Celebrated *Flibustiers*, and Plans of some of their Land-Attacks.—*Nouveaux Voyages aux Isles Françaises de l'Amérique*, par le Père Labat, 1724, Tom. V. pp. 228-230. See also Archenholtz.

as the Caribs served their captives. There appears to have been a division of employment among them; for some hunted beeves merely for the hide, and others hunted the wild hogs to salt and sell their flesh. But their habits and appearance were the same. The beef-hunters had many dogs, of the old mastiff-breed imported from Spain, to assist in running down their game, with one or two hounds in each pack, who were taught to announce and follow up a trail.

The origin of these men, called *Buccaneers*, can be traced to a few Norman-French who were driven out of St. Christophe, in 1630, by the Spaniards. This island was settled jointly, but by an accidental coincidence, by French and English, in 1625. They lived tranquilly together for five years: the hunting of Caribs, who disputed their title to the soil, being a bond of union between them which was stronger than national prejudice. But the Spanish power became jealous of this encroachment among the islands, which it affected to own by virtue of Papal dispensation. Though Spain did not care to occupy it, Cuba and the Main being too engrossing, she determined that no other power should do so. She therefore took advantage of disturbances which arose there, in consequence, the French writers affirm, of the perfidious ambition of Albion, and chased both parties out of the island. The French soon recovered possession of it, which they solely held in future; but many exiles never returned, preferring to woo Fortune in company with the French and English adventurers who swarmed in those seas, having withdrawn, for sufficient reasons, from civilized society before a graceful retreat became impossible. This medley of people settled at first upon the northern and western coasts of San Domingo, — the latter being as yet unoccupied. A few settlements of Spaniards upon the northern coast, which suffered from their national antipathies and had endeavored to root them out, were quickly broken up by them. The Dutch, of course, were friendly, and promised to supply them with ne-

cessaries in payment for hides, lard, and meat, *boucané*.

Their favorite haunt was the little island of Tortuga,\* so named, some say, from its resemblance to a turtle afloat, and others, from the abundance of that "green and glutinous" delight of aldermen. It is only two or three leagues distant from the northern coast of San Domingo, off the mouth of Trois Rivières. Its northern side is inaccessible: a boat cannot find a nook or cove into which it may slip for landing or shelter. But there is one harbor upon the southern side, and the *Buccaneers* took possession of this, and gradually fortified it to make a place tenable against the anticipated assaults of the Spaniards. The soil was thin, but it nourished great trees which seemed to grow from the rocks; water was scarce; the hogs were numerous, smaller and more delicate than those of San Domingo; the sugar-cane flourished; and tobacco of superior quality could be raised. About five-and-twenty Spaniards held the harbor when these adventurers approached to take possession. There were, besides, a few other rovers like themselves, whom the new community adopted. The Spaniards made no resistance, and were suffered to retire.

There was cordial fellowship between the *Flibustiers* and *Buccaneers*, for they were all outlaws, without a country, with few national predilections, — men who could not live at home except at the risk of apprehension for vagrancy or crime, — men who ran away in search of adventure when the public ear was ringing with the marvels and riches of the Indies, and when a multitude of sins could be covered by judicious preying. The Spaniards were the victims of this floating and roving St. Giles of the seventeenth century. If England or France went to war with Spain, these freebooters obtained commissions, and their pillaging grew honorable; but it did not subside with the conclusion of a peace. They followed their own policy.

\* Not to be confounded with the Tortugas, the westernmost islands of the Florida Keys (*Cayos*, Spanish for rocks, shoals, or islets).



## THE NEW OPPOSITION PARTY.

IN the rapid alternations of opinion produced by the varying incidents of the present war, a few days effect the work of centuries. We may therefore be pardoned for giving an antique coloring to an event of recent occurrence. Accordingly we say, once upon a time, (Tuesday, July 1, 1862,) a great popular convention of all who loved the Constitution and the Union, and all who hated "niggers," was called in the city of New York. The place of meeting was the Cooper Institute, and among the signers to the call were prominent business and professional men of that great metropolis. At this meeting, that eminently calm and learned jurist, the Honorable W. A. Duer, interrupted the course of an elaborate argument for the constitutional rights of the Southern rebels by a melodramatic exclamation, that, if we hanged the traitors of the country in the order of their guilt, "the next man who marched upon the scaffold after Jefferson Davis would be Charles Sumner."

The professed object of the meeting was to form a party devoted to the support of "the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was." Its practical effect was to give the Confederates and foreign powers a broad hint that the North was no longer a unit. The coincidence of the meeting with the Federal reverses before Richmond made its professed object all the more ridiculous. The babbling and bawling of the speakers about "the rights of the South," and "the infamous Abolitionists who disgraced Congress," were but faint echoes of the Confederate cannon which had just ceased to carry death into the Union ranks. Both the speeches and the cannon spoke hostility to the National Cause. The number of the dead, wounded, "missing," and demoralized members of the great Army of the Potomac exceeded, on that Tuesday evening, any army which the United States had ever, before the pres-

ent war, arrayed on any battle-field. Jefferson Davis, on that evening, was safer at Richmond than Abraham Lincoln was at Washington. A well-grounded apprehension, not only for the "Union," but for the safety of loyal States, was felt on that evening all over the North and West. It was, in fact, the darkest hour in the whole annals of the Republic. Even the authorities at Washington feared that the Army of the Potomac was destroyed. This was exactly the time for the Honorable Mr. Wickliffe and the Honorable Mr. Brooks, for the Honorable W. A. Duer and the Honorable Fernando Wood, to delight the citizens of New York with their peculiar eloquence. This was the appropriate occasion to stand up for the persecuted and down-trodden South! This was the grand opportunity to assert the noble principle, that, by the Constitution, every traitor had the right to be tried by a jury of traitors! This was the time to dishonor all the New England dead! This was the time to denounce the living worthies of New England! Hang Jeff. Davis? Oh, yes! We all know that he is secure behind his triumphant slayers of the real defenders of the Constitution and the Union. Neither hangman nor Major-General can get near him. But Charles Sumner is in our power. We can hang him easily. He has not two or four hundred thousand men at his back. He travels alone and unattended. Do we want a constitutional principle for combining the two men in one act of treason? Here is a calm jurist, — here, gentlemen of the party of the Constitution and the Laws, is the Honorable W. A. Duer. What does he say? Simply this: "Hang Jeff. Davis and Charles Sumner." Davis we cannot hang, but Sumner we can. Let us take one-half of his advice; circumstances prevent us from availing ourselves of the whole. There is, to be sure, no possibility of hanging Charles Sumner under

any law known to us, the especial champions of the laws. But what then? Don't you see the Honorable W. A. Duer appeals, in this especial case, to "the higher law" of the mob? Don't you see that he desires to shield Jeff. Davis by weaving around his august person all the fine cobwebs of the Law, while he proposes to have Sumner hanged on "irregular" principles, unknown to the jurisprudence of Marshall and Kent?

But enough for the New York meeting. It was of no importance, except as indicating the existence, and giving a blundering expression to the objects, of one of the most malignant and unpatriotic factions which this country has ever seen. The faction is led by a few cold-blooded politicians universally known as the meanest sycophants of the South and the most impudent bullies of the North; but they have contrived to array on their side a considerable number of honest and well-meaning dupes by a dexterous appeal to conservative prejudice and conservative passion, so that hundreds serve their ends who would feel contaminated by their companionship. Never before has Respectability so blandly consented to become the mere instrument and tool of Rascality. The rogues trust to inaugurate treason and anarchy under the pretence of being the special champions of the Constitution and the Laws. Their real adherents are culled from the most desperate and dishonest portions of our population. They can hardly indite a leading article, or make a stump speech, without showing their proclivities to mob-law. To be sure, if a known traitor is informally arrested, they rave about the violation of the rights of the citizen; but they think Lynch-law is good enough for "Abolitionists." If a General is assailed as being over prudent and cautious in his operations against the common enemy, they immediately laud him as a Hannibal, a Cæsar, and a Napoleon; they assume to be his special friends and admirers; they adjure him to persevere in what they conceive to be his policy of inaction; and, as he is a great master in strategy, they

hint that his best strategic movement would be a movement, *à la* Cromwell, on the Abolitionized Congress of the United States. Disunion, anarchy, the violation of all law, the appeal to the lowest and fiercest impulses of the most ignorant portions of the Northern people, — these constitute the real stock-in-trade of "the Hang-Jeff-Davis-and-Charles-Sumner" party; but the thing is so managed, that, formally, this party appears as the special champion of the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws.

Those politicians who personally dislike the present holders of political power, those politicians who think that the measures of confiscation and emancipation passed by the Congress which has just adjourned are both unjust and impolitic, unconsciously slide into the aiders and abettors of the knaves they individually despise and distrust. The "radicals" must, they say, at all events, be checked; and they lazily follow the lead of the rascals. The rascals intend to ruin the country. But then they propose to do it in a constitutional way. The only thing, it seems, that a lawyer and a jurist can consider is Form. If the country is dismembered, if all its defenders are slain, if the Southern Confederacy is triumphant, not only at Richmond, but at Washington and New York, if eight millions of people beat twenty millions, and the greatest of all democracies ignominiously succumbs to the basest of all aristocracies, the true patriots will still have the consolation, that the defeat, the "damned defeat," occurred under the strictest forms of Law. Better that ten Massachusetts soldiers should be killed than that one negro should be illegally freed! Better that Massachusetts should be governed by Jeff. Davis than that it should be represented by such men as Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, notoriously hostile to the constitutional rights of the South! Subjection, in itself, is bad; but the great American idea of local governments for local purposes, and a general government for general purposes, still, thank God! may survive it. To

be sure, we may be beaten and enslaved. The rascals, renegades, and liberticides may gain their object. This object we shall ever condemn. But if they gain it fairly, under the forms of the Constitution, it is the duty of all good citizens to submit. Our Southern opponents, we acknowledge, committed some "irregularities"; but nobody can assert, that, in dealing with them, we deviated, by a hair's-breadth, from the powers intrusted to the Government by the Fathers of the Republic. While the country is convulsed by a rebellion unprecedented in the whole history of the world, we are compelled by our principles to look upon it as lawyers, and not as statesmen. We apply to it the same principles which our venerated forefathers applied to Shay's Rebellion in Massachusetts and the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania. To be sure, the "circumstances" are different; but we need not remind the philanthropic inhabitants of our section of the country, that "principles are eternal." We judge the existing case by these eternal principles. We may fail, and fail ignominiously; but, in our failure, nobody can say that we violated any sacred form of the ever-glorious Constitution of the United States. The Constitution has in it no provisions to secure its own existence by unconstitutional means. It is therefore our duty, as lawyers as well as legislators, to allow the gentlemen who have repudiated it, because they were defeated in an election, to enjoy all its benefits. That they do not seem to appreciate these benefits, but shoot, in a shockingly "irregular" manner, all who insist on imposing on them its blessings, furnishes no reason why we should partake in their guilt by violating its provisions. It is true that the Government established by the Constitution may fall by a strict adherence to our notions of the Constitution; but even in that event we shall have the delicious satisfaction of contemplating it in memory as a beautiful idea, after it has ceased to exist as a palpable fact. As the best constitution ever devised by human wisdom, we shall

always find a more exquisite delight in meditating on the mental image of its perfect features than in enjoying the practical blessings of any other Government which may be established after it is dead and gone; and our feeling regarding it can be best expressed in the words in which the lyric poet celebrates his loyalty to the soul of the departed object of his affection:—

"Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
And fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee!"

It is fortunate both for our safety and the safety of the Constitution, that these politico-sentimental gentlemen represent only a certain theory of the Constitution, and not the Constitution itself. Their leading defect is an incapacity to adjust their profound legal intellects to the altered circumstances of the country. Any child in political knowledge is competent to give them this important item of political information,—that by no constitution of government ever devised by human morality and intelligence were the rights of rascals so secured as to give them the privilege of trampling on the rights of honest men. Any child in political knowledge is competent to inform them of this fundamental fact, underlying all laws and constitutions,—that, if a miscreant attempts to cut your throat, you may resist him by all the means which your strength and his weakness place in your power. Any child in political knowledge is further competent to furnish them with this additional bit of wisdom,—that every constitution of government provides, under the war-power it confers, against its own overthrow by rebels and by enemies. If rebels rise to the dignity and exert the power of enemies, they can be proceeded against both as rebels and as enemies. As rebels, the Government is bound to give them all the securities which the Constitution may guaranty to traitors. As enemies, the Government is restricted only by the vast and vague "rights of war," of which its own military necessities must be the final judge.



"But," say the serene thinkers and scholars whom the rogues use as mouth-pieces, "our object is simply to defend the Constitution. We do not believe that the Government has any of the so-called 'rights of war' against the rebels. If Jefferson Davis has committed the crime of treason, he has the same right to be tried by a jury of the district in which his alleged crime was committed that a murderer has to be tried by a similar jury. We know that Mr. Davis, in case the rebellion is crushed, will not only be triumphantly acquitted, but will be sent to Congress as Senator from Mississippi. This is mortifying in itself, but it still is a beautiful illustration of the merits of our admirable system of government. It enables the South to play successfully the transparent game of 'Heads I win, tails you lose,' and so far must be reckoned bad. But this evil is counterbalanced by so many blessings, that nobody but a miserable Abolitionist will think of objecting to the arrangement. We, on the whole, agree with the traitors, whose designs we lazily aid, in thinking that Jeff. Davis and Charles Sumner are equally guilty, in a fair estimate of the causes of our present misfortunes. Hang both, we say; and we say it with an inward confidence that neither will be hanged, if the true principles of the Constitution be carried out."

The political rogues and the class of honest men we have referred to are, therefore, practically associated in one party to oppose the present Government. The rogues lead; the honest men follow. If this new party succeeds, we shall have the worst party in power that the country has ever known. Buchanan as President, and Floyd as Secretary of War, were bad enough. But Buchanan and Floyd had no large army to command, no immense material of war to direct. As far as they could, they worked mischief, and mischief only. But their means were limited. The Administration which will succeed that of Abraham Lincoln will have under its control one of the largest and ablest armies and navies in the world. Every general and every admiral will be compelled to obey the orders of the Administration. If the Administration be in the hands of secret traitors, the immense military and naval power of the country will be used for its own destruction. A compromise will be patched up with the Rebel States. The leaders of the rebellion will be invited back to their old seats of power. A united South combined with a Pro-slavery faction in the North will rule the nation. And all this enormous evil will be caused by the simplicity of honest men in falling into the trap set for them by traitors and rogues.

## SANITARY CONDITION OF THE ARMY. 52-

THE power and efficiency of an army consist in the amount of the power and efficiency of its elements, in the health, strength, and energy of its members. No army can be strong, however numerous its soldiers, if they are weak; nor is it completely strong, unless every member is in full vigor. The weakness of any part, however small, diminishes, to that extent, the force of the whole; and the increase of power in any part adds so much to the total strength.

In order, then, to have a strong and effective army, it is necessary not only to have a sufficient number of men, but that each one of these should have in himself the greatest amount of force, the fullest health and energy the human body can present.

This is usually regarded in the original creation of an army. The soldiers are picked men. None but those of perfect form, complete in all their organization and functions, and free from every defect or disease, are intended to be admitted. The general community, in civil life, includes not only the strong and healthy, but also the defective, the weak, and the sick, the blind, the halt, the consumptive, the rheumatic, the immature in childhood, and the exhausted and decrepit in age.

In the enlistment of recruits, the candidates for the army are rigidly examined, and none are admitted except such as appear to be mentally and physically sound and perfect. Hence, many who offer their services to the Government are rejected, and sometimes the proportion accepted is very small.

In Great Britain and Ireland, during the twenty years from 1832 to 1851 inclusive, 305,897 applied for admission into the British army. Of these, 97,457, or 32 per cent., were rejected, and only 208,440, or 68 per cent., were accepted.\*

In France, during thirteen years, 1831

\* Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army, p. 498.

to 1843 inclusive, 2,280,540 were offered for examination as candidates for the army. Of these, 182,664, being too short, though perhaps otherwise in possession of all the requisites of health, were not examined, leaving 2,097,876, who were considered as candidates for examination. Of these, 680,560, or 32.5 per cent., were rejected on account of physical unfitness, and only 1,417,316, or 67.5 per cent., were allowed to join the army.\*

The men who ordinarily offer for the American army, in time of peace, are of still inferior grade, as to health and strength. In the year 1852, at the several recruiting-stations, 16,114 presented themselves for enlistment, and 10,945, or 67.9 per cent., were rejected, for reasons not connected with health:—

- 3,162 too young,
- 732 too old,
- 1,806 too short,
- 657 married,
- 2,434 could not speak English,
- 32 extremely ignorant,
- 1,965 intemperate,
- 106 of bad morals,
- 51 had been in armies from which
- they had deserted,

Total, 10,945

All of these may have been in good health.

Of the remainder, 5,169, who were subjects of further inquiry, 2,443 were rejected for reasons connected with their physical or mental condition:—

- 243 mal-formed,
- 630 unsound in physical constitution,
- 16 unsound in mind,
- 114 had diseased eyes,
- 55 had diseased ears,
- 314 had hernia,
- 1,071 had varicose veins,

Total, 2,443

Only 2,726 were accepted, being 52.7 per cent. of those who were examined, and less than 17 per cent., or about one-

\* Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army, p. 499.

sixth, of all who offered themselves as candidates for the army, in that year.\*

In time of peace, the character of the men who desire to become soldiers differs with the degree of public prosperity. When business is good, most men obtain employment in the more desirable and profitable avocations of civil life. Then a larger proportion of those who are willing to enter the army are unfitted, by their habits or their health, for the occupations of peace, and go to the rendezvous only as a last resort, to obtain their bread. But when business falters, a larger and a better class are thrown out of work, and are glad to enter the service of the country by bearing arms. The year 1852 was one of prosperity, and affords, therefore, no indication of the class and character of men who are willing to enlist in the average years. The Government Reports state that in some other years 6,383 were accepted and 3,617 rejected out of 10,000 that offered to enlist. But in time of war, when the country is endangered, and men have a higher motive for entering its service than mere employment and wages, those of a better class both as to character and health flock to the army; and in the present war, the army is composed, in great degree, of men of the highest personal character and social position, who leave the most desirable and lucrative employments to serve their country as soldiers.

As, then, the army excludes, or intends to exclude, from its ranks all the defective, weak, and sick, it begins with a much higher average of health and vigor, a greater power of action, of endurance, and of resisting the causes of disease, than the mass of men of the same ages in civil life. It is composed of men in the fulness of strength and efficiency. This is the vital machinery with which Governments propose to do their martial work; and the amount of vital force which belongs to these living machines, severally and collectively, is the capital with which they intend to accomplish their purposes. Every

wise Government begins the business of war with a good capital of life, a large quantity of vital force in its army. So far they do well; but more is necessary. This complete and fitting preparation alone is not sufficient to carry on the martial process through weeks and months of labor and privation. Not only must the living machinery of bone and flesh be well selected, but its force must be sustained, it must be kept in the most effective condition and in the best and most available working order. For this there are two established conditions, that admit of no variation nor neglect: first, a sufficient supply of suitable nutriment, and faithful regard to all the laws of health; and, second, the due appropriation of the vital force that is thus from day to day created.

A due supply of appropriate food and of pure air, sufficient protection and cleansing of the surface, moderate labor and refreshing rest, are the necessary conditions of health, and cannot be disregarded, in the least degree, without a loss of force. The privation of even a single meal, or the use of food that is hard of digestion or innutritious, and the loss of any of the needful sleep, are followed by a corresponding loss of effective power, as surely as the slackened fire in the furnace is followed by lessened steam and power in the engine.

Whosoever, then, wishes to sustain his own forces or those of his laborers with the least cost, and use them with the greatest effect, must take Nature on her own terms. It is vain to try to evade or alter her conditions. The Kingdom of Heaven is not divided against itself. It makes no compromises, not even for the necessities of nations. It will not consent that any one, even the least, of its laws shall be set aside, to advance any other, however important. Each single law stands by itself, and exacts complete obedience to its own requirements: it gives its own rewards and inflicts its own punishments. The stomach will not digest tough and hard or old salted meats, or heavy bread, without demanding and

\* *Medical Statistics of the United States Army*, 1839-54, p. 625.



receiving a great and perhaps an almost exhausting proportion of the nervous energies. The nutritive organs will not create vigorous muscles and effective limbs, unless the blood is constantly and appropriately recruited. The lungs will not decarbonize and purify the blood with foul air, that has been breathed over and over and lost its oxygen. However noble or holy the purpose for which human power is to be used, it will not be created, except according to the established conditions. The strength of the warrior in battle cannot be sustained, except in the appointed way, even though the fate of all humanity depend on his exertions.

Nature keeps an exact account with all her children, and gives power in proportion to their fulfilment of her conditions. She measures out and sustains vital force according to the kind and fitness of the raw material provided for her. When we deal liberally with her, she deals liberally with us. For everything we give to her she makes a just return. The stomach, the nutrient arteries, the lungs, have no love, no patriotism, no pity; but they are perfectly honest. The healthy digestive organs will extract and pay over to the blood-vessels just so much of the nutritive elements as the food we eat contains in an extractible form, and no more; and for this purpose they will demand and take just so much of the nervous energy as may be needed. The nutrient arteries will convert into living flesh just so much of the nutritive elements as the digestive organs give them, and no more. The lungs will send out from the body as many of the atoms of exhausted and dead flesh as the oxygen we give them will convert into carbonic acid and water, and this is all they can do. In these matters, the vital organs are as honest and as faithful as the boiler, that gives forth steam in the exact ratio of the heat which the burning fuel evolves and the fitness of the water that is supplied to it; and neither can be persuaded to do otherwise. The living machine of bone and flesh and the dead machine of iron prepare their forces according to

the means they have, not according to the ulterior purpose to which those forces are to be applied. They do this alike for all. They do it as well for the sinner as for the saint, — as well for the traitorous Secessionist striving to destroy his country as for the patriot endeavoring to sustain it.

In neither case is it a matter of will, but of necessity. The amount of power to be generated in both living and dead machines is simply a question of quality and quantity of provision for the purpose. So much food, air, protection given produce so much strength. A proposition to reduce the amount of either of these necessarily involves the proposition to reduce the available force. Whoever determines to eat or give his men less or poorer food, or impure air, practically determines to do less work. In all this management of the human body, we are sure to get what we pay for, and we are equally sure not to get what we do not pay for.

All Governments have tried, and are now, in various degrees, trying, the experiment of privation in their armies. The soldier cannot carry with him the usual means and comforts of home. He must give these up the moment he enters the martial ranks, and reduce his apparatus of living to the smallest possible quantity. He must generally limit himself to a portable house, kitchen, cooking-apparatus, and wardrobe, and to an entire privation of furniture, and sometimes submit to a complete destitution of everything except the provision he may carry in his haversack and the blanket he can carry on his back. When stationary, he commonly sleeps in barracks; but he spends most of his time in the field and sleeps in tents. Occasionally he is compelled to sleep in the open air, without any covering but his blanket, and to cook in an extemporized kitchen, which he may make of a few stones piled together or of a hole in the earth, with only a kettle, that he carries on his back, for cooking-apparatus. In all cases and conditions, whether in fort or in field, in barrack, tent, or open air, he is limited

to the smallest artificial habitation, the least amount of furniture and conveniences, the cheapest and most compact food, and the rudest cookery. He is, therefore, never so well protected against the elements, nor, when sleeping under cover, so well supplied with air for respiration, as he is at home. Moreover, when lodging abroad, he cannot take his choice of places; he is liable, from the necessities of war, to encamp in wet and malarious spots, and to be exposed to chills and miasms of unhealthy districts. He is necessarily exposed to weather of every kind, — to cold, to rains, to storms; and when wet, he has not the means of warming himself, nor of drying or changing his clothing. His life, though under martial discipline, is irregular. At times, he has to undergo severe and protracted labors, forced marches, and the violent and long-continued struggles of combat; at other times, he has not exercise sufficient for health. His food is irregularly served. He is sometimes short of provisions, and compelled to pass whole days in abstinence or on short allowance. Occasionally he cannot obtain even water to drink, through hours of thirsty toil. No Government nor managers of war have ever yet been able to make exact and unfailing provision for the wants and necessities of their armies, as men usually do for themselves and their families at home.

#### SUPPOSED DANGERS TO THE SOLDIER.

FROM the earliest recorded periods of the world, men have gone forth to war, for the purpose of destroying or overcoming their enemies, and with the chance of being themselves destroyed or overthrown. Public authorities have generally taken account of the number of their own men who have been wounded and killed in battle, and of the casualties in the opposing armies. Gunpowder and steel, and the manifold weapons, instruments, and means of destruction in the hands of the enemy are commonly considered as the principal, if not the only sources of danger to the soldier,

and ground of anxiety to his friends; and the nation reckons its losses in war by the number of those who were wounded and killed in battle. But the suffering and waste of life, apart from the combat, the sickness, the depreciation of vital force, the withering of constitutional energy, and the mortality in camp and fortress, in barrack, tent, and hospital, have not usually been the subjects of such careful observation, nor the grounds of fear to the soldier and of anxiety to those who are interested in his safety. Consequently, until within the present century, comparatively little attention has been given to the dangers that hang over the army out of the battle-field, and but little provision has been made, by the combatants or their rulers, to obviate or relieve them. No Government in former times, and few in later years, have taken and published complete accounts of the diseases of their armies, and of the deaths that followed in consequence. Some such records have been made and printed, but these are mostly fragmentary and partial, and on the authority of individuals, officers, surgeons, scholars, and philanthropists.

It must not be forgotten that the army is originally composed of picked men, while the general community includes not only the imperfect, diseased, and weak that belong to itself, but also those who are rejected from the army. If, then, the conditions, circumstances, and habits of both were equally favorable, there would be less sickness and a lower rate of mortality among the soldiers than among men of the same ages at home. But if in the army there should be found more sickness and death than in the community at home, or even an equal amount, it is manifestly chargeable to the presence of more deteriorating and destructive influences in the military than in civil life.

#### SICKNESS AND MORTALITY IN CIVIL LIFE.

THE amount of sickness among the people at home is not generally recog-

nized, still less is it carefully measured and recorded. But the experience and calculations of the Friendly Societies of Great Britain, and of other associations for Health-Assurance there and elsewhere, afford sufficient data for determining the proportion of time lost in sickness by men of various ages. These Friendly Societies are composed mainly of men of the working-classes, from which most of the soldiers of the British army are drawn.

According to the calculations and tables of Mr. Ansel, in his work on "Friendly Societies," the men of the army-ages, from 20 to 40, in the working-classes, lose, on an average, five days and six-tenths of a day by sickness in each year, which will make one and a half per cent. of the males of this age and class constantly sick. Mr. Neison's calculations and tables, in his "Contributions to Vital Statistics," make this average somewhat over seven days' yearly sickness, and one and ninety-two hundredths of one per cent. constantly sick. These were the bases of the rates adopted by the Health-Assurance companies in New England, and their experience shows that the amount of sickness in these Northern States is about the same as, if not somewhat greater than, that in Great Britain, among any definite number of men.

The rate of mortality is more easily ascertained, and is generally calculated and determined in civilized nations. This rate, among all classes of males, between 20 and 40 years old, in England and Wales, is .92 per cent. : that is, 92 will die out of 10,000 men of these ages, on an average, in each year; but in the healthiest districts the rate is only 77 in 10,000. The mortality among the males of Massachusetts, of the same ages, according to Mr. Elliott's calculations, is 1.11 per cent. or 111 in 10,000. This may be safely assumed as the rate of mortality in all New England. That of the Southern States is somewhat greater.

These rates of sickness and death — one and a half or one and ninety-two hundredths per cent. constantly sick, and

seventy-seven to one hundred and eleven dying, in each year, among ten thousand living — may be considered as the proportion of males, of the army-ages, that should be constantly taken away from active labor and business by illness, and that should be annually lost by death. Whether at home, amidst the usually favorable circumstances and the average comforts, or in the army, under privation and exposure, men of these ages may be presumed to be necessarily subject to this amount, at least, of loss of vital force and life. And these rates may be adopted as the standard of comparison of the sanitary influences of civil and military life.

#### SICKNESS AND MORTALITY OF THE ARMY IN PEACE.

SOLDIERS are subject to different influences and exposures, and their waste and loss of life differ, in peace and war. In peace they are mostly stationary, at posts, forts, and in cantonments. They generally live in barracks, with fixed habits and sufficient means of subsistence. They have their regular supplies of food and clothing and labor, and are protected from the elements, heat, cold, and storms. They are seldom or never subjected to privation or excessive fatigue. But in war they are in the field, and sleep in tents which are generally too full and often densely crowded. Sometimes they sleep in huts, and occasionally in the open air. They are liable to exposures, hardships, and privations, to uncertain supplies of food and bad cookery.

The report of the commission appointed by the British Government to inquire into the sanitary condition of the army shows a remarkable and unexpected degree of mortality among the troops stationed at home under the most favorable circumstances, as well as among those abroad. The Foot-Guards are the very *élite* of the whole army; they are the most perfect of the faultless in form and in health. They are the pets of the Government and the people. They are stationed at London and Windsor, and lodged in



magnificent barracks, apparently ample for their accommodation. They are clothed and fed with extraordinary care, and are supposed to have every means of health. And yet their record shows a sad difference between their rate of mortality and that of men of the same ages in civil life. A similar excess of mortality was found to exist among all the home-army, which includes many thousand soldiers, stationed in various towns and places throughout the kingdom.

The following table exhibits the annual mortality in these classes.\*

DEATHS IN 10,000.

Age.	Civilians.	Foot-Guards.	Home-Army.
20 to 25	84	216	170
25 to 30	92	211	183
30 to 35	102	195	184
35 to 40	116	224	193

Through the fifteen years from 1839 to 1853 inclusive, the annual mortality of all the army, excepting the artillery, engineers, and West India and colonial corps, was 330 among 10,000 living; while that among the same number of males of the army-ages, in all England and Wales, was 92, and in the healthiest districts only 77.†

There is no official account at hand of the general mortality in the Russian army on the peace-establishment; yet, according to Boudin, in one portion, consisting of 192,834 men, 144,352 had been sick, and 7,541, or 38 per 1,000, died in one year.‡

The Prussian army, with an average of 150,582 men, lost by death, during the ten years 1829 to 1838, 1,975 in each year, which is at the rate of 13 per 1,000 living.§

The mortality of the Piedmontese ar-

my, from 1834 to 1843 inclusive, was 158 in 10,000, while that of the males at home was 92 in the same number living.

From 1775 to 1791, seventeen years, the mortality among the cavalry was 181, and among the infantry 349, out of 10,000 living; but in the ten years from 1834 to 1843 these rates were only 108 and 215.\*

Colored troops are employed by the British Government in all their colonies and possessions in tropical climates. The mortality of these soldiers is known, and also that of the colored male civilians in the East Indies and in the West-India Islands and South-American Provinces. In four of these, the rate of mortality is higher among the male slaves than among the colored soldiers; but in all the others, this rate is higher in the army. In all the West-Indian and South-American possessions of Great Britain, the average rate of deaths is 25 per cent. greater among the black troops than among the black males of all ages on the plantations and in the towns. The soldiers are of the healthier ages, 20 to 40, but the civilians include both the young and the old: if these could be excluded, and the comparison made between soldiers and laborers of the same ages, the difference in favor of civil pursuits would appear much greater.

Throughout the world, where the armies of Great Britain are stationed or serve, the death-rate is greater among the troops than among civilians of the same races and ages, except among the colored troops in Tobago, Montserrat, Antigua, and Granada in America, and among the Sepoys in the East Indies.†

In the army of the United States, during the period from 1840 to 1854, not including the two years of the Mexican War, there was an average of 9,278 men, or an aggregate of 120,622 years of service, equal to so many men serving one year. Among these and dur-

\* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 289.

§ *Ibid.* p. 286.

\* *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 284.

† *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army.*

ing this period, there were 342,107 cases of sickness reported by the surgeons, and 3,416 deaths from disease, showing a rate of mortality of 2.83 per cent., or two and a half times as great as that among the males of Massachusetts of the army-ages, and three times as great as that in England and Wales. The attacks of sickness average almost three for each man in each year. This is manifestly more than that which falls upon men of these ages at home.\*

#### SICKNESS AND MORTALITY OF THE ARMY IN WAR.

THUS far the sickness and mortality of the army in time of peace only has been considered. The experience of war tells a more painful story of the dangers of the men engaged in it. Sir John Pringle states, that, in the British armies that were sent to the Low Countries and Germany, in the years 1743 to 1747, a great amount of sickness and mortality prevailed. He says, that, besides those who were suffering from wounds, "at some periods more than one-fifth of the army were in the hospitals." "One regiment had over one-half of its men sick." "In July and August, 1743, one-half of the army had the dysentery." "In 1747, four battalions," of 715 men each, "at South Beveland and Walcheren, both in field and in quarters, were so very sickly, that, at the height of the epidemic, some of these corps had but one hundred men fit for duty; six-sevenths of their numbers were sick."† "At the end of the campaign the Royal Battalion had but four men who had not been ill." And "when these corps went into winter-quarters, their sick, in proportion to their men fit for duty, were nearly as four to one."‡ In 1748, dysentery prevailed. "In one regiment of 500 men, 150 were sick at the end of five weeks; 200 were sick af-

ter two months; and at the end of the campaign, they had in all but thirty who had never been ill." "In Johnson's regiment sometimes one-half were sick; and in the Scotch Fusileers 300 were ill at one time."\*

The British army in Egypt, in 1801, had from 103 to 261 and an average of 182 sick in each thousand; and the French army had an average of 125 in 1,000, or one-eighth of the whole, on the sick-list.†

In July, 1809, the British Government sent another army, of 39,219 men, to the Netherlands. They were stationed at Walcheren, which was the principal seat of the sickness and suffering of their predecessors, sixty or seventy years before. Fever and dysentery attacked this second army as they had the first, and with a similar virulence and destructiveness. In two months after landing,

Sept. 13, 7,626 were on the sick-list.

" 19, 8,123	" "
" 21, 8,684	" "
" 23, 9,046	" "

In ninety-seven days 12,867 were sent home sick; and on the 22d of October there were only 4,000 effective men left fit for duty out of this army of about 40,000 healthy men, who had left England within less than four months. On the 1st of February of the next year, there were 11,513 on the sick-list, and 15,570 had been lost or disabled. Between January 1st and June of the same year, (1810,) 36,500 were admitted to the hospitals, and 8,000, or more than 20 per cent., died, which is equal to an annual rate of 48 per cent. mortality.

The British army in Spain and Portugal suffered greatly through the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1814. During the whole of that period, there was a constant average of 209 per 1,000 on the sick-list, and the proportion was sometimes swelled to 330 per 1,000. Through the

\* *Medical Statistics U. S. Army, 1839-54*, p. 491, etc.

† *Observations on the Diseases of the Army*, p. 51.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 53.

\* *Observations on the Diseases of the Army*,

p. 59.

† *London Statistical Journal*, Vol. XIX. p. 247.

forty-one months ending May 25th, 1814, with an average of 61,511 men, there was an average of 13,815 in the hospitals, which is 22.5 per cent.; of these only one-fifteenth, or 1.5 per cent. of the whole army, were laid up on account of injuries in battle, and 21 per cent. were disabled by diseases. From these causes 24,930 died, which is an annual average of 7,296, or a rate of 11.8 per cent. mortality.\*

No better authority can be adduced, for the condition of men engaged in the actual service of war, than Lord Wellington. On the 14th of November, 1809, he wrote from his army in Spain to Lord Liverpool, then at the head of the British Government,—"In all times and places the sick-list of the army amounts to ten per cent of all."† He seemed to consider this the lowest attainable rate of sickness, and he hoped to be able to reduce that of his own army to it: this is more than five times as great as the rate of sickness among male civilians of the army-ages. The sickness in Lord Wellington's army, at the moment of writing this despatch, was fifteen per cent., or seven and a half times as great as that at home.

In the same Peninsular War, there was of the sick in the French army a constant average of 136 per 1,000 in Spain, and 146 per 1,000 in Portugal. Mr. Edmonds says, that, just before the Battle of Talavera, the French army consisted of 275,000 men, of whom 61,000, or 22.2 per cent., were sick.‡ Lord Wellington wrote, Sept. 19, 1809, that the French army of 225,000 men had 30,000 to 40,000 sick, which is 13.3 to 17.7 per cent. The French army in Portugal had at one time 64 per 1,000, and at another 235 per 1,000, and an average of 146 per 1,000, in the hospitals through the war.

The British army that fought the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, had an average of 60,992 men, through the campaign of four months, June to September; of these,

there was an average of 7,909, or 12.9 per cent., in the hospitals.\*

The British legion that went to Spain in 1836 consisted of 7,000 men. Of these, 5,000, or 71 per cent., were admitted into the hospitals in three and a half months, and 1,223 died in six months. This is equal to an annual rate of almost two and a half, 2.44, attacks for each man, and of 34.9 per cent. mortality.†

"Of 115,000 Russians who invaded Turkey in 1828 and 1829, only 10,000 or 15,000 ever repassed the Pruth. The rest died there of intermittent fevers, dysenteries, and plague." "From May, 1828, to February, 1829, 210,108 patients were admitted into the general and regimental hospitals." "In October, 1828, 20,000 entered the general hospitals." "The sickness was very fatal." "More than a quarter of the fever-patients died." "5,509 entered the hospitals, and of these, 3,959 died in August, 1829, and only 614 ultimately recovered." "At Brailow the plague attacked 1,200 and destroyed 774." "Dysentery was equally fatal." "In the march across the Balkan, 1,000 men died of diarrhœa, fever, and scurvy." "In Bulgaria, during July, 37,000 men were taken sick." "At Adrianople a vast barrack was taken for a hospital, and in three days 1,616 patients were admitted. On the first of September there were 3,666, and on the 15th, 4,646 patients in the house. This was one-quarter of all the disposable force at that station." "In October, 1,300 died of dysentery; and at the end of the month there were 4,700 in the hospitals." "In the whole army the loss to the Russians in the year 1829 was at least 60,000 men."‡

#### CRIMEAN WAR.

IN 1854, twenty-five years after this fatal experience of the Russian army in

\* Edmonds in *London Lancet*, Vol. XXXVI. p. 143.

† Despatches.

‡ Edmonds in *London Lancet*, Vol. XXXVI. p. 145.

\* Edmonds in *London Lancet*, Vol. XXXVI. p. 148.

† *Ib.*, p. 219.

‡ Boudin, *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 289, etc., quoted by him from Major Moltka.



Bulgaria, the British Government sent an army to the same province, where the men were exposed to the same diseases and suffered a similar depreciation of vital force in sickness and death. For two years and more they struggled with these destructive influences in their own camps, in Bulgaria and the Crimea, with the usual result of such exposures in the waste of life. From April 10, 1854, to June 30, 1856, 82,901 British soldiers were sent to the Black Sea and its coasts; and through these twenty-six and two-thirds months the British army had an average of 34,559 men engaged in that "War in the East" with Russia. From these there were furnished to the general and regimental, the stationary and movable hospitals 218,952 cases: 24,084, or 11 per cent., of these patients were wounded or injured in battle; and 194,868, or 89 per cent., suffered from the diseases of the camp. This is equal to an annual average of two and a half attacks of sickness for each man. The published reports give an analysis of only 162,123 of these cases of disease. Of these, 110,673, or 68 per cent., were of the zymotic class,—fevers, dysenteries, scurvy, etc., which are generally supposed to be due to exposure and privation, and other causes which are subject to human control. During the two years ending with March, 1856, 16,224 died of diseases, of which 14,476 were of the zymotic or preventable class, 2,755 were killed in battle, and 2,019 died of wounds and injuries received in battle. The annual rate of mortality, from all diseases, was 23 per cent.; from zymotic diseases, 21 per cent.; from battle, 6.9 per cent. The rate of sickness and mortality varied exceedingly in different months. In April, May, and June, 1854, the deaths were at the annual rate of 8.7 per 1,000; in July, 159 per 1,000; in August and September, 340 per 1,000; in December, this rate again rose and reached 679 per 1,000; and in January, 1855, owing to the great exposures, hardships, and privations in the siege, and the very imperfect means of sustenance and protection, the mortal-

ity increased to the enormous rate of 1,142 per 1,000, so that, if it had continued unabated, it would have destroyed the whole army in ten and a half months.\*

#### AMERICAN ARMY, 1812 TO 1814.

WE need not go abroad to find proofs of the waste of life in military camps. Our own army, in the war with Great Britain in 1812-14, suffered, as the European armies have done, by sickness and death, far beyond men in civil occupations. There are no comprehensive reports, published by the Government, of the sanitary condition and history of the army on the Northern frontier during that war. But the partial and fragmentary statements of Dr. Mann, in his "Medical Sketches," and the occasional and apparently incidental allusions to the diseases and deaths by the commanding officers, in their letters and despatches to the Secretary of War, show that sickness was sometimes fearfully prevalent and fatal among our soldiers. Dr. Mann says: "One regiment on the frontier, at one time, counted 900 strong, but was reduced, by a total want of a good police, to less than 200 fit for duty." "At one period more than 340 were in the hospitals, and, in addition to this, a large number were reported sick in camp."† "The aggregate of the army at Fort George and its dependencies was about 5,000. From an estimate of the number sick in the general and regimental hospitals, it was my persuasion that but little more than half of the army was capable of duty, at one period, during the summer months"‡ of 1813. "During the month of August more than one-third of the soldiers were on the sick-reports."§ Dr. Mann quotes Dr. Lovell, another army-surgeon, who says, in the autumn of 1813: "A morning report, now before me, gives 75 sick, out of a corps of 160. The several regiments of the army, in their reports, ex-

\* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 524.

† *Medical Sketches*, p. 39.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 204.

§ *Ib.*, p. 66.

hibit a proportional number unfit for duty." \* Dr. Mann states that "the troops at Burlington, Vt., in the winter of 1812-13, did not number over 1,600, and the deaths did not exceed 200, from the last of November to the last of February." † But Dr. Gallup says: "The whole number of deaths is said to be not less than 700 to 800 in four months," and "the number of soldiers stationed at this encampment [Burlington] was about 2,500 to 2,800." ‡ According to Dr. Mann's statement, the mortality was at the annual rate of 50 per cent.; and according to that of Dr. Gallup, it was at the rate of 75 to 96 per cent. This is nearly equal to the severest mortality in the Crimea.

General William H. Harrison, writing to the Secretary of War from the borders of Lake Erie, Aug. 29, 1813, says: "You can form some estimate of the deadly effects of the immense body of stagnant water with which the vicinity of the lake abounds, from the state of the troops at Sandusky. Upwards of 90 are this morning reported sick, out of about 220." This is a rate of over 40 per cent. "Those at Fort Meigs are not much better." §

General Wilkinson wrote from Fort George, Sept. 16, 1813: "We count, on paper, 4,600, and could show 3,400 combatants"; that is, 25 per cent. and more are sick. "The enemy, from the best information we have, have about 3,000 on paper, of whom 1,400," or 46.6 per cent., "are sick." ||

#### MEXICAN WAR.

THERE was a similar waste of life among our troops in the Mexican War. There is no published record of the number of the sick, nor of their diseases. But the letters of General Scott and General Taylor to the Secretary of War show that the loss of effective force in our ar-

my was at times very great by sickness in that war.

General Scott wrote:—

"Puebla, July 25, 1847.

"May 30, the number of sick here was 1,017, of effectives 5,820."

"Since the arrival of General Pillow, we have effectives (rank and file) 8,061, sick 2,215, beside 87 officers under the latter head." \*

Again:—

"Mexico, Dec. 5, 1847.

"The force at Chapultepec fit for duty is only about 6,000, rank and file; the number of sick, exclusive of officers, being 2,041." †

According to these statements, the proportions of the sick were 17.4 to 27.4 and 24.7 per cent. of all in these corps at the times specified.

General Taylor wrote:—

"Camp near Monterey, July 27, 1847.

"Great sickness and mortality have prevailed among the volunteer troops in front of Saltillo." ‡

August 10th, he said, that, "nearly 23 per cent. of the force present was disabled by disease."

The official reports show only the number that died, but make no distinction as to causes of death, except to separate the deaths from wounds received in battle from those from other causes.

During that war, 100,454 men were sent to Mexico from the United States. They were enlisted for various periods, but served, on an average, thirteen months and one day each, making a total of 109,104 years of military service rendered by our soldiers in that war. The total loss of these men was 1,549 killed in battle or died of wounds, 10,986 died from diseases, making 12,535 deaths. Besides these, 12,252 were discharged for disability. The mortality from disease was almost equal to the annual rate of 11 per cent., which is about ten times as

\* *Executive Documents, U. S., 1847-48, Vol. VII. p. 1013.*

† *Id.*, p. 1033.

‡ *Id.*, p. 1185.

\* *Medical Sketches*, p. 119.

† *Id.*, p. 199.

‡ *On Epidemics*, p. 70.

§ *United States Documents*, 1814.

|| *Id.*, 1814.

great as that of men in ordinary civil life at home.

#### SICKNESS IN THE PRESENT UNION ARMY.

THERE are not as yet, and for a long time there cannot be, any full Government reports of the amount and kind of sickness in the present army of the United States. But the excellent reports of the inquiries of the Sanitary Commission give much important and trustworthy information in respect to these matters. Most of the encampments of all the corps have been examined by their inspectors; and their returns show, that the average number sick, during the seven months ending with February last, was, among the troops who were recruited in New England 74.6, among those from the Middle States 56.6, and, during six months ending with January, among those from the Western States 104.3, in 1,000 men. From an examination of 217 regiments, during two months ending the middle of February, the rate of sickness among the troops in the Eastern Sanitary Department was 74, in the Central Department, Western Virginia and Ohio, 90, and in the Western, 107, in 1,000 men. The average of all these regiments was 90 in 1,000. The highest rate in Eastern Virginia was 281 per 1,000, in the Fifth Vermont; and the lowest, 9, in the Seventh Massachusetts. In the Central Department the highest was 260, in the Forty-First Ohio; and the lowest, 17, in the Sixth Ohio. In the Western Department the highest was 340, in the Forty-Second Illinois; and the lowest, 15, in the Thirty-Sixth Illinois.

On the 22d of February, the number of men sick in each 1,000, in the several divisions of the Army of the Potomac, was ascertained to be, —

Keyes's, . . . . .	30.3
Sedgwick's, . . . . .	32.0
Hooker's, . . . . .	43.7
McCall's, . . . . .	44.4
Banks's, . . . . .	45.0
Porter's, . . . . .	46.4

Blenker's, . . . . .	47.7
McDowell's, . . . . .	48.2
Heintzelman's, . . . . .	49.0
Franklin's, . . . . .	54.1
Dix's, . . . . .	71.8
United States Regulars, . . . . .	76.0
Sumner's, . . . . .	77.5
Smith's, . . . . .	81.6
Casey's, . . . . .	87.6*

Probably there has been more sickness in all the armies, as they have gone farther southward and the warm season has advanced. This would naturally be expected, and the fear is strengthened by the occasional reports in the newspapers. Still, taking the trustworthy reports herein given, it is manifest that our Union army is one of the healthiest on record; and yet their rate of sickness is from three to five times as great as that of civilians of their own ages at home. Unquestionably, this better condition of our men is due to the better intelligence of the age and of our people,—especially in respect to the dangers of the field and the necessity of proper provision on the part of the Government and of self-care on the part of the men,—to the wisdom, labors, and comprehensive watchfulness of the Sanitary Commission, and to the universal sympathy of the men and women of the land, who have given their souls, their hands, and their money to the work of lessening the discomforts and alleviating the sufferings of the Army of Freedom.

#### OTHER LIGHTER AND UNRECORDED SICKNESS.

THE records and reports of the sickness in the army do not include all the depreciations and curtailments of life and strength among the soldiers, nor all the losses of effective force which the Government suffers through them, on account of disease and debility. These records contain, at best, only such ailments as are of sufficient importance to come under the observation of the surgeon. But there are manifold lighter physical disturbances, which, though they neither prostrate the

\* *MS. Letter of Mr. Elliott, Actuary of the Sanitary Commission.*



patient, nor even cause him to go to the hospital, yet none the less certainly unfit him for labor and duty. Of the regiment referred to by Dr. Mann, and already adduced in this article, in which 700 were unable to attend to duty, 340 were in the hospital under the surgeon's care, and 360 were ill in camp. It is probable that a similar, though smaller, discrepancy often exists between the surgeon's records and the absentees from parades, guard-duty, etc.

It is improbable, and even impossible, that complete records and reports should always be made of all who are sick and unfit for duty, or even of all who come under the surgeon's care. Sir John Hall, principal Medical Officer of the British army in the Crimea, says that there were "218,952 admissions into hospital."\* "The general return, showing the primary admissions into the hospitals of the army in the East, from the 10th April, 1854, to the 30th June, 1856, gives only 162,123 cases of all kinds."† But another Government Report states the admissions to be 162,673.‡ Miss Nightingale says, "There was, at first, no system of registration for general hospitals, for all were burdened with work beyond their strength."§ Dr. Mann says, that, in the War of 1812, "no sick-records were found in the hospital at Burlington," one of the largest depositories of the sick then in the country. "The hospital-records on the Niagara were under no order."|| It could hardly have been otherwise. The regimental hospitals then, as frequently must be the case in war, were merely extemporized shelters, not conveniences. They were churches, houses, barns, shops, sheds, or any building that happened to be within reach, or huts, cabins, or tents suddenly created for the purpose. In these all the surgeons' time, energy, and resources

were expended in making their patients comfortable, in defending them from cold and storm, or from suffering in their crowded rooms or shanties. They were obliged to devote all their strength to taking care of the present. They could take little account of the past, and were often unable to make any record for the future. They could not do this for those under their own immediate eye in the hospital; much less could they do it for those who remained in their tents, and needed little or no medical attention, but only rest. Moreover, the exposures and labors of the campaign sometimes diminish the number and force of the surgeons as well as of the men, and reduce their strength at the very moment when the greatest demand is made for their exertions. Dr. Mann says, "The sick in the hospital were between six and seven hundred, and there were only three surgeons present for duty." "Of seven surgeons attached to the hospital department, one died, three were absent by reason of indisposition, and the other three were sick."\* Fifty-four surgeons died in the Russian army in Turkey in the summer of 1828. "At Brailow, the pestilence spared neither surgeons nor nurses."† Sir John Hall says, "The medical officers got sick, a great number went away, and we were embarrassed." "Thirty per cent. were sometimes sick and absent" from their posts in the Crimea.‡ Seventy surgeons died in the French army in the same war. It is not reasonable, then, to suppose that all or nearly all the cases of sickness, whether in hospital or in camp, can be recorded, especially at times when they are the most abundant.

Nor do the cases of sickness of every sort, grave and light, recorded and unrecorded, include all the depressions of vital energy and all the suspensions and loss of effective force in the army. Whenever any general cause of depression

\* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 180.

† *Ib.*, 525.

‡ *Medical and Surgical History of the War in the East*, Vol. II. p. 252.

§ *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 377.

|| *Medical Sketches*, p. 246.

\* *Medical Sketches*, p. 66.

† Boudin, *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II., p. 289.

‡ *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 180.

weighs upon a body of men, as fatigue, cold, storm, privation of food, or malaria, it vitiates the power of all, in various degrees and with various results; the weak and susceptible are sickened, and all lose some force and are less able to labor and attend to duty. No account is taken, none can be taken, of this discount of the general force of the army; yet it is none the less a loss of strength, and an impediment to the execution of the purposes of the Government.

#### INVALIDING.

THE loss of force by death, by sickness in hospital and camp, and by temporary depression, is not all that the army is subject to. Those who are laboring under consumption, asthma, epilepsy, insanity, and other incurable disorders, and those whose constitutions are broken, or withered and reduced below the standard of military requirement, are generally, and by some Governments always, discharged. These pass back to the general community, where they finally die. By this process the army is continually sifting out its worst lives, and at the same time it fills their places with healthy recruits. It thus keeps up its average of health and diminishes its rate of mortality; but the sum and the rates of sickness and mortality in the community are both thereby increased.

During the Crimean War, 17.34 per cent. were invalided and sent home from the British army, and 21 per cent. from the French army, as unable to do military service. By this means, 11,994\* British and 65,069† French soldiers were lost to their Governments. The army of the United States, in the Mexican War, discharged and sent home 12,252 men, or 12 per cent. of the entire number engaged in that war, on account of disability.

The causes of this exhaustion of personal force are manifold and various, and

so generally present that the number and proportion of those who are thus hopelessly reduced below the degree of efficient military usefulness, in the British army, has been determined by observation, and the Government calculates the rate of the loss which will happen in this way, at any period of service. Out of 10,000 men enlisted in their twenty-first year, 718 will be invalided during the first quinquennial period, or before they pass their twenty-fifth year, 539 in the second, 673 in the third, and 854 in the fourth, — making 2,784, or more than one-quarter of the whole, discharged for disability or chronic ailment, before they complete their twenty years of military service and their forty years of life.

It is further to be considered, that, during these twenty years, the numbers are diminishing by death, and thus the ratio of the enfeebled and invalided is increased. Out of 10,000 soldiers who survive and remain in the army in each successive quinquennial period, 768 will be invalided in the first, 680 in the second, 1,023 in the third, and 1,674 in the fourth. In the first year the ratio is 181, in the fifth 129, in the tenth 165, in the fifteenth 276, and in the twentieth 411, among 10,000 surviving and remaining.

The depressing and exhaustive force of military life on the soldiers is gradually accumulative, or the power of resistance gradually wastes, from the beginning to the end of service. There is an apparent exception to this law in the fact, that, in the British army, the ratio of those who were invalided was 181 in 10,000, but diminished, in the second, third, and fourth years, to 129 in the fifth and sixth, then again rose, through all the succeeding years, to 411 in the twentieth. The experience of the British army, in this respect, is corroborated by that of ours in the Mexican War. From the old standing army 502, from the additional force recently enlisted 548, and from the volunteers 1,178, in 10,000 of each, were discharged on account of

\* *Medical and Surgical History of the British Army in the East*, Vol. II. p. 227.

† *British and Foreign Medical and Surgical Journal*, Vol. XXI.

disability. Some part of this great difference between the regulars and volunteers is doubtless due to the well-known fact, that the latter were originally enlisted, in part at least, for domestic trainings, and not for the actual service of war, and therefore were examined with less scrutiny, and included more of the weaker constitutions.

The Sanitary Commission, after inspecting two hundred and seventeen regiments of the present army of the United States, and comparing the several corps with each other in respect of health, came to a similar conclusion. They found that the twenty-four regiments which had the least sickness had been in service one hundred and forty days on an average, and the twenty-four regiments which had the most sickness had been in the field only one hundred and eleven days. The Actuary adds, in explanation,—“The difference between the sickness of the older and newer regiments is probably attributable, in part, to the constant weeding out of the sickly by discharges from the service. The fact is notorious, that medical inspection of recruits, on enlistment, has been, as a rule, most imperfectly executed; and the city of Washington is constantly thronged with invalids awaiting their discharge-papers, who at the time of their enlistment were physically unfit for service.”\* In addition to this, it must be remembered, that, although all recruits are apparently perfect in form and free from disease when they enter the army, yet there may be differences in constitutional force, which cannot be detected by the most careful examiners. Some have more and some have less power of endurance. But the military burden and the work of war are arranged and determined for the strongest, and, of course, break down the weak, who retire in disability or sink in death.

#### GENERAL VITAL DEPRESSION.

Two causes of depression operate, to a considerable degree in peace and to a

\* *MS. Letter of Mr. Elliott.*

very great degree in war, on the soldier, and reduce and sicken him more than the civilian. His vital force is not so well sustained by never-failing supplies of nutritious and digestible food and regular nightly sleep, and his powers are more exhausted in hardships and exposures, in excessive labors and want of due rest and protection against cold and heat, storms and rains. Consequently the army suffers mostly from diseases of depression,—those of the typhoid, adynamic, and scorbutic types. McGrigor says, that, in the British army in the Peninsula, of 176,007 cases treated and recorded by the surgeons, 68,894 were fevers, 23,203 diseases of the bowels, 12,167 ulcers, and 4,027 diseases of the lungs.\* In the British hospitals in the Crimean War, 39 per cent. were cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa, 19 per cent. fevers, 1.2 per cent. scurvy, 8 per cent. diseases of the lungs, 8 per cent. diseases of the skin, 3.3 per cent. rheumatism, 2.5 per cent. diseases of the brain and nervous system, 1.4 per cent. frost-bite or mortification produced by low vitality and chills, 13, or one in 12,000, had sunstroke, 257 had the itch, and 68 per cent. of all were of the zymotic class,† which are considered as principally due to privation, exposure, and personal neglect. The deaths from these classes of causes were in a somewhat similar proportion to the mortality from all stated causes,—being 58 per cent. from cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa, and 1 per cent. from all other disorders of the digestive organs, 19 per cent. from fevers, 3.6 per cent. from diseases of the lungs, 1.3 per cent. from rheumatism, 1.3 per cent. from diseases of the brain and nervous system, and 79 per cent. from those of the zymotic class. The same classes of disease, with a much larger proportion of typhoid pneumonia, prostrated and destroyed many in the American army in the War of 1812.

\* *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, Vol. VI. p. 478, etc.

† *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 525.—*Medical and Surgical History of the War in the East.*



In paper No. 49, p. 54, of the Sanitary Commission, is a report of the diseases that occurred in forty-nine regiments, while under inspection about forty days each, between July and October, 1861. 27,526 cases were reported; of these 67 per cent. were zymotic, 41 per cent. diseases of the digestive organs, 22 per cent. fevers, 7 per cent. diseases of the lungs, 5 per cent. diseases of the brain. Among males of the army-ages the proportions of deaths from these classes of causes to those from all causes were, in Massachusetts, in 1859, zymotic 15 per cent., diseases of digestive organs 3.6 per cent., of lungs 50 per cent., fevers 9 per cent., diseases of brain 4.6 per cent.\* According to the mortality-statistics of the seventh census of the United States, of the males between the ages of twenty and fifty, in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, whose deaths in the year ending June 1st, 1850, and their causes, were ascertained and reported by the marshals, 34.3 per cent. died of zymotic diseases, 8 per cent. of all the diseases of the digestive organs, 30.8 per cent. of diseases of the respiratory organs, 24.4 per cent. of fevers, and 5.7 per cent. of disorders of the brain and nervous system. In England and Wales, in 1858, these proportions were, zymotic 14 per cent., fevers 8 per cent., diseases of digestive organs 7.9 per cent., of lungs 8 per cent., and of the brain 7 per cent.†

If, however, we analyze the returns of mortality in civil life, and distinguish those of the poor and neglected dwellers in the crowded and filthy lanes and alleys of cities, whose animal forces are not well developed, or are reduced by insufficient and uncertain nutrition, by poor food or bad cookery, by foul air within and stenchy atmosphere without, by imperfect protection of house and clothing, we shall find the same diseases there as in the army. Wherever the vital forces are depressed, there these diseases of low

vitality happen most frequently and are most fatal.

Volumes of other facts and statements might be quoted to show that military service is exhaustive of vital force more than the pursuits of civil life. It is so even in time of peace, and it is remarkably so in time of war. Comparing the English statements of the mortality in the army with the calculations of the expectation of life in the general community, the difference is at once manifest.

Of 10,000 men at the age of twenty, there will die before they complete their fortieth year, —

British army in time of peace, . . . .	3,058
England and Wales, English Life-Table, . . .	1,853
According to tables of Amicable and Equitable Life-Insurance Companies, . . .	1,972
New England and New York, according to the tables of the New-England Mutual Life-Insurance Company, . . .	1,721

#### DANGERS IN LAND-BATTLES.

THIS large amount of disease and mortality in the army arises not from the battle-field, but belongs to the camp, the tent, the barrack, the cantonment; and it is as certain, though not so great, in time of peace, when no harm is inflicted by the instruments of destruction, as in time of war. The battle, which is the world's terror, is comparatively harmless. The official histories of the deadly struggles of armies show that they are not so wasteful of life as is generally supposed. Mr. William Barwick Hodge examined the records and despatches in the War-Office in London, and from these and other sources prepared an exceedingly valuable and instructive paper on "The Mortality arising from Military Operations," which was read before the London Statistical Society, and printed in the nineteenth volume of the Society's journal. Some of the tables will be as interesting to Americans as to Englishmen. On the following page is a tabular view, taken from this work, of the casualties in nineteen battles fought by the British armies with those of other nations.

\* Calculated from the *Eighteenth Registration Report*.

† Calculated from *Twenty-First Report of Registrar General*.

TABLE I.—NINETEEN LAND-BATTLES.

Date.	Battles.	BRITISH.				BRITISH AND ALLIES.			
		Officers and men engaged.	Casualties.			Deaths in battle, from wounds, and among the missing.	Officers and men engaged.	Casualties.	
			Killed in battle.	Wounded.				Number.	Per 1000 engaged.
		Number.	Per 1000 engaged.	Number.	Per 1000 engaged.	Number.	Per 1000 engaged.	Number.	Per 1000 engaged.
1801, March 21,.....	Alexandria.....	14,000	17.3	1,193	85.2	393	28.1		
1806, July 4,.....	Maida.....	5,675	7.9	282	49.1	87	15.3		
1808, August 21,.....	Vimeiro.....	19,200	7.	534	27.7	215	11.2		
1809, January 16,.....	Corunna.....	16,700	9.4	634	37.9	257	15.4		
" July 28,.....	Talavera.....	22,100	8.1	3,913	17.7	1,455	65.8		
1810, September 27,.....	Busaco.....	27,800	3.6	500	18.	183	6.6	56,000	112
1811, March 5,.....	Barrosa.....	5,230	3.9	1,040	198.8	360	68.8	57,000	23
" " 16,.....	Fuentes de Onore.....	22,900	7.4	1,043	45.5	379	16.6	14,500	111
1812, July 22,.....	Albuera.....	9,000	88.2	2,672	296.6	1,358	151.	33,200	42
1813, June 21,.....	Salamanca.....	30,500	888	2,714	89.	770	25.2	54,200	176
" " July 25 to August 2,.....	Vitoria.....	42,000	501	3,693	123.1	890	21.2	6,500	92
" " November 10,.....	Pyrenees.....	30,000	559	1,777	37.3	1,197	39.9	4,829	50
1814, February 27,.....	Nivelle.....	47,600	277	1,411	52.2	675	14.2	6,540	101
" " April 10,.....	Orthez.....	27,000	312	1,795	66.9	404	15.	90,600	29
1815, January 8,.....	Toulouse.....	26,800	312	1,516	252.6	582	21.7	43,600	50
" " June 16-18,.....	New Orleans.....	6,000	64.3	8,140	163.1	3,245	65.	54,400	85
1854, September 30,.....	Waterloo.....	49,800	42.6	1,619	60.4	559	20.9	230,600	159
" " November 5,.....	Alma.....	26,800	353	1,578	208.6	883	98.1	55,000	64
	Inkermann.....	9,000	632						
		438,205		39,161	89.3	14,517	33.	888,900	92
			19.3						
		8,486							
		4,894							
		1,187							
		14,517	33.1		91.9			83,077	98
								3,787	
								86,864	
Estimated deaths among the wounded.....									
Estimated casualties among the missing.....									

Of those who were engaged in these nineteen battles, one in 51.6, or 1.93 per cent., were killed. The deaths in consequence of the battles, including both those who died of wounds and those that died among the missing, were one in 30, or 3.3 per cent. of all who were in the fight. It is worth noticing here, that the British loss in the Battle of New Orleans was larger than in any other battle here adduced, except in that of Albuera, in Spain, with the French, in 1811.

In the British army, from 1793 to 1815, including twenty-one years of war, and excluding 1802, the year of peace, the number of officers varied from 3,576 in the first year to 13,248 in 1813, and the men varied from 74,500 in 1793 to 276,000 in 1813, making an annual average of 9,078 officers and 189,200 men, and equal to 199,727 officers and 4,168,500 men serving one year. During these twenty-one years of war, among the officers 920 were killed and 4,685 were wounded, and among the men 15,392 were killed and 65,393 were wounded. This is an annual average of deaths from battle of 460 officers and 369 men, and of wounded 2,340 officers and 1,580 men, among 100,000 of each class. Of the officers less than half of one per cent., or 1 in 217, were killed, and a little more than two per cent., or 1 in 42, were wounded; and among the men a little more than a third of one per cent., 1 in 271, were killed, and one and a half per cent., 1 in 63, wounded, in each year. The comparative danger to the two is, of death, 46 officers to 37 men, and of wounds, 234 officers to 158 men. A larger proportion of the officers than of the soldiers were killed and wounded; yet a larger proportion of the wounded officers recovered. This is attributed to the fact that the officers were injured by rifle-balls, being picked out by the marksmen, while the soldiers were injured by can-

non- and musket-balls and shells, which inflict more deadly injuries.

#### DANGERS IN NAVAL BATTLES.

It may not be out of place here to show the dangers of naval warfare, which are discussed at length by Mr. Hodge, in a very elaborate paper in the eighteenth volume of the Statistical Society's journal. From one of his tables, containing a condensed statistical history of the English navy, through the wars with France, 1792-1815, the following facts are gathered.

During those wars, the British Parliament, in its several annual grants, voted 2,527,390 men for the navy. But the number actually in the service is estimated not to have exceeded 2,424,000 in all, or a constant average force of 110,180 men. Within this time these men fought five hundred and seventy-six naval battles, and they were exposed to storms, to shipwreck, and to fire, in every sea. In all these exposures, the records show that the loss of life was less than was suffered by the soldiers on the land. There were—

Killed in battle, officers, . . . . .	346
“ “ men, . . . . .	4,441
Total, . . . . .	4,787

Wounded, officers, . . . . .	935
“ men, . . . . .	13,335
Total, . . . . .	14,270

Drowned and otherwise destroyed in battle, . . . . .	449
Estimated deaths among the wounded, . . . . .	1,427
Total destroyed by battle, . . . . .	6,663

Lost by shipwreck, accidental drowning, and by fire, . . . . .	13,621
Total deaths, from other causes than disease, . . . . .	20,284

Comparing the whole number of men in the naval service, during this period, with the mortality from causes incident to the service, the average annual loss was—

Killed in battle, . . . . .	one in 506, or .197 per cent.
Drowned and lost in battle, and died of wounds, . . . . .	one in 1,292, or .077 per cent.
Wounded, . . . . .	one in 169, or .588 per cent.
Drowned and lost by shipwreck, fire, etc., otherwise than by battle, . . . . .	one in 178, or .561 per cent.
Total annual loss by battle and the special dangers of the sea, . . . . .	one in 119, or .836 per cent.





Mr. Hodge's second table shows the conditions and casualties of thirteen battles between fleets and squadrons. This is condensed and quoted on the preceding page.

His third table includes thirty-five actions with single ships on each side, between the years 1793 and 1815. 8,542 men were engaged, and 483, or 56.5 per 1,000, were killed, and 1,230, or 144 per 1,000, wounded.

Twenty-six of these actions were with French ships, which are here omitted, and nine with American ships, which are shown in the second table on the preceding page.

There is a very remarkable difference in the loss which the British suffered in naval and in land battles:—

No. of Battles.	Vessels.	Killed. One in	Wounded. One in
13	Fleets.....	64.0	20.4
35	Single ships.....	17.7	6.9
26	French single ships.	19.8	10.6
9	American do. do.	12.7	4.4
19	Land battles.....	30.0	11.0

The danger both of wounds and death in these contests was three times as great in the single ships as in fleets, and about five times as great in battles with the Americans as in fleet-battles with other nations. The dangers in fleet-battles were about half as great as those in land-battles, and these were but little more than half as great as those in fights with single ships.

#### COMPARATIVE DANGER OF CAMP AND BATTLE-FIELD.

THESE records of land-battles show that the dangers from that cause are not very great; probably they are less than the world imagines; certainly they are much less than those of the camp. Of the 176,007 admitted into the regimental hospitals during the Peninsular War, only 20,886 were from wounds, the rest from diseases; fourteen-fifteenths of the bur-

den on the hospitals in that war, through forty-two months, were diseased patients, and only one-fifteenth were wounded. In the Crimean War, 11.2 per cent. in the hospitals suffered from injuries in battle, and 88.8 per cent. from other causes. 10 per cent. of the French patients in the same war were wounded, and 90 per cent. had fevers, etc. In the autumn of 1814, there were 815 patients in the great military hospital at Burlington, Vermont. Of these 50 were wounded, and the rest had the diseases of the camp.

In the Crimean War, 16,296 died from disease, and 4,774 from injuries received in battle. In the Peninsular War, 25,304 died of disease, and 9,450 from wounds.

During eighteen years, 1840 to 1857, 19,504 were discharged from the home, and 21,325 from the foreign stations of the British army. Of these, 541, or 2.7 per cent. of those at home, and 3,703, or 17.3 per cent. abroad, were on account of wounds and fractures, and the others on account of disease, debility, and exhaustion.

#### NATIONS DO NOT LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE TO PREPARE FOR ARMY-SICKNESS.

NATIONS, when they go to war, prepare to inflict injury and death on their opponents, and make up their minds to receive the same in return; but they seem neither to look nor to prepare for sickness and death in their camps. And when these come upon their armies, they seem either to shut their eyes to the facts, or submit to the loss as to a disturbance in Nature, a storm, a drought, or an earthquake, which they can neither prevent nor provide for, and for which they feel no responsibility, but only hope that it will not happen again. Nevertheless, this waste of life has followed every army which has been made to violate the laws of health, in privations, exposures, and hardships, and whose internal history is known. The experience of such disastrous campaigns ought to induce Governments to inquire into the causes of the

suffering and loss, and to learn whether they are not engaged in a struggle against Nature, in which they must certainly fail, and endeavoring to make the human body bear burdens and labors which are beyond its strength. But Governments are slow to learn, especially sanitary lessons. The British army suffered and died in great numbers at Walcheren and South Beveland, in the middle of the last century. Pringle described the sad condition of those troops, and warned his nation against a similar exposure; yet, sixty years later, the Ministry sent another army to the same place, to sink under the malarious influences and diseases in the same way. The English troops at Jamaica were stationed in the low grounds, where, "for many generations," "the average annual mortality was 13 per cent." "A recommendation for their removal from the plains to the mountains was made so far back as 1791. Numerous reports were sent to the Government, advising that a higher situation should be selected"; but it was not until 1837, after nearly half a century of experience and warning, that the Ministry opened their eyes to this cost of life and money in excessive sickness and mortality, and then removed the garrison to Maroontown, where the death-rate fell to 2 per cent., or less than one-sixth of what it had been.\*

The American army, in the war with Great Britain fifty years ago, suffered from the want of proper provision for their necessities and comfort, from exposures and hardships, so that sometimes half its force was unavailable; yet, at the present moment, a monstrous army is collected and sent to the field, under the same regulations, and with the same idea of man's indefinite power of endurance, and the responsibility and superintendence of their health is left, in large measure, to an accidental and outside body of men, the Sanitary Commission, which, although an institution of great heart and energy, and supported by the sympathies and co-operation of the whole people, is yet doing

a work that ought to be done by the Government, and carrying out a plan of operations that should be inseparably associated with the original creation of the army and the whole management of the war.

#### CRIMEAN WAR.

THE lesson which the experience of the Russian army of 1828 and 1829 taught the world of the mortal dangers of Bulgaria was lost on the British Government, which sent its own troops there in 1854, to be exposed to, and wither before, the same destructive influences. But at length sickness prevailed to such an extent, and death made such havoc, in the army in the East, that England's great sympathies were roused, and the Ministers' attention was drawn to the irresistible fact, that the strongest of Britain's soldiers were passing rapidly from the camp to the hospital, and from the hospital to the grave. Then a doubt occurred to the minds of the men in power, whether all was right in the Crimea, and whether something might not be done for the sanitary salvation of the army. They sent a commission, consisting of Dr. John Sutherland, one of the ablest sanitarians of the kingdom, Dr. Hector Gavin, and Robert Rawlinson, civil engineer, to the Black Sea, to inquire into the state of things there, to search out the causes of the sufferings of the army, and see if there might not be a remedy found and applied. At the same time, Miss Nightingale and a large corps of assistants, attendants, and nurses, women of station and culture and women of hire, went to that terrible scene of misery and death, to aid in any measures that might be devised to alleviate the condition of the men. Great abuses and negligence were found; and the causes of disease were manifest, manifold, and needless. But a reform was at once instituted; great changes were made in the general management of the camp and hospitals and in the condition of the soldiers. Disease began to diminish, the progress of mortality was arrested, and

\* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 212. Colonel Tulloch.



in the course of a few months the rate of death was as low as among men of the same ages at home.

This commission made a full report, when they returned, and described the state of things they found in the Crimea and on the shores of the Black Sea,—the camps, barracks, huts, tents, food, manner of life, and general sanitary condition of the troops, their terrible sufferings, and the means and ways of caring for the sick, the measures of reform which they had proposed and carried out, and their effects on the health of the men. This report was published by the Government.

Besides this commission, the Government sent Dr. Lyons, a surgeon and pathologist of great learning and acumen, to investigate the pathology or morbid condition of the army. According to his instructions, he spent four months in the Crimea and at the great hospitals on the Bosphorus. He examined and traced the course of disease and disturbance in the sick and wounded. He made very many thorough examinations after death, in order to determine the effects of vitiating influences upon the organization, and the condition of the textures and organs of the body in connection with the several kinds of disorders. Dr. Lyons's extremely instructive report was published by national authority as one of the Parliamentary folio volumes. After the war was over, Dr. W. Hanbury and Staff-Surgeon Matthew, under the direction of the Secretary of War, gathered, analyzed, and prepared the records of all the surgeons of the several corps of the Crimean army. To these they added a long and valuable treatise on the nature and character of the diseases, and their connection with the condition and habits of the men. These are published in two very thick folio volumes, and give a minute and almost daily history of the life, labors, exposures, privations, sufferings, sickness, and mortality of each regiment. These two works, of Dr. Lyons and Drs. Hanbury and Matthew, show the inseparable connection

between the manner of living and the health, and demonstrate that the severe life of war, with its diminished creation of vital force, by imperfect and uncertain nutrition and excessive expenditure in exposures and labors, necessarily breaks down the constitution. It subjects the body to more abundant disorders, and especially to those of the depressive, adynamic type, which, from the want of the usual recuperative power, are more fatal than the diseases of civil life. These works may be considered generic as well as specific. They apply to and describe the sanitary condition and the pathological history of all armies engaged in hard and severe campaigns, as well as those of the Crimea. They should, therefore, be read by every Government that engages in or is forced into any war. They should be distributed to and thoroughly understood by every commander who directs the army, and every surgeon who superintends the sanitary condition of, and manages the sickness among, the men; and happy will it be for those soldiers whose military and sanitary directors avail themselves of the instructions contained in these volumes.

There are several other works on the Crimean War, by surgeons and other officers, written mainly to give a knowledge of the general facts of those campaigns, but all incidentally corroborating and explaining the statements in the Government Reports, in respect to the health and sufferings of the British and French armies. In this view, Dr. Bryce's book, "England and France before Sebastopol," and M. Baudens's and M. Scrive's medical works in French, are worthy of great attention and confidence.

The most important and valuable work, in this connection, is the Report of the British Commission appointed in May, 1854, "to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary condition of the British army, the organization of the military hospitals, and the treatment of the sick and wounded." This commission included some of the ablest and most learned physicians and surgeons in the civil

and military service, some of the most accomplished statisticians, sanitarians, army-officers, and statesmen in the United Kingdom. They were authorized to inquire into the habits and duties, the moral and sanitary condition of the army, the amount and kinds of sickness, the causes and frequency of death, and the means of improvement. This commission sat for a long time in London. They called before them fifty-three witnesses, among whom were Sir Benjamin Brodie, the leading surgeon of England, Dr. Andrew Smith, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, Thomas Alexander, Inspector-General of Hospitals, Major-General Airey, Quartermaster-General, Dr. John Sutherland, late Crimean Commissioner, and one of the leading authorities of Great Britain in all sanitary matters, Dr. William Farr, the chief and master-spirit of the Registry-Office, and the highest authority in vital statistics, Colonel Sir Alexander Tulloch, author of the elaborate and valuable reports on the mortality in the British army, Francis G. P. Neison, author of "Contributions to Vital Statistics," Miss Nightingale, and others, surgeons, officers, purveyors, engineers, soldiers, and medical and sanitary scholars.

The commission put forth 10,070 interrogatories relating to everything connected with the army, the persons and the *matériel*, to officers, surgeons, physicians, health-officers, soldiers, nurses, cooks, clothing, food, cooking, barracks, tents, huts, hospitals, duties, labors, exposures, and privations, and their effects on health and life, in every climate, wherever British troops are stationed or serve, at home and abroad. The same inquiry was extended to the armies of other nations, French, Turkish, Russian, etc. To these questions the witnesses returned answers, and statements of facts and opinions, all carefully prepared, and some of great length, and elaborate calculations in respect to the whole military and sanitary science and practice of the age. A large part of the inquiry was directed to the Crimean army, whose con-

dition had been, and was then, a matter of the most intense interest. Many of the witnesses had, in various ways, been connected with that war: they were familiar with its history, and their answers revealed much that had not before been known. The result of all this investigation is published in a folio volume of 607 pages, filled with facts and principles, the lamentable history of the past, painful descriptions of the present, and wise suggestions for the future management of the army; and the whole is worthy of the careful attention of all who, as projectors, leaders, or followers, have anything to do with the active operations of war.

The Crimean War has this remarkable interest, not that the suffering of the troops and their depreciation in effective power were greater than in many other wars, but that these happened in an age when the intelligence and philanthropy, and even the policy of the nation, demanded to know whether the vital depression and the loss of martial strength were as great as rumor reported, whether these were the necessary condition of war, and whether anything could be done to lessen them. By the investigations and reports of commissions, officers, and others, the internal history of this war is more completely revealed and better known than that of any other on record. It is placed on a hill, in the sight of all nations and governments, for their observation and warning, to be faithful to the laws of health in providing for, and in the use of, their armies, if they would obtain the most efficient service from them.

#### WANT OF SANITARY PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

THERE are, and have been, faults — grievous, destructive, and costly faults — in all connected with armies, from the Governments at the head, down through all grades of officers, to the men in the ranks: they are faults of theory and faults of practice, — of plan in those who direct, and of self-management in those whose whole duty is to obey. The root of this

is the failure to fully understand and count the cost, and to prepare to meet it as men generally do in the management of their common affairs. In civil life, when prudent men intend to effect any purpose by the aid of motive power, whether of water, steam, horse, or other kind, they carefully consider the means of generating that power, and the best and safest ways of applying and expending it. They include this in their plans, and make provision accordingly. Precisely determining the extent of the purpose they design to effect, and the amount of force that is and will be needed, they make their arrangements to provide or generate and maintain so much as long as they intend to do the work. During the whole process, they carefully guard and treasure it up, and allow none to be wasted or applied to any other than the appointed purpose. But in the use and management of the vital machines, the human bodies, by which the purposes of war are to be accomplished, nations are less wise. There are few, perhaps no records of any Government, which, in creating, maintaining, and operating with an army, has, at and during the same time, created and established the never-failing means of keeping the machinery of war in the best working order, by sustaining the health and force of the men in unfailing fulness.

War is carried on by a partnership between the Government and soldiers, to which the Government contributes money and directing skill, and assumes the responsibility of management, and the soldiers contribute their vital force. In the operation of this joint concern, both the money of the nation and the lives of the men are put at risk. Although, by the terms of the contract, the Government is presumed to expend its money and the soldiers' vital force to the extent that may be necessary to effect the objects of the association, it has no right to do this for any other purpose or on any other condition. It may send the men to battle, where they may lose in wounds or in death a part or all that they have contributed; but it has no right, by any negli-

gence or folly on its own part or in its agents, to expend any of the soldiers' health or strength in hunger, nakedness, foul air, miasma, or disease. There is a glory attached to wounds, and even to death, received in a struggle with the enemies of one's country, and this is offered as a part of the compensation to the warrior for the risk that he runs; but there is no glory in sickness or death from typhus, cholera, or dysentery, and no compensation of this kind comes to those who suffer or perish from these, in camp or military hospital.

#### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CIVIL AND MILITARY LIFE.

MILITARY life, with the labors, exposures, and circumstances of war, differs widely from civil life. The social and domestic machinery of home spontaneously brings within the reach of families the things that are needful for their sustenance, comfortable for their enjoyment, and favorable to their health. But this self-acting machinery follows not the soldier through his campaigns. Everything he needs or enjoys is to be a matter of special thought, and obtained with a special effort and often with difficulty. Much that was very comfortable and salutary in civil life must be given up in the camp. The Government is the purveyor for and the manager of the army; it undertakes to provide and care for, to sustain and nourish the men. But, with all its wisdom, power, and means, it is not equal to the thousand or thousands of housekeepers that cared and provided for these men when at home; and certainly it does not, and probably cannot, perform these domestic offices as well and as profitably for the soldiers as their natural providers did. Nevertheless, the Government is the sole provider for the army, and assumes the main responsibility of the physical condition of its members.

Starting with the very common belief that the human body has an indefinite power of endurance, or, if it suffer from



disease, or fall in death, it is from causes beyond man's control,—seeing, also, that it is impossible to carry the common means of sustaining life into the camp, Governments seem willing to try the experiment of requiring their men to do the hard work of war without a certain, full supply of sustenance. They expect from the army the largest expenditure of force, but sometimes give it the smallest means and poorest conditions of recuperating it.

The business of war is not constant and permanent, like the pursuits of peace. It therefore comes to most managers as a new and unfamiliar work, to which they can bring little or no acquaintance from experience. They enter upon untried ground with imperfect knowledge of its responsibilities and dangers, and inadequate conceptions of the materials and powers with which they are to operate. They therefore make many and some very grave mistakes, every one of which, in its due proportion, is doubly paid for in drafts on the nation's treasury and on the soldiers' vital capital, neither of which is ever dishonored.

Military life is equally new to the soldier, for which none of his previous education or experience has fitted him. He has had his mother, wife, sister, or other housekeeper, trained and appointed for the purpose, to look after his nutrition, his clothing, his personal comfort, and, consequently, his health. These do not come without thought and labor. The domestic administration of the household and the care of its members require as much talent, intelligence, and discipline as any of the ordinary occupations of men. Throughout the civilized world, this responsibility and the labor necessary for its fulfilment absorb a large portion of the mental and physical power of women.

When the new recruit enters the army, he leaves all this care and protection behind, but finds no substitute, no compensation for his loss in his new position. The Government supposes either that this is all unnecessary, or that the man in arms has an inspired capacity or an

instinctive aptitude for self-care as well as for labor, and that he can generate and sustain physical force as well as expend it. But he is no more fitted for this, by his previous training and habits, than his mother and wife are for making shoes or building houses by theirs. Nevertheless he is thrown upon his own resources to do what he may for himself. The army-regulations of the United States say, "Soldiers are expected to preserve, distribute, and cook their own subsistence"; and most other Governments require the same of their men. Washing, mending, sweeping, all manner of cleansing, arrangement and care of whatever pertains to clothing and housekeeping, come under the same law of prescription or necessity. The soldier must do these things, or they will be left undone. He who has never arranged, cared for, or cooked his own or any other food, who has never washed, mended, or swept, is expected to understand and required to do these for himself, or suffer the consequences of neglect.

The want of knowledge and training for these purposes makes the soldier a bad cook, as well as an indiscreet, negligent, and often a slovenly self-manager, and consequently his nutrition and his personal and domestic habits are neither so healthy nor so invigorating as those of men in civil life; and the Government neither thinks of this deficiency nor provides for it by furnishing instruction in regard to this new responsibility and these new duties, nor does it exercise a rigid watchfulness over his habits to compel them to be as good and as healthy as they may be.

#### MUCH SICKNESS DUE TO ERRORS OF GOVERNMENT.

WHATEVER may be the excess of sickness and mortality among soldiers over those among civilians, it is manifest that a great portion is due to preventable causes; and it is equally manifest that a large part of these are owing to the negligence of the Government or its agents,

the officers in command or the men themselves, in regard to encampments, tents, clothing, food, labors, exposures, etc.

The places of encampment are usually selected for strategic purposes, or military convenience, and the soldiers are exposed to the endemic influences, whatever they may be. In some localities these influences are perfectly salubrious; in others they are intensely destructive. Malaria and miasms offer to the unpractised eye of the military officer no perceptible signs of their presence. The camp is liable to be pitched and the men required to sleep in malarious spots, or on the damp earth, or over a wet subsoil, exposed to noisome and dangerous exhalations from which disease may arise. Pringle says, that, in 1798, the regiment which had 52 per cent. sick in two months, and 94 per cent. sick in one season, "were cantoned on marshes whence noxious exhalations emanated." \* "Another regiment encamped where meadows had been flowed all winter and just drained, and half the men became sick." Lord Wellington wrote, August 11, 1811, "Very recently, the officer commanding a brigade encamped in one of the most unwholesome situations, and every man of them is sick." † One of our regiments encamped at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the Agricultural Society's grounds, where the upper soil was not dry and the subsoil was wet. The men slept in tents on the ground, consequently there were thirty to forty cases of disordered bowels a day. The surgeon caused the tents to be floored, and the disease was mitigated. The Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment were encamped on a wet soil at Budd's Ferry, in Maryland. In a week, thirty cases of fever appeared. Dr. Russell, the surgeon, ordered the camp to be removed to a dry field, and the tents to be floored with brush; no new cases of fever appeared afterward. Moltka says that "the Russian army which suffered so terribly and fatally in 1828 and 1829 was badly clothed and badly nourished, and in no way protected against

the climate of the Danubian Provinces, and especially of Bulgaria, where the temperature varies from 58° in the day to 29° at night, and where the falling dew is like a fine and penetrating rain." \*

Lord Wellington was a sagacious observer and a bold speaker. His despatches to his Government frequently mention the errors of those who should provide for the army, and the consequent sufferings of the soldiers. November 14, 1809, he says, "In the English army of 30,000 men, 6,000 are sick." "Want of proper food increases sickness." "With nothing but water for drink, with meat, but no salt, and bread very rarely for a month, and no other food; consequently, few, if any, were not affected with dysentery." Again he writes, "Men cannot perform the labors of soldiers without food. Three of General Park's brigade died of famine yesterday, on their march; and above a hundred and fifty have fallen out from weakness, many of whom must have died from the same cause." August 9, 1809, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, "No troops can serve to any good purpose, unless they are regularly fed. It is an error to suppose that a Spaniard, or any man or animal of any country, can make an exertion without food." In February, 1811, he wrote, "The Portuguese army of 43,000 or 44,000 men has about 9,000 sick, which is rather more than a fifth. This is caused by want of proper and regular food, and of money to purchase hospital-stores. If this be continued, the whole army will be down, or must be disbanded."

The British army in Spain suffered from want of clothing as well as of food. The Duke, who did not intend to be misunderstood, nor believe that this was without somebody's fault, wrote, November 3, 1810, to General Fane, "I wish it were in my power to give you well-clothed troops or hang those who ought to have given them clothing."

The diaries of the medical officers in the Crimean army, quoted in the "Med-

\* *Diseases of the Army*, p. 59.

† *Despatches*.

\* Boudin, *Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales*, Tom. II. p. 289.

ical and Surgical History" of that war, already referred to, are full of similar complaints, and these are supported by Dr. Lyons's "Pathological Report." One says, "Some of the camps were very injudiciously chosen." "The men were very much weakened," "unable to undergo any fatigue," even "to carry their knapsacks." "At Balaklava, they built their huts on a very unhealthy site." Sir John Hall, Inspector-General of Hospitals, referring to this, said, "I protested against it, in the strongest way I could, but without effect; and the consequence was that shortly after the men had spotted fever."\* Dr. Hanbury says, "November, 1854. Health of the army rapidly deteriorated from defective diet, harassing duties, hardships, privations, and exposures to the inclement season." "Cholera increased; cold, wet, innutritious and irritating diet produced dysentery, congestion and disorganization of the mucous membrane of the bowels, and scurvy." January, 1855, he says, "Fever and bowel affections indicated morbid action; scurvy and gangrene indicated privation and exposures."

The surgeon of the Thirty-Fourth Regiment writes: "November, 1854. Cholera broke out. It rained constantly. Troops had no other protection from the damp ground than a single wet blanket." "Without warm clothing, on short allowance of provisions, in want of fuel." "The sanitary condition of the regiment deteriorated rapidly: 56 per cent. of the men admitted to the hospital."

Forty-First Regiment, November and December. "No respite from severe duties; weather cold and wet; clothing ill-adapted for such climate and service; disease rapidly increased; 70 per cent. of the men in the hospital in two months."

Thirty-Third Regiment, December, 1854. "Cold and wet weather, coupled with insufficient food, fuel, and clothing, and severe and arduous duties, all combined to keep up the sickness; 48.8 per

cent. admitted to the hospital in this month."

Twentieth Regiment. "The impoverished condition of the blood, dependent on long use of improper diet, exposure to wet and cold, and want of sufficient clothing and rest, had become evident." "Scurvy, diarrhœa, frost-bite, and ulceration of the feet followed."

First Regiment. "December, 1854. Scarcely a soldier in perfect health, from sleeping on damp ground, in wet clothing, and no change of dress; cooking the worst; field-hospital over-crowded." "January, 1855. Type of disease becoming more unequivocally the result of bad feeding, exposure, and other hardships."

Thirtieth Regiment. "Duties and employments extremely severe; exposure protracted; no means of personal cleanliness; clothing infested with vermin; since Nov. 14, short allowance of meat, and, on some days, of biscuit, sometimes no sugar, once no rice; food sometimes spoiled in cooking; tents leaked; floors and bedding wet; sanitary efficiency deteriorated in a decided manner."

These quotations are but samples of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of similar statements, showing the immediate connection between privations, exposures, and hardships, and depression of life and abundant disease.

Dr. Sutherland went through all the camps, and makes similar statements. "The damp, unventilated, and undrained huts, in some parts of the camp, produced consequences similar to those in cellar-dwellings at home," — that is, typhus and typhoid diseases. "The half-buried huts of the Sardinian camp furnished a large proportion of fever cases among their occupants." "That beautiful village of Balaklava was allowed to become a hot-bed of pestilence, so that fever, dysentery, and cholera, in it and its vicinity and on the ships in the harbor, were abundant." "Filth, manure, offal, dead carcases, had been allowed to accumulate to such an extent, that we found, on our arrival, in March, 1855, it would have

\* *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 178.



required the labor of three hundred men to remove the local causes of disease before the warm weather set in."\* General Airey said: "The French General Canrobert came to me, complaining of the condition in which his men were. He said 'they were dying in the mud.'"†

Dr. Bryce, one of the army-surgeons in that war, says, in his book: "The British army was exhausted by overwork and the deficiency of everything that would sustain health and strength."

When the soldier, overcome by these morbid influences, became sick, and was taken to the hospital, he was still compelled to suffer, and often sank under, the privation of those comforts and means of restoration which the sick at home usually enjoy.

Dr. Sutherland says: "The hospitals at Scutari were magnificent buildings, apparently admirably adapted to their purpose; but, when carefully examined, they were found to be little better than pest-houses."‡

Under direction of the Sanitary Commission, the hospitals were cleansed and ventilated, and the patients allowed more room. In the first three weeks of these improvements, the mortality from diseases fell to one-half; in the second three weeks, to one-third; in the third, to one-fifth; and in the fourth and fifth periods, to one-tenth of that which prevailed before they were begun.§

The reform was carried through the whole army, camp and barracks, Government supplies, and soldiers' habits and exposures; and the mortality from diseases, which had been at the annual rate of 114 per cent. in January, and 83 per cent. in February, fell to 19 per cent. in April and May, 5 per cent. in the autumn, and 1.6 per cent. in the winter following.||

\* *Report of the Sanitary Commission.—Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 335.

† *Report of the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 97.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 334. § *Ib.*, p. 365. || *Ib.*, p. 524.

The exposures, privations, and sufferings of our own army in the last war with Great Britain, heart-rending even at this distance of time, were sufficient to account for much of the terrible sickness and mortality that prostrated and destroyed the men. They were at times in want of food, clothing, and tents; and yet, in the new and unsettled country, in the wilderness and forest, they performed great labors. "Long and unremitting exposures to wet, cold, and fatigue, with a diet which, under existing circumstances, could not prove nutritious, exhausted the vital principle, and diarrhœa and typhus fever supervened. The production of animal putrefaction and excrementitious materials were also sources of these diseases. Armies always accumulate these noxious principles about their encampments in a few days, when attention is not called to their daily removal."\* Feeble, and destitute of clothing and provisions, they invaded Canada at the end of the autumn in 1813. "During the whole of October and part of November, most of them were subjected to excessive fatigues, and exposed in open boats on the lake, when it rained almost every day." "On the 14th of November the weather became intensely cold, and remained so all winter. In addition to their great fatigue, most of them lost their extra clothing and blankets on their march and in the battle of the 11th. Even the sick had no covering but tents until January. Provisions were scarce, and of a bad quality. Under these circumstances, sickness and mortality were very great." "Nearly one-half of the army," 47 per cent., "were unfit for duty."†

"Through the following winter, the want of necessities for the support of the enfeebled and wretched soldier was most severely felt. The poor subsistence which bread of the worst quality afforded was almost the only support which could be had for seven weeks." "The sickness,

\* Dr. Mann, *Medical Sketches*, p. 64.

† Dr. Lovell, quoted by Mann, *Medical Sketches*, p. 119.

deaths, and distress at French Mills excited much alarm. This great mortality had obvious causes for its existence."

"Predispositions to sickness, the effects of obvious causes, the comfortless condition of men exposed to cold, wanting the common necessities of life to support them in their exhausted states." Dr. Lovell adds: "It was impossible for the sick to be restored with nothing to subsist upon except damaged bread."\* Among the causes of the abundant sickness, in March, along the Niagara frontier, given by the surgeons, were "severe duty during the inclement weather, exposure on the lake in open transports, bad bread made of damaged flour, either not nutritious or absolutely deleterious, bad water impregnated with the product of vegetable putrefaction, and the effluvia from materials of animal production with which the air was replete."† "The army, in consequence of its stationary position, suffered from diseases aggravated by filth accumulated in its vicinity." "The clothing was not sufficient to protect the men on the northern frontier, and even this short allowance failed to reach them in due season."‡ "The woollen garments have not been issued until the warm weather of summer commenced, when winter finds them either naked or clad in their summer dresses, perishing with cold."§

The camps were sometimes in malarious districts. "At Fort George and the vicinity, the troops were exposed to intense heat during the day and to cold and chilly atmosphere at night." "The diseases consequent to this exposure, typhus and intermittent fever, dysentery and diarrhoea," and "but little more than half of the men were fit for duty."||

Gen. Scott wrote from Mexico, February 14, 1848: "The army is also suffering from the want of necessary clothing. The new troops are as destitute as the others. They were first told that they should find abundant supplies at New

Orleans, next at Vera Cruz, and finally here."\*

There is ever a danger of the sensibilities and perceptive faculties becoming blunted by exposure to and familiarity with offensive effluvia. "The General repeatedly called the attention of the officers at Fort George to the filthy state and foul effluvia of their camp, but they perceived no offensive odor; their olfactories had lost their acuteness, and failed to warn them of the noisome gases that pervaded the atmosphere."† If the officers fail of their duty as housekeepers to see that everything in the camp and tents is clean and healthy, the men fall into negligent habits, and become dirty and sick. It was the "total want of good police" that reduced the regiment already referred to from 900 to 200 fit for duty. On the other hand, "The regiment of artillery, always subject to correct discipline, with quarters and encampments always in the best state, and the men mostly neat and clean, suffered less by disease than any on the northern frontier. Their better health may be much imputed to cleanliness."‡

Itch and lice, the natural progeny of negligence and uncleanness, often find their home in the army. Pringle, more than a hundred years ago, said that "itch was the most general distemper among soldiers." Personal and household vermin seem to have an instinctive apprehension of the homes that are prepared for them, and flock to the families and dwellings where washing and sweeping are not the paramount law and unfailing habit. They are found in the houses and on the bodies of the filthy and negligent everywhere. They especially delight in living with those who rarely change their body-linen and bedding. They were carried into and established themselves in the new barracks of Camp Cameron in Cambridge, Massa-

\* Mann, *Medical Sketches*, pp. 120, 121.

† *Ib.*, p. 78.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 92.

§ *Ib.*, p. 124.

|| *Ib.*, p. 204.

\* *Executive Documents, U. S.*, 1848, Vol. VII. p. 1224.

† Mann, *Medical Sketches*, p. 66.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 39.

chusetts; but they are never found in the Boston House of Correction, which receives its recruits from the filthiest dens of iniquity, because the energetic master enforces thorough cleansing on every new-comer, and continues it so long as he remains.

The camps and police of the present Union army, though better than the average of others and far above some, are yet not in as healthy condition as they might be. The Report of the Sanitary Commission to the Secretary of War, December, 1861, says: "Of the camps inspected, 5 per cent. were in admirable order, 45 per cent. fairly clean and well policed. The condition of 26 per cent. was negligent and slovenly, and that of 24 per cent. decidedly bad, filthy, and dangerous."\* The same Report adds: "On the whole, a very marked and gratifying improvement has occurred during the summer." And that improvement has been going on ever since. Yet the description of a camp at Grafton, Virginia, in March, shows that there a very bad and dangerous state of things existed at that time, and "one-seventh of the regiment was sick and unfit for duty"; but the bold and clear report of Dr. Hammond of the United States Army produced a decided and favorable change, and "the regiment has now less than the average amount of sickness."†

The hospitals of the army are mostly buildings erected for other purposes, and not fitted for their present use; and the sudden influx of a large military population, with its usual amount of sickness, has often crowded these receptacles of the suffering soldiers. For want of experience on the part of the officers, surgeons, nurses, and men, in the management of such establishments, they are sometimes in very bad and unhealthy condition. In Cumberland, Maryland, fifteen buildings were occupied by about five hundred patients. These buildings had been warehouses, hotels, etc., with few or none of the conveniences for the sick.

\* p. 23.

† Report of the Sanitary Commission, No. 41.

They were densely crowded; in some the men were "lying on the floor as thickly as they could be packed." One room with 960 feet of air contained four patients. Dr. Hammond's description of the eighty-three rooms and the condition of the patients in them seems to justify the terms he frequently uses. "Halls very dirty." "Rooms dismal and badly ventilated." "Utmost confusion appears to exist about each hospital; consequently, duties are neglected, and a state of the most disgusting want of cleanliness exists."\* Happily, the wise and generous suggestions of the surgeon were carried out, and with the best results. This hospital was an exception; but it shows the need of intelligent watchfulness on the part of the Government.

#### CROWDED QUARTERS.

It is to be expected that the soldier's dwelling, his tent and barrack, will be reduced to the lowest endurable dimensions in the campaign, for there is a seeming necessity for this economy of room; but in garrisons, stations, and cantonments, and even in encampments in time of peace, this necessity ceases, and there is a power at least, if not a disposition, to give a more liberal supply of house- and lodging-room to the army, and a better opportunity for rest and recuperation. In common dwelling-houses, under favorable circumstances, each sleeper is usually allowed from 500 to 1,000 cubic feet of space: a chamber fifteen or sixteen feet square and eight feet high, with 1,800 to 2,048 feet of air, is considered a good lodging-room for two persons. This gives 900 to 1,024 feet of air for each. The prudent always have some means of admitting fresh air, or some way for the foul air to escape, by an open window, or an opening into the chimney, or both. If such a room be occupied by three lodgers, it is crowded, and the air becomes perceptibly foul in the night. Sometimes more are allowed to sleep

\* Report of the Sanitary Commission, No. 41.



within a room of this size; but it is a matter of necessity, or of lower sensibility, and is not healthy. They do not find sufficient oxygen to purify or decarbonize their blood through the night; they consequently are not refreshed, nor invigorated and fully prepared for the labors of the following day.

No nation has made this liberal and proper provision of lodging-room for its sleeping soldiers in peace or in war, in garrison or in the encampment.

The British army-regulations formerly allowed 400 to 500 cubic feet for each soldier in barracks in temperate climates, and 480 to 600 in tropical climates. The new regulations allow 600 feet in temperate climates.\* But the 356 barracks at the various military stations in Great Britain and Ireland give the soldiers much less breathing-room than the more recent regulations require. Of these,

3	allow	100 to 200	feet for each man.
27	"	200 to 300	" "
123	"	300 to 400	" "
125	"	400 to 500	" "
59	"	500 to 600	" "
19	"	600 to 800	" "

The French Government allows 444 feet for each infantry soldier, and 518 feet for each man in the cavalry.

The British soldiers, at these home-stations, have less breathing-space and are subject to more foulness of air than the people of England in civil life; and the natural consequence was discovered by the investigation of the Military Sanitary Commission, that consumption and other diseases of the lungs were much more prevalent and fatal among these soldiers, who were originally possessed of perfect constitutions and health, than among the people at large. The mortality from consumption and other diseases of the respiratory organs, among the Household Cavalry, the Queen's Body-Guard, and the most perfectly formed men in the kingdom, was 25 per cent., among the Dragoon Guards 59 per cent., among the

Infantry of the Line 115 per cent., and among the Foot-Guards 172 per cent. greater than it was among the males of the same ages throughout England and Wales, and consumption was the prevailing cause of death.

The huts of the British army are of various sizes, holding from twenty-five to seventy-two men, and allowing from 146 to 165 cubic feet for each. The "Portsmouth hut" is the favorite. It is twenty-seven feet long, fifteen feet wide, walls six feet, and ridge twelve feet high. This holds twenty-five men, and allows 146 feet of air to each man. All these huts have windows, and most of them are ventilated through openings under the eaves or just below the ridge, and some through both.

Some of the temporary barracks erected at Newport News, Virginia, are one hundred feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and twelve and a half feet high at the ridge, and accommodate seventy-six men, giving each 360 feet of air. Some are larger, and allow more space; others allow less; in one each man has only 169 feet of breathing-space. All these buildings are well supplied with windows, which serve also for ventilators.

In forts, the garrisons are usually more liberally supplied with sleeping-room, yet, on emergencies, they are densely crowded. At Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, two regiments were temporarily stationed, in the summer of 1861. There was one large barrack divided into some large and many small rooms, and there was the usual supply of rooms in the casemates. There was one range of rooms in the barrack, each sixteen feet six inches long, seven feet four inches high, and varying in width from ten feet eight inches to thirteen feet two inches. In most of these rooms, including two of the narrowest, twelve men slept. They had from 105 to 119 feet of air for each one. There was a large window in each room, which was opened at night, and might have served for healthy ventilation, except that there was an accumulation of disgusting filth within a few feet of the

\* *Report of Barrack Commission*, p. 160.

† *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the British Army*, p. 439.

building, on that side, sending forth offensive and noisome effluvia, and rendering it doubtful which was the most disagreeable and dangerous, the foul air within or the foul atmosphere without. In two of the casemate-rooms, holding sixty and seventy-five men respectively, each man had 144 and 180 feet of air. At Fort Independence, in the same harbor, a battalion was stationed, and slept in thirteen casemate-rooms, where the men had from 150 to 297 feet of air. All the casemate-rooms, being in the thick walls, and covered with earth, in both forts, were cold and damp, and many of them were kept comfortable only by fires, even in June.

The ten new barracks at Camp Cameron, in Cambridge, when full, according to the plan, give each soldier 202 feet of air for respiration; but in August last, when densely filled, as some of them were, the proportion of air for each man was reduced to 120 feet. The doors and windows were left open at night, however, and obviated in some degree the evil effects of the crowding.

#### TENTS.

THE portable house must necessarily be as small as possible, and must be made to give its occupants the smallest endurable space. The English bell-tent contains 512 cubic feet, and lodges twelve to fifteen men, when on march, and eight to twelve men in camp, affording 34 to 64 feet of breathing-space for each. Quartermaster-General Airey says this is the best tent in use.

The American tents are of many varieties in shape and size. The Sibley tent gives 1,052 feet to seventeen or eighteen, and sometimes to twenty men, being 53 to 62 feet for each. The Fremont tent is somewhat larger, and, as used in the cavalry camp at Readville, gave the men more air than the Sibley. Both of these have means of ventilation. The wedge-tent, being the simplest in structure, is most easily pitched, struck, and packed by the soldiers, and therefore used by 58 per cent. of the regiments of the Union

army, six men sleeping in each. But, as occupied by two of the regiments in Massachusetts, in the summer of 1861, it was the most crowded and unhealthy. Those used by the Second Regiment at West Roxbury, and the Ninth at Long Island, (in Boston Harbor,) were twelve and a half feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet high to the ridge, and held twelve men. Each sleeper had  $8\frac{1}{2}$  square feet of floor to rest upon, and 25 cubic feet of air to breathe through the night, with no ventilation, except what air passed in through the door-way, when left open, and through the porous cloth that covered the tent. Some of the tents of one of the regiments encamped at Worcester had 56 feet of floor-surface, and 160 feet of air, which was divided among six men, giving each 27 feet of air.

In all the camps of Massachusetts, and of most armies everywhere, economy, not only of room within the tents, but of ground where they are placed, seems to be deemed very important, even on those fields where there is opportunity for indefinite expansion of the encampment. The British army-regulations prescribe three plans of arranging the tents. The most liberal and loose arrangement gives to each soldier eighty square feet of ground, the next gives forty-two, and the most compact allows twenty-seven feet, without and within his tent. These are densities of population equal to having 348,000, 664,000, and 1,008,829 people on a square mile. But enormous and incredible as this condensation of humanity may seem, we, in Massachusetts, have beaten it, in one instance at least. In the camp of the Ninth Regiment at Long Island, the tents were placed in compact rows, and touched each other on the two sides and at the back. Between the alternate rows there were narrow lanes, barely wide enough for carriages to pass. Thus arranged, the men, when in their tents, were packed at the rate of 1,152,000 on a square mile, or one man on every twenty-two square feet, including the lanes between, as well as the ground under, the tents.

The city of London has 17,678 persons on a square mile, through its whole extent, including the open spaces, streets, squares, and parks. East London, the densest and most unhealthy district, has 175,816 on a mile. Boston, including East and South Boston, but not Washington Village, has 50,805 on a mile; and the Broad-Street section, densely filled with Irish families, had, when last examined for this purpose, in 1845, a density of population at the rate of 413,000 on the same space.

#### RESULTS OF SANITARY REFORMS.

THE errors and losses which have been adverted to are not all constant nor universal: not every army is hungry, or has bad cookery; not every one encamps in malarious spots, or sleeps in crowded tents, or is cold, wet, or overworked: but, so far as the internal history of military life has been revealed, they have been and are sufficiently frequent to produce a greater depression of force, more sickness, and a higher rate of mortality among the soldiery than are found to exist among civilians. Every failure to meet the natural necessities or wants of the animal body, in respect to food, air, cleanliness, and protection, has, in its own way, and in its due proportion, diminished the power that might otherwise have been created; and every misapplication has again reduced that vital capital which was already at a discount. These first bind the strong man, and then, exposing him to morbid influences, rob him of his health. Perhaps in none of the common affairs of the world do men allow so large a part of the power they raise and the means they gather for any purpose to be lost, before they reach their object and strike their final and effective blow, as the rulers of nations allow to be lost in the gathering and application of human force to the purposes of war. And this is mainly because those rulers do not study and regard the nature and conditions of the living machines with which they operate, and the vital forces that move them, as

faithfully as men in civil life study and regard the conditions of the dead machines they use, and the powers of water and steam that propel them, and form their plans accordingly.

But it is satisfactory to know that great improvements have been made in this respect. From a careful and extended inquiry into the diseases of the army and their causes, it is manifest that they do not necessarily belong to the profession of war. Although sickness has been more prevalent, and death in consequence more frequent, in camps and military stations than in the dwellings of peace, this excess is not unavoidable, but may be mostly, if not entirely, prevented. Men are not more sick because they are soldiers and live apart from their homes, but because they are exposed to conditions or indulge in habits that would produce the same results in civil as in military life. Wherever civilians have fallen into these conditions and habits, they have suffered in the same way; and wherever the army has been redeemed from these, sickness and mortality have diminished, and the health and efficiency of the men have improved.

Great Britain has made and is still making great and successful efforts to reform the sanitary condition of her army. The improvement in the health of the troops in the Crimea in 1856 and 1857 has already been described. The reduction of the annual rate of mortality caused by disease, from 1,142 to 13 in a thousand, in thirteen months, opened the eyes of the Government to the real state of matters in the army, and to their own connection with it. They saw that the excess of sickness and death among the troops had its origin in circumstances and conditions which they could control, and then they began to feel the responsibility resting upon them for the health and life of their soldiers. On further investigation, they discovered that soldiers in active service everywhere suffered more by sickness and death than civilians at home, and then they very naturally concluded that a similar application of sanitary measures and enforcement of



the sanitary laws would be as advantageous to the health and life of the men at all other places as in the Crimea. A thorough reform was determined upon, and carried out with signal success in all the military stations at home and abroad. "The late Lord Herbert, first in a royal commission, then in a commission for carrying out its recommendations, and lastly as Secretary of State for War in Lord Palmerston's administration, neglecting the enjoyments which high rank and a splendid fortune placed at his command, devoted himself to the sanitary reform of the army." \* He saw that the health of the soldiers was perilled more "by bad sanitary arrangements than by climate," and that these could be amended. "He had some courageous colleagues, among whom I must name as the foremost Florence Nightingale, who shares without diminishing his glory." † Both of these great sanitary reformers sacrificed themselves for the good of the suffering and perishing soldier. "Lord Herbert died at the age of fifty-one, broken down by work so entirely that his medical attendants hardly knew to what to attribute his death." ‡ Although he probed the evil to the very bottom, and boldly laid bare the time-honored abuses, neglects, and ignorance of the natural laws, whence so much sickness had sprung to waste the army, yet he "did not think it enough to point out evils in a report; he got commissions of practical men to put an end to them." § A new and improved code of medical regulations, and a new and rational system of sanitary administration, suited to the wants and liabilities of the human body, were devised and adopted for the British army, and their conditions are established and carried out with the most happy results.

These new systems connect with every corps of the army the means of pro-

tecting the health of the men, as well as of healing their diseases.

"The Medical Department of the British army includes, —

"1. Director-General, who is the sole responsible administrative head of the medical service.

"2. Three Heads of Departments, to aid the Director-General with their advice, and to work the routine-details.

"A Medical Head, to give advice and assistance on all subjects connected with the medical service and hospitals of the army.

"A Sanitary Head, to give advice and assistance on all subjects connected with the hygiene of the army.

"A Statistical Head, who will keep the medical statistics, case-books, meteorological registers," etc.\*

Besides these medical officers, there are an Inspector-General of Hospitals, a Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, Staff and Regimental Surgeons, Staff and Regimental Assistant-Surgeons, and Apothecaries.

The British army is plentifully supplied with these medical officers. For the army of 118,000 men there were provided one thousand and seventy-five medical officers under full pay in 1859. Four hundred and seventy surgeons and assistant-surgeons were attached to the hundred regiments of infantry. †

It is made the duty of the medical officer to keep constant watch over all the means and habits of life among the troops, — "to see that all regulations for protecting the health of troops, in barracks, garrisons, stations, or camps, are duly observed." "He is to satisfy himself as to the sanitary condition of barracks," "as to their cleanliness, within and without, their ventilation, warming, and lighting," "as to the drainage, ash-pits, offal," etc. "He is to satisfy himself that the rations are good, that the kitchen-utensils are sufficient and in good order, and that the cooking is sufficiently varied." ‡

\* Dr. Farr, in *Journal of the London Statistical Society*, Vol. XXIV. p. 472.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *MS. Letter of Dr. Sutherland.*

§ Dr. Farr, *ubi supra*.

\* *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 27, etc.

† *Report of the Army Medical Department for 1859.*

‡ *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 29.

Nothing in the condition, circumstances, or habits of the men, that can affect their health, must be allowed to escape the notice of these medical officers.

In every plan for the location or movement of any body of troops, it is made the duty of the principal medical officer first to ascertain the effect which such movement or location will have upon the men, and advise the commander accordingly. It is his duty, also, to inspect all camp-sites and "give his opinion in writing on the salubrity or otherwise of the proposed position, with any recommendations he may have to make respecting the drainage, preparation of the ground, distance of the tents or huts from each other, the number of men to be placed in each tent or hut, the state of cleanliness, ventilation, and water-supply." \* "The sanitary officer shall keep up a daily inspection of the whole camp, and especially inform himself as to the health of the troops, and of the appearance of any zymotic disease among them; and he shall immediately, on being informed of the appearance of any such disease, examine into the cause of the same, whether such disease proceed from, or is aggravated by, sanitary defects in cleansing, drainage, nuisances, overcrowding, defective ventilation, bad or deficient water-supply, dampness, marshy ground, or from any other local cause, or from bad or deficient food, intemperance, unwholesome liquors, fruit, defective clothing or shelter, exposure, fatigue, or any other cause, and report immediately to the commander of the forces, on such causes, and the remedial measures he has to propose for their removal." "And he shall report at least daily on the progress or decline of the disease, and on the means adopted for the removal of its causes." †

Thus the British army is furnished with the best sanitary instruction the nation can afford, to guide the officers and show the men how to live, and sustain their strength for the most effective labor in the service of the country.

\* *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 83.

† *Ib.*, p. 84.

To make this system of vigilant watchfulness over the health of the men the more effectual, the medical officer of each corps is required to make weekly returns to the principal medical officer of the command, and this principal officer makes monthly returns to the central office at London. These weekly and monthly returns include all the matters that relate to the health of the troops, "to the sanitary condition of the barracks, quarters, hospitals, the rations, clothing, duties, etc., of the troops, and the effects of these on their health." \*

Under these new regulations, the exact condition of the army everywhere is always open to the eyes of medical and sanitary officers, and they are made responsible for the health of the soldiers. The consequence has been a great improvement in the condition and habits of the men. Camps have been better located and arranged. Food is better supplied. Cooking is more varied, and suited to the digestive powers. The old plan of boiling seven days in the week is abolished, and baking, stewing, and other more wholesome methods of preparation are adopted in the army-kitchens, with very great advantage to the health of the men and to the efficiency of the military service. Sickness has diminished and mortality very greatly lessened, and the most satisfactory evidence has been given from all the stations of the British army at home and abroad, that the great excess of disease and death among the troops over those of civilians at home is needless, and that health and life are measured out to the soldier, as well as to the citizen, according to the manner in which he fulfils or is allowed to fulfil the conditions established by Nature for his being here.

The last army medical report shows the amount and rate of sickness and mortality of every corps, both in the year 1859, under the new system of watchfulness and proper provision, and at a former period, under the old *régime* of neglect.

\* *Army Medical Regulations*, p. 93.

## THE NUMBER OF DEATHS IN 100,000.\*

	Annual Average for 10 years, 1837 to 1846.	1859..
Household Cavalry . . . . .	1,039 . . . . .	427
Dragoon-Guards . . . . .	1,208 . . . . .	794
Foot-Guards . . . . .	1,872 . . . . .	859
Infantry Regiments . . . . .	1,706 . . . . .	758
Men in healthy districts of England . . . . .	. . . . .	723

The Foot-Guards, which lost annually 1,415 from diseases of the chest before the reform, lost only 538 in 100,000 from the same cause in 1859.\*

Among the infantry of the line, the annual attacks of fever were reduced to a little more than one-third, and the deaths from this cause to two-fifths of their former ratio. The cases of zymotic disease were diminished 33 per cent., and the mortality from this class of maladies was reduced 68 per cent.†

The same happy accounts of improvement come from every province and every military station where the British Government has placed its armies.

\* *Report of the Army Medical Department for 1859, p. 10.*

† *Ibid.*

Our present army is in better condition than those of other times and other nations; and more and more will be done for this end. The Government has already admitted the Sanitary Commission into a sort of copartnership in the management of the army, and hereafter the principles of this excellent and useful association will be incorporated with, and become an inseparable part of, the machinery of war, to be conducted by the same hands that direct the movements of the armies, ever present and efficient to meet all the natural wants of the soldier, and to reduce his danger of sickness and mortality, as nearly as possible, to that of men of the same age at home.

\* *Report of the Army Medical Department for 1859, p. 6.*

## AN ARAB WELCOME.

## I.

BECAUSE thou com'st, a tired guest,  
Unto my tent, I bid thee rest.  
This cruse of oil, this skin of wine,  
These tamarinds and dates, are thine:  
And while thou eatest, Hassan, there,  
Shall bathe the heated nostrils of thy mare.

## II.

Allah il Allah! Even so  
An Arab chieftain treats a foe:  
Holds him as one without a fault,  
Who breaks his bread and tastes his salt;  
And, in fair battle, strikes him dead  
With the same pleasure that he gives him bread!



## ELIZABETH SARA SHEPPARD

YOU ask from me some particulars of the valued life so recently closed. Miss Sheppard was my friend of many years; I was with her to the last hour of her existence; but this is not the time for other than a brief notice of her career, and I comply with your request by sending you a slight memorial, hardly full enough for publication.

Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, the authoress of "*Charles Auchester*," "*Counterparts*," etc., was born at Blackheath, in England. Her father was a clergyman of unusual scholastic attainments, and took high honors at St. John's College, Oxford. Mr. Sheppard, on the mother's side, could number Hebrew ancestors, and this was the pride of his second daughter, the subject of this notice. Her love for the whole Hebrew race amounted to a passion, which found its expression in the romance of "*Charles Auchester*."

Very early she displayed a most decided poetic predisposition;—writing, when but ten years old, with surprising facility on every possible subject. No metre had any difficulties for her, and no theme seemed dull to her vivid intelligence,—her fancy being roused to action in a moment, by the barest hint given either by Nature or Art. Her first drama was written at this early age; it was called "*Boadicea*," and was composed immediately after she had been shown a field at Islington where this queen is said to have pitched her tent. Any one who asked was welcome to "some verses by 'Little Lizzie,'" written in her peculiar and fairy-like hand, (for when very young, her writing was remarkable for its extreme smallness and finish,) given with child-like simplicity, and artless ignorance of the worth of what she bestowed with a kiss and a smile.

Her poems were composed at once, with scarcely a correction. Her earlier ones, for the most part, were written at

the corner of a large table, covered with the usual heaps of "after-lessons," in a school-room, where some twenty enfranchised girls were putting away copy-books, French grammars, etc., and getting out play-boxes and fancy-work, with the common amount of chatter and noise. Contrasted with such young persons, this child looked a strange, unearthly creature,—her large, dark gray eye full of inspiration, and every movement of her frame and tone of her voice instinct with delicate energy.

At the same age she would extemporize for hours on the organ, after wreathing the candlesticks with garden-flowers which she had brought in her hand,—their scent, she would say, suggesting the wild, sweet fancies which her fingers seemed able to call forth on the shortest notice. Persons straying into the church, as they often did, attracted by the sound of music, would declare the performer to be an experienced masculine musician.

When but a year older, she was an excellent Latin scholar, and, to use her father's words, she might then have "gone in for honors at Oxford." French she spoke and wrote fluently, besides reading Goethe and Schiller with avidity, and translating as fast as she read,—Schiller having always the preference. At fourteen she began the study of Hebrew, of which language she was a worshipper, and could not at that early age even let Greek alone. Her wonderful power of seizing on the genius of a language, and becoming for the time a foreigner in spirit, was noticed by all her teachers; her ear was so delicate that no subtle inflection ever escaped her, nor any idiom.

And now she surprised her most intimate friend by the present of a prose story, sent to her, when absent, in chapters by the post. This was succeeded by many other tales, and finally by "*Charles Auchester*,"—which romance, as well as that of "*Counterparts*," was written in

the brier-tangle half conceals, and whose forget-me-nots have long since died for want of water. One may even muse unprofitably (despite the moralist) in our picturesque cemeteries, and as unprofitably in those abroad, with their crowds of crosses and monotony of immortal wreaths. In fact, whether on grounds philosophical or religious, it is not good to brood on mortality for itself alone; better rather to recall the living past, and in the living present prepare for the perfect future.

None die to be forgotten who deserve to be remembered. Even the fame for which some are ardent to sacrifice their lives, enjoyed early at that crisis of existence we call *success*, will in most cases change the desire for renown into a necessity, and stimulate the mind to the lowest motive but one, ambition, — possibly, to emulation, the lowest of all. Fame is valuable simply as the test of excellence; and there is a certain kind of popularity, sudden alike in its rise and subsidency, which deserves not the other and lasting name, for it fails to soothe that intellectual conscience which a great writer has declared to exist equally with the moral conscience. After all, it is a question whether fame is as precious to the celebrated during their lifetime as it is to those who love them, or who are attached to them by interest.

There are persons who die and are forgotten, when their exit from the stage of human affairs is a source of advantage to their survivors. Witness those possessed of large fortunes, which they have it in their power to bequeath, and over whose dwellings of mortality vigilant relations hover like the carrion-fowl above the dying battle-steed. I remember a good story to this effect, in which a lady and gentleman took a grateful vow to picnic annually, on the anniversary of his death, at the tomb of a relation who had greatly enriched them. They did so, actually, *once*; succeeding years saw them no more at the solemn tryst.

Even as to those who have excelled in art, or portrayed in language the imag-

inative side of life, it may be that their works abide and they not be recognized in them, that their words may be echoed in many tongues while the writer is put out of the question almost as entirely as he who carved the first hieroglyph on the archaic stone. It will ever be found, whether in works or words, that what touches the heart rather than what strikes the fancy, what draws the tear rather than excites the smile, will embalm the memory of the man of genius. But of all posthumous distinctions the noblest is that awarded to the philanthropist; even the meed of the man of science, which consists in the complete working of some great discovery skilfully applied, falls short of the reward of those who have contributed their utmost to the physical improvement and social elevation of man, — from the munificent endowment whose benefits increase and multiply in each succeeding generation, to the smallest seed of charity scattered by the frailest hand, as sure as the strong to gather together at the harvest its countless sheaves. To fill a niche in a heart, or a niche in each of a thousand hearts, — *either* a holier place than that of the poet, who lives in the imagination he renders restless, or that of the hero, who renders the mind more restless still for his suggestion of the glory which may surround a name, a glory rather to be dreaded than desired, — too often, in such cases, must evil be done or tolerated that good may be brought forth.

Then there is consolation for those not gifted either with worldly means or powers of mind or healthful daring. Some will ever remember and regret the man or woman who carries true feeling into the affairs of life, important or minute: gentle courtesies, heart-warm words, delicate regards, — as surely part of consummate charity as the drop is a portion of the deep whose fountains it helps to fill. Precious, too, is self-denial, not austere invoked from conscience by the voice of duty, but welling from the heart as a natural and necessary return for all it owes to a Power it cannot reward. It has been

said, that, to be respected in old age, one should be kind to *little children* all one's life. May we not, therefore, show just such helpful tenderness to the childlike or appealing weakness of every person with whom we have to do? — for few hearts,

alas! have not a weak string. Then no burden shall be left to the last hour, except that of mortality, of which time itself relieves us kindly, — nor shall we have an account to settle with the future to which it consigns the faithful.

## RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH.

In the spring of 1860, a passenger left Massachusetts for the sunny South. As he passed slowly down to the Battery to embark from New York, the sun shone brightly on acres of drays awaiting their turn to approach the Southern steamers. Some of them had waited patiently from early morn for an opportunity to discharge, and it was a current rumor that twenty dollars had been paid for a chance to reach the steamers. The previous season had been a good one, and Cotton wore its robes of royalty. Southern credit stood at the highest point, while the West was out of favor; and doubtless many of the keen traders of the South, having some inkling of coming events, were preparing for future emergencies.

In the spring of 1860, the South was literally overrun with goods. Some sixteen powerful steamers were running between Savannah and New York; an equal number were on the line to Charleston; steamers and flat-boats in countless numbers were bearing down the Mississippi their tribute of flour, lard, and corn. The Northern and Western merchants were counting down their money for rice, cotton, and sugar, and giving long credits on the produce of the North and West.

Before hostilities began, the South was allowed to supply itself freely with powder and arms, and for months after they had begun, large supplies of fire-arms were drawn through Kentucky. Down to a recent period the South has continued to receive supplies from Missouri, Virginia, and Tennessee. With these resources, and

with a capital drawn from a debt of two hundred millions to the North and West, it has been able to support, for the first fifteen months at least, three hundred thousand men in the field, and successfully to resist, in some cases, the advance of the Federal Army. While these resources lasted, while the blockade was ineffective, while the Confederacy could produce men to replace all who fell, while a paper currency and scrip could be floated, and while the nation hesitated to put forth its strength, the South was able to maintain a strong front, although driven successively from Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Western Virginia, and Tennessee, and thus deprived of nearly half the population and resources on which it originally relied.

The enlarged canal of New York, and the great railways which furnish direct routes from the West to the Atlantic, have of late years diverted from the Father of Waters a very large proportion of the exports of the West, but the steamers and flat-boats which floated down the Mississippi literally fed the Cotton States. Laden with corn, flour, and lard, with ploughs, glass, and nails, with horses and mules, and live stock of every description, they distributed their cargoes from Memphis to New Orleans, and came back freighted with sugar and cotton.

At length this great commerce has been interrupted, and the South, cut off from this almost indispensable supply of the necessities of life, is now struggling for existence, and diverts its negroes from



the remunerative culture of sugar and cotton to the cultivation of grain and corn.

There are few at the North who appreciate the sacrifice which attends this diversion, or the extent of the pressure which led to this disastrous change.

In Illinois, Iowa, or Indiana, the farmer can grow rich while selling his corn for ten cents per bushel, and it is now common for a man and a boy to cultivate a hundred acres and to gather five thousand bushels in a single season. The South does not possess the rich and exhaustless soil of the prairies, which for half a century will yield without return successive and luxuriant crops of corn. Its soil is generally light and easily exhausted, and is tilled by the rude and unwilling labor of the slave. The census apprises us that its average crop of corn is but fifteen bushels to the acre, in place of fifty to sixty in Illinois, and even this depends in part on guano or artificial stimulants. The average yield of wheat south of Tennessee is but six bushels to the acre, in place of twenty to forty in Ohio. The Southern planters, who can sell cotton with profit at ten cents per pound, cannot produce corn for less than one dollar per bushel, or tenfold the cost in the West, and in past years a dollar has been the customary price from North Carolina to Texas.

Before the war, the cotton-crop of the South had risen to five millions of bales; but now four-fifths of the land in cultivation is devoted to corn and grain. In place of five millions of bales, worth at former prices two hundred millions of dollars, and at present rates at least eight hundred millions, the South, in its folly, to the injury of the world, and the ruin of most of its planters, is now producing, in place of its cotton, less corn than could be furnished in Illinois in ordinary seasons for twenty millions of dollars. But even this is inadequate to the wants of its people and its stock. Its small farmers are diverted from the cultivation of the soil. The conscript-law is drafting all the able-bodied white men into the army.

The States from Tennessee and North

Carolina to Texas have neither pasture nor mowing; their feeble stock gains but a precarious livelihood from the cane-brakes or weeds of the forests and Northern hay. Corn and grain were transported by railway more than three hundred miles into the interior. The writer has stood beside a yoke of Georgia oxen in Atlanta so small that they might well pass for calves at the North. Two Illinois steers would weigh down a half-dozen such animals. But, diminutive as they are, they, as well as the people of the South, require Northern supplies. And at this moment their last dependence is placed upon the valley of Virginia and the valleys of East Tennessee. Let us hope that the Union armies which now possess Nashville, Memphis, and Cumberland Gap may soon occupy Knoxville.

In the language of the "*Richmond Examiner*," "the possession of the lead, copper, and salt mines, and the pork, corn, and hay-crop of these countries, Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia, is now vital to the existence of the Confederacy. This section of the country is the keystone of the Southern arch. It is now in great peril, as is the great artery through which the life-blood of the South now circulates. Whether the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad is to be surrendered, whether the only adequate supply of salt is to be lost, whether the only hay-crop of the South is to be surrendered, are questions of vast and pressing importance."

The wall of fire to which allusion has sometimes been made in debate is now closing in around the Southern Confederacy. The Mississippi is closed. But a single point of contact, at Vicksburg, remains between the States west of the Mississippi and the Atlantic States. Texas is insulated. The blockade is daily becoming more stringent upon the seaboard. One effort more, soon to be made, must sever the rich valleys, mines, and furnaces of Tennessee from the cotton districts, and the exhaustion of supplies of every description will soon become more and more apparent.

It is undoubtedly true that an occasional cargo escapes the blockade, that a few boat-loads of supplies are ferried by treason at the midnight hour across the Chesapeake, and sold at extravagant prices; but what does this amount to? What a contrast this trade presents to the millions of tons which used to reach the South from the Free States and Europe before it was crushed by the rebellion! And what a contrast does it present to-day to the commerce of the North,—to the barks and propellers which float down the Lakes deeply laden with grain,—to the weekly exports of New York, (twelve millions for the last three weeks,)—to its vast income from duties,—to the ships of the North visiting every ocean, earning more freight than for years past, although deprived of the carrying-trade of the South, and contending successfully with the marine of Great Britain for the supremacy on the ocean! How signal has thus far been the failure of the Southern prophecies made before the outbreak!

New York, we were told, was dependent on Southern commerce, and was to be ruined by the war; there were to be riots in the streets, and its palaces were to fall in ruins: but the riots and the ruins are to be found only in Southern latitudes.

The manufacturers of Massachusetts were to be broken down: but the woollen trade and the shoe-trade have received a new impetus,—are highly prosperous; and the cotton-spinners, with more than a year's supply of cotton, have by the rise of prices enjoyed a profit unprecedented. Having used their cotton with moderation, they have at the close of each six months seen their stocks of raw material and goods, by the rise of prices, undiminished in value, and blessed like the widow's cruse of oil. Nearly all have paid large dividends, many have earned dividends for the year to come, and are now sending their male operatives to the war, and their females to their rural homes, where they expect to perform some of the duties of brothers who have volunteered for the war. The ruin predicted

falls not upon the spinner, but upon the authors of Secession.

Let us glance for a moment at the present condition of the South. General Butler found at New Orleans proof of its exhaustion in the prices of food,—with corn, for instance, at three dollars per bushel, flour twenty to thirty dollars per barrel, and hay at one hundred dollars per ton.

If we pass on to Mobile, we hear of similar prices, and learn that not a carpet can be found on the floor of any resident: they have all been cut into blankets for the army. White curtains and drapery have been converted into shirts; for cotton cloth cannot be had for a dollar a yard.

As we come on toward the North, we find the shops of Savannah nearly empty, with shoes and boots quoted at thirty dollars per pair. At such rates, what must it cost to put an army in condition to move?

At Charleston, the stores which two years since were overflowing with merchandise, and the daily recipients of entire cargoes, are utterly empty; and when we reach Richmond, we see sugar quoted at three-fourths of a dollar, coffee at two dollars, and tea at sixteen dollars per pound, broadcloth at fifty dollars per yard, while whiskey, worth at Cincinnati twenty cents per gallon, commands at Richmond six dollars.

Such is the condition of affairs, while the South still has access to Virginia and East Tennessee, and after it has received a year's supply of Northern productions for which no payment has been made.

Having thus pictured the physical resources of the enemy, let us inquire what is the force which he can bring into the field, and his means of maintaining it.

There is conclusive evidence that at no period during the war has the Confederacy had more than three hundred and fifty thousand effective men in the field, and it has no power to carry that number beyond four hundred thousand. The population of the Union, by the census of 1860, was thirty-two millions. At

the usual rate of increase it now amounts to thirty-four millions; of these, four millions are blacks, and of the residue, twenty-six millions are in the loyal districts, and but four millions in the Confederacy, if we exclude New Orleans and those portions of Virginia and Tennessee which have been subdued by the Federal arms.

In our Northern States the militia has rarely exceeded ten per cent. of the population. At least one-half of the population is composed of females; one-half of the residue is below the age of sixteen. If we deduct from the remainder three-twentieths for those below eighteen, those above forty-five, and those exempted by law or infirmity, one-tenth alone will remain.

It is said that the Confederacy has called out all the white males between sixteen and thirty-five, and proposes to summon all those between thirty-five and fifty. If it does so, we may well expect such forces to break down in heavy marches or suffer from exposure. But let us assume that it can bring into the field four-tenths per cent. of its entire population — (and we must not forget that this is a high estimate, as all the able-bodied men of Massachusetts are but twelve per cent. of her population, or one hundred and fifty-five thousand): upon this assumption, the effective force of the Confederacy at the start was but five hundred and sixty thousand, and if to this we add forty thousand more for volunteers and conscripts from Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and East Tennessee, we have a capacity for six hundred thousand only. Of these there has been a continual waste from the outset by sickness, desertions, capture, and the casualties of war. The Union army has lost at least one-third, and been reduced from six hundred thousand to four hundred thousand by such depletion; and in the same ratio, the South, with inferior supplies and stores, and with greater exposure, must have lost at least an equal number.

In estimating its present capacity at four hundred thousand men, we undoubtedly exceed the actual resources of the

South. To meet this we have at least four hundred thousand effective men now in the field, to be increased to a million by the new levies, and soon to be aided by thirty mail-clad steamers added to our present fleet on the ocean and the Mississippi, — a naval force equivalent to at least two hundred thousand more.

To sustain such forces in the field and on the water will doubtless tax all the energies of the Union; but how is the inferior force of four hundred thousand to be clad, fed, and paid by the exhausted Confederacy, with a white population less than one-sixth of that opposed to them, without commerce and the mechanic arts, and with no productive agriculture?

The pecuniary resources of the South for carrying on this war have thus far consisted principally of a paper currency and bonds, with a forced circulation. It has drawn little from taxes or forfeiture, although it has been aided by the appropriation of both public and private property of the United States.

We have no record of the currency issued, but we know that both prices and pay have been higher in Southern than in Northern armies; and if with us it has cost a thousand dollars per annum to sustain a soldier in the field, it has cost at that rate four hundred and sixty-seven millions to maintain three hundred and fifty thousand men for the last sixteen months in the Southern army, and of this at least four hundred millions has been met by the issue of paper.

Such an issue would be equivalent to an issue of seven times that amount, or of twenty-eight hundred millions, to be borne by the whites who now recognize the Union. How long can the South continue to float such a currency? Does it not already equal or exceed the paper currency of our Revolution, which became utterly worthless, notwithstanding our nation achieved its independence?

Our fathers, long before the surrender at Yorktown, resorted to specie, to the bank of Morris, and to French and Dutch subsidies: but how is the South to command bank-notes or specie, or to buy



arms, powder, or provisions, or to satisfy soldiers with a currency such as has been described, or to make new issues at the rate of twenty-five millions per month?

At Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, gold ranges from 125 to 150 per cent. premium. Must not this advance require a double or triple issue of currency, namely, fifty to seventy-five millions per month, to accomplish as much as has already been effected? and how long can such a currency be floated within a contracting circle, and in the face of our new levies and our unbounded national credit? If the war should last another year, and this depreciating currency can be floated at all, it is safe to infer from the history of the past that the debt of the South must increase at least one thousand millions. Under the pressure of such growing weight its end may be safely predicted.

Thus far in the contest the South has possessed one great advantage. The planter's son, reared to no profession, in a region where the pursuits of trade and the mechanic arts have little honor, has been accustomed from childhood to the use of the horse and rifle. In most of the towns of the South you will find a military academy, and here the young cadet has been trained to arms and qualified for office: we have no such class in the Free States, except a few graduates from West Point. Under such officers, a motley army has been collected, composed of foreigners who have toiled in Southern cities as draymen and porters, of Northern clerks driven by coercion or sheer necessity to enlist, the poor whites, the outcasts of the South, a class the most degraded in public estimate, — a class which has the respect of neither the white man nor the negro. These people inhabit to a great extent the scrub-oak or black-jack forests, the second growth which has sprung up on exhausted plantations. Destitute of schools, churches, and newspapers, unable to read or write, without culture, generally steeped in whiskey, their sole property a cabin, and perhaps a few swine, which roam through the forests, these

Pariahs of society gain a precarious subsistence by hunting, fishing, and occasional depredations upon the property of the planters. During a brief visit to Columbia, in 1860, one of these outcasts was arraigned before the Court of Sessions for stealing black-jack from a plantation and selling it in the streets of Columbia; and the judge in his flowing robes, while enlarging upon the offence, facetiously remarked, that the prisoner had doubtless swallowed the black-jack, — an allusion to the habits of the class which seemed well understood by the bar.

The position of this class has thus far been improved by the war. In the army the poor white has associated with the officer, far above him in social life. His aid has been courted, he has received high wages in Confederate notes, he has found better fare and clothing than he could procure at home, and has been lured to the contest by the eloquent appeals of the planter, by bitter attacks upon the North, and glowing pictures of the ruin which the abolitionists would bring upon the South. The Confederate notes have until recently proved sufficient for his purposes, while other classes have supplied the means to prosecute the war. But as the circle contracts and these notes prove worthless, food and clothing, tobacco and whiskey will cease to be attainable; and when the provost marshal has swept the plantation, and comes to the poor man's cabin to take his last bushel of meal and to shoot down his swine for the subsistence of the army, he will at length ask what he has to gain from the further prosecution of the war.

When this crisis arrives, and it must be approaching, how can the Southern army retain in its ranks either the poor white, the foreigner, or the Northern clerk, whose sympathies have never been with the Confederacy?

It may be said, that the Confederacy can continue the war by wealth accumulated in former years. But that wealth was invested in land, slaves, or railways, now unproductive, or in banks whose

funds have been advanced to planters still under protest. This wealth will not suffice to prosecute the war. Thus far it has been sustained by funds on hand, the seizure of national forts, arms, and arsenals, by the appropriation of debts due to Northern merchants, by supplies from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and by the issue of paper already greatly depreciated. With these resources it has conducted a losing warfare while we were creating an army and a navy, and during this contest has lost three of the most important border States, nearly half of a fourth, several of its chief seaports, nearly all its shipping, and the navigation of the Mississippi.

But it may be urged, Has not McClellan retired from his intrenchments before Richmond? Have we not fought with varying results successive battles around Manassas? Are not our troops retiring to their old lines before Washington? Have not the enemy again broken into Kentucky? and do they not menace the banks of the Potomac and the Ohio? Let us concede all this. Let us admit that our new levies are for the moment inert, — that we are now marshalling, arming, and drilling our raw recruits; let us concede that the giant of the North has not yet put forth his energies, — that, although roused from his torpor, one of his arms is still benumbed, and that his lithe and active opponent is for the moment pommelling him on every side, and has a momentary advantage; let us admit that our go-ahead nation is indignant at the idea of one step backward in this great contest: still it is safe to predict that within sixty days our new army of superior men will be ready to take the field and advance upon the foe in overwhelming force, — that soon our iron fleet will be ready to batter down the fortresses of Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Vicksburg, and Galveston, the last strongholds of the enemy. And when his army of conscripts shall have wasted away, after their last flurry and struggle, where is he to recruit or procure a new army for resistance or offence? The South is now taking the field with all its

strength; but when that strength is broken, what power will remain to confront the forces of the Union?

The South has driven to the war its whole white population able to bear arms, and when that force is exhausted, at least two-thirds of the adult males of the North and the whole black population will still remain to sustain the Government, and births and emigration will soon fill the vacuum.

Let us place at the helm men of character and tried activity, — men of intelligence and forecast, — men who can appreciate the leaders of the South, reckless alike of property, character, and life, and the result cannot be doubtful.

The South is now commencing a new campaign, and is to confront a navy hourly improving, and an invulnerable fleet, armed with cannon more effective than any yet used in naval warfare. It is to encounter, with conscripts, a million of hardy volunteers, and to do this with its supplies reduced and its credit broken. It has but one reliance: a slave population of four millions, competent to maintain themselves, but incompetent to furnish to their masters a full supply of the coarsest food. While it furnishes a scanty supply, while it toils in the trenches, and feeds the horses of the cavalry, or drives the army-wagons, it is still an element of strength to the masters, and the question occurs, Shall the nation, now so severely taxed by the slaveholder, and compelled to pour forth its best blood like water to preserve its existence, remove this element of present and future strength by liberating the slave?

Can the slaveholder claim the preservation of slavery, when he relies upon it and uses it to aid him in destroying the Government? And if one-half of the population of the South is ready to sustain the Government, and to withdraw its aid from the foe, shall not the loyalist, whether white or black, be accepted and allowed the privileges of a citizen when he takes refuge under the national flag?

Can we expect future peace, unless we reduce to order lawless men, unless we

draw them from the war-path by making labor and the arts of peace respected?

This is a momentous question which addresses itself to our nation at the present juncture. There are some who imagine that the negro, if liberated, would renew the scenes of San Domingo, and massacre the people of the South. But such has not been the case in the French and British Isles of the West Indies, although in those islands the proportion of the white population is far below that at the South. In the Cotton States the whites and the negroes are nearly equal in numbers; and if, in Jamaica, Barbadoes, Santa Cruz, and Martinique, the slaves, when liberated, have respected the rights of the masters, and recognized their title to the land, and have submitted to toil for moderate wages, where a handful of whites monopolized the soil, and demanded for it prices far beyond the value of the slave and land together, may we not well anticipate that the slave population, barely equal in number to the white population, trained to submission in a region where land is of little value, will, if liberated, continue to be a quiet and peaceful population?

There are some who predict that the negroes, if emancipated, will overrun the North and West. But why should they fly from the South to the cold winters and less genial climate of the North or West? It is servitude which degrades the negro; and if the stigma which he now bears is removed, why should he not cling to the region in which he was born and bred, and to which he is adapted by nature?

Should the institution of slavery survive the war into which we have been plunged by its adherents and propagators, we might well fear that our Northern and Western States would be overrun by the fugitives, who, having escaped during the war, would be disposed to place distance between themselves and their late masters, and to fly from the borders of States which would not hesitate to reduce them again to servitude; but if the institution itself should be terminated by

the war, why should the free man be a fugitive from his home?

Our Western States are desirous to perpetuate in its purity the Anglo-Saxon blood, and would colonize the West with men raised under free institutions. They shrink from all contact with a race of bondmen. Our President, himself a Western man, proposes to colonize the free negro in Central America, and thriving colonies already exist on the coast of Africa. But why should we send from this country her millions of laborers? Is our land exhausted? Is there no room for the negro in the region where he lives? Has not the demand for sugar and cotton, for naval stores and timber, overtaken the supply? and has not the frank and truthful Mr. Spratt, of South Carolina, announced in the councils of that State, that the South must import more savages from Africa, to reclaim and improve its soil? Why, then, banish the well-trained laborer now on the spot?

Does not history apprise us how Spain suffered in her agriculture, and the arts of life declined, when the Moriscos were driven from her soil? how Belgium, the garden of Europe, decayed when Spanish intolerance banished to England the Protestant weavers and spinners, who laid the foundation of English opulence? how France retrograded when superstition exiled from her shores the industrious Huguenots? And are we to draw no light from history? Would we, at this moment, when our cotton-mills are closing their gates,—when the cotton-spinner of England appeals to the British minister for intervention,—when the weaver of Rouen demands the raw material of Louis Napoleon,—shall we, at a time when a single crop of cotton is worth, at current prices, nearly a thousand millions, or twice the debt contracted for the war,—impair our national strength by destroying the sources of supply? At least one crop has been lost, and this will for a term of years insure high prices. Are we to deprive our nation of these prices, and of the freights which would attend the shipments to Europe? Shall not cotton contribute



to make good our losses, and to the progress of the nation?

Why is colonization necessary?

There is a belt of territory, now sparsely populated, and inhabited chiefly by negroes, extending from the Dismal Swamp to the Capes of Florida, and from these Capes to the Brazos, — generally level, and free from rocks and stones, — of the average width of nearly one hundred miles, — its area at least two hundred millions of acres, — competent to sustain forty millions of negroes, or ten times the number which now exist within the United States. Here are vast forests, unctuous with turpentine, annually producing pitch, tar, rosin, and ship-timber, with material for houses, boats, fuel, and light-wood, while the mossy drapery of the trees is suitable for pillows and cushions. Here is a soil which, with proper cultivation, can produce rice, corn, cotton, tobacco, and indigo, and is admirably adapted to the culture of the ground-nut and sweet potato. Here are rivers and inlets abounding in fish and shell-fish. Here is a climate, often fatal to the white, but suited to the negro. Here are no harsh winters or chilling snows. Along the coast we may rear black seamen for our Southern steamers, — cooks, stewards, and mariners for our West India voyages.

Has not Nature designed a black fringe for this coast? Has not the importation of the negro been designed by Providence to reclaim this coast, and to give his progeny permanent and appropriate homes? And, to use a favorite phrase of the South, does not Manifest Destiny point to this consummation? and why should the negro be exiled from these shores? Does he not cling like the white man to his native land? and are not his tastes, wishes, and attachments to be consulted, — a question so important to his race?

But it may be urged, that this is not public domain, — that it has been already appropriated, and is now the property of the Southern planter. But here is a public exigency, and the remedy should be proportioned to the exigency. The right

of eminent domain should be exercised by the nation either directly after conquest, or through the States or Territories it may establish. By that right, in England and in most of our States, private property is taken for highways or railways. In New York it is thus appropriated for markets, hospitals, and other public purposes.

The land in question, if we deduct the sites of towns and villages and cities, as should be done, will not average in value three dollars per acre. Let it be valued at twice that price, and be charged with the interest of that price as a ground-rent to be paid by the settler. And if, in Barbadoes, the free negro has raised the value of land to three hundred dollars per acre, surely on this coast he can prosper upon land costing one-fiftieth part of the average price of that of Barbadoes.

If six dollars would not suffice, the land might be rated at an average value of ten dollars, and the settler charged with a quit-rent of half a dollar per acre, and allowed to convert his tenure into a fee-simple by the payment of the principal. The planter whose land should be appropriated would thus realize more than its value, and in great part the value of his slaves, — while the negro would secure at once a settled home, with an interest in the soil and the means of subsistence.

Is not this the true solution of the great problem?

If we can give to the negro a fixed tenure in the soil under the tutelage of the nation, he will soon have every incentive to exertion. With peace must come a continuous demand for all the produce of the South, — for cotton, tobacco, timber, and naval stores, — in exchange for which the negro would require at least threefold the amount of boots, shoes, clothing, and utensils which he at present consumes. Labor would then become honored and respected. Upon the uplands of the South the white man can toil effectively in the open air. In the warehouse and the workshop he can actually toil more hours during the year than in New York or New England, for

his fingers will not there be benumbed by the intense cold of the North. When labor ceases to be degrading, the military school will give place to the academy, commerce will be honored, and a check be given to military aspirations; and

should an insurrection again occur, the loyal population bordering the coast may be armed to resist alike insurrection at home and intervention from abroad, and unite with our navy in preserving the peace of the country.

# THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

*J. G. Whittier*  
 THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
 The charging trumpets blow;  
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
 No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps  
 Her ancient promise well,  
 Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps  
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
 Through harvest-happy farms,  
 And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
 Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
 This joy of eve and morn,  
 The mirth that shakes the beard of grain  
 And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,  
 And hearts with hate are hot;  
 But even-paced come round the years,  
 And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
 With songs our groans of pain;  
 She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
 The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear  
 Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;  
 Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
 She shares the eternal calm

She knows the seed lies safe below  
 The fires that blast and burn;  
 For all the tears of blood we sow  
 She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours  
 The good of suffering born, —  
 The hearts that blossom like her flowers  
 And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,  
 The vision of her eyes;  
 And make her fields and fruited trees  
 Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!  
 Above this stormy din,  
 We, too, would hear the bells of cheer  
 Ring peace and freedom in!

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Tabernacle*: A Collection of Hymn-Tunes, Chants, Sentences, Motets, and Anthems, adapted to Public and Private Worship, and to the Use of Choirs, Singing-Schools, Musical Societies, and Conventions. Together with a Complete Treatise on the Principles of Musical Notation. By B. F. BAKER and W. O. PERKINS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THIS thoroughly prepared book will prove of much service in those departments of musical study and practice for which it is intended. The style of church-music throughout the country has undergone material changes within the last five-and-twenty years. In the cities and larger towns, such societies as can afford the expense have established quartette choirs of trained vocalists, who deliver the hymns and anthems of the service to selections from the music of the great masters, which they are expected to render in a manner that shall be satisfactory to a taste educated and refined by the instruction of good teachers and the public performances of skilful musicians. In the country churches, the congregations still unite in the singing; or, where it has been the custom for those who could sing to "sit in the seats" and form a chorus choir, such custom still obtains. Some notion

of city taste, however, has gone abroad in the country, and the choirs, although old-fashioned in their organization, are not quite content with the psalm-books of old time, and are constantly asking for something newer and better. A great many volumes have been published in order to supply this want, some of which have done good, while, if we say of others that they have done no harm, it is as much as they deserve.

A music-book for general use in churches which do not have quartette choirs and "classical" music must be prepared with care and good judgment. It must contain, of course, certain old standard tunes which seem justly destined to live in perpetual favor, and it must surround these with clusters of new tunes, which shall be as solid and correct in their harmony as the older, while their lightness and fluency of melody belong to the present day. There must be anthems and chants, and there must be a clear and thorough exposition of the elements of vocal music to help on the tyros who aspire to join the choir.

The work of which we are writing answers these requirements well. Its editors are practical men; they have not only taught music to city pupils, but they have conducted choirs and singing-schools, and have discovered the wants of ordinary



singers by much experience in normal schools and musical conventions.

"The Tabernacle" contains the fruits of their observation and experience, and will be found to meet the requirements of many singers who have hitherto been unsatisfied. It commences with the rudiments of music and a glossary of technical terms, to which is appended a good collection of part-songs, especially prepared for social and festival occasions. Then follow the hymn-tunes, which are adapted not only to the ordinary metres, but also to all the irregular metres which are to be found in any collection of hymns which is known to be used in the country. Next come the chants and anthems: among these are arrangements from Mozart, Beethoven, Chapple, Rossini, (the "Inflammatus" from the "Stabat Mater"), Curschmann, (the celebrated trio, "Ti prego,") Lambillote, and other standard authors. Indices, remarkably full, and prepared upon an ingenious system, by which the metre and rhythm of every tune are indicated, conclude the volume.

We are confident that choristers will find "The Tabernacle" to be just such a book as they like to use in instructing and leading their choirs, and that choirs will

consider it to be one of the books from which they are best pleased to sing.

*The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents, Narratives, Illustrative Incidents, Poetry, etc.* Edited by FRANK MOORE, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. Charles T. Evans, General Agent.

THREE large volumes of this valuable record of the momentous events now transpiring on this continent have been published. The maps, diagrams, and portraits are excellent in their way. No fuller documentary history of the Great Rebellion could be desired; and as every detail is given from day-to-day's journals, the "Record" of Mr. Moore must always stand a comprehensive and accurate cyclopedia of the War. For the public and household library it is a work of sterling interest, for it gathers up every important fact connected with the struggle now pending, and presents it in a form easy to be examined. It begins as far back as December 17, 1860, and the third volume ends with the events of 1861.

## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

### RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*The Artist's Married Life*; being that of Albert Dürer. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart. Revised Edition, with Memoir. New York. James Miller. 16mo. pp. xxviii., 204. 88 cts.

*The Pennimans*; or, *The Triumph of Genius*. Boston. G. A. Fuller. 12mo. pp. 296. \$1.00.

*Sister Rose*; or, *The Ominous Marriage*. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 65. 25 cts.

*Rifle-Shots at Past and Passing Events*. A Poem in Three Cantos. Being Hits at Time on the Wing. By an Inhabitant of the Comet of 1861. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 112. 25 cts.

*Agnes Stanhope*. A Tale of English Life. By Miss Martha Remick. Boston. James M. Usher. 12mo. pp. 444. \$1.00.

*The Yellow Mask*; or, *The Ghost in the Ball-Room*. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 65. 25 cts.

*Aden Power*; or, *The Cost of a Scheme*. A Novel. By Farleigh Owen. Boston. T. O. H. P. Burnham. 8vo. paper. pp. 155. 50 cts.

*Cursory Thoughts on some Natural Phenomena*. Bearing chiefly on the Primary Cause of the Succession of New Species, and on the Unity of Force. New York. C. Scribner. 8vo. paper. pp. 32. 25 cts.

*The Trail-Hunter*. A Tale of the Far West. By Gustave Aimard. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. paper. pp. 175. 50 cts.

*The Crisis: its Rationale*. By Thomas J. Sizer. Buffalo. Breed, Butler, & Co. 8vo. paper. pp. 100. 25 cts.

*wherever He implants a power, imply a command to exercise that power according to the highest aspiration, and is not responsibility eternally exacted, wherever power and command coexist?* By that fearful sanction, may not all men, everywhere, become the best they can become? What that may be, is not free, equal, and perpetual experiment, judged by conscience in the individual and by philanthropy in his brother, and not by arrogance or cupidity in his oppressor, to decide? To secure the wisdom and perpetuity of this experiment, are not governments instituted? Is not a monopoly of opportunity by any single class, by all historical and theoretic-

cal proof, not only unjust to the excluded, but crippling and suicidal to the State? Nay, is not the slightest infringement of regulated social and political justice, liberty, and humanity, in the person of black or of white, that makes the greatest potential development of the highest in human nature impossible or difficult, to be resisted, as a violation of the peace of the soul, endless treachery to mankind, an affront to Heaven? Would not the very soil of America, in which Liberty is said to inhere, cry out and rise against any but an affirmative answer to such questions?

A near future will decide.

## THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

THE Twenty-Second of September, 1862, bids fair to become as remarkable a date in American history as the Fourth of July, 1776; for on that day the President of the United States, availing himself of the full powers of his position, declared this country free from that slaveholding oligarchy which had so long governed it in peace, and the influence of which was so potentially felt for more than a year after it had broken up the Union, and made war upon the Federal Government. Be the event what it may, — and the incidents of the war have taught us not to be too sanguine as to the results of any given movement, — President Lincoln has placed the American nation in a proper attitude with respect to that institution the existence of which had so long been the scandal and the disgrace of a people claiming to be the freest on earth, but whose powers had been systematically used and abused for the maintenance and the extension of slave-labor.

It was our misfortune, and in some sense it was also our fault, that we were bound to uphold the worst system of slavery that ever was known among men; for we must

judge of every wrong that is perpetrated by the circumstances that are connected with it, and our oppression of the African race was peculiarly offensive, inasmuch as it was a proceeding in flagrant violation of our constantly avowed principles, was continued in face of the opinions of the founders of the nation, was frankly upheld on the unmanly ground that the intellectual weakness of the slaves rendered it safe to oppress them, and was not excused by that general ignorance of right which has so often been brought forward in palliation of wrong, — as slavery had come under the ban of Christendom years before Americans could be found boldly bad enough to claim for it a divine origin, and to avow that it was a proper, and even the best, foundation for civil society. Our offence was of the rankest, and its peculiar character rendered us odious in the eyes of the nations, who would not admit the force of our plea as to the great difficulties that lay in the way of the removal of the evil, as they had seen it condemned by most communities, and abolished by some of their number.

The very circumstance upon which

Americans have relied for the justification of their form of slavery, namely, that it was confined to one race, and that race widely separated from all other races by the existence of peculiar characteristics, has been regarded as an aggravation of their misconduct by all humane and disinterested persons. The Greek system of slavery, which was based on the idea that Greeks were noblemen of Heaven's own creating, and that they therefore were justified in treating all other men as inferiors, and making the same use of them as they made of horses; the Roman system, which was based on the will of society, and therefore made no exceptions on the score of color, but saw in all strangers only creatures of chase; the Mussulman system, brought out so strongly by the action of the States of Barbary, and which was colored by the character of the long quarrel between Mahometans and Christians, and under which Northern Africa was filled with myriads of slaves from Southern Europe, among whom were men of the highest intellect,—Cervantes, for example;—all these systems of servitude, and others that might be adduced, were respectable in comparison with our system, which proceeded upon the blasphemous assumption that God had created and set apart one race that should forever dwell in the house of bondage. If, in some respects, our system has been more humane than that of other peoples in other times, the fact is owing to that general improvement which has taken place the earth over during the present century. The world has gone forward, and even American slaveholders have been compelled to go with it, whether they would or not.

It was a distinctive feature of slavery, as here known, that it tended to debauch the mind of Christendom. So long as all men were liable to be enslaved, and even Shakspeare and Milton were in some danger of sharing the fate of Cervantes,—and the Barbary corsairs did actually carry off men from the British Islands in the times of Milton and Shakspeare,—there could not fail to grow

up a general hostility to slavery, and the institution was booked for destruction. But when slavery came to be considered as the appropriate condition of one race, and the members of that race so highly qualified to engage in the production of cotton and sugar, tobacco and rice, the danger was, not only that slavery would once more come into favor, but that the African slave-trade would be replaced in the list of legitimate commercial pursuits, and become more extensive than it was in those days when it was defended by bishops and kings' sons in the British House of Lords. That this is not an unfounded opinion will be admitted by those who recollect that the London "Times," that representative of the average English mind, but recently published articles that could mean nothing less than a desire to revive the old system of slavery, with all that should be necessary to maintain it in force; that Mr. Carlyle is an advocate of the oppression of negroes; and that the French Government at one time seemed disposed to have resort to a course that must, if adopted, have converted Africa into a storehouse of slaves.

Our slaveholders were not blind to this altered state of the European mind, of which they availed themselves, and of which, in a certain sense, they had the best of all rights to avail themselves, for it was largely their own work. At the same time that England abolished slavery in her dominions, the chief Nullifiers, who were the fathers of the Secession Rebellion, assumed the position that negro slavery was good in itself, and that it was the duty of white men to uphold and to extend it. This was done by Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina, in 1834, and it was warmly approved by many Southern men, as well out of South Carolina as in that most fanatical of States, but generally condemned by the Democrats of that time, though now it is not uncommon to find men in the North who accept all that the old Nullifier put forward as a new truth eight-and-twenty years ago. Earnestly



and zealously, and with no small amount of talent, the friends of slavery labored to impose their views upon the entire Southern mind,—and that not so much because they loved slavery for itself as because they knew, that, if the slaveholding interest could be placed in opposition to the Federal Union, that Union might be destroyed. They were fanatics in their attachment to slavery, but even their fanaticism was secondary to their hatred of that power which, as represented by Andrew Jackson, had trampled down Nullification, and compelled Carolina and Calhoun to retreat from cannon and the gallows. Mr. Rhett, then Mr. Barnwell Smith, said, in the debates in the Convention on the proposition to accept the Tariff Compromise of 1833, that he hated the star-spangled banner; and unquestionably he expressed the feelings of many of his contemporaries, who deemed submission prudent, but who were consoled by the reflection that slavery would afford them a far better means for breaking up the Union than it was possible to get through the existence of any tariff, no matter how protective it might be. All the great leaders of the first Secession school had passed away from the earth, when Rhett “still lived” to see the flag he hated pulled down before the fire that was poured upon Fort Sumter from Carolina’s batteries worked by the hands of Carolinians. Calhoun, Hamilton, McDuffie, Hayne, Trumbull, Cooper, Harper, Preston, and others, men of the first intellectual rank in America, had departed; but Rhett survived to see what they had labored to effect, and what they would have effected, had they not encountered one of those iron spirits to whom is sometimes intrusted the government of nations, and who are of more value to nations than gold and fleets and armies. All that we have lately seen done, and more, would have been done thirty years since, had any other man than Andrew Jackson been at that time President of the United States. There was much cant in those days about “the one-man power,” because President Jackson saw

fit to make use of the Constitutional qualified veto-power to express his opposition to certain measures adopted by Congress; but the best exhibition of “the one-man power” that the country ever saw, then or before or since, was when the same magistrate crushed Nullification, maintained the Union, and secured the nation’s peace for more than a quarter of a century. We never knew what a great man Jackson was, until the country was cursed by Buchanan’s occupation of the same chair that Jackson had filled,—a chair that he was unworthy to dust,—and by his cowardice and treachery which made civil war inevitable. One man, at the close of 1860, could have done more than has yet been accomplished by the million of men who have been called to arms because no such man was then in the nation’s service. The “one hour of Dundee” was not more wanting to the Stuarts than the one month of Jackson was wanting to us but two years ago.

The powerful teaching of the Nullifiers was successful. The South, which assumed to be the exclusive seat of American nationality, while the North was declared given up to sectionalism, with no other lights on its path than “blue lights,” became the South so devoted to slavery that it could see nothing else in the country. Old Union men of 1832 became Secessionists, though Nullification, the milder thing of the two, had been too much for them to endure. They not only endured the more hideous evil, but they embraced it. Between 1832 and 1860 a change had been wrought such as twice that time could not have accomplished at any earlier period of human history. The old Southern ideas respecting slavery had disappeared, and that institution had become an object of idolatry, so that any criticisms to which it was subjected kindled the same sort of flame that is excited in a pious community when objects of devotion are assailed and destroyed by the hands of unbelievers. The astonishing material prosperity that accompanied the system of slave-labor had,

no doubt, much to do with the regard that was bestowed upon the system itself. That was the time when Cotton became King, — at least, in the opinion of its worshippers. The Democratic party of the North passed from that position of radicalism to which the name of *Locofocoism* was given, to the position of supporters of the extremest Southern doctrines, so that for some years it appeared to exist for no other purpose than to do garrison-duty in the Free States, the cost of its maintenance being supplied by the Federal revenues. Abroad the same change began to be noted, the demand for cotton prevailing over the power of conscience. Everything worked as well for evil as it could work, and as if Satan himself had condescended to accept the post of stage-manager for the disturbers of America's peace.

To take advantage of the change that had been brought about was the purpose of the whole political population of the South. But though that section was united in its determination to support the supremacy of slavery, it was far from being united in its opinions as to the best mode of accomplishing its object. There were three parties in the South in the last days of the old Union. The first, and the largest, of these parties answered very nearly to the Southern portion of the Democratic party, and contained whatever of sense and force belonged to the South. It was made up of men who were firmly resolved upon one thing, namely, that they would ruin the Union, if they should forever lose the power to rule it; but they had the sagacity to see that the ends which they had in view could be more easily achieved in the Union than out of it. They were not disunionists *per se*, but were quite ready to become disunionists, if the Union was to be governed otherwise than in the direct and immediate interest of slavery. Slavery was the basis of their political system, and they knew that it could be better served by the American Union's continued existence than by the construction of a Southern Confederacy, provided the former should

do all that slaveholders might require it to do.

The second Southern party, and the smallest of them all, was composed of the minions of the Nullifiers, and of their immediate followers, men whose especial object it was to destroy the Union, and who hated the subservient portion of the Northern people far more bitterly than they hated Republicans, or even Abolitionists. They would have preferred abolition and disunion to the triumph of slavery and the preservation of the Union. It was not that they loved slavery less, but that they hated the Union more. Even if the country should submit to the South, the leaders of this faction knew that they would not be the Southrons to whom should be intrusted the powers and the business of government. Few of them were of much account even in their own States, and generally they could have been set down as chiefs of the opposition to everything that was reasonable. A remarkable proof of the little hold which this class of men had on even the most mad of the Southern States, when at the height of their fury, was afforded by the refusal of South Carolina to elect Mr. Rhett Governor, her Legislature conferring that post on Mr. Pickens, a moderate man when compared with Mr. Rhett, and who, there is reason for believing, would have prevented a resort to Secession altogether, could he have done so without sacrificing what he held to be his honor.

The third Southern party consisted of men who desired the continuance of the Union, but who wished that some "concessions" should be made, or "compromises" effected, in order to satisfy men, one portion of whom were resolved upon having everything, while the other portion were resolute in their purpose to destroy everything that then existed of a national character. This third party was mostly composed of those timid men whose votes count for much at ordinary periods, but who in extraordinary times are worse than worthless, being in fact incumbrances on bolder men. They loved the

Union, because they loved peace, and were opposed to violence of all kinds; but their Unionism was much like Bailie Macwheeble's conscience, which was described as never doing him any harm. What they would have done, had Government been able to send a strong force to their assistance at the beginning of the war, we cannot undertake to say; but they have done little to aid the Federal cause in the field, while their influence in the Federal councils has been more prejudicial to the country than the open exertions of the Secessionists to effect the nation's destruction.

Of these parties, the first had every reason to believe that it could soon regain possession of Congress, and that in 1864 it would be able to elect its candidate to the Presidency. Hence it had no wish to dissolve the Union; and if its leaders could have had their way, the Union would have been spared. But the second party, making up for its deficiency in numbers by the intensity of its zeal, and laboring untiringly, was too much for the moderates. Hate is a stronger feeling than love of any kind, stronger even than love of spoils; and the men who followed Rhett and Yancey, Pryor and Spratt, hated the Union with a perfect hatred. They got ahead of the men who followed Davis and Stephens, and the rest of those Southern chiefs who would have been content with the complete triumph of Southern principles in the Republic as it stood in 1860. As they broke up the Democratic party in order to render the election of the Republican candidate certain, so that they might found on his election the *cri de guerre* of a "sectional triumph" over the South, so they "coerced" the Southern people into the adoption of a war-policy. We have more than once heard Mr. Lincoln blamed for "precipitating matters" in April, 1861. He should have temporized, it has been said, and so have preserved peace; but when he called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, he made war unavoidable. The truth is, that Mr. Lincoln did not begin the war. It was

begun by the South. His call for volunteers was the consequence of war being made on the nation, and not the cause of war being made either on the South or by the South. The enemy fired upon and took Fort Sumter before the first call for volunteers was issued; and that proceeding must be admitted to have been an act of war, unless we are prepared to admit that there is a right of Secession. And Fort Sumter was fired upon and taken through the influence of the violent party at the South, who were resolved that there should be war. They knew that it was beyond the power of the Federal Government to send supplies to the doomed fort, and that in a few days it would pass into the hands of the Confederates; and this they determined to prevent, because they knew also that the mere surrender of the garrison, when it had eaten its last rations, would not suffice to "fire the Northern heart." They carried their point, and hence it was that war was begun the middle of April, 1861. But for the triumph of the violent Southern party, the contest might have been postponed, and even a peace patched up for the time, and the inevitable struggle put off to a future day. As it was, Government had no choice, and was compelled to fight; and it would have been compelled to fight, had it been composed entirely of Quakers.

War being unavoidable, and it being clear that slavery was the cause of it as well as its occasion, and that it would be the main support of our enemy, it ought to have followed that our first blow should be directed against that institution. Nothing of the kind happened. Whatever Government may have thought on the subject, it did nothing to injure slavery. But for this forbearance, which now appears so astonishing, we are not disposed to blame the President. He acted as the representative of the country, which was not then prepared to act vigorously against the root of the evil that afflicted it. A moral blindness prevailed, which proved most injurious to



the Union cause, and from the effect of which it may never recover. It was supposed that it was yet possible to "conciliate" the South, and that that section could be induced to "come back" into the Union, provided nothing should be done to hurt its feelings or injure its interests! Looking back to the summer of 1861, it is with difficulty that we can believe that men were then in possession of their senses, so inconsistent was their conduct. The Rebels were at least as sensitive on the subject of their military character as they were on that of slavery; and yet, while we could not be sufficiently servile on the latter subject, we acted most offensively on the former. We asserted, in every form and variety of language, our ability to "put them down"; and but for the circumstance that not the slightest atom of ability marked the management of our military affairs, we should have made our boasting good. Men who could not say enough to satisfy themselves on the point of the right of the chivalrous Southrons to create, breed, work, and sell slaves, were equally loud-mouthed in their expressed purpose to "put down" the said Southrons because they had rebelled, and rebelled only because they were slaveholders, and for the purpose of placing slavery beyond the reach of wordy assault in the country of which it should be the governing power. There has been much complaint that foreigners have not understood the nature of our quarrel, and that the general European hostility to the American national cause is owing to their ignorance of American affairs. How that may be we shall not stop to inquire; but it is beyond dispute that no European community has ever displayed a more glaring ignorance of the character of the contest here waged than was exhibited by most Americans in the early months of that contest, and down to a recent period. The war was treated by nearly the whole people as if slavery had no possible connection with it, and as if all mention of slavery in matters pertaining to the war were necessarily an impertinence, a foreign subject lugged

into a domestic discussion. Three-fourths of the people were disposed querulously to ask why Abolitionists could n't let slavery alone in war-time. It was a bad thing, was Abolitionism, in time of peace; but its badness was vastly increased when we had war upon our hands. Half the other fourth of the citizens were disposed to agree with the majority, but very shame kept them silent. It was only the few who had a proper conception of the state of things, and they had little influence with the people, and, consequently, none with Government. Had they said much, or attempted to do anything, probably they would have found Federal arms directed against themselves with much more of force and effectiveness in their use than were manifested when they were directed against the Rebels. When a Union general could announce that he would make use of the Northern soldiers under his command to destroy slaves who should be so audacious as to rebel against Rebels, and the announcement was received with rapturous approval at the North, it was enough to convince every intelligent and reflecting man that no just idea of the struggle we were engaged in was common, and that a blind people were following blind leaders into the ditch,—even into that "last ditch" to which the Secessionists have so often been doomed, but in which they so obstinately continue to refuse to find their own and their cause's grave.

That Government was not much ahead of the people in 1861, and through most of the present year, respecting the position of slavery, is very evident to all who know what it did, and what it refused to do, with regard to that institution. With a hardness that would have been strongly offensive, if it had not been singularly ridiculous, Mr. Seward told the astonished world of Europe that the fate of slavery did not depend upon the event of our contest,—which was as much as to say that we should not injure it, happen what might; and no one then supposed that the Confederates would willingly strike a blow at it, either to conciliate foreign na-

tions or to obtain black soldiers. The words of the Secretary of State did us harm in England, with the religious portion of whose people it is something like an article of faith that slavery is an addition to the list of deadly sins. They injured us, too, with the members of the various schools of liberal politicians over all Europe; and they furnished to our enemies abroad the argument that there really was no difference between the North and the South on the slavery question, and that therefore the sympathies of all generous minds should be with the Southrons, who were the weaker party. Our cause was irreparably damaged in Europe through the indiscretion of the Honorable Secretary, who cannot be accused of any love for slavery, but who was then, as he appears to be up to the present hour, ignorant of the nature and the extent of the contest of which his country is the scene. Other members of the Administration had sounder ideas, but their weight in it was not equal to that of the Secretary of State.

It is but fair to the President to say, that his conduct was such that it was obvious that he did not favor slavery because he had any respect for it. He pulled so hard upon the chains that bound him, that his desire to throw them off was clear to the world; but they were too strong, and too well fastened, to be got rid of easily. He feared that all the Unionists of the Border States would be lost, if he should adopt the views of the Emancipationists; and the fear was natural, though in point of fact his course had no good effect in those States, beyond that of conciliating a portion of the Kentuckians. North Carolina, under the old system the most moderate of the Slave States, was as far gone in Secession as South Carolina, and furnished far more men to the Southern armies than her neighbor. The Virginians and Missourians who went with us would have pursued the same course, had the President's opinions on slavery been as radical and pronounced as those of Mr. Garrison. Maryland was kept from wheeling into the Secession line only by the

presence on her soil, and in her vicinity, of strong Federal armies. In Tennessee, at a later period of the war, as in North Carolina, Federal power extended as far as Federal guns could throw Federal shot, though Tennessee had not been renowned for her extreme attachment to slavery. But the heavy weight on the Presidential mind came from the Free States, in which the Pro-Slavery party was so powerful, and the nature of the war was so little understood, that it was impossible for Government to strike an effective blow at the source of the enemy's strength. Before that could be done, it would be necessary that the Northern mind should be trained to justice in the school of adversity. The position of the President in 1861 was not unlike to that which the Prince of Orange held in 1687. Had William made his attempt on England in 1687, the end would have been failure as complete as that of Monmouth in 1685. It was necessary that the English mind should be educated up to the point of throwing aside some cherished doctrines, the maintenance of which stood in the way of England's safety, prosperity, and greatness. William allowed the fruit he sought to ripen, and in 1688 he was able to do with ease that which no human power could have done in 1687. So was it with Mr. Lincoln, and here. Had the Proclamation lately put forth been issued in 1861, either it would have fallen dead, or it would have met with such opposition in the North as would have rendered it impossible to prosecute the war with any hope of success. There would probably have been *pronunciamientos* from some of our armies, and the Union might have been shivered to pieces without the enemy's lifting their hands further against it. We do not say that such would have been the course of events, had the Proclamation then appeared, but it might have taken that turn; and the President had to allow for possibilities that perhaps it never occurred to private individuals to think of, — men who had no sense of responsibility either to the country, to the

national cause, or to the tribunal of history. He would not move as he was advised to move by good men who had not taken into consideration all the circumstances of the case, and who could not feel as he was forced to feel because he was President of the United States. Probably, if he had been a private citizen, he would have been the foremost man of the Emancipation party; but the place he holds is so high that he must look over the whole land, and necessarily he sees much that others can never behold. He saw that one of two things would happen in a few months after the beginning of active warfare, toward the close of last winter: either the Rebels would be beaten in the field, in which event there would be reasonable hope of the Union's reconstruction, and the people could then take charge of slavery, and settle its future condition as to them should seem best,—or our armies would be beaten, and the people would be made to understand that slavery could no longer be allowed to exist for the support of an enemy who had announced from the beginning of their war-movement that their choice was fixed upon conquest, or, failing that, annihilation.

It was written that we should fail in the field. We sought to take Richmond, with an army of force that appeared to be adequate to the work. We were beaten; and after some months of severe warfare, the country had the supreme felicity of celebrating the eighty-sixth anniversary of its Independence by thanking Heaven that its principal army had escaped capture by falling back to the fever-laden banks of a river on which lay a naval force so strong as to prevent the further advance of the victorious Southrons. The exertions that were made to remove that army from a place that threatened its total destruction through pestilence led to another series of actions, in which we were again beaten, and the Secession armies found themselves hard by the very station which they had so long held after their victory at Bull Run. Had their numbers been

half as large as we estimated them by way of accounting for our defeats, they could have marched into Washington, and the American Union would have been at an end, while the Southern Confederacy would have taken the place which the United States had possessed among the nations. Fortunately, the enemy were not strong enough to hazard everything upon one daring stroke. General Lee was as prudent, or as timid, after his victories over General Pope, as, according to some authorities, Hannibal was after winning "the field of blood" at Cannæ. What he did, however, was sufficient to show how serious was the danger that threatened us. If he could not take Washington, which stood for Rome, he might take Baltimore, which should be Capua. He entered Maryland, and his movements struck dismay into Pennsylvania. Harrisburg was marked for seizure, and the archives of the second State of the Union were sent to New York; and Philadelphia was considered so unsafe as to cause men to remove articles of value thence to her ancient rival's protection. That the enemy meant to invade the North cannot well be doubted; but the resistance they encountered, leading to their defeat at South Mountain and Antietam, forced them to retreat. Had they won at Antietam, not only would Washington have been cut off from land-communication with the North, but Pennsylvania would have been invaded, and the Southrons would have fattened on the produce of her rich fields. While these things were taking place in Virginia and Maryland, Fortune had proved equally unfavorable to us in the South and the Southwest. We had been defeated near Charleston, and most of our troops at Port Royal had been transferred to Virginia. Charleston and Mobile saw ships constantly entering their harbors, bringing supplies to the Secession forces. Wilmington and Savannah were less liable to attack than some Northern towns. An attack on Vicksburg had ended in Federal failure. By the aid of gunboats we had prevented the enemy from tak-



ing Baton Rouge, and destroyed their iron-clad Arkansas; but our soldiers had to abandon that town, and leave it to be watched by ships, while they hastened to the defence of New Orleans, a city which they could not have held half an hour, had the protecting naval force been withdrawn. The Southwest was mostly abandoned by our troops, and the tide of war had rolled back to the banks of the Ohio. Nashville was looked upon as lost, Louisville was in great danger of being taken, and for some days there was a perfect panic throughout the country respecting the fate of Cincinnati, the prevailing opinion being that the enemy had as good a chance of getting possession of that town as we had of maintaining possession of it. There was hardly a quarter to which a Unionist could look without encountering something that filled his mind with vexation, disappointment, shame, and gloom. All that the most hopeful of loyal men could say was, that the enemy had been made to evacuate Maryland, and that they had not proceeded beyond threats against any Northern State: and that was a fine theme for congratulations, after seventeen months of warfare, in which the Rebels were to have been beaten and the Union restored!

Such was the state of affairs, when, six days after the Battle of Antietam, President Lincoln issued his Proclamation against slavery. Some persons were pleased to be much astonished when it appeared. They said they had been deceived. They were right. They were self-deceived. They had deceived themselves. The President had received their pledge of support, which they, with an egotism which is not uncommon with politicians, had construed into a pledge from him to support slavery at all hazards, under all circumstances, and against all comers. He had given no pledge either to them or to their opponents. Plainly as man could speak, he had said that his object was the nation's safety, either with slavery or without it, the fate of slavery being with him a secondary matter. If any construction was to be put upon his words to Mr.

Greeley beyond their plainest possible meaning, it was that he preferred the destruction of slavery to its conservation, for it was known that he had been an anti-slavery man for years, and he had been made President by a party which was charged by its foes with being so fanatically opposed to slavery that it was ready to destroy the Constitution in order to gain a place from which it could hope to effect its extermination. But Mr. Lincoln meant neither more nor less than what he said, his sole object being the overthrow of the Rebels. He has done no more than any President would have been compelled to do who should have sought to do his duty. Mr. Douglas could have done no less, had he been chosen President, and had rebellion followed his election, as we believe would have been the fact. The Proclamation is not an "Abolition" state-paper. Not one line of it is of such matter as any Abolitionist would have penned, though all Abolitionists may be glad that it has appeared, because its promulgation is a step in the right direction,—a step sure to be taken, unless the first Federal efforts should also have been the last, because leading to the defeat of the Rebels, and the return of peace. The President nowhere says that he seeks the abolition of slavery. The blow he has dealt is directed against slavery in the dominions of the Confederacy. That Confederacy claims to be a nation, and some of our acts amount to a virtual recognition of the claim which it makes. Now, if we were at war with an old nation of which slavery was one of the institutions, it could not be said that we had not the right to offer freedom to its slaves. Objection might be made to the proclamation of an offer of the kind, but it would be based on expediency. England would not accept a plan that was formed half a century ago for the partition of the United States, and which had for its leading idea the proclamation of freedom to American slaves; but her refusal was owing to the circumstance that she was herself a great slaveholding power, and she had no thought of estab-

lishing a precedent that might soon have been used with fatal effect against herself. She did not close her ears to the proposition because she had any doubt as to her right to avail herself of an offer of freedom to slaves, or because she supposed that to make such an offer would be to act immorally, but because it was inexpedient for her to proceed to extremities with us, due regard being had to her own interests. Had slavery been abolished in her dominions twenty years earlier, she would have acted against American slavery in 1812-15, and probably with entire success. President Lincoln does not purpose going so far as England could have gone with perfect propriety. She could have proclaimed freedom to American slaves without limitation. He has regard to the character of the war that exists, and so his Proclamation is not a threat, but a warning. In substance, he tells the Rebels, that, if they shall persist in their rebellion after a certain date, their slaves shall be made free, if it shall be in his power to liberate them. He gives them exactly one hundred days in which to make their election between submission and slavery and resistance and ruin; and these hundred days may become as noted in history as those Hundred Days which formed the second reign of Napoleon I., as well through the consequences of the action that shall mark their course as through the gravity of that action itself.

Objections have been made to the time of issuing the Proclamation. Why, it has been asked, spring it so suddenly upon the country? Why publish it just as the tide of war was turning in our favor? Why not wait, and see what the effect would be on the Southern mind of the victories won in Maryland? — We have no knowledge of the immediate reasons that moved the President to select the twenty-second of September for the date of his Proclamation; but we can see three reasons why that day was a good one for the deed which thereon was done. The President may have argued, (1,) that the American mind had been brought

up to the point of emancipation under certain well-defined conditions, and that, if he should not avail himself of the state of opinion, the opportunity afforded him might pass away, never to return with equal force; (2,) that foreign nations might base acknowledgment of the Confederacy on the defeats experienced by our armies in the last days of August, on the danger of Washington, and on the advance of Rebel armies to the Ohio, and he was determined that they should, if admitting the Confederacy to national rank, place themselves in the position of supporters of slavery; and, (3,) that the successes won by our army in Maryland, considering the disgraceful business at Harper's Ferry, were not of that pronounced character which entitles us to assert any supremacy over the enemy as soldiers. Something like this would seem to be the process through which President Lincoln arrived at the sound conclusion that the hour had come to strike a heavy blow at the enemy, and that he was the man for the hour.

Thus much for the Proclamation itself, the appearance of which indicates the beginning of a new period in the Secession contest, and shows that the American people are capable of conquering their prejudices, provided their schooling shall be sufficiently severe and costly. But the Proclamation itself, and without any change in our military policy, cannot be expected to accomplish anything for the Federal cause. Its doctrines must be enforced, if there is to be any practical effect from the change of position taken by the country and the President. If the same want of capacity that has hitherto characterized the war on our part is to be exhibited hereafter, the Proclamation might as well have been levelled against the evils of intemperance as against the evils of slavery. Never, since war began, has there been such imbecility displayed in waging it as we have contrived to display in our attacks on the enemies of the Union. It used to be supposed that Austria was the slowest and the most stupid of military coun-

tries; but America has got ahead of Austria in the art of doing nothing — or worse than nothing — with myriads of men and millions of money. We stand before the world a people to whom military success seems seldom possible, and, when possible, rarely useful. If we win a victory, we spend weeks in contemplating its beauties, and never think of improving it. Had one of our generals won the Battle of Jena, he would have rested for six weeks, and permitted the Prussian army to reorganize, instead of following it with that swiftness which alone can prevent brave men from speedily rallying after a lost battle. Had one of them won Waterloo, he would not have dreamed of entering France, but would have liberally given to Napoleon all the time that should have been necessary for his recovery from so terrible a defeat. They have nothing in them of the qualities even of old Blücher, who never was counted a first-class commander. Forbearance has never ceased to be a virtue with them. Whether their slackness is of native growth, or is the consequence of instructions from Government, it is plain that adherence to it can never lead to the conquest of the Southrons. There is now a particular reason why it should give way to something of a very different character. The Proclamation has changed the conditions of the contest, and to be defeated now, driven out of the field for good and all, would be a far more mortifying termination of the war than it could have been, if we had already failed utterly. We have committed the unpardonable sin against slavery, and to fail now would be to place ourselves in the same position that is held by the commander of a ship of war who nails his colors to the mast, and yet has to get them down in order to prevent his conqueror from annihilating him. The action of the Confederate Congress with reference to the Proclamation, so far as we have accounts of it, shows that the President's action has intensified the character of the conflict, and that the enemy are preparing to fight under the banner of the pirate, declaring

that they will show no quarter, because they look upon the Proclamation as declaring that there shall be no quarter extended to them. The President of the United States, they say, has avowed it to be his purpose to inaugurate a servile war in their country, and they call fiercely for retaliation. They mean, by using the words "servile war," to convey the impression that there is to be a general slaying and ravishing throughout the South, on and after the first of next January, under the special patronage of the American President, who has ordered his soldiers and his sailors, his ships and his corps, to be employed in protecting black ravishers of white women and black murderers of white children. All they say is mere cant, and is intended for the European market, which they now supply as liberally with lies as once they did with cotton. Our foolish foes in England accept every falsehood that is sent them from Richmond, and hence the torrent of misrepresentation that flows from that city to London. Let it continue to flow. It can do us no harm, if our action shall be in correspondence with our cause and our means. If we succeed, falsehood cannot injure us; if we fail, we shall have something of more importance than libels to think of. We should bear in mind that our armies are not to succeed because the slaves shall rise, but that the slaves are to be freed as a consequence of the success of our armies. That our armies may succeed, there must be more energy displayed both by their commanders and by Government. The Proclamation must be enforced, or it will come to nought. There is nothing self-enforcing about it. Its mere publication will no more put an end to the Rebellion than President Lincoln's first proclamation, calling upon the Rebels to cease their evil-doings and disperse, could put an end to it. Its future value, like that of all papers that deal with the leading interests of mankind, must depend altogether upon the future action of the men from whom it emanates, and that of their constituents. It stands to-day where the



Declaration of Independence stood for the five years that followed its promulgation, waiting for its place in human annals to be prepared for it by its supporters. Of what worth would the Declaration of Independence be now, had it not been for Trenton and Princeton, Saratoga and Yorktown? Of no worth at all; and its authors would be looked upon as a band of sentimental political babblers, who could enunciate truths which neither they nor their countrymen had the capacity to uphold and practically to demonstrate. But the Declaration of Independence is one of the most immortal of papers because it proved a grand success; and it was successful because the men who put it forth were fully competent to the grand work with the performance of which they were charged. It is for Mr. Lincoln himself to say whether the Proclamation of September 22, 1861, shall take rank with the Declaration of July 4, 1776, or with those evidences of flagrant failure that have become so common since 1789,—with the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, and Mexican Constitutions. That it is the people's duty to support the President is said by almost all men; but is it not equally the duty of the President to support the people? And have they not supported him,—supported him with men, with money, with the surrender of the enjoyment of some of their dearest rights, with their full confidence, with good wishes and better deeds, and with all the rest of the numerous moral and material means of waging war vigorously and triumphantly? And if they have done and are doing all this, who will be to blame, if the enemy shall accomplish their purpose?

The President and his immediate associates are placed so high by their talents and their positions that they must be supposed open to the love of fame, and to desire honorable mention in their country's annals, especially as they have to do with matters of such transcendent importance, greater even than those that absorbed the attention of Washington and Hamilton, of Jefferson and Madison, of

Jackson and Livingston. It is for themselves to decide what shall be said of them hereafter, and through all future time,—whether they shall be blessed or banned, cursed or canonized. The judgment that shall be passed upon them and their work will be given according to the result, and from it there can be no appeal. The Portuguese have a well-known proverb, that “the way to hell is paved with good intentions”; but it is not the laborers on that broad and crowded highway who gain honorable immortality. The decisions of posterity are not made with reference to men's motives and intentions, but upon their deeds. With posterity, success is the proper proof of merit, when nothing necessary to its winning is denied to the players in the world's great games. Richmond is worshipped, and Richard detested, not because the former was good and great, and the latter wicked and weak, for Richard was the better and the abler man, but for the reason that the decision was in Richmond's favor on Bosworth Field. The only difference between Catiline and Cæsar, according to an eminent statesman and scholar, is this: Catiline was crushed by his foes, and Cæsar's foes were crushed by him. This may seem harsh, but we fear that it is only too true,—that it is in accordance with that irreversible law of the world which makes success the test of worth in the management of human affairs. If Mr. Lincoln and his confidential officers would have the highest American places in after-days as well as to-day, let them win those places by winning the nation's battle. They can have them on no other terms. That is one of the conditions of the part they accepted when they took upon themselves their present posts at the beginning of a period of civil convulsion. If they fail, they will be doomed to profound contempt. In the words of the foremost man of all this modern world, uttered at the very crisis of his own fortunes,—Napoleon I., in the summer of 1813,—“To be judged by the event is the inexorable law of history.”

HOW TO CHOOSE A RIFLE. <sup>C</sup>*A. W. S. Cleveland.*

57-

*To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.*

SOME thirty years ago, a gentleman who had just returned from Europe was trying to convey an idea of the size and magnificence of St. Peter's Church to a New-England country-clergyman, and was somewhat taken aback by the remark of the good man, that "the Pope must require a very powerful voice to fill such a building."

The anecdote has been brought to my mind by the unexpected position in which I am placed, as the recipient of such a multitude of letters, and from such widely separated portions of the country, elicited by my article on Rifle-Clubs in the "Atlantic" for September, that I find myself called upon to address an audience extending from Maine to Minnesota. Fortunately for me, however, the columns of the "Atlantic" afford facilities of communication not enjoyed by the Pope, and through that medium I crave permission to reply to inquiries which afford most gratifying proof of the wide-spread interest which is awakened in the subject.

Almost every letter contains the inquiry, "What is the new breech-loading rifle you allude to, and where is it to be had?"—but a large proportion of them also ask advice as to the selection of a rifle; and with such evidence of general interest in the inquiry, I have thought I could not do better than to frame my reply specially to this point.

The rifle above alluded to is not yet in the market, and probably will not be for some time to come. Only three or four samples have been manufactured, and after being subjected to every possible test short of actual service in the hands of troops, it has proved so entirely satisfactory that preparations are now making for its extensive production. Thus far it is known as the Ashcroft rifle, from the name of the proprietor, Mr. E. H. Ashcroft of Boston, the persevering energy

of whose efforts to secure its introduction will probably never be appreciated as it deserves, except perhaps by those who have gone through the trial of bringing out an idea involving in its conception a great public benefit.

Lieutenant Busk, in his "Hand-Book for Hythe," says, "I cannot imagine a much more helpless or hopeless position than that of an individual who, having determined to expend his ten or twenty guineas in the purchase of a rifle, and, guided only by the light of Nature, applies to a respectable gun-maker to supply his want. I never hear of an inexperienced buyer in search of a rifle without being reminded of the purchaser of a telescope, who, on asking the optician, among a multitude of other questions, whether he would be able to discern an object through it four miles off, received for reply, 'See an object *four* miles off, Sir? You can see an object four-and-twenty thousand miles off, Sir,—you can see the moon, Sir!' In like manner, if you naively inquire of a gun-maker whether a particular rifle will carry two hundred yards, the chances are he will exclaim, emphatically, 'Two hundred yards, Sir? It will carry fifteen hundred.' And so no doubt it may. The only question is, How?"

The questions which have been addressed to me for a few weeks past have given me a keen appreciation of the difficulties alluded to, in which multitudes are at this moment plunged, to whom I shall be but too happy if it is in my power to extend a helping hand.

At the outset, however, it is but fair to declare my conviction that no man who has any just appreciation of the subject would attempt to *choose* a gun for another, any more than he would a horse, or, I had almost said, a wife; but he may lay down certain general rules which each

individual must apply for himself, exercising his own taste in the details. Thus, I have elsewhere declared my own predilection for Colt's rifle; and I hold to it notwithstanding a strong prejudice against it which very generally exists. I do not mean to assert that it is a better shooter than many others, and still less would I urge any one else to procure one because I like it, but I simply say that its performance is equal to my requirements, and that the whole construction and getting-up of the gun suit my fancy; and the fact that another man dislikes it is no reason why I should discard it.

I have known men who were continually changing their guns, and seemed satisfied only with novelties. With such a taste I have no sympathy, but, on the contrary, my feeling of attachment to a trusty weapon strengthens with my familiarity with its merits, till it becomes so near akin to affection that I should find it hard to part with one which had served me well, and was associated in my mind with adventures whose interest was derived from its successful performance.

The first piece of advice I would offer to a novice in search of a gun is, "Don't be in a hurry."

The demand is such that a buyer is constantly urged to close a bargain by the assurance that it may be his last chance to secure such a weapon as the one he is examining, — and great numbers of mere toys have thus been forced upon purchasers, who, if they ever practise enough to acquire a taste for shooting, will send them to the auction-room, and make another effort to procure a gun suited to their wants. Several new patterns of guns have been produced within the last year, some of which are very attractive in their appearance, and to an inexperienced person seem to possess sufficient power for any service they may ever be called upon to perform. They are well finished, compact, light, and pretty. A Government Inspector, indeed, would be apt to make discoveries of "malleable iron," which would cause their instant rejection, but which in re-

ality constitutes no ground of objection to guns whose parts are not required to be interchangeable. They might be described as "well adapted for ladies' use, or for boys learning to shoot"; but it gave me a sickening sense of the inexperience of many a noble-hearted youth who may have entered the service from the purest motives of patriotism, when a dealer, who was exhibiting one of these parlor-weapons, with a calibre no larger than a good-sized pea, informed me that he had sold a great many to young officers, being so light that they could be carried slung upon the back almost as easily as a pistol. It is with no such kid-glove tools as these that so many of our officers have been picked off by Southern sharp-shooters. At a long range they are useless; at close quarters, which is the only situation in which an officer actually needs fire-arms, a revolver is far preferable. I know of no rifle so well adapted to an officer's use as Colt's carbine, — of eighteen or twenty-one inch barrel, and not less than  $\frac{4}{10}$  of an inch calibre. It may be depended upon for six hundred yards, the short barrel renders its manipulation easy in a close fight, and the value of the repeating principle at such a time can be estimated only by that of life.

In a perfectly calm atmosphere, the light guns I have alluded to will shoot very well for one or two hundred yards; but no one can conceive, till he proves it by actual trial, what an amazing difference in precision is the result of even a very slight increase of weight of ball, when the air is in motion. Even in a dead calm no satisfactory shooting can be done beyond two hundred yards with a lighter ball than half an ounce, and any one who becomes interested in rifle-practice will soon grow impatient of being confined to short ranges and calm weather. This brings us, then, to the question of calibre, which I conceive to be the first one to be decided in selecting a gun, and the decision rests upon the uses to which the gun is to be applied. If it is wanted merely for military service, nothing bet-



ter than the Enfield can be procured; but if the purchaser proposes to study the niceties of practice, and to enter into it with a keen zest, he will need a very different style of gun. A calibre large enough for a round ball of fifty to the pound, or an elongated shot of about half an ounce, is sufficient for six hundred yards; and a gun of that calibre, with a thirty-inch barrel, and a weight of about ten pounds, is better suited to the general wants of purchasers than any other size. In this part of the country it is by no means easy to find a place where shooting can be safely practised even at so long a range as five hundred yards, — which is sixty yards more than a quarter of a mile. It is always necessary to have an attendant at the target to point out the shots, and even then the shooter needs a telescope to distinguish them. For ordinary purposes, therefore, the calibre I have indicated is all-sufficient; but if a gun is wanted for shooting up to one thousand yards, the shot should be a full ounce weight. These are points which each man must determine for himself, and, having done so, let him go to any gun-maker of established reputation, and, before giving his order, let him study and compare the different forms of stocks, till he finds what is required for his peculiar physical conformation, — and giving directions accordingly, he will probably secure a weapon whose merits he will not fully appreciate till he has attained a degree of skill which is the result only of long-continued practice.

But never buy a gun, and least of all a rifle, without trying it; and do not be satisfied with a trial in a shop or shooting-gallery, but take it into the field; and if you distrust yourself, get some one in whom you have confidence to try it for you. Choose a perfectly calm day. Have a rest prepared on which not only the gun may be laid, but a support may also be had for the elbows, the shooter being seated. By this means, and with the aid of globe- and peek-sights, (which should always be used in trying a gun,) it may as certainly be held in the same

position at every shot as if it were clamped in a machine. For your target take a sheet of cartridge-paper and draw on it a circle of a foot, and, inside of that, another of four inches in diameter. Paint the space between the rings black, and you will then have a black ring four inches wide surrounding a white four-inch bull's-eye, against which your globe-sight will be much more distinctly seen than if it were black. Place the target so that when shooting you may have the sun on your back. On a very bright day, brown paper is better for a target than white. Begin shooting at one hundred yards and fire ten shots, with an exact aim at the bull's-eye, wiping out the gun after each shot. Do not look to see where you hit, till you have fired your string of ten shots; for, if you do, you will be tempted to alter your aim and make allowance for the variation, whereas your object now is not to hit the bull's-eye, but to prove the shooting of the gun; and if you find, when you get through, that all the shots are close together, you may be sure the gun shoots well, though they may be at considerable distance from the bull's-eye. That would only prove that the line of sight was not coincident with the line of fire, which can be easily rectified by moving the forward sight to the right or left, according as the variation was on the one side or the other. Having fired your string of ten shots, take a pair of dividers, and, with a radius equal to half the distance between the two hits most distant from each other, describe a circle cutting through the centre of each of those hits. From the centre of this circle measure the distance to each of the hits, add these distances together and divide the sum by ten, and you have the average variation, which ought not to be over two inches at the utmost, and if the gun is what it ought to be, and fired by a good marksman, would probably be much less. This is a sufficient test of the precision for that distance, and the same method may be adopted for longer ranges. But if the gun shoots well at one hundred yards, its capacity for a longer range may be

proved by its penetrating power. Provide a number of pieces of seasoned white-pine board, one inch thick and say two feet long by sixteen inches wide. These are to be secured parallel to each other and one inch apart by strips nailed firmly to their sides, and must be so placed that when shot at the balls may strike fairly at a right angle to their face. Try a number of shots at the distance of one hundred yards, and note carefully how many boards are penetrated at each shot. The elongated shots are sometimes turned in passing through a board so as to strike the next one sideways, which of course increases the resistance very greatly, and such shots should not be counted; but if you find generally that the penetration of those which strike fairly is not over six inches, you may rest assured the gun cannot be relied on, except in a dead calm, for more than two hundred yards, and with anything of a breeze you will make no good shooting even at that distance. Nine inches of penetration is equal to six hundred yards, and twelve inches is good for a thousand.

A striking proof of the prevailing ignorance of scientific principles in rifle-shooting is afforded by the fact that it is still a very common practice to vary the charge of powder according to the distance to be shot. The fact is, that beyond a certain point any increase of the initial velocity of the ball is unfavorable both to

range and precision, owing to the ascertained law that the ratio of increase of atmospheric resistance is four times that of the velocity, so that, after the point is reached at which they balance each other, any additional propulsive power is injurious. The proper charge of powder for any rifle is about one-seventh the weight of the ball, and the only means which should ever be adopted for increasing the range is the elevating sight.

In conclusion, I would impress upon the young rifleman the importance of always keeping his weapon in perfect order. If you have never looked through the barrel of a rifle, you can have no conception what a beautifully finished instrument it is; and when you learn that the accuracy of its shooting may be affected by a variation of the thousandth part of an inch on its interior surface, you may appreciate the necessity of guarding against the intrusion of even a speck of rust. Never suffer your rifle to be laid aside after use till it has been thoroughly cleaned, — the barrel wiped first with a wet rag, (cotton-flannel is best,) then rubbed dry, then well oiled, and then again wiped with a dry rag. In England this work may be left to a servant, but with us the servants are so rare to whom such work can be intrusted that the only safe course is to see to it yourself; and if you have a true sportsman's love for a gun, you will not find the duty a disagreeable one.

## THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

*R. W. Emerson*

IN so many arid forms which States incrust themselves with, once in a century, if so often, a poetic act and record occur. These are the jets of thought into affairs, when, roused by danger or inspired by genius, the political leaders of the day break the else insurmountable routine of class and local legislation,

and take a step forward in the direction of catholic and universal interests. Every step in the history of political liberty is a sally of the human mind into the untried future, and has the interest of genius, and is fruitful in heroic anecdotes. Liberty is a slow fruit. It comes, like religion, for short periods, and in rare

conditions, as if awaiting a culture of the race which shall make it organic and permanent. Such moments of expansion in modern history were the Confession of Augsburg, the plantation of America, the English Commonwealth of 1648, the Declaration of American Independence in 1776, the British emancipation of slaves in the West Indies, the passage of the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn-Laws, the Magnetic Ocean-Telegraph, though yet imperfect, the passage of the Homestead Bill in the last Congress, and now, eminently, President Lincoln's Proclamation on the twenty-second of September. These are acts of great scope, working on a long future, and on permanent interests, and honoring alike those who initiate and those who receive them. These measures provoke no noisy joy, but are received into a sympathy so deep as to apprise us that mankind are greater and better than we know. At such times it appears as if a new public were created to greet the new event. It is as when an orator, having ended the compliments and pleasantries with which he conciliated attention, and having run over the superficial fitness and commodities of the measure he urges, suddenly, lending himself to some happy inspiration, announces with vibrating voice the grand human principles involved, — the bravoës and wits who greeted him loudly thus far are surprised and overawed: a new audience is found in the heart of the assembly, — an audience hitherto passive and unconcerned, now at last so searched and kindled that they come forward, every one a representative of mankind, standing for all nationalities.

The extreme moderation with which the President advanced to his design, — his long-avowed expectant policy, as if he chose to be strictly the executive of the best public sentiment of the country, waiting only till it should be unmistakably pronounced, — so fair a mind that none ever listened so patiently to such extreme varieties of opinion, — so reticent that his decision has taken all parties by surprise, whilst yet it is the just

sequel of his prior acts, — the firm tone in which he announces it, without inflation or surplusage, — all these have bespoken such favor to the act, that, great as the popularity of the President has been, we are beginning to think that we have underestimated the capacity and virtue which the Divine Providence has made an instrument of benefit so vast. He has been permitted to do more for America than any other American man. He is well entitled to the most indulgent construction. Forget all that we thought shortcomings, every mistake, every delay. In the extreme embarrassments of his part, call these endurance, wisdom, magnanimity, illuminated, as they now are, by this dazzling success.

When we consider the immense opposition that has been neutralized or converted by the progress of the war, (for it is not long since the President anticipated the resignation of a large number of officers in the army, and the secession of three States, on the promulgation of this policy.) — when we see how the great stake which foreign nations hold in our affairs has recently brought every European power as a client into this court, and it became every day more apparent what gigantic and what remote interests were to be affected by the decision of the President, — one can hardly say the deliberation was too long. Against all timorous counsels he had the courage to seize the moment; and such was his position, and such the felicity attending the action, that he has replaced Government in the good graces of mankind. "Better is virtue in the sovereign than plenty in the season," say the Chinese. 'T is wonderful what power is, and how ill it is used, and how its ill use makes life mean, and the sunshine dark. Life in America had lost much of its attraction in the later years. The virtues of a good magistrate undo a world of mischief, and, because Nature works with rectitude, seem vastly more potent than the acts of bad governors, which are ever tempered by the good-nature in the people, and the incessant resistance which fraud and violence encoun-



ter. The acts of good governors work at a geometrical ratio, as one midsummer day seems to repair the damage of a year of war.

A day which most of us dared not hope to see, an event worth the dreadful war, worth its costs and uncertainties, seems now to be close before us. October, November, December will have passed over beating hearts and plotting brains: then the hour will strike, and all men of African descent who have faculty enough to find their way to our lines are assured of the protection of American law.

It is by no means necessary that this measure should be suddenly marked by any signal results on the negroes or on the Rebel masters. The force of the act is that it commits the country to this justice,—that it compels the innumerable officers, civil, military, naval, of the Republic to range themselves on the line of this equity. It draws the fashion to this side. It is not a measure that admits of being taken back. Done, it cannot be undone by a new Administration. For slavery overpowers the disgust of the moral sentiment only through immemorial usage. It cannot be introduced as an improvement of the nineteenth century. This act makes that the lives of our heroes have not been sacrificed in vain. It makes a victory of our defeats. Our hurts are healed; the health of the nation is repaired. With a victory like this, we can stand many disasters. It does not promise the redemption of the black race: that lies not with us: but it relieves it of our opposition. The President by this act has paroled all the slaves in America; they will no more fight against us; and it relieves our race once for all of its crime and false position. The first condition of success is secured in putting ourselves right. We have recovered ourselves from our false position, and planted ourselves on a law of Nature.

“If that fail,

The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble.”

The Government has assured itself of the best constituency in the world: every

spark of intellect, every virtuous feeling, every religious heart, every man of honor, every poet, every philosopher, the generosity of the cities, the health of the country, the strong arms of the mechanics, the endurance of farmers, the passionate conscience of women, the sympathy of distant nations,—all rally to its support.

Of course, we are assuming the firmness of the policy thus declared. It must not be a paper proclamation. We confide that Mr. Lincoln is in earnest, and, as he has been slow in making up his mind, has resisted the importunity of parties and of events to the latest moment, he will be as absolute in his adhesion. Not only will he repeat and follow up his stroke, but the nation will add its irresistible strength. If the ruler has duties, so has the citizen. In times like these, when the nation is imperilled, what man can, without shame, receive good news from day to day, without giving good news of himself? What right has any one to read in the journals tidings of victories, if he has not bought them by his own valor, treasure, personal sacrifice, or by service as good in his own department? With this blot removed from our national honor, this heavy load lifted off the national heart, we shall not fear henceforward to show our faces among mankind. We shall cease to be hypocrites and pretenders, but what we have styled our free institutions will be such.

In the light of this event the public distress begins to be removed. What if the brokers' quotations show our stocks discredited, and the gold dollar costs one hundred and twenty-seven cents? These tables are fallacious. Every acre in the Free States gained substantial value on the twenty-second of September. The cause of disunion and war has been reached, and begun to be removed. Every man's house-lot and garden are relieved of the malaria which the purest winds and the strongest sunshine could not penetrate and purge. The territory of the Union shines to-day with a lustre which every European emigrant can discern

from far: a sign of inmost security and permanence. Is it feared that taxes will check immigration? That depends on what the taxes are spent for. If they go to fill up this yawning Dismal Swamp, which engulfed armies and populations, and created plague, and neutralized hitherto all the vast capabilities of this continent, — then this taxation, which makes the land wholesome and habitable, and will draw all men unto it, is the best investment in which property-holder ever lodged his earnings.

Whilst we have pointed out the opportuneness of the Proclamation, it remains to be said that the President had no choice. He might look wistfully for what variety of courses lay open to him: every line but one was closed up with fire. This one, too, bristled with danger, but through it was the sole safety. The measure he has adopted was imperative. It is wonderful to see the unseasonable senility of what is called the Peace party, through all its masks, blinding their eyes to the main feature of the war, namely, its inevitableness. The war existed long before the cannonade of Sumter, and could not be postponed. It might have begun otherwise or elsewhere, but war was in the minds and bones of the combatants, it was written on the iron leaf, and you might as easily dodge gravitation. If we had consented to a peaceable secession of the Rebels, the divided sentiment of the Border States made peaceable secession impossible, the insatiable temper of the South made it impossible, and the slaves on the border, wherever the border might be, were an incessant fuel to rekindle the fire. Give the Confederacy New Orleans, Charleston, and Richmond, and they would have demanded St. Louis and Baltimore. Give them these, and they would have insisted on Washington. Give them Washington, and they would have assumed the army and navy, and, through these, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It looks as if the battle-field would have been at least as large in that event as it

is now. The war was formidable, but could not be avoided. The war was and is an immense mischief, but brought with it the immense benefit of drawing a line, and rallying the Free States to fix it impassably, — preventing the whole force of Southern connection and influence throughout the North from distracting every city with endless confusion, detaching that force and reducing it to handfuls, and, in the progress of hostilities, disinfecting us of our habitual proclivity, through the affection of trade, and the traditions of the Democratic party, to follow Southern leading.

These necessities which have dictated the conduct of the Federal Government are overlooked, especially by our foreign critics. The popular statement of the opponents of the war abroad is the impossibility of our success. "If you could add," say they, "to your strength the whole army of England, of France, and of Austria, you could not coerce eight millions of people to come under this Government against their will." This is an odd thing for an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Austrian to say, who remembers the Europe of the last seventy years, — the condition of Italy, until 1859, — of Poland, since 1793, — of France, of French Algiers, — of British Ireland, and British India. But, granting the truth, rightly read, of the historical aphorism, that "the people always conquer," it is to be noted, that, in the Southern States, the tenure of land, and the local laws, with slavery, give the social system not a democratic, but an aristocratic complexion; and those States have shown every year a more hostile and aggressive temper, until the instinct of self-preservation forced us into the war. And the aim of the war on our part is indicated by the aim of the President's Proclamation, namely, to break up the false combination of Southern society, to destroy the piratic feature in it which makes it our enemy only as it is the enemy of the human race, and so allow its reconstruction on a just and healthful basis. Then new affinities will act, the old repulsions will cease, and,

the cause of war being removed, Nature and trade may be trusted to establish a lasting peace.

We think we cannot overstate the wisdom and benefit of this act of the Government. The malignant cry of the Secession press within the Free States, and the recent action of the Confederate Congress, are decisive as to its efficiency and correctness of aim. Not less so is the silent joy which has greeted it in all generous hearts, and the new hope it has breathed into the world.

It was well to delay the steamers at the wharves, until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the

old, who see Nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die: hold them back to this world, until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet.

"Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And Peace proclaims olives of endless age."

Meantime that ill-fated, much-injured race which the Proclamation respects will lose somewhat of the dejection sculptured for ages in their bronzed countenance, uttered in the wailing of their plaintive music,—a race naturally benevolent, joyous, docile, industrious, and whose very miseries sprang from their great talent for usefulness, which, in a more moral age, will not only defend their independence, but will give them a rank among nations.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

ALTHOUGH History flows in a channel never quite literally dry, and for certain purposes a continuous chronicle of its current is desirable, it is only in rare reaches, wherein it meets formidable obstacles to progress, that it becomes grand and impressive; and even in such cases the interest deepens immeasurably, when some master-spirit arises to direct its energies. The period of Frederick the Great was not one of these remarkable passages. It was marked, however, with the signs that precede such. Europe lay weltering and tossing in seemingly aimless agitation, yet in real birth-throes; and the issue was momentous and memorable, namely: The People. From the hour in which they emerged from the darkness of the French Revolution, they

have so absorbed attention that men have had little opportunity to look into the causes which forced them to the front, and made wiser leadership thenceforth indispensable to peaceful rule. The field, too, was repulsive with the appearance of nearly a waste place, save only that Frederick the Second won the surname of "Great" by his action thereon. And it may be justly averred that only to reveal his life, and perhaps that of one other, was it worthy of resuscitation. To do this was an appalling labor, for the skeleton thereof was scattered through the crypts of many kingdoms; yet, by the commanding genius of Mr. Carlyle, bone hath not only come to his bone, but they have been clothed with flesh and blood, so that the captains of the age, and, moreover, the masses, as they appeared in their blind tusslings, are restored to sight with the freshness and fulness of Nature. Although this historical review is strictly illustrative, it is altogether incomparable for vividness



ture period to make some communication to the public I am well assured, and some materials were collected by him with this view; but the hot pursuit of the great idea that he never for an hour lost sight of would not allow sufficient rest from his labors, and he deferred the publication to those riper years of experience and acquirement from which he could survey his whole past career.

It may be comforting for all rogues to know that he left behind him no note of that vast amount of statistical knowledge

which he possessed, whether appertaining to crimes or criminals in general or in particular, or more especially to the band of robbers,—and that with him perished all knowledge of this organization as such, and the names of all the parties therewith connected. They also have the consolation, if there be any, of knowing that he was sent prematurely to his grave by a subtle poison, administered by unknown hands and in an unknown manner and moment, and that he died in the firm faith of immortality.

---

### THE CUMBERLAND.

*H. W. Longfellow*

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;  
And at times from the fortress across the bay  
The alarum of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle-blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose  
A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
Defiance back in a full broadside!  
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,  
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.  
 "Never!" our gallant Morris replies;  
 "It is better to sink than to yield!"  
 And the whole air pealed  
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!  
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,  
 With a sudden shudder of death,  
 And the cannon's breath  
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.  
 Lord, how beautiful was thy day!  
 Every waft of the air  
 Was a whisper of prayer,  
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!  
 Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.  
 Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,  
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
 Shall be one again,  
 And without a seam!

---

### THE FOSSIL MAN.

The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been: to be found in the register of God, not in the records of men. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The Night of Time far surpasseth the Day, and who knoweth the Equinox? — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

WHAT a mysterious and subtle pleasure there is in groping back through the early twilight of human history! The mind thirsts and longs so to know the Beginning: who and what manner of men those were who laid the first foundations of all that is now upon the earth: of what intellectual power, of what degree of civilization, of what race and country. We wonder how the fathers of mankind lived, what habitations they dwelt in, what instruments or tools they employed, what crops they tilled, what garments they wore. We catch eagerly at any traces that may remain of their faiths and beliefs and superstitions; and we fancy, as we gain a clearer insight

into them, that we are approaching more nearly to the mysterious Source of all life in the soul. The germ, to our limited comprehension, seems nearer the Creator than the perfected growth. Then the great problem of *Origin* forever attracts us on,—the multitudinous and intricate questions relating to "the ordained becoming of beings": how the Creating Power has worked, whether through an almost endless chain of gradual and advantageous changes, or by some sudden and miraculous *ictus*, placing at once a completed body on the earth, as an abode and instrument for a developed soul,—all these remote and difficult questions lead us on. And yet

"Where now was the Mountain-Pine? higher than the Arbutus?"

"Our mother had her trial. When she heard Abraham reproaching himself with having brought on a return of fever by refusing Mary's wish, of having been the means of her death, I know her heart ached to say, 'It was not you, Abraham, it was Bernard McKey who killed her.' But no, she did not; family pride towered above affection, and she was true to her promise, true to the last. She died with the secret hers.

"Bernard McKey's absence was much wondered at, although it began only one month earlier than the appointed time. Doctor Percival mourned his going as if he had been his son; he spoke to me of it. Mary was buried. I remember your little face on her burial-day; it was bright, and unconscious of the sad scene"; and Miss Axtell now sought to look into it, but it was not to be seen. I think she must have forgotten, at times, that it was to Mary's sister that she was telling her story. She waited a little, until I asked her to "tell me more."

"The face of that Autumn grew rosy, wrinkled, and died upon Winter's snowy bed; and yet I lived, and Abraham, and Bernard McKey perhaps,—I knew not. The year was nearly gone since Mary died, and no ray of knowledge had come from him. Every day I re-read those words written to some fair woman-soul, until after so many readings they began to take root in my heart. I found it out

one day, and I began vigorously to tear them up. It was on the evening of the same day that Abraham came home: he had been away for several weeks. He left, with intentional seeming, a paper where I should see it; he had read with almost careless eyes what mine fell upon, for he believed that Bernard McKey was forgotten by me; he had kindly forbore to mention his name, since that one night wherein all our misery grew. I found there what I believed to be his death: the name and age were his own; the place was nothing,—*he* might be anywhere. My mother saw it, and a gladness, yes, a gladness came into her face: I watched its coming up. She thought she might now tell Abraham; but no, I held her to the promise. It had but two conditions: mine was to be perpetual; hers must be so.

"After that I grew pitiful for the poor heart that must have been made sorrowful by these words that never more would come into it, and so I picked up the trembling little roots that had been cast out, put them back into the warm soil, and let them grow: they might join hers now, for together they could twine around immortal bowers; and, as they grew, a great longing came up to go out and find this woman-soul who had drawn out such words from lips sealed forever. But no chance happened: no one came to our quiet village from the remote town in which she was when these words, that now were become mine, were penned."



MY HUNT AFTER "THE CAPTAIN." *60-**O. W. Holmes.*

IN the dead of the night which closed upon the bloody field of Antietam, my household was startled from its slumbers by the loud summons of a telegraphic messenger. The air had been heavy all day with rumors of battle, and thousands and tens of thousands had walked the streets with throbbing hearts, in dread anticipation of the tidings any hour might bring.

We rose hastily, and presently the messenger was admitted. I took the envelope from his hand, opened it, and read:—

Hagerstown 17th

To ——— H——

Capt H—— wounded shot through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville

WILLIAM G LEDUC

*Through the neck, — no bullet left in wound. Windpipe, food-pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable, vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lamp-wick, spinal cord, —ought to kill at once, if at all. Thought not mortal, or not thought mortal,—which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be. — "Keedysville, a post-office, Washington Co., Maryland." Leduc? Leduc? Don't remember that name.—The boy is waiting for his money. A dollar and thirteen cents. Has nobody got thirteen cents? Don't keep that boy waiting, — how do we know what messages he has got to carry?*

The boy had another message to carry. It was to the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, informing him that his son was grievously wounded in the same battle, and was lying at Boonsborough, a town a few miles this side of Keedysville. This I learned the next morning from the civil and attentive officials at the Central Telegraph-Office.

Calling upon this gentleman, I found that he meant to leave in the quarter past two o'clock train, taking with him

Dr. George H. Gay, an accomplished and energetic surgeon, equal to any difficult question or pressing emergency. I agreed to accompany them, and we met in the cars. I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in having companions whose society would be a pleasure, whose feelings would harmonize with my own, and whose assistance I might, in case of need, be glad to claim.

It is of the journey which we began together, and which I finished apart, that I mean to give my "Atlantic" readers an account. They must let me tell my story in my own way, speaking of many little matters that interested or amused me, and which a certain leisurely class of elderly persons, who sit at their firesides and never travel, will, I hope, follow with a kind of interest. For, besides the main object of my excursion, I could not help being excited by the incidental sights and occurrences of a trip which to a commercial traveller or a newspaper-reporter would seem quite commonplace and undeserving of record. There are periods in which all places and people seem to be in a conspiracy to impress us with their individuality, — in which every ordinary locality seems to assume a special significance and to claim a particular notice, — in which every person we meet is either an old acquaintance or a character; days in which the strangest coincidences are continually happening, so that they get to be the rule, and not the exception. Some might naturally think that anxiety and the weariness of a prolonged search after a near relative would have prevented my taking any interest in or paying any regard to the little matters around me. Perhaps it had just the contrary effect, and acted like a diffused stimulus upon the attention. When all the faculties are wide-awake in pursuit of a single object, or fixed in the spasm of an absorbing emotion, they are oftentimes clairvoyant in a marvellous degree

in respect to many collateral things, as Wordsworth has so forcibly illustrated in his sonnet on the Boy of Windermere, and as Hawthorne has developed with such metaphysical accuracy in that chapter of his wondrous story where Hester walks forth to meet her punishment.

Be that as it may,—though I set out with a full and heavy heart, though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears, though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign, though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting, though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car-windows with an eye for all that passed, that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people, that I did act much as persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time even laugh very nearly as those do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the diaphragm.

By a mutual compact, we talked little in the cars. A communicative friend is the greatest nuisance to have at one's side during a railroad-journey, especially if his conversation is stimulating and in itself agreeable. "A fast train and a 'slow' neighbor," is my motto. Many times, when I have got upon the cars, expecting to be magnetized into an hour or two of blissful reverie, my thoughts shaken up by the vibrations into all sorts of new and pleasing patterns, arranging themselves in curves and nodal points, like the grains of sand in Chladni's famous experiment,—fresh ideas coming up to the surface, as the kernels do when a measure of corn is jolted in a farmer's wagon,—all this without volition, the mechanical impulse alone keeping the thoughts in motion, as the mere act of carrying certain watches in the pocket

keeps them wound up,—many times, I say, just as my brain was beginning to creep and hum with this delicious locomotive intoxication, some dear detestable friend, cordial, intelligent, social, radiant, has come up and sat down by me and opened a conversation which has broken my day-dream, unharnessed the flying horses that were whirling along my fancies and hitched on the old weary omnibus-team of every-day associations, fatigued my hearing and attention, exhausted my voice, and milked the breasts of my thought dry during the hour when they should have been filling themselves full of fresh juices. My friends spared me this trial.

So, then, I sat by the window and enjoyed the slight tipsiness produced by short, limited, rapid oscillations, which I take to be the exhilarating stage of that condition which reaches hopeless inebriety in what we know as sea-sickness. Where the horizon opened widely, it pleased me to watch the curious effect of the rapid movement of near objects contrasted with the slow motion of distant ones. Looking from a right-hand window, for instance, the fences close by glide swiftly backward, or to the right, while the distant hills not only do not appear to move backward, but look by contrast with the fences near at hand as if they were moving forward, or to the left; and thus the whole landscape becomes a mighty wheel revolving about an imaginary axis somewhere in the middle-distance.

My companions proposed to stay at one of the best-known and longest-established of the New-York caravansaries, and I accompanied them. We were particularly well lodged, and not uncivilly treated. The traveller who supposes that he is to repeat the melancholy experience of Shenstone, and have to sigh over the reflection that he has found "his warmest welcome at an inn," has something to learn at the offices of the great city-hotels. The unheralded guest who is honored by mere indifference may think himself blest with singular good-fortune.

If the despot of the Patent-Annunciator is only mildly contemptuous in his manner, let the victim look upon it as a personal favor. The coldest welcome that a threadbare curate ever got at the door of a bishop's palace, the most icy reception that a country-cousin ever received at the city-mansion of a mushroom millionaire, is agreeably tepid, compared to that which the Rhadamanthus who dooms you to the more or less elevated circle of his inverted Inferno vouchsafes, as you step up to enter your name on his dog's-eared register. I have less hesitation in unburdening myself of this uncomfortable statement, as on this particular trip I met with more than one exception to the rule. Officials become brutalized, I suppose, as a matter of course. One cannot expect an office-clerk to embrace tenderly every stranger who comes in with a carpet-bag, or a telegraph-operator to burst into tears over every unpleasant message he receives for transmission. Still, humanity is not always totally extinguished in these persons. I discovered a youth in the telegraph-office of the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, who was as pleasant in conversation, and as graciously responsive to inoffensive questions, as if I had been his childless opulent uncle, and my will not made.

On the road again the next morning, over the ferry, into the cars with sliding panels and fixed windows, so that in summer the whole side of the car may be made transparent. New Jersey is, to the apprehension of a traveller, a double-headed suburb rather than a State. Its dull red dust looks like the dried and powdered mud of a battle-field. Peach-trees are common, and champagne-orchards. Canal-boats, drawn by mules, swim by, feeling their way along like blind men led by dogs. I had a mighty passion come over me to be the captain of one,—to glide back and forward upon a sea never roughened by storms,—to float where I could not sink,—to navigate where there is no shipwreck,—to lie languidly on the deck and govern the huge craft by a word or the movement of a

finger: there was something of railroad-intoxication in the fancy, but who has not often envied a cobbler in his stall?

The boys cry the "N'-York *Heddle*," instead of "Herald"; I remember that years ago in Philadelphia; we must be getting near the farther end of the dumb-bell suburb. A bridge has been swept away by a rise of the waters, so we must approach Philadelphia by the river. Her physiognomy is not distinguished; *nez camus*, as a Frenchman would say; no illustrious steeple, no imposing tower; the water-edge of the town looking bedraggled, like the flounce of a vulgar rich woman's dress that trails on the sidewalk. The New Ironsides lies at one of the wharves, elephantine in bulk and color, her sides narrowing as they rise, like the walls of a hock-glass.

I went straight to the house in Walnut Street where the Captain would be heard of, if anywhere in this region. His lieutenant-colonel was there, gravely wounded; his college-friend and comrade in arms, a son of the house, was there, injured in a similar way; another soldier, brother of the last, was there, prostrate with fever. A fourth bed was waiting ready for the Captain, but not one word had been heard of him, though inquiries had been made in the towns from and through which the father had brought his two sons and the lieutenant-colonel. And so my search is, like a "Ledger" story, to be continued.

I rejoined my companions in time to take the noon-train for Baltimore. Our company was gaining in number as it moved onwards. We had found upon the train from New York a lovely, lonely lady, the wife of one of our most spirited Massachusetts officers, the brave Colonel of the —th Regiment, going to seek her wounded husband at Middletown, a place lying directly in our track. She was the light of our party while we were together on our pilgrimage, a fair, gracious woman, gentle, but courageous,

— "ful pleasant and amiable of port,  
— estatelich of manere,  
And to ben holden digne of reverence."



On the road from Philadelphia, I found in the same car with our party Dr. William Hunt, of Philadelphia, who had most kindly and faithfully attended the Captain, then the Lieutenant, after a wound received at Ball's Bluff, which came very near being mortal. He was going upon an errand of mercy to the wounded, and found he had in his memorandum-book the name of our lady-companion's husband, who had been commended to his particular attention.

Not long after leaving Philadelphia, we passed a solitary sentry keeping guard over a short railroad-bridge. It was the first evidence that we were approaching the perilous borders, the marches where the North and the South mingle their angry hosts, where the extremes of our so-called civilization meet in conflict, and the fierce slave-driver of the Lower Mississippi stares into the stern eyes of the forest-feller from the banks of the Aroostook. All the way along, the bridges were guarded more or less strongly. In a vast country like ours, communications play a far more complex part than in Europe, where the whole territory available for strategic purposes is so comparatively limited. Belgium, for instance, has long been the bowling-alley where kings roll cannonballs at each other's armies; but here we are playing the game of live ninepins *without any alley*.

We were obliged to stay in Baltimore over-night, as we were too late for the train to Frederick. At the Eutaw House, where we found both comfort and courtesy, we met a number of friends, who beguiled the evening hours for us in the most agreeable manner. We devoted some time to procuring surgical and other articles, such as might be useful to our friends, or to others, if our friends should not need them. In the morning, I found myself seated at the breakfast-table next to General Wool. It did not surprise me to find the General very far from expansive. With Fort McHenry on his shoulders and Baltimore in his breeches-pocket, and the weight of a military department loading down his social safety-valves,

I thought it a great deal for an officer in his trying position to select so very obliging and affable an aid as the gentleman who relieved him of the burden of attending to strangers.

We left the Eutaw House, to take the cars for Frederick. As we stood waiting on the platform, a telegraphic message was handed in silence to my companion. Sad news: the lifeless body of the son he was hastening to see was even now on its way to him in Baltimore. It was no time for empty words of consolation: I knew what he had lost, and that now was not the time to intrude upon a grief borne as men bear it, felt as women feel it.

Colonel Wilder Dwight was first made known to me as the friend of a beloved relative of my own, who was with him during a severe illness in Switzerland, and for whom while living, and for whose memory when dead, he retained the warmest affection. Since that, the story of his noble deeds of daring, of his capture and escape, and a brief visit home before he was able to rejoin his regiment, had made his name familiar to many among us, myself among the number. His memory has been honored by those who had the largest opportunity of knowing his rare promise, as a man of talents and energy of nature. His abounding vitality must have produced its impression on all who met him; there was a still fire about him which any one could see would blaze up to melt all difficulties and recast obstacles into implements in the mould of an heroic will. These elements of his character many had the chance of knowing; but I shall always associate him with the memory of that pure and noble friendship which made me feel that I knew him before I looked upon his face, and added a personal tenderness to the sense of loss which I share with the whole community.

Here, then, I parted, sorrowfully, from the companions with whom I set out on my journey.

In one of the cars, at the same station, we met General Shriver, of Frederick, a

most loyal Unionist, whose name is synonymous with a hearty welcome to all whom he can aid by his counsel and his hospitality. He took great pains to give us all the information we needed, and expressed the hope, which was afterwards fulfilled, to the great gratification of some of us, that we should meet again, when he should return to his home.

There was nothing worthy of special note in the trip to Frederick, except our passing a squad of Rebel prisoners, whom I missed seeing, as they flashed by, but who were said to be a most forlorn-looking crowd of scarecrows. Arrived at the Monocacy River, about three miles this side of Frederick, we came to a halt, for the railroad-bridge had been blown up by the Rebels, and its iron pillars and arches were lying in the bed of the river. The unfortunate wretch who fired the train was killed by the explosion, and lay buried hard by, his hands sticking out of the shallow grave into which he had been huddled. This was the story they told us, but whether true or no I must leave to the correspondents of "Notes and Queries" to settle.

There was a great confusion of carriages and wagons at the stopping-place of the train, so that it was a long time before I could get anything that would carry us. At last I was lucky enough to light on a sturdy wagon, drawn by a pair of serviceable bays, and driven by James Grayden, with whom I was destined to have a somewhat continued acquaintance. We took up a little girl who had been in Baltimore during the late Rebel inroad. It made me think of the time when my own mother, at that time six years old, was hurried off from Boston, then occupied by the British soldiers, to Newburyport, and heard the people saying that "the red-coats were coming, killing and murdering everybody as they went along." Frederick looked cheerful for a place that had so recently been in an enemy's hands. Here and there a house or shop was shut up, but the national colors were waving in all directions, and the general aspect was peace-

ful and contented. I saw no bullet-marks or other sign of the fighting which had gone on in the streets. My lady-companion was taken in charge by a daughter of that hospitable family to which we had been commended by its head, and I proceeded to inquire for wounded officers at the various temporary hospitals.

At the United States Hotel, where many were lying, I heard mention of an officer in an upper chamber, and, going there, found Lieutenant Abbott, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, lying ill with what looked like typhoid fever. While there, who should come in but the ubiquitous Lieutenant Wilkins, of the same Twentieth, often confounded with his namesake who visited the Flying Island, and with some reason, for he must have a pair of wings under his military upper garment, or he could never be in so many places at once. He was going to Boston in charge of the lamented Dr. Revere's body. From his lips I learned something of the mishaps of the regiment. My Captain's wound he spoke of as less grave than at first thought; but he mentioned incidentally having heard a story recently that he was *killed*, — a fiction, doubtless, — a mistake, — a palpable absurdity, — not to be remembered or made any account of. Oh, no! but what dull ache is this in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semilunar ganglion* lies unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it through all the non-conductors which isolate it from ordinary impressions? I talked awhile with Lieutenant Abbott, who lay prostrate, feeble, but soldier-like and uncomplaining, carefully waited upon by a most excellent lady, a captain's wife, New-England-born, loyal as the Liberty on a golden ten-dollar piece, and of lofty bearing enough to have sat for that goddess's portrait. She had stayed in Frederick through the Rebel inroad, and kept the star-spangled banner where it would be safe, to unroll it as the last Rebel hoofs clattered off from the pavement of the town.

Near by Lieutenant Abbott was an unhappy gentleman, occupying a small chamber, and filling it with his troubles. When he gets well and plump, I know he will forgive me, if I confess that I could not help smiling in the midst of my sympathy for him. He had been a well-favored man, he said, sweeping his hand in a semicircle, which implied that his acute-angled countenance had once filled the goodly curve he described. He was now a perfect Don Quixote to look upon. Weakness had made him querulous, as it does all of us, and he piped his grievances to me in a thin voice with that finish of detail which chronic invalidism alone can command. He was starving,—he could not get what he wanted to eat. He was in need of stimulants, and he held up a pitiful two-ounce phial containing three thimblefuls of brandy,—his whole stock of that encouraging article. Him I consoled to the best of my ability, and afterwards, in some slight measure, supplied his wants. Feed this poor gentleman up, as these good people soon will, and I should not know him, nor he himself. We are all egotists in sickness and debility. An animal has been defined as "a stomach ministered to by organs"; and the greatest man comes very near this simple formula after a month or two of fever and starvation.

James Grayden and his team pleased me well enough, and so I made a bargain with him to take us, the lady and myself, on our further journey as far as Middletown. As we were about starting from the front of the United States Hotel, two gentlemen presented themselves and expressed a wish to be allowed to share our conveyance. I looked at them and convinced myself that they were neither Rebels in disguise, nor deserters, nor camp-followers, nor miscreants, but plain, honest men on a proper errand. The first of them I will pass over briefly. He was a young man, of mild and modest demeanor, chaplain to a Pennsylvania regiment, which he was going to rejoin. He belonged to the Moravian Church, of which I had the misfortune to know lit-

tle more than what I had learned from Southey's "Life of Wesley," and from the exquisite hymns we have borrowed from its rhapsodists. The other stranger was a New-Englander of respectable appearance, with a grave, hard, honest, hay-bearded face, who had come to serve the sick and wounded on the battle-field and in its immediate neighborhood. There is no reason why I should not mention his name, but I shall content myself with calling him the Philanthropist.

So we set forth, the sturdy wagon, the serviceable bays, with James Grayden their driver, the gentle lady, whose serene patience bore up through all delays and discomforts, the Chaplain, the Philanthropist, and myself, the teller of this story.

And now, as we emerged from Frederick, we struck at once upon the trail from the great battle-field. The road was filled with straggling and wounded soldiers. All who could travel on foot—multitudes with slight wounds of the upper limbs, the head or face—were told to take up their beds—a light burden, or none at all—and walk. Just as the battle-field sucks everything into its red vortex for the conflict, so does it drive everything off in long, diverging rays after the fierce centripetal forces have met and neutralized each other. For more than a week there had been sharp fighting all along this road. Through the streets of Frederick, through Crampton's Gap, over South Mountain, sweeping at last the hills and the woods that skirt the windings of the Antietam, the long battle had travelled, like one of those tornadoes which tear their path through our fields and villages. The slain of higher condition, "embalmed" and iron-cased, were sliding off on the railways to their far homes; the dead of the rank-and-file were being gathered up and committed hastily to the earth; the gravely wounded were cared for hard by the scene of conflict, or pushed a little way along to the neighboring villages; while those who could walk were meeting us, as I have said, at every step in the road. It was a pitiable sight,



truly pitiable, yet so vast, so far beyond the possibility of relief, that many single sorrows of small dimensions have wrought upon my feelings more than the sight of this great caravan of maimed pilgrims. The companionship of so many seemed to make a joint-stock of their suffering; it was next to impossible to individualize it, and so bring it home as one can do with a single broken limb or aching wound. Then they were all of the male sex, and in the freshness or the prime of their strength. Though they tramped so wearily along, yet there was rest and kind nursing in store for them. These wounds they bore would be the medals they would show their children and grandchildren by-and-by. Who would not rather wear his decorations beneath his uniform than on it?

Yet among them were figures which arrested our attention and sympathy. Delicate boys, with more spirit than strength, flushed with fever or pale with exhaustion or haggard with suffering, dragged their weary limbs along as if each step would exhaust their slender store of strength. At the road-side sat or lay others, quite spent with their journey. Here and there was a house at which the wayfarers would stop, in the hope, I fear often vain, of getting refreshment; and in one place was a clear, cool spring, where the little bands of the long procession halted for a few moments, as the trains that traverse the desert rest by its fountains. My companions had brought a few peaches along with them, which the Philanthropist bestowed upon the tired and thirsty soldiers with a satisfaction which we all shared. I had with me a small flask of strong waters, to be used as a medicine in case of inward grief. From this, also, he dispensed relief, without hesitation, to a poor fellow who looked as if he needed it. I rather admired the simplicity with which he applied my limited means of solace to the first-comer who wanted it more than I; a genuine benevolent impulse does not stand on ceremony, and had I perished of colic for want of a stimulus that

night, I should not have reproached my friend the Philanthropist any more than I grudged my other ardent friend the two dollars and more which it cost me to send the charitable message he left in my hands.

It was a lovely country through which we were riding. The hill-sides rolled away into the distance, slanting up fair and broad to the sun, as one sees them in the open parts of the Berkshire valley, at Lanesborough, for instance, or in the many-hued mountain-chalice at the bottom of which the Shaker houses of Lebanon have shaped themselves like a sediment of cubical crystals. The wheat was all garnered, and the land ploughed for a new crop. There was Indian-corn standing, but I saw no pumpkins warming their yellow carapaces in the sunshine like so many turtles; only in a single instance did I notice some wretched little miniature specimens in form and hue not unlike those colossal oranges of our cornfields. The rail-fences were somewhat disturbed, and the cinders of extinguished fires showed the use to which they had been applied. The houses along the road were not for the most part neatly kept; the garden-fences were poorly built of laths or long slats, and very rarely of trim aspect. The men of this region seemed to ride in the saddle very generally, rather than drive. They looked sober and stern, less curious and lively than Yankees, and I fancied that a type of features familiar to us in the countenance of the late John Tyler, our accidental President, was frequently met with. The women were still more distinguishable from our New-England pattern. Soft, sallow, succulent, delicately finished about the mouth and firmly shaped about the chin, dark-eyed, full-throated, they looked as if they had been grown in a land of olives. There was a little toss in their movement, full of muliebrity. I fancied there was something more of the duck and less of the chicken about them, as compared with the daughters of our leaner soil; but these are mere impressions caught from stray glances, and if there is any offence

in them, my fair readers may consider them all retracted.

At intervals, a dead horse lay by the road-side, or in the fields, unburied, not grateful to gods or men. I saw no bird of prey, no ill-omened fowl, on my way to the carnival of death, or at the place where it was held. The vulture of story, the crow of Talavera, the "two corbies" of the ghastly ballad, are all from Nature, doubtless; but no black wing was spread over these animal ruins, and no call to the banquet pierced through the heavy-laden and sickening air.

Full in the middle of the road, caring little for whom or what they met, came long strings of army-wagons, returning empty from the front after supplies. James Grayden stated it as his conviction that they had a little rather run into a fellow than not. I liked the looks of these equipages and their drivers; they meant business. Drawn by mules mostly, six, I think, to a wagon, powdered well with dust, wagon, beast, and driver, they came jogging along the road, turning neither to right nor left,—some driven by bearded, solemn white men, some by careless, saucy-looking negroes, of a blackness like that of anthracite or obsidian. There seemed to be nothing about them, dead or alive, that was not serviceable. Sometimes a mule would give out on the road; then he was left where he lay, until by-and-by he would think better of it, and get up, when the first public wagon that came along would hitch him on, and restore him to the sphere of duty.

It was evening when we got to Middleton. The gentle lady who had graced our homely conveyance with her company here left us. She found her husband, the gallant Colonel, in very comfortable quarters, well cared for, very weak from the effects of the fearful operation he had been compelled to undergo, but showing the same calm courage to endure as he had shown manly energy to act. It was a meeting full of heroism and tenderness, of which I heard more than there is need to tell. Health to the

brave soldier, and peace to the household over which so fair a spirit presides!

Dr. Thompson, the very active and intelligent surgical director of the hospitals of the place, took me in charge. He carried me to the house of a worthy and benevolent clergyman of the German Reformed Church, where I was to take tea and pass the night. What became of the Moravian chaplain I did not know; but my friend the Philanthropist had evidently made up his mind to adhere to my fortunes. He followed me, therefore, to the house of the "Dominie," as a newspaper-correspondent calls my kind host, and partook of the fare there furnished me. He withdrew with me to the apartment assigned for my slumbers, and slept sweetly on the same pillow where I waked and tossed. Nay, I do affirm that he did, unconsciously, I believe, encroach on that moiety of the couch which I had flattered myself was to be my own through the watches of the night, and that I was in serious doubt at one time whether I should not be gradually, but irresistibly, expelled from the bed which I had supposed destined for my sole possession. As Ruth clave unto Naomi, so my friend the Philanthropist clave unto me. "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." A really kind, good man, full of zeal, determined to help somebody, and absorbed in his one thought, he doubted nobody's willingness to serve him, going, as he was, on a purely benevolent errand. When he reads this, as I hope he will, let him be assured of my esteem and respect; and if he gained any accommodation from being in my company, let me tell him that I learned a lesson from his active benevolence. I could, however, have wished to hear him laugh once before we parted, perhaps forever. He did not, to the best of my recollection, even smile during the whole period that we were in company. I am afraid that a lightsome disposition and a relish for humor are not so common in those whose benevolence takes an active turn as in people of sentiment who are always ready with their tears and abounding

in passionate expressions of sympathy. Working philanthropy is a practical specialty, requiring not a mere impulse, but a talent, with its peculiar sagacity for finding its objects, a tact for selecting its agencies, an organizing and arranging faculty, a steady set of nerves, and a constitution such as Sallust describes in Catiline, patient of cold, of hunger, and of watching. Philanthropists are commonly grave, occasionally grim, and not very rarely morose. Their expansive social force is imprisoned as a working power, to show itself only through its legitimate pistons and cranks. The tighter the boiler, the less it whistles and sings at its work. When Dr. Waterhouse, in 1780, travelled with Howard, on his tour among the Dutch prisons and hospitals, he found his temper and manners very different from what would have been expected.

My benevolent companion having already made a preliminary exploration of the hospitals of the place, before sharing my bed with him, as above mentioned, I joined him in a second tour through them. The authorities of Middletown are evidently leagued with the surgeons of that place, for such a break-neck succession of pitfalls and chasms I have never seen in the streets of a civilized town. It was getting late in the evening when we began our rounds. The principal collections of the wounded were in the churches. Boards were laid over the tops of the pews, on these some straw was spread, and on this the wounded lay, with little or no covering other than such scanty clothes as they had on. There were wounds of all degrees of severity, but I heard no groans or murmurs. Most of the sufferers were hurt in the limbs, some had undergone amputation, and all had, I presume, received such attention as was required. Still, it was but a rough and dreary kind of comfort that the extemporized hospitals suggested. I could not help thinking the patients must be cold; but they were used to camp-life, and did not complain. The men who watched were not of the soft-handed variety of the race. One of them was smoking his pipe

as he went from bed to bed. I saw one poor fellow who had been shot through the breast; his breathing was labored, and he was tossing, anxious and restless. The men were debating about the opiate he was to take, and I was thankful that I happened there at the right moment to see that he was well narcotized for the night. Was it possible that my Captain could be lying on the straw in one of these places? Certainly *possible*, but not probable; but as the lantern was held over each bed, it was with a kind of thrill that I looked upon the features it illuminated. Many times, as I went from hospital to hospital in my wanderings, I started at some faint resemblance—the shade of a young man's hair, the outline of his half-turned face—recalled the presence I was in search of. The face would turn towards me and the momentary illusion would pass away, but still the fancy clung to me. There was no figure huddled up on its rude couch, none stretched at the road-side, none toiling languidly along the dusty pike, none passing in car or in ambulance, that I did not scrutinize, as if it might be that for which I was making my pilgrimage to the battle-field.

"There are two wounded Secesh," said my companion. I walked to the bedside of the first, who was an officer, a lieutenant, if I remember right, from North Carolina. He was of good family, son of a judge in one of the higher courts of his State, educated, pleasant, gentle, intelligent. One moment's intercourse with such an enemy, lying helpless and wounded among strangers, takes away all personal bitterness towards those with whom we or our children have been but a few hours before in deadly strife. The basest lie which the murderous contrivers of this Rebellion have told is that which tries to make out a difference of race in the men of the North and South. It would be worth a year of battles to abolish this delusion, though the great sponge of war that wiped it out were moistened with the best blood of the land. My Rebel was of slight, scholastic habit, and spoke



as one accustomed to tread carefully among the parts of speech. It made my heart ache to see him, a man finished in the humanities and Christian culture, whom the sin of his forefathers and the crime of his rulers had set in barbarous conflict against others of like training with his own, — a man who, but for the curse that it is laid on our generation to expiate, would have been a fellow-worker with them in the beneficent task of shaping the intelligence and lifting the moral standard of a peaceful and united people.

On Sunday morning, the twenty-first, having engaged James Grayden and his team, I set out with the Chaplain and the Philanthropist for Keedysville. Our track lay through the South-Mountain Gap and led us first to the town of Boonsborough, where, it will be remembered, Colonel Dwight had been brought after the battle. We saw the positions occupied in the Battle of South Mountain, and many traces of the conflict. In one situation a group of young trees was marked with shot, hardly one having escaped. As we walked by the side of the wagon, the Philanthropist left us for a while and climbed a hill, where along the line of a fence he found traces of the most desperate fighting. A ride of some three hours brought us to Boonsborough, where I roused the unfortunate army-surgeon who had charge of the hospitals, and who was trying to get a little sleep after his fatigues and watchings. He bore this cross very creditably, and helped me to explore all places where my soldier might be lying among the crowds of wounded. After the useless search, I resumed my journey, fortified with a note of introduction to Dr. Letterman, also with a bale of oakum which I was to carry to that gentleman, this substance being employed as a substitute for lint. We were obliged also to procure a pass to Keedysville from the Provost-Marshal of Boonsborough. As we came near the place, we learned that General McClellan's headquarters had been removed from this village some miles farther to the front.

On entering the small settlement of Keedysville, a familiar face and figure blocked the way, like one of Bunyan's giants. The tall form and benevolent countenance, set off by long, flowing hair, belonged to the excellent Mayor Frank B. Fay, of Chelsea, who, like my Philanthropist, only still more promptly, had come to succor the wounded of the great battle. It was wonderful to see how his single personality pervaded this torpid little village; he seemed to be the centre of all its activities. All my questions he answered clearly and decisively, as one who knew everything that was going on in the place. But the one question I had come five hundred miles to ask, — *Where is Captain H.?* — he could not answer. There were some thousands of wounded in the place, he told me, scattered about everywhere. It would be a long job to hunt up my Captain; the only way would be to go to every house and ask for him. Just then, a medical officer came up.

"Do you know anything of Captain H., of the Massachusetts Twentieth?"

"Oh, yes; he is staying in that house. I saw him there, doing very well."

A chorus of hallelujahs arose in my soul, but I kept them to myself. Now, then, for our twice-wounded volunteer, our young centurion whose double-barred shoulder-straps we have never yet looked upon. Let us observe the proprieties, however; no swelling upward of the mother, — no *hysterica passio*, — we do not like scenes. A calm salutation, — then swallow and hold hard. That is about the programme.

A cottage of squared logs, filled in with plaster, and white-washed. A little yard before it, with a gate swinging. The door of the cottage ajar, — no one visible as yet. I push open the door and enter. An old woman, *Margaret Kitzmuller* her name proves to be, is the first person I see.

"Captain H. here?"

"Oh, no, Sir, — left yesterday morning for Hagerstown — in a milk-cart."

The Kitzmuller is a beady-eyed, cheery-

looking ancient woman, answers questions with a rising inflection, and gives a good account of the Captain, who got into the vehicle without assistance, and was in excellent spirits. — Of course he had struck for Hagerstown as the terminus of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and was on his way to Philadelphia *via* Chambersburg and Harrisburg, if he were not already in the hospitable home of Walnut Street, where his friends were expecting him.

I might follow on his track or return upon my own; the distance was the same to Philadelphia through Harrisburg as through Baltimore. But it was very difficult, Mr. Fay told me, to procure any kind of conveyance to Hagerstown, and on the other hand I had James Grayden and his wagon to carry me back to Frederick. It was not likely that I should overtake the object of my pursuit with nearly thirty-six hours start, even if I could procure a conveyance that day. In the mean time James was getting impatient to be on his return, according to the direction of his employers. So I decided to go back with him.

But there was the great battle-field only about three miles from Keedysville, and it was impossible to go without seeing that. James Grayden's directions were peremptory, but it was a case for the higher law. I must make a good offer for an extra couple of hours, such as would satisfy the owners of the wagon, and enforce it by a personal motive. I did this handsomely, and succeeded without difficulty. To add brilliancy to my enterprise, I invited the Chaplain and the Philanthropist to take a free passage with me.

We followed the road through the village for a space, then turned off to the right, and wandered somewhat vaguely, for want of precise directions, over the hills. Inquiring as we went, we forded a wide creek in which soldiers were washing their clothes, the name of which we did not then know, but which must have been the Antietam. At one point we met a party, women among them, bringing off various trophies they had picked up

on the battle-field. Still wandering along, we were at last pointed to a hill in the distance, a part of the summit of which was covered with Indian-corn. There, we were told, some of the fiercest fighting of the day had been done. The fences were taken down so as to make a passage across the fields, and the tracks worn within the last few days looked like old roads. We passed a fresh grave under a tree near the road. A board was nailed to the tree, bearing the name, as well as I could make it out, of Gardiner, of a New-Hampshire regiment.

On coming near the brow of the hill, we met a party carrying picks and spades. "How many?" "Only one." The dead were nearly all buried, then, in this region of the field of strife. We stopped the wagon, and, getting out, began to look around us. Hard by was a large pile of muskets, scores, if not hundreds, which had been picked up and were guarded for the Government. A long ridge of fresh gravel rose before us. A board stuck up in front of it bore this inscription, the first part of which was, I believe, not correct: — "The Rebel General Anderson and 80 Rebels are buried in this hole." Other smaller ridges were marked with the number of dead lying under them. The whole ground was strewn with fragments of clothing, haversacks, canteens, cap-boxes, bullets, cartridge-boxes, cartridges, scraps of paper, portions of bread and meat. I saw two soldiers' caps that looked as though their owners had been shot through the head. In several places I noticed dark red patches where a pool of blood had curdled and caked, as some poor fellow poured his life out on the sod. I then wandered about in the cornfield. It surprised me to notice, that, though there was every mark of hard fighting having taken place here, the Indian-corn was not generally trodden down. One of our cornfields is a kind of forest, and even when fighting, men avoid the tall stalks as if they were trees. At the edge of this cornfield lay a gray horse, said to have belonged to a Rebel colonel, who was killed near the same place. Not far off

were two dead artillery-horses in their harness. Another had been attended to by a burying-party, who had thrown some earth over him; but his last bed-clothes were too short, and his legs stuck out stark and stiff from beneath the gravel coverlet. It was a great pity that we had no intelligent guide to explain to us the position of that portion of the two armies which fought over this ground. There was a shallow trench before we came to the cornfield, too narrow for a road, as I should think, too elevated for a water-course, and which seemed to have been used as a rifle-pit; at any rate, there had been hard fighting in and about it. This and the cornfield may serve to identify the part of the ground we visited, if any who fought there should ever look over this paper. The opposing tides of battle must have blended their waves at this point, for portions of gray uniform were mingled with the "garments rolled in blood" torn from our own dead and wounded soldiers. I picked up a Rebel canteen, and one of our own,—but there was something repulsive about the trodden and stained relics of the stale battle-field. It was like the table of some hideous orgy left uncleared, and one turned away disgusted from its broken fragments and muddy heel-taps. A bullet or two, a button, a brass plate from a soldier's belt, served well enough for mementos of my visit, with a letter which I picked up, directed to Richmond, Virginia, its seal unbroken. "N. C. Cleaveland County. E. Wright to J. Wright." On the other side, "A few lines from W. L. Vaughn," who has just been writing for the wife to her husband, and continues on his own account. The postscript, "tell John that nancy's folks are all well and has a verry good Little Crop of corn a growing." I wonder, if by one of those strange chances of which I have seen so many, this number or leaf of the "Atlantic" will not sooner or later find its way to Cleveland County, North Carolina, and E. Wright, widow of James Wright, and Nancy's folks get from these sentences the last glimpse of husband and friend as he threw up his arms and fell

in the bloody cornfield of Antietam? I will keep this stained letter for them until peace comes back, if it comes in my time, and my pleasant North-Carolina Rebel of the Middletown Hospital will, perhaps, look these poor people up, and tell them where to send for it.

On the battle-field I parted with my two companions, the Chaplain, and the Philanthropist. They were going to the front, the one to find his regiment, the other to look for those who needed his assistance. We exchanged cards and farewells, I mounted the wagon, the horses' heads were turned homewards, my two companions went their way, and I saw them no more. On my way back, I fell into talk with James Grayden. Born in England, Lancashire; in this country since he was four years old. Had nothing to care for but an old mother; did n't know what he should do, if he lost her. Though so long in this country, he had all the simplicity and childlike light-heartedness which belong to the Old World's people. He laughed at the smallest pleasantry, and showed his great white English teeth; he took a joke without retorting by an impertinence; he had a very limited curiosity about all that was going on; he had small store of information; he lived chiefly in his horses, it seemed to me. His quiet animal nature acted as a pleasing anodyne to my recurring fits of anxiety, and I liked his frequent "'Deed I don' know, Sir," better than I have sometimes relished the large discourse of professors and other very wise men.

I have not much to say of the road which we were travelling for the second time. Reaching Middletown, my first call was on the wounded Colonel and his lady. She gave me a most touching account of all the suffering he had gone through with his shattered limb before he succeeded in finding a shelter, showing the terrible want of proper means of transportation of the wounded after the battle. It occurred to me, while at this house, that I was more or less famished, and for the first time in my life I begged for a meal, which the kind family with



whom the Colonel was staying most graciously furnished me.

After tea, there came in a stout army-surgeon, a Highlander by birth, educated in Edinburgh, with whom I had pleasant, not unstimulating talk. He had been brought very close to that immane and nefarious Burke-and-Hare business which made the blood of civilization run cold in the year 1828, and told me, in a very calm way, with an occasional pinch from the mull, to refresh his memory, some of the details of those frightful murders, never rivalled in horror until the wretch Dumollard, who kept a private cemetery for his victims, was dragged into the light of day. He had a good deal to say, too, about the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, and the famous preparations, mercurial and the rest, which I remember well having seen there,—the "*sudabit multum*,—" and others,—also of our New-York Professor Carnochan's handiwork, a specimen of which I once admired at the New York College. But the Doctor was not in a happy frame of mind, and seemed willing to forget the present in the past: things went wrong, somehow, and the time was out of joint with him.

Dr. Thompson, kind, cheerful, companionable, offered me half his own wide bed, in the house of Dr. Baer, for my second night in Middletown. Here I lay awake again another night. Close to the house stood an ambulance in which was a wounded Rebel officer, attended by one of their own surgeons. He was calling out in a loud voice, all night long, as it seemed to me, "Doctor! Doctor! Driver! Water!" in loud, complaining tones, I have no doubt of real suffering, but in strange contrast with the silent patience which was the almost universal rule.

The courteous Dr. Thompson will let me tell here an odd coincidence, trivial, but having its interest as one of a series. The Doctor and myself lay in the bed, and a lieutenant, a friend of his, slept on the sofa. At night, I placed my match-box, a Scotch one, of the Macpherson-plaid pattern, which I bought years ago, on

the bureau, just where I could put my hand upon it. I was the last of the three to rise in the morning, and on looking for my pretty match-box, I found it was gone. This was rather awkward,—not on account of the loss, but of the unavoidable fact that one of my fellow-lodgers must have taken it. I must try to find out what it meant.

"By the way, Doctor, have you seen anything of a little plaid-pattern match-box?"

The Doctor put his hand to his pocket, and, to his own huge surprise and my great gratification, pulled out *two* match-boxes exactly alike, both printed with the Macpherson plaid. One was his, the other mine, which he had seen lying round, and naturally took for his own, thrusting it into his pocket, where it found its twin-brother from the same workshop. In memory of which event we exchanged boxes, like two Homeric heroes.

This curious coincidence illustrates well enough some supposed cases of *plagiarism*, of which I will mention one where my name figured. When a little poem called "The Two Streams" was first printed, a writer in the New York "Evening Post" virtually accused the author of it of borrowing the thought from a baccalaureate sermon of President Hopkins, of Williamstown, and printed a quotation from that discourse, which, as I thought, a thief or catchpoll might well consider as establishing a fair presumption that it was so borrowed. I was at the same time wholly unconscious of ever having met with the discourse or the sentence which the verses were most like, nor do I believe I ever had seen or heard either. Some time after this, happening to meet my eloquent cousin, Wendell Phillips, I mentioned the fact to him, and he told me that *he* had once used the special image said to be borrowed, in a discourse delivered at Williamstown. On relating this to my friend Mr. Buchanan Read, he informed me that *he*, too, had used the image,—perhaps referring to his poem called "The Twins." He thought Tennyson had used it also. The parting of the streams on the Alps

is poetically elaborated in a passage attributed to "M. Loise," printed in the Boston "Evening Transcript" for October 23d, 1859. Captain, afterwards Sir Francis Head, speaks of the showers parting on the Cordilleras, one portion going to the Atlantic, one to the Pacific. I found the image running loose in my mind, without a halter. It suggested itself as an illustration of the will, and I worked the poem out by the aid of Mitchell's School Atlas. — The spores of a great many ideas are floating about in the atmosphere. We no more know where all the growths of our mind came from than where the lichens which eat the names off from the gravestones borrowed the germs that gave them birth. The two match-boxes were just alike, but neither was a plagiarism.

In the morning I took to the same wagon once more, but, instead of James Grayden, I was to have for my driver a young man who spelt his name "Phillip Ottenheimer," and whose features at once showed him to be an Israelite. I found him agreeable enough, and disposed to talk. So I asked him many questions about his religion, and got some answers that sound strangely in Christian ears. He was from Wittenberg, and had been educated in strict Jewish fashion. From his childhood he had read Hebrew, but was not much of a scholar otherwise. A young person of his race lost caste utterly by marrying a Christian. The Founder of our religion was considered by the Israelites to have been "a right smart man, and a great doctor." But the horror with which the reading of the New Testament by any young person of their faith would be regarded was as great, I judged by his language, as that of one of our straitest sectaries would be, if he found his son or daughter perusing the "Age of Reason."

In approaching Frederick, the singular beauty of its clustered spires struck me very much, so that I was not surprised to find "Fair-View" laid down about this point on a railroad-map. I wish some wandering photographer would take a

picture of the place, a stereoscopic one, if possible, to show how gracefully, how charmingly, its group of steeples nestles among the Maryland hills. The town had a poetical look from a distance, as if seers and dreamers might dwell there. The first sign I read, on entering its long street, might perhaps be considered as confirming my remote impression. It bore these words: "Miss Ogle, Past, Present, and Future." On arriving, I visited Lieutenant Abbott, and the attenuated unhappy gentleman, his neighbor, sharing between them as my parting gift what I had left of the balsam known to the Pharmacopœia as *Spiritus Vini Gallici*. I took advantage of General Shriver's always open door to write a letter home, but had not time to partake of his offered hospitality. The railroad-bridge over the Monocacy had been rebuilt since I passed through Frederick, and we trundled along over the track toward Baltimore.

It was a disappointment, on reaching the Eutaw House, where I had ordered all communications to be addressed, to find no telegraphic message from Philadelphia or Boston, stating that Captain H. had arrived at the former place, "wound doing well in good spirits expects to leave soon for Boston." After all, it was no great matter; the Captain was, no doubt, snugly lodged before this in the house called Beautiful, at \* \* \* \* Walnut Street, where that "grave and beautiful damsel named Discretion" had already welcomed him, smiling, though "the water stood in her eyes," and had "called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family."

The friends I had met at the Eutaw House had all gone but one, the lady of an officer from Boston, who was most amiable and agreeable, and whose benevolence, as I afterwards learned, soon reached the invalids I had left suffering at Frederick. General Wool still walked the corridors, inexpressive, with Fort McHenry on his shoulders, and Baltimore in his breeches-pocket, and his courteous aid again pressed

upon me his kind offices. About the doors of the hotel the news-boys cried the papers in plaintive, wailing tones, as different from the sharp accents of their Boston counterparts as a sigh from the southwest is from a northeastern breeze. To understand what they said was, of course, impossible to any but an educated ear, and if I made out "Stöarr" and "Clipp'rr," it was because I knew beforehand what must be the burden of their advertising coranach.

I set out for Philadelphia on the morrow, Tuesday the twenty-third, there beyond question to meet my Captain, once more united to his brave wounded companions under that roof which covers a household of as noble hearts as ever throbbed with human sympathies. Back River, Bush River, Gunpowder Creek,—lives there the man with soul so dead that his memory has ceremonies to wrap up these senseless names in the same envelopes with their meaningless localities? But the Susquehanna,—the broad, the beautiful, the historical, the poetical Susquehanna,—the river of Wyoming and of Gertrude, dividing the shores where

"aye those sunny mountains half-way down  
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town,"—

did not my heart renew its allegiance to the poet who has made it lovely to the imagination as well as to the eye, and so identified his fame with the noble stream that it "rolls mingling with his fame forever"? The prosaic traveller perhaps remembers it better from the fact that a great sea-monster, in the shape of a steamboat, takes him, sitting in the car, on its back, and swims across with him like Arion's dolphin,—also that mercenary men on board offer him canvas-backs in the season, and ducks of lower degree at other periods.

At Philadelphia again at last! Drive fast, O colored man and brother, to the house called Beautiful, where my Captain lies sore wounded, waiting for the sound of the chariot-wheels which bring to his bedside the face and the voice nearer than any save one to his heart in this

his hour of pain and weakness! Up a long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off at right angles into another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. Off again at another right angle into still another long street with white shutters and white steps to all the houses. The natives of this city pretend to know one street from another by some individual differences of aspect; but the best way for a stranger to distinguish the streets he has been in from others is to make a cross or other mark on the white shutters.

This corner-house is the one. Ring softly,—for the Lieutenant-Colonel lies there with a dreadfully wounded arm, and two sons of the family, one wounded like the Colonel, one fighting with death in the fog of a typhoid fever, will start with fresh pangs at the least sound you can make. I entered the house, but no cheerful smile met me. The sufferers were each of them thought to be in a critical condition. The fourth bed, waiting its tenant day after day, was still empty. *Not a word from my Captain.*

Then, foolish, fond body that I was, my heart sank within me. Had he been taken ill on the road, perhaps been attacked with those formidable symptoms which sometimes come on suddenly after wounds that seemed to be doing well enough, and was his life ebbing away in some lonely cottage, nay, in some cold barn or shed, or at the way-side, unknown, uncared for? Somewhere between Philadelphia and Hagerstown, if not at the latter town, he must be, at any rate. I must sweep the hundred and eighty miles between these places as one would sweep a chamber where a precious pearl had been dropped. I must have a companion in my search, partly to help me look about, and partly because I was getting nervous and felt lonely. *Charley* said he would go with me,—*Charley*, my Captain's beloved friend, gentle, but full of spirit and liveliness, cultivated, social, affectionate, a good talker, a most agreeable letter-writer, observing, with large relish of life, and keen sense of humor.



He was not well enough to go, some of the timid ones said; but he answered by packing his carpet-bag, and in an hour or two we were on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad in full blast for Harrisburg.

I should have been a forlorn creature but for the presence of my companion. In his delightful company I half forgot my anxieties, which, exaggerated as they may seem now, were not unnatural after what I had seen of the confusion and distress that had followed the great battle, nay, which seem almost justified by the recent statement that "high officers" were buried after that battle whose names were never ascertained. I noticed little matters, as usual. The road was filled in between the rails with cracked stones, such as are used for Macadamizing streets. They keep the dust down, I suppose, for I could not think of any other use for them. By-and-by the glorious valley which stretches along through Chester and Lancaster Counties opened upon us. Much as I had heard of the fertile regions of Pennsylvania, the vast scale and the uniform luxuriance of this region astonished me. The grazing pastures were so green, the fields were under such perfect culture, the cattle looked so sleek, the houses were so comfortable, the barns so ample, the fences so well kept, that I did not wonder, when I was told that this region was called the England of Pennsylvania. The people whom we saw were, like the cattle, well-nourished; the young women looked round and wholesome.

"*Grass makes girls*," I said to my companion, and left him to work out my Orphic saying, thinking to myself, that, as guano makes grass, it was a legitimate conclusion that Ichaboe must be a nursery of female loveliness.

As the train stopped at the different stations, I inquired at each if they had any wounded officers. None as yet; the red rays of the battle-field had not streamed off so far as this. Evening found us in the cars; they lighted candles in spring-candlesticks; odd enough I thought it in

the land of oil-wells and unmeasured floods of kerosene. Some fellows turned up the back of a seat so as to make it horizontal, and began gambling or pretending to gamble; it looked as if they were trying to pluck a young countryman; but appearances are deceptive, and no deeper stake than "drinks for the crowd" seemed at last to be involved. But remembering that murder has tried of late years to establish itself as an institution in the cars, I was less tolerant of the doings of these "sportsmen" who tried to turn our public conveyance into a travelling Frascati. They acted as if they were used to it, and nobody seemed to pay much attention to their manœuvres.

We arrived at Harrisburg in the course of the evening, and attempted to find our way to the Jones House, to which we had been commended. By some mistake, intentional on the part of somebody, as it may have been, or purely accidental, we went to the Herr House instead. I entered my name in the book, with that of my companion. A plain, middle-aged man stepped up, read it to himself in low tones, and coupled to it a literary title by which I have been sometimes known. He proved to be a graduate of Brown University, and had heard a certain Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered there a good many years ago. I remembered it, too; Professor Goddard, whose sudden and singular death left such lasting regret, was the Orator. I recollect that while I was speaking a drum went by the church, and how I was disgusted to see all the heads near the windows thrust out of them, as if the building were on fire. *Cedat armis toga*. The clerk in the office, a mild, pensive, unassuming young man, was very polite in his manners, and did all he could to make us comfortable. He was of a literary turn, and knew one of his guests in his character of author. At tea, a mild old gentleman, with white hair and beard, sat next us. He, too, had come hunting after his son, a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. Of these, father and son, more presently.

After tea we went to look up Dr. Wilson, chief medical officer of the hospitals in the place, who was staying at the Brady House. A magnificent old toddy-mixer, Bardolphian in hue and stern of aspect, as all grog-dispensers must be, accustomed as they are to dive through the features of men to the bottom of their souls and pockets to see whether they are solvent to the amount of sixpence, answered my question by a wave of one hand, the other being engaged in carrying a dram to his lips. His superb indifference gratified my artistic feeling more than it wounded my personal sensibilities. Anything really superior in its line claims my homage, and this man was the ideal bar-tender, above all vulgar passions, untouched by commonplace sympathies, himself a lover of the liquid happiness he dispenses, and filled with a fine scorn of all those lesser felicities conferred by love or fame or wealth or any of the roundabout agencies for which his fiery elixir is the cheap, all-powerful substitute.

Dr. Wilson was in bed, though it was early in the evening, not having slept for I don't know how many nights.

"Take my card up to him, if you please."

"This way, Sir."

A man who has not slept for a fortnight or so is not expected to be as affable, when attacked in his bed, as a French princess of old time at her morning-receptions. Dr. Wilson turned toward me, as I entered, without effusion, but without rudeness. His thick, dark moustache was chopped off square at the lower edge of the upper lip, which implied a decisive, if not a peremptory, style of character.

I am Doctor So-and-So, of Hub-town, looking after my wounded son. (I gave my name and said *Boston*, of course, in reality.)

Dr. Wilson leaned on his elbow and looked up in my face, his features growing cordial. Then he put out his hand, and good-humoredly excused his reception of me. The day before, as he told

me, he had dismissed from the service a medical man hailing from \*\*\*\*\*, Pennsylvania, bearing my last name, preceded by the same two initials; and he supposed, when my card came up, it was this individual who was disturbing his slumbers. The coincidence was so unlikely *a priori*, unless some forlorn parent without antecedents had named a child after me, that I could not help cross-questioning the Doctor, who assured me deliberately that the fact was just as he had said, even to the somewhat unusual initials. Dr. Wilson very kindly furnished me all the information in his power, gave me directions for telegraphing to Chambersburg, and showed every disposition to serve me.

On returning to the Herr House, we found the mild, white-haired old gentleman in a very happy state. He had just discovered his son, in a comfortable condition, at the United States Hotel. He thought that he could probably give us some information which would prove interesting. To the United States Hotel we repaired, then, in company with our kind-hearted old friend, who evidently wanted to see me as happy as himself. He went up-stairs to his son's chamber, and presently came down to conduct us there.

Lieutenant P——, of the Pennsylvania——th, was a very fresh, bright-looking young man, lying in bed from the effects of a recent injury received in action. A grape-shot, after passing through a post and a board, had struck him in the hip, bruising, but not penetrating or breaking. He had good news for me.

That very afternoon, a party of wounded officers had passed through Harrisburg, going East. He had conversed in the bar-room of this hotel with one of them, who was wounded about the shoulder, (it might be the lower part of the neck,) and had his arm in a sling. He belonged to the Twentieth Massachusetts; the Lieutenant saw that he was a Captain, by the two bars on his shoulder-strap. His name was my family-name; he was tall and youthful, like my Cap-

tain. At four o'clock he left in the train for Philadelphia. Closely questioned, the Lieutenant's evidence was as round, complete, and lucid as a Japanese sphere of rock-crystal.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! The Lord's name be praised! The dead pain in the semilunar ganglion (which I must remind my reader is a kind of stupid, unreasoning brain, beneath the pit of the stomach, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones, or the wild horse is lassoed) stopped short. There was a feeling as if I had slipped off a tight boot, or cut a strangling garter, — only it was all over my system. What more could I ask to assure me of the Captain's safety? As soon as the telegraph-office opens tomorrow morning, we will send a message to our friends in Philadelphia, and get a reply, doubtless, which will settle the whole matter.

The hopeful morrow dawned at last, and the message was sent accordingly. In due time, the following reply was received:—

"Phil Sept 24 I think the report you have heard that W\*[the Captain] has gone East must be an error we have not seen or heard of him here M L H"

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI! He *could* not have passed through Philadelphia without visiting the house called Beautiful, where he had been so tenderly cared for after his wound at Ball's Bluff, and where those whom he loved were lying in grave peril of life or limb. Yet he *did* pass through Harrisburg, going East, going to Philadelphia, on his way home. Ah, this is it! He must have taken the late night-train from Philadelphia for New York, in his impatience to reach home. There is such a train, not down in the guide-book, but we were assured of the fact at the Harrisburg depot. By-and-by came the reply from Dr. Wilson's telegraphic message: nothing had been heard of the Captain at Chambersburg. Still later, another message came from

our Philadelphia friend, saying that he was seen on *Friday* last at the house of Mrs. K——, a well-known Union lady, in Hagerstown. Now this could not be true, for he did not leave Keedysville until *Saturday*; but the name of the lady furnished a clue by which we could probably track him. A telegram was at once sent to Mrs. K——, asking information. It was transmitted immediately, but when the answer would be received was uncertain, as the Government almost monopolized the line. I was, on the whole, so well satisfied that the Captain had gone East, that, unless something were heard to the contrary, I proposed following him in the late train, leaving a little after midnight for Philadelphia.

This same morning we visited several of the temporary hospitals, churches and school-houses, where the wounded were lying. In one of these, after looking round as usual, I asked aloud, "Any Massachusetts men here?" Two bright faces lifted themselves from their pillows and welcomed me by name. The one nearest me was private John B. Noyes, of Company B, Massachusetts Thirteenth, son of my old college class-tutor, now the reverend and learned Professor of Hebrew, etc., in Harvard University. His neighbor was Corporal Armstrong, of the same Company. Both were slightly wounded, doing well. I learned then and since from Mr. Noyes that they and their comrades were completely overwhelmed by the attentions of the good people of Harrisburg,—that the ladies brought them fruits and flowers, and smiles, better than either,—and that the little boys of the place were almost fighting for the privilege of doing their errands. I am afraid there will be a good many hearts pierced in this war that will have no bullet-mark to show.

There were some heavy hours to get rid of, and we thought a visit to Camp Curtin might lighten some of them. A rickety wagon carried us to the camp, in company with a young woman from Troy, who had a basket of good things with her for a sick brother. "Poor boy! he will



be sure to die," she said. The rustic sentries uncrossed their muskets and let us in. The camp was on a fair plain, girdled with hills, spacious, well-kept apparently, but did not present any peculiar attraction for us. The visit would have been a dull one, had we not happened to get sight of a singular-looking set of human beings in the distance. They were clad in stuff of different hues, gray and brown being the leading shades, but both subdued by a neutral tint, such as is wont to harmonize the variegated apparel of travel-stained vagabonds. They looked slouchy, listless, torpid, — an ill-conditioned crew, at first sight, made up of such fellows as an old woman would drive away from her hen-roost with a broomstick. Yet these were estrays from the fiery army which has given our generals so much trouble, — "Secesh prisoners," as a bystander told us. A talk with them might be profitable and entertaining. But they were tabooed to the common visitor, and it was necessary to get inside of the line which separated us from them.

A solid, square captain was standing near by, to whom we were referred. Look a man calmly through the very centre of his pupils and ask him for anything with a tone implying entire conviction that he will grant it, and he will very commonly consent to the thing asked, were it to commit *hari-kari*. The Captain acceded to my postulate, and accepted my friend as a corollary. As one string of my own ancestors was of Bata-vian origin, I may be permitted to say that my new friend was of the Dutch type, like the Amsterdam galiots, broad in the beam, capacious in the hold, and calculated to carry a heavy cargo rather than to make fast time. He must have been in politics at some time or other, for he made orations to all the "Secesh," in which he explained to them that the United States considered and treated them like children, and enforced upon them the ridiculous impossibility of the Rebels' attempting to do anything against such a power as that of the National Government.

Much as his discourse edified them and enlightened me, it interfered somewhat with my little plans of entering into frank and friendly talk with some of these poor fellows, for whom I could not help feeling a kind of human sympathy, though I am as venomous a hater of the Rebellion as one is like to find under the stars and stripes. It is fair to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man. But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him while in durance is *not* fair.

I began a few pleasant conversations, which would have come to something but for the reason assigned.

One old fellow had a long beard, a drooping eyelid, and a black clay pipe in his mouth. He was a Scotchman from Ayr, *dour* enough, and little disposed to be communicative, though I tried him with the "Twa Briggs," and, like all Scotchmen, he was a reader of "Burns." He professed to feel no interest in the cause for which he was fighting, and was in the army, I judged, only from compulsion. There was a wild-haired, unsoaped boy, with pretty, foolish features enough, who looked as if he might be about seventeen, as he said he was. I give my questions and his answers literally.

"What State do you come from?"

"Georgia."

"What part of Georgia?"

"Midway."

—[How odd that is! My father was settled for seven years as pastor over the church at Midway, Georgia, and this youth is very probably a grandson or great-grandson of one of his parishioners.]—

"Where did you go to church, when you were at home?"

"Never went inside 'f a church b't once in m' life."

"What did you do before you became a soldier?"

"Nothin'."

"What do you mean to do when you get back?"

"Nothin'."

Who could have any other feeling than

pity for this poor human weed, this dwarfed and etiolated soul, doomed by neglect to an existence but one degree above that of the idiot?

With the group was a lieutenant, buttoned close in his gray coat,—one button gone, perhaps to make a breastpin for some fair traitorous bosom. A short, stocky man, undistinguishable from one of the "subject race" by any obvious meanderings of the *sangre azul* on his exposed surfaces. He did not say much, possibly because he was convinced by the statements and arguments of the Dutch captain. He had on strong, iron-heeled shoes, of English make, which he said cost him seventeen dollars in Richmond.

I put the question, in a quiet, friendly way, to several of the prisoners, what they were fighting for. One answered, "For our homes." Two or three others said they did not know, and manifested great indifference to the whole matter, at which another of their number, a sturdy fellow, took offence, and muttered opinions strongly derogatory to those who would not stand up for the cause they had been fighting for. A feeble, attenuated old man, who wore the Rebel uniform, if such it could be called, stood by without showing any sign of intelligence. It was cutting very close to the bone to carve such a shred of humanity from the body-politic to make a soldier of.

We were just leaving, when a face attracted me, and I stopped the party. "That is the true Southern type," I said to my companion. A young fellow, a little over twenty, rather tall, slight, with a perfectly smooth, boyish cheek, delicate, somewhat high features, and a fine, almost feminine mouth, stood at the opening of his tent, and as we turned towards him fidgeted a little nervously with one hand at the loose canvas, while he seemed at the same time not unwilling to talk. He was from Mississippi, he said, had been at Georgetown College, and was so far imbued with letters that even the name of the literary humility before him was not new to his ears. Of course I found

it easy to come into magnetic relation with him, and to ask him without incivility what *he* was fighting for. "Because I like the excitement of it," he answered.—I know those fighters with women's mouths and boys' cheeks; one such from the circle of my own friends, sixteen years old, slipped away from his nursery and dashed in under an assumed name among the red-legged Zouaves, in whose company he got an ornamental bullet-mark in one of the earliest conflicts of the war.

"Did you ever see a genuine Yankee?" said my Philadelphia friend to the young Mississippian.

"I have shot at a good many of them," he replied, modestly, his woman's mouth stirring a little, with a pleasant, dangerous smile.

The Dutch captain here put his foot into the conversation, as his ancestors used to put theirs into the scale, when they were buying furs of the Indians by weight,—so much for the weight of a hand, so much for the weight of a foot. It deranged the balance of our intercourse; there was no use in throwing a fly where a paving-stone had just splashed into the water, and I nodded a good-bye to the boy-fighter, thinking how much pleasanter it was for my friend the Captain to address him with unanswerable arguments and crushing statements in his own tent than it would be to meet him on some remote picket and offer his fair proportions to the quick eye of a youngster who would draw a bead on him before he had time to say *dunder and blixum*.

We drove back to the town. No message. After dinner still no message. Dr. Cuyler, Chief Army-Hospital Inspector, is in town, they say. Let us hunt him up,—perhaps he can help us.

We found him at the Jones House. A gentleman of large proportions, but of lively temperament, his frame knit in the North, I think, but ripened in Georgia, incisive, prompt, but good-humored, wearing his broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned felt hat with the least possible tilt on one side,—a sure sign of exuberant vitality

in a mature and dignified person like him, — business-like in his ways, and not to be interrupted while occupied with another, but giving himself up heartily to the claimant who held him for the time. He was so genial, so cordial, so encouraging, that it seemed as if the clouds, which had been thick all the morning, broke away as we came into his presence, and the sunshine of his large nature filled the air all around us. He took the matter in hand at once, as if it were his own private affair. In ten minutes he had a second telegraphic message on its way to Mrs. K—— at Hagerstown, sent through the Government channel from the State Capitol, — one so direct and urgent that I should be sure of an answer to it, whatever became of the one I had sent in the morning.

While this was going on, we hired a dilapidated barouche, driven by an odd young native, neither boy nor man, "as a codling when 't is almost an apple," who said *wery* for very, simple and sincere, who smiled faintly at our pleasant-ries, always with a certain reserve of suspicion, and a gleam of the shrewdness that all men get who live in the atmosphere of horses. He drove us round by the Capitol grounds, white with tents, which were disgraced in my eyes by unsoldierly scrawls in huge letters, thus: THE SEVEN BLOOMSBURY BROTHERS, DEVIL'S HOLE, and similar inscriptions. Then to the Beacon Street of Harrisburg, which looks upon the Susquehanna instead of the Common, and shows a long front of handsome houses with fair gardens. The river is pretty nearly a mile across here, but very shallow now. The codling told us that a Rebel spy had been caught trying its fords a little while ago, and was now at Camp Curtin with a heavy ball chained to his leg, — a popular story, but a lie, Dr. Wilson said. A little farther along we came to the barkless stump of the tree to which Mr. Harris, the Cecrops of the city named after him, was tied by the Indians for some unpleasant operation of scalping or roasting, when he was rescued by friendly savages, who paddled

across the stream to save him. Our youngling pointed out a very respectable-looking stone house as having been "built by the Indians" about those times. Guides have queer notions occasionally.

I was at Niagara just when Dr. Rae arrived there with his companions and dogs and things from his Arctic search after the lost navigator.

"Who are those?" I said to my conductor.

"Them?" he answered. "Them's the men that's been out West, out to Michig'n, aft' *Sir Ben Franklin*."

Of the other sights of Harrisburg the Brant House or Hotel, or whatever it is called, seems most worth notice. Its *façade* is imposing, with a row of stately columns, high above which a broad sign impends, like a crag over the brow of a lofty precipice. The lower floor only appeared to be open to the public. Its tessellated pavement and ample courts suggested the idea of a temple where great multitudes might kneel uncrowded at their devotions; but, from appearances about the place where the altar should be, I judged, that, if one asked the officiating priest for the cup which cheers and likewise inebriates, his prayer would not be unanswered. The edifice recalled to me a similar phenomenon I had once looked upon, — the famous Caffè Pedrocchi at Padua. It was the same thing in Italy and America: a rich man builds himself a mausoleum, and calls it a place of entertainment. The fragrance of innumerable libations and the smoke of incense-breathing cigars and pipes shall ascend day and night through the arches of his funeral monument. What are the poor dips which flare and flicker on the crowns of spikes that stand at the corners of St. Genevieve's filigree-cased sarcophagus to this perpetual offering of sacrifice?

Ten o'clock in the evening was approaching. The telegraph-office would presently close, and as yet there were no tidings from Hagerstown. Let us step over and see for ourselves. A message! A message!



"Captain H still here leaves seven to-morrow for Harrisburg Penna Is doing well  
Mrs H K——."

A note from Dr. Cuyler to the same effect came soon afterwards to the hotel.

We shall sleep well to-night; but let us sit awhile with nubiferous, or, if we may coin a word, nepheligenous accompaniment, such as shall gently narcotize the over-wearied brain and fold its convolutions for slumber like the leaves of a lily at nightfall. For now the over-tense nerves are all unstraining themselves, and a buzz, like that which comes over one who stops after being long jolted upon an uneasy pavement, makes the whole frame alive with a luxurious languid sense of all its inmost fibres. Our cheerfulness ran over, and the mild, pensive clerk was so magnetized by it that he came and sat down with us. He presently confided to me, with infinite *naïveté* and ingenuousness, that, judging from my personal appearance, he should not have thought me the writer that he in his generosity reckoned me to be. His conception, so far as I could reach it, involved a huge, uplifted forehead, embossed with protuberant organs of the intellectual faculties, such as all writers are supposed to possess in abounding measure. While I fell short of his ideal in this respect, he was pleased to say that he found me by no means the remote and inaccessible personage he had imagined, and that I had nothing of the dandy about me, which last compliment I had a modest consciousness of most abundantly deserving.

Sweet slumbers brought us to the morning of Thursday. The train from Hagerstown was due at 11.15 A. M. We took another ride behind the codling, who showed us the sights of yesterday over again. Being in a gracious mood of mind, I enlarged on the varying aspects of the town-pumps and other striking objects which we had once inspected, as seen by the different lights of evening and morning. After this, we visited the school-house hospital. A fine young fellow, whose arm had been shattered, was

just falling into the spasms of lockjaw. The beads of sweat stood large and round on his flushed and contracted features. He was under the effect of opiates, — why not (if his case was desperate, as it seemed to be considered) stop his sufferings with chloroform? It was suggested that it might *shorten life*. "What then?" I said. "Are a dozen additional spasms worth living for?"

The time approached for the train to arrive from Hagerstown, and we went to the station. I was struck, while waiting there, with what seemed to me a great want of care for the safety of the people standing round. Just after my companion and myself had stepped off the track, I noticed a car coming quietly along at a walk, as one may say, without engine, without visible conductor, without any person heralding its approach, so silently, so insidiously, that I could not help thinking how very near it came to flattening out me and my match-box worse than the Ravel pantomimist and his snuff-box were flattened out in the play. The train was late, — fifteen minutes, half an hour late, — and I began to get nervous, lest something had happened. While I was looking for it, out started a freight-train, as if on purpose to meet the cars I was expecting, for a grand smash-up. I shivered at the thought, and asked an *employé* of the road, with whom I had formed an acquaintance a few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect.

Twenty-four hours had not passed from that moment when a collision *did* occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed, and from forty to sixty more were maimed and crippled!

To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars, and look around us.

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime-Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard,—nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture.

These are times in which we cannot live solely for selfish joys or griefs. I had not let fall the hand I held, when a sad, calm voice addressed me by name. I fear that at the moment I was too much absorbed in my own feelings; for certainly at any other time I should have yielded myself without stint to the sympathy which this meeting might well call forth.

"You remember my son, Cortland Saunders, whom I brought to see you once in Boston?"

"I do remember him well."

"He was killed on Monday, at Shepherdstown. I am carrying his body back with me on this train. He was my only child. If you could come to my house,—I can hardly call it my home now,—it would be a pleasure to me."

This young man, belonging in Philadelphia, was the author of a "New System of Latin Paradigms," a work showing extraordinary scholarship and capacity. It was this book which first made me acquainted with him, and I kept him in my memory, for there was genius in the youth. Some time afterwards he came to me with a modest request to be introduced to President Felton, and one or two others, who would aid him in a course of

independent study he was proposing to himself. I was most happy to smooth the way for him, and he came repeatedly after this to see me and express his satisfaction in the opportunities for study he enjoyed at Cambridge. He was a dark, still, slender person, always with a trance-like remoteness, a mystic dreaminess of manner, such as I never saw in any other youth. Whether he heard with difficulty, or whether his mind reacted slowly on an alien thought, I could not say; but his answer would often be behind time, and then a vague, sweet smile, or a few words spoken under his breath, as if he had been trained in sick men's chambers. For such a youth, seemingly destined for the inner life of contemplation, to be a soldier seemed almost unnatural. Yet he spoke to me of his intention to offer himself to his country, and his blood must now be reckoned among the precious sacrifices which will make her soil sacred forever. Had he lived, I doubt not that he would have redeemed the rare promise of his earlier years. He has done better, for he has died that unborn generations may attain the hopes held out to our nation and to mankind.

So, then, I had been within ten miles of the place where my wounded soldier was lying, and then calmly turned my back upon him to come once more round by a journey of three or four hundred miles to the same region I had left! No mysterious attraction warned me that the heart warm with the same blood as mine was throbbing so near my own. I thought of that lovely, tender passage where Gabriel glides unconsciously by Evangeline upon the great river. Ah, me! if that railroad-crash had been a few hours earlier, we two should never have met again, after coming so close to each other!

The source of my repeated disappointments was soon made clear enough. The Captain had gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did do, and as I took it for granted he certainly would. But as he walked languidly along, some ladies saw him across the

street, and seeing, were moved with pity, and pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolks should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unasked luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music-sprinklings from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company, — and all this after the swamps of the Chickahominy, the mud and flies of Harrison's Landing, the dragging marches, the desperate battles, the fretting wound, the jolting ambulance, the log-house, and the rickety milk-cart! Thanks, uncounted thanks to the angelic ladies whose charming attentions detained him from Saturday to Thursday, to his great advantage and my infinite bewilderment! As for his wound, how could it do otherwise than well under such hands? The bullet had gone smoothly through, dodging everything but a few nervous branches, which would come right in time and leave him as well as ever.

At ten that evening we were in Philadelphia, the Captain at the house of the friends so often referred to, and I the guest of Charley, my kind companion. The Quaker element gives an irresistible attraction to these benignant Philadelphia households. Many things reminded me that I was no longer in the land of the Pilgrims. On the table were *Kool Slaa* and *Schmeer Kase*, but the good grandmother who dispensed with such quiet, simple grace these and more familiar delicacies was literally ignorant of *Baked Beans*, and asked if it was the Lima bean which was employed in that marvellous dish of animalized leguminous farina!

Charley was pleased with my comparing the face of the small Ethiop known to his household as "Tines" to a huckleberry with features. He also approved my parallel between a certain German blonde young maiden whom we passed in the street and the "Morris White" peach. But he was so good-humored at times,

that, if one scratched a lucifer, he accepted it as an illumination.

A day in Philadelphia left a very agreeable impression of the outside of that great city, which has endeared itself so much of late to all the country by its most noble and generous care of our soldiers. Measured by its sovereign hotel, the Continental, it would stand at the head of our economic civilization. It provides for the comforts and conveniences, and many of the elegances of life, more satisfactorily than any American city, perhaps than any other city anywhere. It is not a breeding-place of ideas, which makes it a more agreeable residence for average people. It is the great neutral centre of the Continent, where the fiery enthusiasms of the South and the keen fanaticisms of the North meet at their outer limits, and result in a compound that turns neither litmus red nor turmeric brown. It lives largely on its traditions, of which, leaving out Franklin and Independence Hall, the most imposing must be considered its famous water-works. In my younger days I visited Fairmount, and it was with a pious reverence that I renewed my pilgrimage to that perennial fountain. Its watery ventricles were throbbing with the same systole and diastole as when, the blood of twenty years bounding in my own heart, I looked upon their giant mechanism. But in the place of "Pratt's Garden" was an open park, and the old house where Robert Morris held his court in a former generation was changing to a public restaurant. A suspension-bridge cobwebbed itself across the Schuylkill where that audacious arch used to leap the river at a single bound,—an arch of greater span, as they loved to tell us, than was ever before constructed. The Upper Ferry Bridge was to the Schuylkill what the Colossus was to the harbor of Rhodes. It had an air of dash about it which went far towards redeeming the dead level of respectable average which flattens the physiognomy of the rectangular city. Philadelphia will never be herself again until another Robert Mills and another Lewis



Wernwag have shaped her a new palladium. She must leap the Schuylkill again, or old men will sadly shake their heads, like the Jews at the sight of the second temple, remembering the glories of that which it replaced.

There are times when Ethiopian minstrelsy can amuse, if it does not charm, a weary soul, — and such a vacant hour there was on this same Friday evening. The "opera-house" was spacious and admirably ventilated. As I was listening to the merriment of the sooty buffoons, I happened to cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and through an open semicircular window a bright solitary star looked me calmly in the eyes. It was a strange intrusion of the vast eternities beckoning from the infinite spaces. I called the attention of one of my neighbors to it, but "Bones" was irresistibly droll, and Arc-turus, or Aldebaran, or whatever the blazing luminary may have been, with all his revolving worlds, sailed uncared-for down the firmament.

On Saturday morning we took up our line of march for New York. Mr. Felton, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, had already called upon me, with a benevolent and sagacious look on his face which implied that he knew how to do me a service and meant to do it. Sure enough, when we got to the depot, we found a couch spread for the Captain, and both of us were passed on to New York with no visits, but those of civility, from the conductor. The best thing I saw on the route was a *rustic fence*, near Elizabethtown, I think, but I am not quite sure. There was more genius in it than in any structure of the kind I have ever seen, — each length being of a special pattern, ramified, reticulated, contorted, as the limbs of the trees had grown. I trust some friend will photograph or stereograph this fence for me, to go with the view of the spires of Frederick already referred to, as mementos of my journey.

I had come to feeling that I knew most of the respectably dressed people whom I met in the cars, and had been in con-

tact with them at some time or other. Three or four ladies and gentlemen were near us, forming a group by themselves. Presently one addressed me by name, and, on inquiry, I found him to be the gentleman who was with me in the pulpit as Orator on the occasion of another Phi Beta Kappa poem, one delivered at New Haven. The party were very courteous and friendly, and contributed in various ways to our comfort.

It sometimes seems to me as if there were only about a thousand people in the world, who keep going round and round behind the scenes and then before them, like the "army" in a beggarly stage-show. Suppose I should really wish, some time or other, to get away from this everlasting circle of revolving supernumeraries, where should I buy a ticket the like of which was not in some of their pockets, or find a seat to which some one of them was not a neighbor?

A little less than a year before, after the Ball's-Bluff accident, the Captain, then the Lieutenant, and myself had reposed for a night on our homeward journey at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, where we were lodged on the ground-floor, and fared sumptuously. We were not so peculiarly fortunate this time, the house being really very full. Farther from the flowers and nearer to the stars, — to reach the neighborhood of which last the *per ardua* of three or four flights of stairs was formidable for any mortal, wounded or well. The "vertical railway" settled that for us, however. It is a giant corkscrew forever pulling a mammoth cork, which, by some divine judgment, is no sooner drawn than it is replaced in its position. This ascending and descending stopper is hollow, carpeted, with cushioned seats, and is watched over by two condemned souls, called conductors, one of whom is said to be named Ixion, and the other Sisyphus.

I love New York, because, as in Paris, everybody that lives in it feels that it is his property, — at least, as much as it is anybody's. My Broadway, in particular, I love almost as I used to love my Boule-

vards. I went, therefore, with peculiar interest, on the day that we rested at our grand hotel, to visit some new pleasure-grounds the citizens had been arranging for us, and which I had not yet seen. The Central Park is an expanse of wild country, well crumpled so as to form ridges which will give views and hollows that will hold water. The hips and elbows and other bones of Nature stick out here and there in the shape of rocks which give character to the scenery, and an unchangeable, unpurchasable look to a landscape that without them would have been in danger of being fattened by art and money out of all its native features. The roads were fine, the sheets of water beautiful, the bridges handsome, the swans elegant in their deportment, the grass green and as short as a fast horse's winter coat. I could not learn whether it was kept so by clipping or singeing. I was delighted with my new property, — but it cost me four dollars to get there, so far was it beyond the Pillars of Hercules of the fashionable quarter. What it will be by-and-by depends on circumstances; but at present it is as much central to New York as Brookline is central to Boston. The question is not between Mr. Olmsted's admirably arranged, but remote pleasure-ground and our Common, with its batrachian pool, but between his *Excentric* Park and our finest suburban scenery, between its artificial reservoirs and the broad natural sheet of Jamaica Pond. I say this not invidiously, but in justice to the beauties which surround our own metropolis. To compare the situations of any dwellings in either of the great cities with those which look upon the Common, the Public Garden, the waters of the Back Bay, would be to take an unfair advantage of Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street. St. Botolph's daughter dresses in plainer clothes than her more stately sisters, but she wears an emerald on her right hand and a diamond on her left that Cybele herself need not be ashamed of.

On Monday morning, the twenty-ninth of September, we took the cars for *Home*. Vacant lots, with Irish and pigs; vege-

table-gardens; straggling houses; the high bridge; villages, not enchanting; then Stamford; then NORWALK. Here, on the 6th of May, 1853, I passed close on the heels of the great disaster. But that my lids were heavy on that morning, my readers would probably have had no further trouble with me. Two of my friends saw the car in which they rode break in the middle and leave them hanging over the abyss. From Norwalk to Boston, that day's journey of two hundred miles was a long funeral-procession.

Bridgeport, waiting for Iranistan to rise from its ashes with all its phoenix-egg domes, — bubbles of wealth that broke, ready to be blown again, iridescent as ever, which is pleasant, for the world likes cheerful Mr. Barnum's success; New Haven, girt with flat marshes that look like monstrous billiard-tables, with hay-cocks lying about for balls, — romantic with West Rock and its legends, — cursed with a detestable depot, whose niggardly arrangements crowd the track so murderously close to the wall that the *peine forte et dure* must be the frequent penalty of an innocent walk on its platform, — with its neat carriages, metropolitan hotels, precious old college-dormitories, its vistas of elms and its dishevelled weeping-willows; Hartford, substantial, well-bridged, many-steepled city, — every conical spire an extinguisher of some nineteenth-century heresy; so onward, by and across the broad, shallow Connecticut, — dull red road and dark river woven in like warp and woof by the shuttle of the darting engine; then Springfield, the wide-meadowed, well-feeding, horse-loving, hot-summered, giant-treed town, — city among villages, village among cities; Worcester, with its Dædalian labyrinth of crossing railroad-bars, where the snorting Minotaurs, breathing fire and smoke and hot vapors, are stabled in their dens; Framingham, fair cup-bearer, leaf-cinctured Hebe of the deep-bosomed Queen sitting by the sea-side on the throne of the Six Nations. And now I begin to know the road, not by towns, but by single dwell-

ings, not by miles, but by rods. The poles of the great magnet that draws in all the iron tracks through the grooves of all the mountains must be near at hand, for here are crossings, and sudden stops, and screams of alarmed engines heard all around. The tall granite obelisk comes into view far away on the left, its bevelled capstone sharp against the sky; the lofty chimneys of Charlestown and East Cambridge flaunt their smoky banners up in the thin air; and now one fair bosom of the three-hilled city, with its dome-crowned summit, reveals itself, as when many-breasted Ephesian Artemis appeared with half-open *chlamys* before her worshippers.

Fling open the window-blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and of duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings, — a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

### WAITING.

Drop, falling fruits and crisped leaves!

Ye tone a note of joy to me;

Through the rough wind my soul sails free,  
High over waves that Autumn heaves.

Such quickening is in Nature's death,

Such life in every dying day, —

The glowing year hath lost her sway,  
Since Freedom waits her parting breath.

I watch the crimson maple-boughs,

I know by heart each burning leaf,

Yet would that like a barren reef

Stripped to the breeze those arms uprose!

Under the flowers my soldier lies!

But come, thou chilling pall of snow,

Lest he should hear who sleeps below

The yet unended captive cries!

Fade swiftly, then, thou lingering year!

Test with the storms our eager powers;

For chains are broken with the hours,

And Freedom walks upon thy bier.



A. L. Holley.

## IRON-CLAD SHIPS AND HEAVY ORDNANCE. C 61-

THE new system of naval warfare which characterizes the age was proposed by John Stevens of Hoboken during the War of 1812, recommended by Paixhans in 1821, made the subject of official and private experiment here and in Europe during the last ten years especially, subjected to practical test at Kinburn in 1855, recognized then by France and England in the commencement of iron-clad fleets, first practised by the United States Government in the capture of Fort Henry, and at last established and inaugurated not only in fact, but in the principle and direction of progress, by the memorable action of the ninth of March, 1862, in the destruction of the wooden sailing-frigates Cumberland and Congress by the steam-ram Merrimack, and the final discomfiture of that powerful and heavily armed victor by the turreted, iron, two-gun Monitor.

The consideration of iron-clad vessels involves that of armor, ordnance, projectiles, and naval architecture.

## ARMOR.

*Material.* In 1861, the British iron-plate committee fired with 68-pounders at many varieties of iron, cast-steel and puddled-steel plates, and combinations of hard and soft metals. The steel was too brittle, and crumbled, and the targets were injured in proportion to their hardness. An obvious conclusion from all subsequent firing at thick iron plates was, that, to avoid cracking on the one hand, and punching on the other, wrought-iron armor should resemble copper more than steel, except that it should be elastic, although not necessarily of the highest tensile strength. Copper, however, proved much too soft. The experiments of Mr. E. A. Stevens of Hoboken, with thick plates, confirm this conclusion. But for lam-

inated armor, (several thicknesses of thin plates,) harder and stronger iron offers greater resistance to shot, and steel crumbles less than when it is thicker. The value of hard surfaces on inclined armor will be alluded to.

*Solid and Laminated Armor compared. Backing.* European experimenters set out upon the principle that the resistance of plates is nearly as the square of their thickness, — for example, that two 2-inch plates are but half as strong as one 4-inch plate; and the English, at least, have never subjected it to more than one valuable test. During the last year, a 6-inch target, composed of  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch boiler-plates, with a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch plate in front, and held together by alternate rivets and screws 8 inches apart, was completely punched; and a 10-inch target, similarly constructed, was greatly bulged and broken at the back by the 68-pounder (8 inch) smooth-bore especially, and the 100-pounder rifle at 200 yards, — guns that do not greatly injure the best solid  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch plates at the same range. On the contrary, a 124-pounder (10 inch) round-shot, having about the same penetrating power, as calculated by the ordinary rule, fired by Mr. Stevens in 1854, but slightly indented, and did not break at the back, a  $6\frac{3}{8}$ -inch target similarly composed. All the experiments of Mr. Stevens go to show the superiority of laminated armor. Within a few months, official American experiments have confirmed this theory, although the practice in the construction of ships is divided. The Roanoke's plates are solid; those of the Monitor class are laminated. Solid plates, generally  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick and backed by 18 inches of teak, are exclusively used in Europe. Now the resistance of plates to punching in a machine is directly as the sheared area, that is to say, as the depth and the diameter of the hole. But, the argument is, in

this case, and in the case of laminated armor, the hole is cylindrical, while in the case of a thick armor-plate it is conical, — about the size of the shot, in front, and very much larger in the rear, — so that the sheared or fractured area is much greater. Again, forged plates, although made with innumerable welds from scrap which cannot be homogeneous, are, as compared with rolled plates made with few welds from equally good material, notoriously stronger, because the laminae composing the latter are not thoroughly welded to each other, and they are therefore a series of thin plates. On the whole, the facts are not complete enough to warrant a conclusion. It is probable that the heavy English machinery produces better-worked thick plates than have been tested in America, and that American iron, which is well worked in the *thin* plate used for laminated armor, is better than English iron; while the comparatively high velocities of shot used in England are more trying to thin plates, and the comparatively heavy shot in America prove most destructive to solid plates. So that there is as yet no common ground of comparison. The cost of laminated armor is less than half that of solid plates. Thin plates, breaking joints, and bolted to or through the backing, form a continuous girder and add vastly to the strength of a vessel, while solid blocks add no such strength, but are a source of strain and weakness. In the experiments mentioned, there was no wooden backing behind the armor. It is hardly possible, — in fact, it is nowhere urged, — that elastic wooden backing prevents injury to the armor in any considerable degree. Indeed, the English experiments of 1861 prove that a rigid backing of masonry — in other words, more armor — increases the endurance of the plates struck. Elastic backing, however, deadens the blow upon the structure behind it, and catches the iron splinters; it is, therefore, indispensable in ships.

*Vertical and Inclined Armor.* In England, in 1860, a target composed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -

inch plates backed with wood and set at  $38^\circ$  from the horizon was injured about one-half as much by round 68-pounder shot as vertical plates of the same thickness would have been. In 1861, a  $3\frac{1}{4}$  plate at  $45^\circ$  was more injured by elongated 100-pounder shot than a  $4\frac{1}{2}$  vertical plate, both plates having the same backing and the weights of iron being equal for the same vertical height. When set at practicable angles, inclined armor does not glance flat-fronted projectiles. Its greater cost, and especially the waste of room it occasions in a ship, are practically considered in England to be fatal objections. The result of Mr. Stevens's experiments is, substantially, that a given thickness of iron, measured on the line of fire, offers about equal resistance to shot, whether it is vertical or inclined. Flat-fronted or punch shot will be glanced by armor set at about  $12^\circ$  from the horizon. A hard surface on the armor increases this effect; and to this end, experiments with Franklinites are in progress. The inconvenience of inclined armor, especially in sea-going vessels, although its weight is better situated than that of vertical armor, is likely to limit its use generally.

*Fastening Armor.* A series of thin plates not only strengthen the whole vessel, but fasten each other. All methods of giving continuity to thick plates, such as tonguing and grooving, besides being very costly, have proved too weak to stand shot, and are generally abandoned. The *fastenings* must therefore be stronger, as each plate depends solely on its own; and the resistance of plates must be decreased, either by more or larger bolt-holes. The working of the thick plates of the European vessels *Warrior* and *La Gloire*, in a sea-way, is an acknowledged defect. There are various practicable plans of fastening bolts to the backs of plates, and of holding plates between angle-irons, to avoid boring them through. It is believed that plates will ultimately be welded. Boiler-joints have been welded rapidly and

uniformly by means of light furnaces moving along the joint, blowing a jet of flame upon it, and closely followed by hammers to close it up. The surfaces do not oxidize when enveloped in flame, and the weld is likely to be as strong as the solid plate. Large plates prove stronger than small plates of equally good material. English  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armor-plates are generally  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide and 12 to 24 feet long. American  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch plates are from 2 to 3 feet wide and rarely exceed 12 feet in length. Armor composed of light bars, like that of the Galena, is very defective, as each bar, deriving little strength from those adjacent, offers only the resistance of its own small section. The cheapness of such armor, however, and the facility with which it can be attached, may compensate for the greater amount required, when weight is not objectionable. The 14-inch and 10-inch targets, constructed, without backing, on this principle, and tested in England in 1859 and 1860, were little damaged by 68- and 100-pounders.

The necessary thickness of armor is simply a question of powder, and will be further referred to under the heads of Ordnance and Naval Architecture.

#### ORDNANCE AND PROJECTILES.

*Condition of Greatest Effect.* It is a well-settled rule, that the penetration of projectiles is proportionate directly to their weight and diameter, and to the square of their velocity. For example, the  $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Armstrong 150-pound shot, thrown by 50 pounds of powder at 1,770 feet per second, has nearly twice the destructive effect upon striking, and four times as much upon passing its whole diameter through armor, as the 15-inch 425-pound shot driven by the same powder at 800 feet. The American theory is, that very heavy shot, at necessarily low velocities, with a given strain on the gun, will do more damage by racking and straining the whole structure than lighter and faster

shot which merely penetrate. This is not yet sufficiently tested. The late remarkable experiments in England—firing 130- and 150-pound Whitworth steel shells, holding 3 to 5 pounds of powder, from a 7-inch Armstrong gun, with 23 to 27 pounds of powder, through the Warrior target, and bursting them in and beyond the backing—certainly show that large calibres are not indispensable in fighting iron-clads. A destructive blow requires a *heavy charge of powder*; which brings us to

*The Strain and Structure of Guns, and Cartridges.* The problem is, 1st, to construct a gun which will stand the heaviest charge; 2d, to reduce the strain on the gun without reducing the velocity of the shot. It is probable that powder-gas, from the excessive suddenness of its generation, exerts a percussive as well as a statical pressure, thus requiring great elasticity and a certain degree of hardness in the gun-metal, as well as high tensile strength. Cast-iron and bronze are obviously inadequate. Solid wrought-iron forgings are not all that could be desired in respect of elasticity and hardness, but their chief defect is want of homogeneity, due to the crude process of puddling, and to their numerous and indispensable welds. Low cast-steel, besides being elastic, hard, tenacious, and homogeneous, has the crowning advantage of being produced in large masses without flaw or weld. Krupp, of Prussia, casts ingots of above 20 tons' weight, and has forged a cast-steel cannon of 9 inches bore. One of these ingots, in the Great Exhibition, measured 44 inches in diameter, and was uniform and fine-grained throughout. His great success is chiefly due to the use of manganesian iron, (which, however, is inferior to the Franklinite of New Jersey, because it contains no zinc,) and to skill in heating the metal, and to the use of heavy hammers. His heaviest hammer weighs 40 tons, falls 12 feet, and strikes a blow which does not draw the surface like a light hammer, but compresses the



whole mass to the core. Krupp is now introducing the Bessemer process for producing ingots of any size at about the cost of wrought-iron. These and other makes of low-steel have endured extraordinary tests in the form of small guns and other structures subject to concussion and strain; and both the theory and all the evidence that we have promise its superiority for gun-metal. But another element of resistance is required in guns with thick walls. The explosion of the powder is so instantaneous that the exterior parts of the metal do not have time to act before the inner parts are strained beyond endurance. In order to bring all parts of a great mass of metal into simultaneous tension, Blakely and others have hooped an inner tube with rings having a successively higher initial tension. The inner tube is therefore under compression, and the outer ring under a considerable tension, when the gun is at rest, but all parts are strained simultaneously and alike when the gun is under pressure. The Parrott and Whitworth cannon are constructed on this principle, and there has been some practice in winding tubes with square steel wire to secure the most uniform gradation of tension at the least cost. There is some difficulty as yet in fastening the wire and giving the gun proper longitudinal strength. Mr. Wiard, of New York, makes an ingenious argument to show that large cannon burst from the expansion of the inner part of the gun by the heat of frequent successive explosions. In this he is sustained to some extent by Mr. Mallet, of Dublin. The greater the enlargement of the inner layer of metal, the less valuable is the above principle of initial tension. In fact, placing the inner part of the gun in initial tension and the outer part in compression would better resist the effect of internal heat. But Mr. Wiard believes that the *longitudinal* expansion of the inner stratum of the gun is the principal source of strain. A gun made of annular tubes meets this part of the

difficulty; for, if the inner tube is excessively heated, it can elongate and slip a little within those surrounding it, without disturbing them. In fact, the inner tube of the Armstrong gun is sometimes turned within the others by the inertia of the rifled projectile. On the whole, then, hooping an inner steel tube with successively tighter steel rings, or, what is better, tubes, is the probable direction of improvement in heavy ordnance. An inner tube of iron, cast hollow on Rodman's plan, so as to avoid an inherent rupturing strain, and hooped with low-steel without welds, would be cheaper and very strong. An obvious conclusion is, that perfect elasticity in the metal would successfully meet all the foregoing causes of rupture.

In America, where guns made entirely of cast-iron, and undoubtedly the best in the world for horizontal shell-firing, are persisted in, though hardly adequate to the heavy charges demanded by iron-clad warfare, the necessity of decreasing the strain on the gun without greatly reducing the velocity of the shot has become imperative. It would be impossible even to recapitulate the conflicting arguments of the experts on this subject, within the limits of this paper. It does appear from recent experiments, however, that this result can be accomplished by compressing the powder, so that, we will suppose, it burns slowly and overcomes the inertia of the shot before the whole mass is ignited; and also by leaving an airspace around the cartridge, into which the gases probably expand while the inertia of the shot is being overcome, thus avoiding the excessive blow upon the walls of the gun during the first instant of the explosion. Whatever the cause may be, the result is of the highest importance, not only as to cast-iron guns, but as to all ordnance, and warrants the most earnest and thorough investigation. The principles of the Armstrong gun differ in some degree from all those mentioned, and will be better referred to under the head of

*Heavy Ordnance Described.* The Armstrong gun is thus fabricated. A long bar of iron, say 3 by 4 inches in section, is wound into a close coil about 2 feet long and of the required diameter,—say 18 inches. This is set upon end at a welding heat under a steam-hammer and “upset” into a tube which is then recessed in a lathe on the ends so as to fit into other tubes. Two tubes set end to end are heated to welding, squeezed together by a heavy screw passing through them, and then hammered lightly on the outside without a mandrel. Other short tubes are similarly added. Five tubes of different lengths and diameters are turned and bored and shrunk over one another, without successively increasing tension, however, to form a gun. The breech-end of the second tube from the bore is forged solid so that its grain will run parallel with the bore and give the gun longitudinal strength. Both the wedge and the screw breech-loading apparatus are employed on guns of 7 inches bore (110-pounders) and under. It will thus be seen that the defects of large solid forgings are avoided; that the iron may be well worked before it is formed into a gun; and that its greatest strength is in the direction of the greatest strain; and on the other hand, that the gun is weak longitudinally and excessively costly, (the 7-inch gun costs \$4,000, and the 10½-inch, \$9,000,) and that the material, although strong and pretty trustworthy in the shape of bars, has insufficient elasticity and hardness. Still, it is a formidable gun, especially when relieved of the weak and complex breech-loading apparatus, and used with a better system of rifling and projectiles than Armstrong’s. The 110-pounder Armstrong rifle has 99½ inches length and 7 inches diameter of bore, 27 inches maximum diameter, and weighs 4½ tons. The “300-pounder” smooth-bore has 11 feet length and 10½ inches diameter of bore, 38 inches maximum diameter, and weighs 10½ tons. The Mersey Iron-Works guns are of wrought-iron, and

are forged solid like steamboat-shafts, or hollow by laying up staves into the form of a barrel and welding layers of curved plates upon them until the whole mass is united. But few of these guns have been fabricated. The most remarkable of them are, 1st, the Horsfall smooth-bore, of 13 inches bore, 44 inches maximum diameter, and 24 tons weight,—price, \$12,500; 2d, the “Alfred” rifle, in the recent Exhibition, of 10 inches bore,—price, \$5,000; 3d, the 12-inch smooth-bore in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, which, though very light, has fired a double 224-pound shot with 45 pounds of powder: if properly hooped, it would make the most formidable gun in America. Blakely has constructed for Russia two 13-inch smooth-bore guns, 15 feet long and 47 inches maximum diameter, of cast-iron hooped with steel: price, \$10,000 each. He has also fabricated many others of large calibre, on the principles before mentioned. The 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore cast-iron gun is of 48 inches maximum diameter, 15 feet 10 inches long, and weighs 25 tons. The cost of such guns is about \$6,000. The Dahlgren 15-inch guns on the Monitors are about four feet shorter.

*Results of Heavy Ordnance.* The 10½-inch Armstrong gun sent a round 150-pound shot, with 50 pounds of powder, through a 5½-inch solid plate and its 9-inch teak backing and ¾-inch iron lining, at 200 yards, and one out of four shots with the same charge through the Warrior target, namely, a 4½-inch solid plate, 18-inch backing, and ¾-inch lining. The Horsfall 13-inch gun sent a round 270-pound shot, with 74 pounds of powder, entirely through the Warrior target at 200 yards, making an irregular hole about 2 feet in diameter. The same charge at 800 yards did not make a clean breach. The Whitworth shell burst in the backing of the same target has been referred to. Experiments on the effect of the 15-inch gun are now in progress. Its hollow 375-pound shot (3-inch walls) was broken without do-

ing serious damage to 10½-inch laminated armor backed with 18 inches of oak. The comparative test of solid and laminated armor has already been mentioned. The best 4½-inch solid plates, well backed, are practically proof against the guns of English iron-clads, namely, 68-pounder smooth-bores and Armstrong 110-pounder rifles, the service charge of each being 16 pounds.

*Rifling and Projectiles.* The spherical shot, presenting a larger area to the action of the powder, for a given weight, than the elongated rifle-shot, has a higher initial velocity with a given charge; and all the power applied to it is converted into velocity, while a part of the power applied to the rifle-shot is employed in spinning it on its axis. But, as compared with the rifle-shot, at long ranges, it quickly loses, 1st, velocity, because it presents a larger area to the resisting air; 2d, penetration, because it has to force a larger hole through the armor; and 3d, accuracy, because the spinning of the rifle-shot constantly shifts from side to side any inaccuracy of weight it may have on either side of its centre, so that it has no time to deviate in either direction. Practically, however, iron-clad warfare must be at close quarters, because it is almost impossible to aim any gun situated on a movable ship's deck so that it will hit a rapidly moving object at a distance. It is believed by some authorities that elongated shot can be sufficiently well balanced to be projected accurately from smooth-bores; still, it is stated by Whitworth and others that a spinning motion is necessary to keep an elongated shot on end while passing through armor. On the whole, so far as penetrating armor is concerned, the theory and practice favor the spherical shot. But a more destructive effect than mere penetration has been alluded to,—the bursting of a shell within the backing of an iron-clad vessel. This can be accomplished only by an elongated missile with a solid head for making the hole and a hollow rear for holding the bursting charge. The

rifle-shot used in America, and the Armstrong and some other European shot, are covered with soft metal, which in muzzle-loaders is expanded by the explosion so as to fill the grooves of the gun, and in breech-loaders is planed by the lands of the gun to fit the rifling,—all of which is wasteful of power. Whitworth employs a solid iron or steel projectile dressed by machinery beforehand to fit the rifling. But as the bore of his gun is hexagonal, the greater part of the power employed to spin the shot tends directly to burst the gun. Captain Scott, R. N., employs a solid projectile dressed to fit by machinery; but the surfaces of the lands upon which the shot presses are radial to the bore, so that the rotation of the shot tends, not to split the gun, but simply to rotate it in the opposite direction.

*Mounting Heavy Ordnance,* so that it may be rapidly manœuvred on ship-board and protected from the enemy's shot, has been the subject of so much ingenious experiment and invention, that in a brief paper it can only be alluded to in connection with the following subject:—

#### THE STRUCTURE OF WAR-VESSELS.

*Size.* To attain high speed and carry heavy armor and armament, war-vessels must be of large dimensions. By doubling all the lineal dimensions of a vessel of given form, her capacity is increased eight fold, that is to say, she can carry eight times as much weight of engines, boilers, armor, and guns. Meanwhile her resistance is only quadrupled; so that to propel each ton of her weight requires but half the power necessary to propel each ton of the weight of a vessel of half the dimensions. High speed is probably quite as important as invulnerability. Light armor is a complete protection against the most destructive shells, and the old wooden frigates could stand a long battle with solid shot. But without superior speed, the most invulnerable and



heavily armed vessel could neither keep within effective range of her enemy, nor run her down as a ram, nor retreat when overpowered. And a very fast vessel can almost certainly run past forts, as they are ordinarily situated, at some distance from the channel, without being hit. Indeed, the difficulty of hitting a moving object with heavy cannon is so great that slow wooden ships do not hesitate to encounter forts and to reduce them, for a moving ship can be so manœuvred as to hit a stationary fort.

The disadvantages of large ships are, first, great draught. Although draught need not be increased in the same degree as length, a stable and seaworthy model cannot be very shallow or flat-bottomed. Hence the harbors in which very large vessels can manœuvre are few, and there must be a light-draught class of vessels to encounter enemies of light draught, although they cannot be expected to cope very successfully with fast and heavy vessels. Second, a given sum expended exclusively in large vessels concentrates coast-defences upon a few points, while, if it is devoted to a greater number, consisting partly of small vessels, the line of defences is made more continuous and complete.

*System of Protection.* But the effectiveness of war-vessels need not depend solely upon their size. First, twice or thrice the power may be obtained, with the same weight of boilers and machinery, and with considerable economy, by carrying very much higher steam, employing simple surface-condensers, and maintaining a high rate of combustion and vaporization, in accordance with the best commercial-marine practice. Second, *the battery may be reduced in extent*, and the armor thus increased rather than diminished in thickness, with a given buoyancy. At the same time, *the fewer guns may be made available in all directions and more rapidly worked*, so that, on the whole, a small ship thus improved will be a match in every respect for a large ship as ordi-

narily constructed. Working the guns in small revolving turrets, as by Ericsson's or by Coles's plan, and loading and cooling them by steam-power, and taking up their recoil by springs in a short space, as by Stevens's plan, are improvements in this direction. The plan of elevating a gun above a shot-proof deck at the moment of aiming and firing, and dropping it for loading or protection by means of hydraulic cylinders, and the plan of placing a gun upon the top of the armor-clad portion of the ship, covering it with a shot-proof hood, and loading it from below, and the plan of a rotating battery, in which one gun is in a position to fire while the others attached to the same revolving frame are loading,—all these obviously feasible plans have the advantages of avoiding port-holes in the inhabited and vital parts of the vessel, of rendering the possible bursting of a gun comparatively harmless to the crew and ship, and of rapid manœuvring, as compared with the turret system, besides all the advantages of the turret as compared with the casemate or old-fashioned broadside system. The necessity of fighting at close quarters has been remarked. At close quarters, musket-balls, grape, and shells can be accurately thrown into ordinary port-holes, which removes the necessity of smashing any other holes in the armor.

Protection at, and extending several feet below the water-line, is obviously indispensable around the battery of a vessel. It is valuable at other points, but not indispensable, provided the vessel has numerous horizontal and vertical bulkheads to prevent too great a loss of buoyancy when the vessel is seriously damaged between wind and water. Harbor-craft may be very low on the water, so that only a little height of protection is required. But it is generally supposed that sea-going vessels must be high out of water. Mr. Ericsson's practice, however, is to the contrary; and it may turn out that a low vessel, over which the sea makes a clean breach, can be

made sufficiently buoyant on his plan. If high sides are necessary, the plan of Mr. Lungle, of London, may be adopted, — a streak of protection at the water-line, and another forming the side of the battery at the top of the structure, with an intermediate unprotected space. A shot-proof deck at the water-line, and the necessary shot-proof passages leading from the parts below water to the battery, would of course be necessary.

Considering the many expedients for vastly increasing the thickness of armor, the idea, somewhat widely expressed, especially in England, that, in view of the exploits of Armstrong, Clay, and Whitworth, iron-protection must be abandoned, is at least premature. The manner in which the various principles of construction have thus far been carried out will be noticed in a brief

*Description of Prominent Iron-Clad Vessels.* CLASS I. Classified with reference to the protection, the dimensions of the English Warrior and Black Prince are, length 380 feet, beam 58 feet, depth 33 feet, measurement 6,038 tons. Their armor (previously described) extends from the upper deck down to 5 feet below water, throughout 200 feet of the length amidships. Vertical shot-proof bulkheads joining the side armor form a box or casemate in the middle of the vessel, in which the 26 casemate-guns, mostly 68-pounder smooth-bores, are situated and fired through port-holes in the ordinary manner. Their speed on trial is about 14 knots, — at sea, about 12. The Defence and Resistance, of 275 feet length and 3,668 tons, and carrying 14 casemate-guns, are similarly constructed, though their speed is slow. All these vessels are built entirely of iron.

CLASS II. This differs from the first mentioned in having protection all around at the water-line. The New Ironsides, (American,) of 3,250 tons, 240 feet length, 58½ feet beam, 28½ feet depth, and 15 feet draught, and built of wood, has 4½-inch solid armor with 2 feet

backing, extending from the upper deck down to 4 feet below water, with vertical bulkheads like the Warrior, making a casemate 170 feet long, in which there are sixteen 11-inch smooth-bores and two 200-pounder Parrott rifles. A streak of armor, 4 feet below water and 3 feet above, runs from this forward and aft entirely around the vessel. Her speed is 8 knots. The Stevens Battery, (American,) 6,000 tons, constructed of iron and nearly completed, is 420 feet long, 53 feet wide, and 28 feet deep from the top of the casemate, and is iron-clad from end to end along the water-line. As proposed to the last Congress, the central casemate was to be about 120 feet long on the top, its sides being inclined 27½ degrees from the horizon, and composed of 6¾ inches of iron, 14 inches of locust backing, and a half-inch iron lining. Upon the top of it, and to be loaded and manœuvred from within it, were to be five 15-inch smooth-bores and two 10-inch rifled guns clad with armor. The actual horse-power of this ship being above 8,000, her speed would be much higher than that of any other war-vessel. Congress, declining to make an appropriation to complete this vessel, made it over to Mr. Stevens, who had already borne a considerable portion of its cost, and who intends to finish it at his own expense, and is now experimenting to still further perfect his designs. The Achilles (English) now building of iron, about the size of the Warrior, and of 6,039 tons, with a casemate 200 feet long holding 26 guns, belongs to this class. The Enterprise, 180 feet length, 990 tons, 4 casemate-guns, and the Favorite, 220 feet length, 2,168 tons, 8 casemate-guns, are building in England on the same plan. The Solferino and Magenta, (French,) built of wood, and a little longer than the Royal Oak, (see Class III.,) are iron-clad all round up to the main deck, and have two 13-gun casemates above it.

CLASS III. The Minotaur, Agincourt, and Northumberland, 6,621 tons, and 390 feet length, resembling, but

somewhat larger than the Warrior, in all their proportions, and now on the stocks in England, are built of iron, and are to have  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armor and 9-inch backing extending through their whole length from the upper deck to 5 feet below water, forming a casemate from stem to stern, to hold 40 broadside-guns. Five vessels of the Royal-Oak class, 4,055 tons, building in England, 277 feet long and  $58\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, are of wood, being partially constructed frigates adapted to the new service, and are iron-clad throughout their length and height to 5 feet below water. They are to carry thirty-two 68-pounders. The Hector and Valiant, 4,063 tons, and 275 feet long, are English iron vessels not yet finished. They are completely protected, and carry 30 casemate-guns. All the above vessels are to carry two or more Armstrong swivel-guns fore and aft. Four vessels of La Gloire class, (French,) 255 feet long and built of wood, resembling the Royal Oak, carry 34 guns, and are completely clad in  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch solid armor. Ten French vessels, of a little larger dimensions, are similarly constructed. The Galena (American) is of this class as to extent of protection. The quality of her armor has been referred to.

CLASS IV. *Ships with Revolving Turrets.* The Roanoke, (American,) a razed wooden frigate of 4,500 tons, is 265 feet long,  $52\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and 32 feet deep, and will draw about 21 feet, and have a speed of 8 to 9 knots. This and all the vessels to be referred to in this class are iron-clad from end to end, and from the upper deck to 4 or 5 feet below the water-line. The Roanoke's plates (solid) are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, except at the ends, where they are  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , and are backed with 30 inches of oak. She has three turrets upon her main-deck, each 21 feet in diameter inside, 9 feet high, and composed of 11 thicknesses of 1-inch plates. Her armament is six 15-inch guns, two in each turret. Of the Monitors, which are all constructed of

iron, two now building are to be sea-going and very fast, and are to act as rams, like several of the other vessels described. One of these, the Puritan, is 340 feet long, 52 feet wide, and 22 feet deep, and will draw 20 feet. The armor of her hull,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, composed mostly of 1-inch plates and 3 feet of oak backing, projects beyond her sides by the amount of its thickness, and overhangs, forming a solid ram 16 feet long at the bow. The whole upper structure also overhangs the stern, and protects the screw and rudder. This vessel will carry two turrets, 28 feet in diameter inside, 9 feet high, and 2 feet thick, composed of 1-inch plates. Each turret contains two 15-inch guns. The other vessel, the Dictator, is similarly constructed, except that it has one turret, two guns, and 320 feet length. The upper (shot-proof) deck of these vessels is 2 feet out of water. The 18 smaller Ericsson vessels, several of which are ready for service, are 18 inches out of water, of light draught, and about 200 by 45 feet. Their side-armor, laminated, is 5 inches thick, upon 3 feet of oak. They have one turret, like those of the Roanoke, and carry one 15-inch gun and one 11-inch smooth-bore, or a 200-pounder rifle. The original Monitor is 174 by  $44\frac{1}{2}$  feet, with 5-inch side-armor, and a turret 8 inches thick, 20 feet in diameter inside, and armed with two 11-inch guns. These vessels of Ericsson's design are each in fact two vessels: a lower iron hull containing boilers and machinery, and an upper scow overhanging the ends and sides, forming the platform for the turret, and carrying the armor. The Onondaga, now constructing, is an iron vessel of 222 feet length, 48 feet beam, and 13 feet depth, with  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch solid armor having no backing, and without the overhanging top-works of the Monitors. She has two turrets, like those of the Roanoke, and four 15-inch guns. Nearly all the vessels of Class IV. are without spars, and have a pilot-house about 6 feet in diameter and 6 feet high on the top of one of the turrets.



The English Royal Sovereign, 3,765 tons and 330 feet length, and the Prince Albert, 2,529 tons and the same length, are razeed wooden vessels. The former carries 5, and the latter 6 of Captain Coles's turrets with inclined sides, each turret designed for two 110-pounder breech-loading Armstrong guns. The class of iron vessels constructing to carry two of Coles's turrets are 175 feet long, having 42 feet beam, 24 feet depth, 17 feet draught, and 990 tons displacement. All these English vessels are much higher out of water than Ericsson's.

Besides these classes, there is the variety of iron-clad vessels called turtles, from their shape, — among them, the Keokuk (Whitney Battery) 159½ feet long, with two stationary 11-inch gun turrets, — and a class of Western river vessels of very light draught and some peculiarities of construction. The latter resemble the Stevens Battery in the shape and position of their armor, but carry their guns within their casemates.

The Stevens Battery, the Onondaga, and the Keokuk have independent screw-propellers, which will enable them to turn on their own centres and to manœuvre much more rapidly and effectively in action than vessels which, having but one propeller, cannot change their direction without changing their position, and are obliged to make a long circuit to change it at all. This subject is beginning to receive in Europe the attention which it merits.

#### CONCLUSIONS.

THE direction of immediate improvement in ordnance for iron-clad warfare appears to be the abandonment of cast-iron, except as a barrel to be strength-

ened by steel; binding an inner tube with low-steel hoops having a successively increasing initial tension; and the use of spherical shot at excessive velocities by means of high charges of powder in bores of moderate diameters. The rifling of some guns is important, not so much to secure range or accuracy, as to fire elongated shells through armor.

The direction of improvement in iron-clad vessels appears to be the concentration of armor at a few points and the protection of the remainder of the vessel from the entrance of *water* by a streak of armor at the water-line and numerous bulkheads, etc., in distinction from necessarily thin and inefficient plating over all; high speed without great increase of weight of the driving parts, by means of improved engines and boilers and high pressure; the production of tenacious iron in large, thick, homogeneous masses; and the rapid manœuvring of heavy ordnance by machinery.

In justice to himself, the writer deems it proper to state, that within the limits of a magazine-article it has been impossible to enter into the details, or even to give an outline, of all the facts which have led him to the foregoing conclusions. In a more extended work about to be published by Van Nostrand, of New York, he has endeavored, by presenting a detailed account of English and American experiments, a description and numerous illustrations, derived mostly from personal observation, of all classes of ordnance and armor and their fabrication, and of iron-clad vessels and their machinery, and a *résumé* of the best professional opinions, to add something at least usefully suggestive to the general knowledge on this subject.

give ours freely; they die to redeem the very brothers that slay them; they give their blood in expiation of this great sin, begun by you in England, perpetuated by us in America, and for which God in this great day of judgment is making inquisition in blood.

In a recent battle fell a Secession colonel, the last remaining son of his mother, and she a widow. That mother had sold eleven children of an old slave-mother, her servant. That servant went to her and said,—"Missis, we even now. You sold all my children. God took all yourn. Not one to bury either of us. Now, I forgive you."

In another battle fell the only son of another widow. Young, beautiful, heroic, brought up by his mother in the sacred doctrines of human liberty, he gave his life an offering as to a holy cause. He died. No slave-woman came to tell *his* mother of God's justice, for many slaves have reason to call her blessed.

Now we ask you, Would you change places with that Southern mother? Would you not think it a great misfortune for a son or daughter to be brought into such a system?—a worse one to become so perverted as to defend it? Remember, then, that wishing success to this slavery-establishing effort is only wishing to the sons and daughters of the South all the curses that God has written against oppression. *Mark our words!* If we succeed, the children of these very men who are now fighting us will rise up to call us blessed. Just as surely as there is a God who governs in the world, so surely all the laws of national prosperity follow in the train of equity; and if we succeed, we shall have delivered the children's children of our misguided brethren from the wages of sin, which is always and everywhere death.

And now, Sisters of England, think it not strange, if we bring back the words of your letter, not in bitterness, but in deepest sadness, and lay them

down at your door. We say to you,—Sisters, you have spoken well; we have heard you; we have heeded; we have striven in the cause, even unto death. We have sealed our devotion by desolate hearth and darkened homestead,—by the blood of sons, husbands, and brothers. In many of our dwellings the very light of our lives has gone out; and yet we accept the life-long darkness as our own part in this great and awful expiation, by which the bonds of wickedness shall be loosed, and abiding peace established on the foundation of righteousness. Sisters, what have *you* done, and what do you mean to do?

In view of the decline of the noble anti-slavery fire in England, in view of all the facts and admissions recited from your own papers, we beg leave in solemn sadness to return to you your own words:—

"A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely believe, a common cause, urge us, at the present moment, to address you on the subject" of that fearful encouragement and support which is being afforded by England to a slaveholding Confederacy.

"We will not dwell on the ordinary topics,—on the progress of civilization, on the advance of freedom everywhere, on the rights and requirements of the nineteenth century; but we appeal to you very seriously to reflect and to ask counsel of God how far such a state of things is in accordance with His Holy Word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion.

"We appeal to you, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens, and your prayers to God for the removal of this affliction and disgrace from the Christian world."

In behalf of many thousands of American women,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WASHINGTON, November 27, 1862.

*E. J. Cutter*

## THE SOLDIERS' RALLY.

Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!  
 See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!  
 The despot's doom, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the foe!  
 God's voice rings down the brightening path! Say, brothers, will ye go?

"My father fought at Donelson; he hailed at dawn of day  
 That flag full-blown upon the walls, and proudly passed away."  
 "My brother fell on Newbern's shore; he bared his radiant head,  
 And shouted, 'On! the day is won!' leaped forward, and was dead."  
 "My chosen friend of all the world hears not the bugle-call;  
 A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall."  
 But seize the hallowed swords they dropped, with blood yet moist and red!  
 Fill up the thinned, immortal ranks, and follow where they led!  
 For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause,  
 The grand old cause our fathers loved, — Freedom and Equal Laws!

"My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the face,  
 She clasped me to her heart, and said, 'Go, take thy brother's place!'"  
 "My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks were wet;  
 Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure yet."  
 "My wife sits by the cradle's side and keeps our little home,  
 Or asks the baby on her knee, 'When will thy father come?'"  
 Oh, woman's faith and man's stout arm shall right the ancient wrong!  
 So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and strong!  
 The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet fly,  
 The heavens and earth may mingle grief, the gallant soldier die;  
 But while a haughty Rebel stands, no peace! for peace is war.  
 The land that is not worth our death is not worth living for!

Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth nigh!  
 See where above the clouds of war its seamless glories fly!  
 Peace, hovering o'er the bristling van, waves palm and laurel fair,  
 And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden hair!

*Prof. F. J. Child.*

## OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND.

## A NEW LILLIBURLERO.

"WELL, Uncle Sam," says Jefferson D.,  
 Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
 "You 'll have to join my Confed'racy,"  
 Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.

"Lero, lero, that don't appear O, that don't appear," says old Uncle Sam,  
 "Lero, lero, filibustero, that don't appear," says old Uncle Sam.



"So, Uncle Sam, just lay down your arms,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"Then you shall hear my reas'nable terms,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, I 'd like to hear O, I 'd like to hear," says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, I 'd like to hear," says old Uncle Sam.

"First, you must own I 've beat you in fight,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"Then, that I always have been in the right,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, rather severe O, rather severe," says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, rather severe," says old Uncle Sam.

"Then, you must pay my national debts,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"No questions asked about my assets,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, that 's very dear O, that 's very dear," says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, that 's very dear," says old Uncle Sam.

"Also, some few I. O. U.s and bets,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"Mine, and Bob Toombs', and Slidell's, and Rhett's,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, that leaves me zero, that leaves me zero," says Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, that leaves me zero," says Uncle Sam.

"And, by the way, one little thing more,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"You 're to refund the costs of the war,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, just what I fear O, just what I fear," says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, just what I fear," says old Uncle Sam.

"Next, you must own our Cavalier blood!"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"And that your Puritans sprang from the mud!"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, that mud is clear O, that mud is clear," says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, that mud is clear," says old Uncle Sam.

"Slavery 's, of course, the chief corner-stone,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"Of our NEW CIV-IL-I-ZA-TI-ON!"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, that 's quite sincere O, that 's quite sincere," says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, that 's quite sincere," says old Uncle Sam.

"You 'll understand, my recreant tool,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"You 're to submit, and we are to rule,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, are n't you a hero! are n't you a hero!" says Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, are n't you a hero!" says Uncle Sam.

"If to these terms you fully consent,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"I'll be Perpetual King-President,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, take your sombrero, off to your swamps!" says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, cut, double-quick!" says old Uncle Sam.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Titan: A Romance.* From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

JEAN PAUL first became one of the notabilities of German literature after he had published "*Hesperus*," a novel which contains the originals of the characters that reappear under different names in "*Titan*." His previous popularity did not penetrate far within the circle of scholars and thinkers, and never knocked at the charmed threshold of the Weimar set, whose taste was controlled by Goethe and Schiller. But "*Hesperus*" made a great noise, and these warders of the German Valhalla were obliged to open the door just a crack, in order to reconnoitre the pretentious arrival. Goethe first called the attention of Schiller to the book, sending him a copy while he was at Jena, in 1795. Schiller recognized at once its power and geniality, but was disposed to regard it as a literary oddity, whose grotesque build and want of finish rather depreciated the rich cargo,—at least, did not bring it handsomely into port. The first book of "*Wilhelm Meister*" had appeared the year before, and that was more acceptable to Schiller, who had cooled off after writing his "*Robbers*," and was looking out for the true theory of poetry and art. He and Goethe concluded that "*Hesperus*" was worth liking, though it was a great pity the author had not better taste; he ought to come up and live with them, in an æsthetic atmos-

phere, where he could find and admire his superiors, and have his great crude gems ground down to brilliant facets. Schiller said it was the book of a lonely and isolated man. It was, indeed.

But it was a book which represented, far more profoundly and healthily than Schiller's "*Robbers*," that revolt of men of genius against every species of finical prescription, in literature and society, which ushered in the new age of Germany. And it expresses with uncalculating sincerity all the natural emotions which a century of pedantry and Gallic affectation had been crowding out of books and men. It was a charge at the point of the pen upon the dapper flunkies who were keeping the door of the German future; the brawny breast, breathing deep with the struggle, and pouring out great volumes of feeling, burst through the restraints of the time. He cleared a place, and called all men to stand close to his beating heart, and almost furiously pressed them there, that they might feel what a thing friendship was and the ideal life of the soul. And as he held them, his face grew broad and deep with humor; men looked into it and saw themselves, all the real good and the absurdly conventional which they had, and there was a great jubilation at the genial sight. And it was as if a lot of porters followed him, overloaded with quaint and curious knowledge gathered from books of travel, of medicine, of history, metaphysics, and biography, which they dumped without much concert, but just as

## BOSTON HYMN.

*R. W. Emerson.*

THE word of the Lord by night  
To the watching Pilgrims came,  
As they sat by the sea-side,  
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, — I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more ;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball  
A field of havoc and war,  
Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor ?

My angel, — his name is Freedom,  
Choose him to be your king ;  
He shall cut pathways east and west,  
And fend you with his wing.

Lo ! I uncover the land  
Which I hid of old time in the West,  
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,  
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia, of the rocks  
Which dip their foot in the seas  
And soar to the air-borne flocks  
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods,  
Call in the wretch and slave :  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great :  
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen  
Shall constitute a State.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,  
And trim the straightest boughs ;  
Cut down trees in the forest,  
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest-field,  
Hireling, and him that hires.

64-



And here in a pine state-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now ! if these poor men  
Can govern the land and sea,  
And make just laws below the sun,  
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men ;  
'T is nobleness to serve ;  
Help them who cannot help again ;  
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,  
And I unchain the slave :  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth,  
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature  
His proper good to flow :  
So much as he is and doeth,  
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt.

Pay ransom to the owner,  
And fill the bag to the brim.  
Who is the owner ? The slave is owner,  
And ever was. Pay him.

O North ! give him beauty for rags,  
And honor, O South ! for his shame ;  
Nevada ! coin thy golden crags  
With Freedom's image and name.

Up ! and the dusky race  
That sat in darkness long, —  
Be swift their feet as antelopes,  
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East, and West, and North,  
By races, as snow-flakes,  
And carry my purpose forth,  
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,  
For, in daylight or in dark,  
My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
His way home to the mark.

## THE SIEGE OF CINCINNATI. C

J. B. Read.

THE live man of the old Revolution, the daring Hotspur of those troublous days, was Anthony Wayne. The live man to-day of the great Northwest is Lewis Wallace. With all the chivalric dash of the stormer of Stony Point, he has a cooler head, with a capacity for larger plans, and the steady nerve to execute whatever he conceives. When a difficulty rises in his path, the difficulty, no matter what its proportions, moves aside; he does not. When a river like the Ohio at Cincinnati intervenes between him and his field of operations, there is a sudden sound of saws and hammers at sunset, and the next morning beholds the magic spectacle of a great pontoon-bridge stretching between the shores of Freedom and Slavery, its planks resounding to the heavy tread of almost endless regiments and army-wagons. Is a city like Cincinnati menaced by a hungry foe, striding on by forced marches, that foe sees his path suddenly blocked by ten miles of fortifications thoroughly manned and armed, and he finds it prudent, even with his twenty thousand veterans, to retreat faster than he came, strewing the road with whatever articles impede his haste. Some few incidents in the career of such a man, since he has taken the field, ought not to be uninteresting to those for whom he has fought so bravely; and we believe his services, when known, will be appreciated, otherwise we will come under the old ban against Republics, that they are ungrateful.

While returning from New York at the expiration of a short leave of absence, the first asked for since the beginning of the war, General Wallace was persuaded by Governor Morton to stump the State of Indiana in favor of voluntary enlistments, which at that time were progressing slowly. Wallace went to work in all earnestness. His idea was to obtain command of the new

levies, drill them, and take them to the field; and this idea was circulated throughout the State. The result was, enlisting increased rapidly; the ardor for it rose shortly into a fever, and has not yet abated. Regiments are still forming, shedding additional lustre upon the name of patriotic Indiana.

General Wallace was thus engaged when the news was received from Morgan of the invasion of Kentucky by Kirby Smith. All eyes turned at once to Governor Morton, many of whose regiments were now ready to take the field, if they only had officers to lead them. Wallace came promptly to the Governor's assistance, and offered to take command of a regiment for the crisis. His offer was accepted, and he was sent to New Albany, where the Sixty-Sixth Indiana was in camp. In twelve hours he mustered it, paid its bounty money, clothed and armed it, and marched it to Louisville. Brigadier-General Boyle was in command of Kentucky. Wallace, who is a Major-General, reported to him at the above-named city, and a peculiar scene occurred.

"General Boyle," said Wallace, "I report to you the Sixty-Sixth Indiana Regiment."

"Who commands it?" asked the General.

"I have that honor, Sir," was the reply.

"You want orders, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"It is a difficult matter for me," said Boyle. "I have no right to order you."

"That difficulty is easily solved," Wallace replied, with characteristic promptness. "I come to report to you as a Colonel. I come to take orders as such."

General Boyle consulted with his Adjutant-General, and the result was a request that General Wallace would

proceed to Lexington with his command. Here was exhibited the ready, self-sacrificing spirit of a true patriot: he did not stand and wait until he could find the position to which his high rank entitled him, but stepped into the place where he could best and quickest serve his country in her hour of peril.

While Wallace was still at the railway-station, he received an order from General Boyle, putting him in command of all the forces in Lexington. Here was a golden opportunity for our young commander. What higher honor could be coveted than to relieve the brave Morgan, pent up as he was with his little army in the mountain-gorges of the Cumberland? The idea fired the soul of Wallace, and he pushed on to Lexington. But here he was sadly disappointed. He found the forces waiting there inadequate to the task: instead of an army, there were only three regiments. He telegraphed for more troops. Indiana and Ohio responded promptly and nobly. In three days he received and brigaded nine regiments and started them toward the Gap.

No one but an experienced soldier, one who has indeed tried it, can conceive of the labor involved in such an undertaking. The material in his hands was, to say the best of it, magnificently *raw*. Officers, from colonels to corporals, brave though they might be as lions, knew literally nothing of military affairs. The men had not learned even to load their guns. Companies had to be led, like little children, by the hand as it were, into their places in line of battle. There was no cavalry, no artillery. It happened, however, that guns, horses, and supplies intended for Morgan at the Gap were in depot at Lexington. Then Wallace began to catch a glimpse of dawn through the dark tangle of the wilderness. Some kind of order, prompt and immediate, must be forced out of this chaos; and it came, for the master-spirit was there to arrange and compel. He mounted sev-

eral hundred men, giving them rifles instead of sabres. He manned new guns, procuring harness and ammunition for them from Louisville. Where there were no caissons, he supplied wagons. But his regiments were not his sole reliance; he is a believer in riflemen, a fighting class of which Kentucky was full. These he summoned to his assistance, and was met by a ready and hearty response: they came trooping to him by hundreds. Among others, Garrett Davis, United States Senator, led a company of Home-Guards to Lexington. In this way General Wallace composed, or rather improvised a little army, and all without help, his regular staff being absent, mostly in Memphis.

"Kentucky has not been herself in this war," exclaimed General Wallace; "she must be aroused; and I propose to do it thoroughly."

"How will you do it?" asked a skeptic.

"Easily enough, Sir. Kentucky has a host of great names. Kentuckians believe in great names. It is to this tune that the traitors have carried them to the field against us. I will take with me to the field all the men living, old and young, who have made those names great. Buckner took the young Crittendens and Clays; by Heaven, I'll take their fathers!"

"But they can't march."

"I'll haul them, then."

"They can be of no service in that way."

"But the magic of their names!" exclaimed Wallace. "What will the young Kentuckians say, when they hear John J. Crittenden, Leslie Combs, Robert Breckenridge, Tom Clay, Garrett Davis, Judge Goodloe, and fathers of that kind, are going down to battle with me?"

The skeptics held their peace.

General Wallace now constituted a volunteer staff. Wadsworth, M. C. from Maysville district, was his adjutant-general. Brand, Gratz, Goodloe, and young Tom Clay were his aids. Old



Tom Clay, John J. Crittenden, Leslie Combs, Judge Goodloe, Garrett Davis, were all prepared and going, when General Wallace was suddenly relieved of his command by General Nelson.

Without instituting any comparison between these two generals, it is enough to say that the supersession of Wallace by Nelson at that moment was most unfortunate and untimely, as the sequel proved, fraught as it was with disastrous consequences. The circumstances were these.

Scott's Rebel cavalry had whipped Metcalf's regiment of Loyalists at Big Hill, some twelve or fifteen miles beyond Richmond, Kentucky, and followed them to within four miles of that town, where they were stopped by Lenck's brigade of infantry. The affair was reported to Wallace, with the number and situation of the enemy. He at once took prompt measures to meet the exigence of the situation. He could throw Lenck's and Clay's brigades upon the Rebel front; the brigade at Nicholasville could take them in flank by crossing the Kentucky River at Tait's Ford; while, by uniting Clay Smith's command with that of Jacob, then *en route* for Nicholasville, he could plant seventeen hundred cavalry in their rear between Big Hill and Mount Vernon.

The enemy at this time were at least twenty miles in advance of their supplies, and a night's march would have readily placed the several forces mentioned in position to attack them by daylight. This was Wallace's plan,—simple, feasible, and soldier-like. All his orders were given. A supply-train with extra ammunition and abundant rations was in line on the road to Richmond. Clay's brigade was drawn up ready to move, and General Wallace's horse was saddled. He was writing a last order in reference to the city of Lexington in his absence, and directing the officer left in charge to forward regiments to him at Richmond as fast as they should arrive, when General

Nelson came and instantly took the command. Fifteen minutes more and General Wallace would have been on the road to Richmond to superintend the execution of his plan of attack. The supersession was, of course, a bitter disappointment; yet he never grumbled or demurred in the least, but, like a true soldier who knows his duty, offered that evening to serve his successor in any capacity, a generosity which General Nelson declined. The well-conceived plan which Wallace had matured failed for the simple reason, that, instead of marching to execute it that night, as common sense would seem to have dictated, Nelson did not leave Lexington until the next day at one o'clock; and at daylight, when the attack was to have been made, the Rebel leader, Scott, discovered his danger, and wisely retreated, finding nobody in his rear. The result was, Nelson went to Richmond and was defeated. It is possible that the same result might have followed Wallace; but by those competent to judge it is thought otherwise.

He had a plan adapted to the troops he was leading, who, although very raw, would have been invincible behind breastworks, as American troops have always shown themselves to be. Wallace never intended arraying these inexperienced men in the open field against the veteran troops of the Rebels. Neither did he intend they should dig. He had collected large quantities of intrenching tools, and was rapidly assembling a corps of negroes, nearly five hundred of whom he had already in waiting in Morgan's factory, all prepared to follow his column, armed with spades and picks. In Madison County he intended getting at least five hundred more. "I will march," he said, "like Cæsar in Gaul, and intrench my camp every night. If I am attacked at any time in too great numbers, I can drop back to my nearest works, and wait for reinforcements." Such was his plan, and those who know him believe firmly that he could have

been at the Cumberland Gap in time not only to succor our little army there, but to have prevented the destruction and evacuation of that very important post.

Wallace, finding himself thus suddenly superseded, his plans ignored, and his voluntary service bluffly refused, left Lexington for Cincinnati. While there the Battle of Richmond was fought, the disastrous results of which are still too fresh in the public mind to require repeating. Nelson, who did not arrive upon the field until the day was about lost, and only in time to use his sword against his own men in a fruitless endeavor to rally them, received a flesh-wound, and hastened back the same night to Cincinnati, leaving many dead and wounded on the field, and thousands of our brave boys prisoners to be paroled by the Rebels. These are simple matters of record, and are not here set down in any spirit of prejudice, or to throw a shadow upon the memory of the misguided, unfortunate, but courageous Nelson.

At this juncture General Wallace was again ordered to Lexington, this time by General Wright, a general whose gentlemanly bearing in all capacities makes him an ornament to the American army. Wallace was ordered thither to resume command of the forces; but on arriving at Paris, the order was countermanded, and he was sent back to take charge of the city of Cincinnati. Shrewdly suspecting that our forces would evacuate Lexington, he hastened to his new post. General Wright was at that time in Louisville. On his way back, Wallace was asked by one of his aids,—

"Do you believe the enemy will come to Cincinnati?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Kirby Smith will first go to Frankfort. He must have that place, if possible, for the political effect it will have. If he gets it, he will surely come to Cincinnati. He is an idiot, if he does not. Here is the material of war,—goods, groceries, salt,

supplies, machinery, etc.,—enough to restock the whole bogus Confederacy."

"What are you going to do? You have nothing to defend the city with."

"I will show you," was the reply.

Within the first half-hour after his arrival in Cincinnati, General Wallace wrote and sent to the daily papers the following proclamation, which fully and clearly develops his whole plan.

#### "PROCLAMATION.

"The undersigned, by order of Major-General Wright, assumes command of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport.

"It is but fair to inform the citizens, that an active, daring, and powerful enemy threatens them with every consequence of war; yet the cities must be defended, and their inhabitants must assist in the preparation.

"Patriotism, duty, honor, self-preservation, call them to the labor, and it must be performed equally by all classes.

"First. All business must be suspended at nine o'clock to-day. Every business-house must be closed.

"Second. Under the direction of the Mayor, the citizens must, within an hour after the suspension of business, (ten o'clock, A. M.,) assemble in convenient public places ready for orders. As soon as possible they will then be assigned to their work.

"This labor ought to be that of love, and the undersigned trusts and believes it will be so. Anyhow, it must be done.

"The willing shall be properly credited; the unwilling promptly visited. The principle adopted is, Citizens for the labor, soldiers for the battle.

"Third. The ferry-boats will cease plying the river after four o'clock, A. M., until further orders.

"Martial law is hereby proclaimed in the three cities; but until they can be relieved by the military, the injunctions of this proclamation will be executed by the police.

"LEWIS WALLACE,

"Maj.-Gen'r'l Commanding."

Could anything be bolder and more to the purpose? It placed Cincinnati under martial law. It totally suspended business, and sent every citizen, without distinction, to the ranks or into the trenches. "Citizens for labor, soldiers for battle," was the principle underlying the whole plan, — a motto by which he reached every able-bodied man in the metropolis, and united the energies of forty thousand people, — a motto original with himself, and for which he should have the credit.

Imagine the astonishment that seized the city, when, in the morning, this bold proclamation was read, — a city unused to the din of war and its impediments. As yet there was no word of an advance of the enemy in the direction of Cincinnati. It was a question whether they would come or not. Thousands did not believe in the impending danger; yet the proclamation was obeyed to the letter, and this, too, when there was not a regiment to enforce it. The secret is easy of comprehension: it was the universal confidence reposed in the man who issued the order; and he was equally confident, not only in his own judgment, but in the people with whom he had to deal.

"If the enemy should not come after all this fuss," said one of the General's friends, "you will be ruined."

"Very well," he replied; "but they will come. And if they do not, it will be because this same fuss has caused them to think better of it."

The ten days ensuing will be forever memorable in the annals of the city of Cincinnati. The cheerful alacrity with which the people rose *en masse* to swell the ranks and crowd into the trenches was a sight worth seeing, and being seen could not readily be forgotten.

Here were the representatives of all nations and classes. The sturdy German, the lithe and gay-hearted Irishman, went shoulder to shoulder in defence of their adopted country. The man of money, the man of law, the merchant, the artist, and the artisan swelled the

lines hastening to the scene of action, armed either with musket, pick, or spade. Added to these was seen Dickson's long and dusky brigade of colored men, cheerfully wending their way to labor on the fortifications, evidently holding it their especial right to put whatever impediments they could in the northward path of those whom they considered their own peculiar foe. But the pleasantest and most picturesque sight of those remarkable days was the almost endless stream of sturdy men who rushed to the rescue from the rural districts of the State. These were known as the "Squirrel-Hunters." They came in files numbering thousands upon thousands, in all kinds of costumes, and armed with all kinds of fire-arms, but chiefly the deadly rifle, which they knew so well how to use. Old men, middle-aged men, young men, and often mere boys, like the "minute-men" of the old Revolution, they left the plough in the furrow, the flail on the half-threshed sheaves, the unfinished iron upon the anvil, — in short, dropped all their peculiar avocations, and with their leathern pouches full of bullets and their ox-horns full of powder, poured into the city by every highway and by-way in such numbers that it seemed as if the whole State of Ohio were peopled only with hunters, and that the spirit of Daniel Boone stood upon the hills opposite the town beckoning them into Kentucky. The pontoon-bridge, which had been begun and completed between sundown and sundown, groaned day and night with the perpetual stream of life all setting southward. In three days there were ten miles of intrenchments lining the hills, making a semicircle from the river above the city to the banks of the river below; and these were thickly manned from end to end, and made terrible to the astonished enemy by black and frowning cannon. General Heath, with his twenty thousand Rebel veterans, flushed with their late success at Richmond, drew up before these formidable preparations, and



deemed it prudent to take the matter into serious consideration before making the attack.

Our men were eagerly awaiting their approach, thousands in rifle-pits and tens of thousands along the whole line of the fortifications, while our scouts and pickets were skirmishing with their outposts in the plains in front. Should the foe make a sudden dash and carry any point of our lines, it was thought by some that nothing would prevent them from entering Cincinnati.

But for this also provision was made. The river about the city, above and below, was well protected by a flotilla of gun-boats improvised from the swarm of steamers which lay at the wharves. A storm of shot and shell, such as they had not dreamed of, would have played upon their advancing columns, while our regiments, pouring down from the fortifications, would have fallen upon their rear. The shrewd leaders of the Rebel army were probably kept well posted by traitors within our own lines in regard to the reception prepared for them, and, taking advantage of the darkness of night and the violence of a thunder-storm, made a hasty and ruinous retreat. Wallace was anxious to follow them, and was confident of success, but was overruled by those higher in authority.

The address which he now published to the citizens of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport was manly and well-deserved. He said, —

“For the present, at least, the enemy has fallen back, and your cities are safe. It is the time for acknowledgments. I beg leave to make you mine. When I assumed command, there was nothing to defend you with, except a few half-finished works and some dismounted guns; yet I was confident. The energies of a great city are boundless; they have only to be aroused, united, and directed. You were appealed to. The answer will never be forgotten. Paris may have seen some-

thing like it in her revolutionary days, but the cities of America never did. Be proud that you have given them an example so splendid. The most commercial of people, you submitted to a total suspension of business, and without a murmur adopted my principle, ‘Citizens for labor, soldiers for battle.’ In coming times, strangers viewing the works on the hills of Newport and Covington will ask, ‘Who built these intrenchments?’ You can answer, ‘We built them.’ If they ask, ‘Who guarded them?’ you can reply, ‘We helped in thousands.’ If they inquire the result, your answer will be, ‘The enemy came and looked at them, and stole away in the night.’ You have won much honor. Keep your organizations ready to win more. Hereafter be always prepared to defend yourselves.

“LEWIS WALLACE,

“Maj.-Gen’l.”

It can safely be claimed for our young General, that he was the moving spirit which inspired and directed the people, and thereby saved Cincinnati and the surrounding cities, and, in the very face of Heath and his victorious horde from Richmond, organized a new and formidable army. That the citizens fully indorsed this was well exemplified on the occasion of his leading back into the metropolis a number of her volunteer regiments when the danger was over. They lined the streets, crowded the doors and windows, and filled the air with shouts of applause, in honor of the great work he had done.

In writing this notice of Wallace and the siege, we have had no intention to overlook the services of his co-laborers, especially those rendered to the West by the gallant Wright, who holds command of the department. The writer has attempted to give what came directly under his own observation, and what he believes to be the core of the matter, and consequently most interesting to the public.

seen of them there it became evident that the existence of such a force, so perfected in every particular, would hereafter greatly modify the relations and conditions of the defence and attack of fortified works. The importance of this fact will impress the reader, when he remembers how large a part fortresses have played in warfare since 1815, and especially when he glances at the tendency everywhere perceptible now toward transforming military strongholds into great intrenched camps, as revealed at Antwerp in Belgium, Fredericia in Denmark, Buda and Comorn in Hungary, Peschiera, Mantua, Venice, Verona, and Rome in Italy, Silistria and Sebastopol in the East, and Washington, Manassas, and Richmond in America.

Other nations have not been slow to follow French example. Russia is rapidly manufacturing rifled pieces for her service; England is providing her whole army with the Minié musket, and Austria and Prussia are applying inventions of their own to the armament of corps organized and trained on the principle of the French Chasseurs.

The Duke of Wellington is said to have remarked, not long before his death, while speaking of the English troops, that they had, indeed, adopted the new musket, but that it would be physically difficult for them to transform themselves into light infantry. The same observation will undoubtedly apply to all the Continental nations excepting the French; but in the United States, while we could muster the finest heavy troops in the world, we have also the most abundant material for just such light infantry as those described in the foregoing sketch.

The Chasseurs are not merely distinguished as perfect light infantry, but they also form excellent troops of the line. By the weight of their fire, they are capable of producing in battles and sieges effects unknown before their appearance on the scene, and that is the

great point, the entirely new feature about them.

The creation of these battalions, well planned and happily executed as it has been, remains a most important event in military history. Consecrated by the valor and the intelligence of the officers and soldiers of France, it has been the signal and the source of new and rapid reforms. One of these battalions attached to each infantry division adds fresh force to that fine classification which first arose under the Republic, and, although somewhat perverted under the Empire, still remains the basis of the French grand organization, recalling, as it does, the immortal idea of the Roman Legion.

With the aid of its example, and the emulation inspired by the success of the Chasseurs, the splendid system of the French infantry-service has been completed under the present Napoleon; and we now behold the race he rules so disciplined for war, the respective qualities of the North and the South of France, the firmness and solidity of the former and the enthusiasm and ardor of the latter, so beautifully blended, that we may well exclaim, "Here, indeed, is a whole nation armed! in *pedite robur!*"

In conclusion, the writer and compiler of this sketch would not be venturing too far, perhaps, were he to remark that so excellent an example can be nowhere better followed than in this country, if, as would to-day appear a certainty, we are to turn aside from the ways of peace to study the art of war. We have here precisely the material for whole armies of light infantry, the most favorable conditions for their equipment and instruction, and, owing to the nature of the region we inhabit, its dense woodlands, its wide savannas, its broad rivers, and its numerous ranges of rough mountains, the very land in which the tactics and marksmanship of the Chasseurs would be most available.

## LATEST VIEWS OF MR. BIGLOW.

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

[It is with feelings of the liveliest pain that we inform our readers of the death of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A. M., which took place suddenly, by an apoplectic stroke, on the afternoon of Christmas day, 1862. Our venerable friend (for so we may venture to call him, though we never enjoyed the high privilege of his personal acquaintance) was in his eighty-fourth year, having been born June 12, 1779, at Pigsgusset Precinct (now West Jerusha) in the then District of Maine. Graduated with distinction at Hubville College in 1805, he pursued his theological studies with the late Reverend Preserved Thacker, D. D., and was called to the charge of the First Society in Jaalam in 1809, where he remained till his death.

"As an antiquary he has probably left no superior, if, indeed, an equal," writes his friend and colleague, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, to whom we are indebted for the above facts; "in proof of which I need only allude to his 'History of Jaalam, Genealogical, Topographical, and Ecclesiastical,' 1849, which has won him an eminent and enduring place in our more solid and useful literature. It is only to be regretted that his intense application to historical studies should have so entirely withdrawn him from the pursuit of poetical composition, for which he was endowed by Nature with a remarkable aptitude. His well-known hymn, beginning, 'With clouds of care encompassed round,' has been attributed in some collections to the late President Dwight, and it is hardly presumptuous to affirm that the simile of the rainbow in the eighth stanza would do no discredit to that polished pen."

We regret that we have not room at present for the whole of Mr. Hitchcock's exceedingly valuable communication. We hope to lay more liberal extracts from it before our readers at an early day. A summary of its contents will give some notion of its importance and interest. It contains: 1st, A biographical sketch of Mr. Wilbur, with notices of his predecessors in the pastoral office, and of eminent clerical contemporaries; 2d, An obituary of deceased, from the Punkin-Falls "Weekly Parallel"; 3d, A list of his printed and manuscript productions and of projected works; 4th, Personal anecdotes and recollections, with specimens of table-talk; 5th, A tribute to his relict, Mrs. Dorcas (Pilcox) Wilbur; 6th, A list of graduates fitted for different colleges by Mr. Wilbur, with biographical memoranda touching the more distinguished; 7th, Concerning learned, charitable, and other societies, of which Mr. Wilbur was a member, and of those with which, had his life been prolonged, he would doubtless have been associated, with a complete catalogue of such Americans as have been Fellows of the Royal Society; 8th, A brief summary of Mr. Wilbur's latest conclusions concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast in its special application to recent events, for which the public, as Mr. Hitchcock assures us, have been waiting with feelings of lively anticipation; 10th, Mr. Hitchcock's own views on the same topic; and, 11th, A brief essay on the importance of local histories. It will be apparent that the duty of preparing Mr. Wilbur's biography could not have fallen into more sympathetic hands.

In a private letter with which the reverend gentleman has since favored us, he expresses the opinion that Mr. Wilbur's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war. It disturbed his studies, dislocated all his habitual associations and trains of thought, and unsettled the foundations of a faith, rather the result of habit than conviction, in the capacity of man for self-government. "Such has been the felicity of my life," he said to Mr. Hitchcock, on the very morning of the day he died, "that, through the divine mercy, I could always say, *Summum nec meo die, nec opto*. It has been my habit, as you know, on every recurrence of this blessed anniversary, to read Milton's 'Hymn of the Nativity' till its sublime harmonies so dilated my soul and quickened its spiritual sense that I seemed to hear that other song which gave assurance to the shepherds that there was One who would lead them also in green pastures and beside the still waters. But to-day I have been unable to think of anything but that mournful text, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword,' and, did it not smack of pagan presumptuousness, could almost wish I had never lived to see this day."

Mr. Hitchcock also informs us that his friend "lies buried in the Jaalam graveyard, under a large red-cedar which he specially admired. A neat and substantial monument is to be erected over his remains, with a Latin epitaph written by himself; for he was accustomed to say pleasantly that there was at least one occasion in a scholar's life when he might show the advantages of a classical training."

The following fragment of a letter addressed to us, and apparently intended to accompany Mr. Biglow's contribution to the present number, was found upon his table after his decease. — EDITORS ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]



To the Editors of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Jaalam, 24<sup>th</sup> Deer, 1862.

RESPECTED SIRS, — The infirm state of my bodily health would be a sufficient apology for not taking up the pen at this time, wholesome as I deem it for the mind to apricate in the shelter of epistolary confidence, were it not that a considerable, I might even say a large, number of individuals in this parish expect from their pastor some publick expression of sentiment at this crisis. Moreover, *Qui tacitus ardet magis uritur*. In trying times like these, the besetting sin of undisciplined minds is to seek refuge from inexplicable realities in the dangerous stimulant of angry partisanship or the indolent narcotick of vague and hopeful vaticination: *fortunamque suo temperat arbitrio*. Both by reason of my age and my natural temperament, I am unfitted for either. Unable to penetrate the inscrutable judgments of God, I am more than ever thankful that my life has been prolonged till I could in some small measure comprehend His mercy. As there is no man who does not at some time render himself amenable to the one, — *quum vix justus sit securus*, — so there is none that does not feel himself in daily need of the other.

I confess, I cannot feel, as some do, a personal consolation for the manifest evils of this war in any remote or contingent advantages that may spring from it. I am old and weak, I can bear little, and can scarce hope to see better days; nor is it any adequate compensation to know that Nature is old and strong and can bear much. Old men philosophize over the past, but the present is only a burthen and a weariness. The one lies before them like a placid evening landscape; the other is full of the vexations and anxieties of housekeeping. It may be true enough that *miscet hæc illis, prohibetque Clotho fortunam stare*, but he who said it was fain at last to call in Atropos with her shears before her time; and I cannot help selfishly mourning that the fortune of our Republic could not at least stand till my days were numbered.

Tibullus would find the origin of wars in the great exaggeration of riches, and does not stick to say that in the days of the beechen trencher there was peace. But averse as I am by nature from all wars, the more as they have been especially fatal to libraries, I would have this one go on till we are reduced to wooden platters again, rather than surrender the principle to defend which it was undertaken. Though I believe Slavery to have been the cause of it, by so thoroughly demoralizing Northern politicks for its own purposes as to give opportunity and hope to treason, yet I would not have our thought and purpose diverted from their true object, — the maintenance of the idea of Government. We are not merely suppressing an enormous riot, but contending for the possibility of permanent order coexisting with democratical fickleness; and while I would not superstitiously venerate form to the sacrifice of substance, neither would I forget that an adherence to precedent and prescription can alone give that continuity and coherence under a democratical constitution which are inherent in the person of a despotick monarch and the selfishness of an aristocratical class. *Stet pro ratione voluntas* is a dangerous in a majority as in a tyrant.

I cannot allow the present production of my young friend to go out without a protest from me against a certain extremeness in his views, more pardonable in the poet than the philosopher. While I agree with him that the only cure for rebellion is suppression by force, yet I must animadvert upon certain phrases where I seem to see a coincidence with a popular fallacy on the subject of compromise. On the one hand there are those who do not see that the vital principle of Government and the seminal principle of Law cannot properly be made a subject of compromise at all, and on the other those who are equally blind to the truth that without a compromise of individual opinions, interests, and even rights, no society would be possible. *In medio tutissimus*. For my own part, I would gladly —

EF I a song or two could make,  
 Like rockets druv by their own burnin',  
 All leap an' light, to leave a wake  
 Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'! —  
 But, it strikes me, 't ain't jest the time  
 Fer stringin' words with settisfaction:  
 Wut 's wanted now 's the silent rhyme  
 'Twixt upright Will an' downright Action.

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,  
 But gabble 's the short cut to ruin ;  
 It 's gratis, (gals half-price,) but cheap  
 At no rate, ef it henders doin' ;  
 Ther' 's nothin' wuss, 'less 't is to set  
 A martyr-prem'um upon jawrin' :  
 Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet  
 Their lids down on 'em with Fort Warren.

'Bout long enough it 's ben discussed  
 Who sot the magazine afire,  
 An' whether, ef Bob Wickliffe bust,  
 'T would scare us more or blow us higher.  
 D' ye s'pose thé Gret Foreseer's plan  
 Wuz settled fer him in town-meetin' ?  
 Or thet ther' 'd ben no Fall o' Man,  
 Ef Adam 'd on'y bit a sweetin' ?

Oh, Jon'than, ef you want to be  
 A rugged chap agin an' hearty,  
 Go fer wutever 'll hurt Jeff D.,  
 Nut wut 'll boost up ary party.  
 Here 's hell broke loose, an' we lay flat  
 With half the univarse a-singein',  
 Till Sen'tor This an' Gov'nor Thet  
 Stop squabblin' fer the garding-ingin'.

It 's war we 're in, not politics ;  
 It 's systems wrastlin' now, not parties ;  
 An' victory in the eend 'll fix  
 Where longest will an' truest heart is.  
 An' wut 's the Guv'ment folks about ?  
 Tryin' to hope ther' 's nothin' doin',  
 An' look ez though they did n't doubt  
 Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther' 's critters yit thet talk an' act  
 Fer wut they call Conciliation ;  
 They 'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract  
 When they wuz madder than all Bashan.  
 Conciliate ? it jest means *be kicked*,  
 No metter how they phrase an' tone it ;  
 It means thet we 're to set down licked,  
 Thet we 're poor shotes an' glad to own it !

A war on tick 's ez dear 'z the deuce,  
 But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,  
 Ez 't would to make a sneakin' truce  
 Without no moral specie-basis :  
 Ef green-backs ain't nut jest the cheese,  
 I guess ther' 's evils thet 's extremer, —  
 Fer instance, — shinplaster idees  
 Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,  
 When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield her,  
 Flamed weldin' into one keen sword  
 Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder :  
 A splendid flash !—an' how 'd the grasp  
 With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally ?  
 Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,—  
 Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally.

More men ? More Man ! It 's there we fail ;  
 Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin' :  
 Wut use in addin' to the tail,  
 When it 's the head 's in need o' strengthenin' ?  
 We wanted one thet felt all Chief  
 From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',  
 Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief  
 In him an' us, ef earth went rockin' !

Ole Hick'ry would n't ha' stood see-saw  
 'Bout doin' things till they wuz done with,—  
 He 'd smashed the tables o' the Law  
 In time o' need to load his gun with ;  
 He could n't see but jest one side,—  
 Ef his, 't wuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty ;  
 An' so his "*Forrards !*" multiplied  
 An army's fightin' weight by twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,  
 Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,  
 This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak  
 Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick,  
 This hangin' on mont' arter mont'  
 Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the twitter,—  
 I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt  
 The peth an' sperit of a critter.

In six months where 'll the People be,  
 Ef leaders look on revolution  
 Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—  
 Jest social el'ments in solution ?  
 This weighin' things doos wal enough  
 When war cools down, an' comes to writin' ;  
 But while it 's makin', the true stuff  
 Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man  
 A right to be his own oppressor ;  
 But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,  
 Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser :  
 I tell ye one thing we might larn  
 From them smart critters, the Seceders,—  
 Ef bein' right 's the fust consarn,  
 The 'fore-the-fust 's cast-iron leaders.



But 'pears to me I see some signs  
 Thet we 're a-goin' to use our senses :  
 Jeff druv us into these hard lines,  
 An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses ;  
 Slavery 's Secession's heart an' will,  
 South, North, East, West, where'er you find it,  
 An' ef it drors into War's mill,  
 D' ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't grind it ?

D' ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,  
 Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to sof'n  
 So 's 't would n't hurt thet ebony stick  
 Thet 's made our side see stars so of'n ?  
 "No !" he 'd ha' thundered, "on your knees,  
 An' own one flag, one road to glory !  
 Soft-heartedness, in times like these,  
 Shows sof'ness in the upper story !"

An' why should we kick up a muss  
 About the Pres'dunt's proclamation ?  
 It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,  
 Ef we don't like emancipation :  
 The right to be a cussed fool  
 Is safe from all devices human,  
 It 's common (ez a gin'l rule)  
 To every critter born o' woman.

So *we* 're all right, an' I, fer one,  
 Don't think our cause 'll lose in vally  
 By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,  
 An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally :  
 Thank God, say I, fer even a plan  
 To lift one human bein's level,  
 Give one more chance to make a man,  
 Or, anyhow, to spile a devil !

Not thet I 'm one thet much expec'  
 Millennium by express to-morrer ;  
 They *will* miscarry, — I rec'lec'  
 Tu many on 'em, to my sorrer :  
 Men ain't made angels in a day,  
 No matter how you mould an' labor 'em, —  
 Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay  
 With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham.

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,  
 An' wants the banns read right ensuin' ;  
 But Fact wun't noways wear the ring  
 'Thout years o' settin' up an' wooin' :  
 But, arter all, Time's dial-plate  
 Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,  
 An' Good can't never come tu late,  
 Though it doos seem to try an' linger.

An' come wut will, I think it 's grand  
 Abe 's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced  
 In trial-flames till it 'll stand  
 The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest :  
 Thet 's wut we want, — we want to know  
 - The folks on our side hez the bravery  
 To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,  
 In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,  
 An' every man knows who 'll be winner,  
 Whose faith in God hez ary root  
 That goes down deeper than his dinner :  
 Then 't will be felt from pole to pole,  
 Without no need o' proclamation,  
 Earth's Biggest Country 's gut her soul  
 An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation !

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Slavery and Secession in America, Historical and Economical ; together with a Practical Scheme of Emancipation.* By THOMAS ELLISON, F. S. S., etc. Second Edition : Enlarged. With a Reply to the Fundamental Arguments of Mr. James Spence, contained in his Work on the American Union, and Remarks on the Productions of Other Writers. With Map and Appendices. London : Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

WE have too long delayed to speak of Mr. Ellison's book. More than a year ago, before Mr. Stuart Mill or Professor Cairnes had written in our behalf, before we had received a word of sympathy from any representative Englishman, save Mr. John Bright, the first edition of this work was placed before the British public. And we could not have asked for a better informed or more judicious defender than Mr. Ellison. "Slavery and Secession in America" is a temperate and concise statement of the essential features of our national struggle. The supposed interest of half a million of slaveholders in the extension of the Southern institution is truly represented as the cause of their guilty insurrection against the liberties of their countrymen.

Mr. Ellison does not desire immediate emancipation, and wastes no sentiment upon the sufferings of the negro. But the economical and social position of Slavery is given with the unanswerable emphasis of careful figures. He traces the rise and increase of the institution in the States, until its disgrace culminates in a bloody rebellion. He clearly shows, that, by acknowledging the doctrine involved in Secession, by allowing it to govern the intercourse between nations, the morality of society would be shaken from its base. The anti-slavery character of the strife in which we are involved is made to appear, — slavery-diffusion being the object of the South, slavery-restriction the aim of the North. It is shown that the Secession ordinances utterly failed to point out a single instance in which the rights of the Southern people were infringed upon by the National Executive ; also, that the alleged right of Secession is neither Constitutional, nor, when backed by no tangible grievance, can it be called revolutionary. In short, Mr. Ellison takes the only ground which seems possible to loyalists in America : namely, that Secession — in other words, the treason of slaveholders against the Constitution of their country — is of necessity punishable

by law; and that good men of all nationalities should unite in the moral support of a benignant government thus wantonly assailed.

The "practical scheme of emancipation" promised us in the title can hardly be said to amount to a scheme at all; but there are suggestions worth attending to, if that delicate matter might be managed as we would, not as we must.

We have marked but two passages for a questioning comment. General Taylor, by an inadvertency strange to pass to a second edition, is represented as putting down the South-Carolina Nullifiers in 1833. Also, Dr. Charles Mackay, the New-York Correspondent of the London "Times," is quoted as having once borne anti-slavery testimony. This is certainly hard. Whatever emoluments slave-masters or their allies may hereafter have it in their power to bestow this gentleman has fairly earned. If he ever did say anything that was disagreeable to them, it should not be remembered against him.

The merit of Mr. Ellison's book is neither in rhetoric, philanthropic sentiment, nor any exalted theory of political philosophy; it is in an unanswerable appeal to statistics, and a condensed statement of facts. The work may be commended to all desirous of arriving at the truth.

But no conventional phrases of a book-notice can express our obligations to Mr. Ellison and those few of his countrymen who have publicly rebuked the noisy bitterness of writers striving, with too much success, to debauch the sentiment of England. Most dear to us is an occasional lull in that storm of insolence and mendacity designed to embarrass the Government of the United States in the august and solemn championship of human liberty committed to its charge. And let it be remarked that our expectations of English approval were never Utopian. The great principle involved in the American contest was so far above the level of the ordinary pursuits of men, that, even among ourselves, few have been able to transfuse it into their daily consciousness. We never looked to England for the encouragement of a popular enthusiasm, — hardly, perhaps, for a cold acquiescence. John Bull, we said, is proverbially a grumbler, proverbially indifferent to all affairs but his own; he will be annoyed by tariffs, and

plagued by scarcity of cotton; — what wonder, if we are a little misunderstood? The minor contributors to his daily press will not be able to think long or wisely of what they write; we must be ready to pardon a certain amount of irritation and misstatement. That such was the feeling of intelligent Americans towards England, at the beginning of our troubles, we have no doubt. But for the scurrility heaped upon us by what claims to be the higher British press we were totally unprepared, — and for this good reason, that such malignity of criticism as is possible in America could never have suggested it. Let us not be misunderstood. We acknowledge the "Rowdy Journal" and Mr. Jefferson Brick. Undoubtedly, newspapers exist among us of which the description of Mr. Dickens is no very extravagant caricature. But their editors, if not of notoriously infamous life, are those whose minds are unenlarged by any generous education, — men whose lack of grammar suggests a certain palliation of their want of veracity and good-breeding. Such journals are seldom or never seen by the large class of cultivated American readers, and are in no sense representative of them. The "Saturday Review" and "Blackwood's Magazine" are said to be conducted by men of University training. Their articles are written in clear and precise English, and often contain vigorous thought. They publish few papers which do not give evidence of at least tolerable scholarship in their writers. Of kindred periodicals on this side of the ocean it may be safely said, that the intelligence of the reader forces their criticism up to some decent standard of honest painstaking. We may thus explain the bewilderment which came over us at that burst of vulgar ribaldry from the leading British press, in which the organs above named have achieved a scandalous preëminence. Vibrating from the extreme of shallowness to the extreme of sufficiency, scorning to be limited in abuse by adhering to any single hypothesis, the current literature of England has gloated over the rebellion of Slavery with the cynical chuckles of a sour spinster. Would that language less strong could express our meaning! President Lincoln — whatever may be judged his deficiency in resources of statesmanship — will be embalmed by history as one pos-



the light tread of the deer, and the fell paw of the lion; crowned with a dome-like head, firm-set, capacious, distinctive, cleanly cut, and covered with long, flowing, yellow hair; a forehead broad, high, and rounded, strongly and equally marked by perception and imagination, wit and fancy; light blue eyes, capable of every expression, and varying with every mood, but generally having a far, dim, dreamy look into vacancy,—the gaze of the poet seeing visions; a firm, high, aquiline nose, indicating both intellect and spirit; flexible lips, bending to every breath of passion; a voice of singular compass and pliancy, responding justly to all his wayward humors and all his noble thoughts, now tremulous with tender passion, now rough with a partisan's fury; a man of strange contradictions and inconsistencies every way; a hand of iron with a glove of silk; a tiger's claw sheathed in velvet; one who fought lovingly, and loved fiercely; champion of the arena, passionate poet, chastiser of brutes, caresser of children, friend of brawlers, lover of beauty; a pugilistic Professor of Moral Philosophy, who, in a thoroughly professional way, gayly put up his hands and scientifically floored his man in open day, at a public fair; \* sometimes of the oak, sometimes of the willow; now bearing grief without a murmur, now howling in his pain like the old gods and heroes, making all Nature resonant with his cries; knowing nothing of envy save from the reports of others, yet never content to be outdone even in veriest trifles; a tropical heart and a cool brain; full of strong prejudices and fine charities,

\* One who met him many years ago in Edinburgh, at the conclusion of a lecture, tells us, as we write these closing sentences, of his splendid figure, as he saw him twirl an Irish shillalah and show off its wonderful properties as an instrument of fun at a fair.

generous and exacting, heedless and sympathetic, quick to forgive, slow to resent, firm in love, transient in hate; to-day scaling the heavens with frantic zeal, to-morrow relaxing in long torpor; fond of long, solitary journeys, and given to conviviality; tender eyes that a word or a thought would fill, and hard lips that would never say die; a child of Nature thrilled with ecstasy by storm and by sunshine, and a cultured scholar hungering for new banquets; dreamer, doer, poet, philosopher, simple child, wisest patriarch; a true cosmopolitan, having largest aptitudes,—a tree whose roots sucked up juices from all the land, whose liberal fruits were showered all around; having a key to unlock all hearts, and a treasure for each; hospitable friend, husband-lover, doting father; a boisterous wit, fantastic humorist, master of pathos, practical joker, sincere mourner; always an extremist, yielding to various excess; an April day, all smiles and tears; January and May met together; a many-sided fanatic; a universal enthusiast; a large-hearted sectarian; a hot-headed judge; a strong sketch full of color, with neutral tints nowhere, but full of fiery lights and deep glooms; buoyant, irrepressible, fuming, rampant, with something of divine passion and electric fire; gentle, earnest, true; a wayward prodigal, loosely scattering abroad where he should bring together; great in things indifferent, and indifferent in many great ones; a man who would have been far greater, if he had been much less,—if he had been less catholic and more specific; immeasurably greater in his own personality than in any or all of his deeds either actual or possible;—such was the man Christopher North, a Hercules-Apollo, strong and immortally beautiful,—a man whom, with all his foibles, negligences, and ignorances, we stop to admire, and stay to love.

*Atlantic**67-***"CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE."***O. W. Holmes*

YES, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while you hate  
 The self-ruling, chain-breaking, throne-shaking State !  
 The night-birds dread morning, — your instinct is true, —  
 The day-star of Freedom brings midnight for you !

Why plead with the deaf for the cause of mankind ?  
 The owl hoots at noon that the eagle is blind !  
 We ask not your reasons, — 't were wasting our time, —  
 Our life is a menace, our welfare a crime !

We have battles to fight, we have foes to subdue, —  
 Time waits not for us, and we wait not for you !  
 The mower mows on, though the adder may writhe  
 And the copper-head coil round the blade of his scythe !

"No sides in this quarrel," your statesmen may urge,  
 Of school-house and wages with slave-pen and scourge ! —  
 No sides in the quarrel ! proclaim it as well  
 To the angels that fight with the legions of hell !

They kneel in God's temple, the North and the South,  
 With blood on each weapon and prayers in each mouth.  
 Whose cry shall be answered ? Ye Heavens, attend  
 The lords of the lash as their voices ascend !

"O Lord, we are shaped in the image of Thee, —  
 Smite down the base millions that claim to be free,  
 And lend Thy strong arm to the soft-handed race  
 Who eat *not* their bread in the sweat of their face !"

So pleads the proud planter. What echoes are these ?  
 The bay of his bloodhound is borne on the breeze,  
 And, lost in the shriek of his victim's despair,  
 His voice dies unheard. — Hear the Puritan's prayer !

"O Lord, that didst smother mankind in Thy flood,  
 The sun is as sackcloth, the moon is as blood,  
 The stars fall to earth as untimely are cast  
 The figs from the fig-tree that shakes in the blast !

"All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils is breath,  
 Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with Death !  
 Lord, strangle the monster that struggles to birth,  
 Or mock us no more with Thy 'Kingdom on Earth' !

"If Ammon and Moab must reign in the land  
 Thou gavest Thine Israel, fresh from Thy hand,  
 Call Baäl and Ashtaroth out of their graves  
 To be the new gods for the empire of slaves !"

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers of men ?  
 Will ye build you new shrines in the slave-breeder's den ?  
 Or bow with the children of light, as they call  
 On the Judge of the Earth and the Father of All ?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time moves apace, —  
 Each day is an age in the life of our race !  
 Lord, lead them in love, ere they hasten in fear  
 From the fast-rising flood that shall girdle the sphere !

## THE HORRORS OF SAN DOMINGO.\*

### CHAPTER V.

#### INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY — THE SLAVE-TRADE — AFRICAN TRIBES — THE CODE NOIR — THE MULAT- TOES.

It will be necessary for the present to omit the story of the settlement and growth of the French Colony, and of the pernicious commercial restrictions which swelled the unhappy heritage of the island, in order that we may reach, in this and a succeeding article, the great points of interest connected with the Negro, his relation to the Colony and complicity with its final overthrow.

The next task essential to our plan is to trace the entrance of Negro Slavery into the French part of the island, to describe the victims, and the legislation which their case inspired.

The first French Company which undertook a regular trade with the west coast of Africa was an association of merchants of Dieppe, without authority or privileges. They settled a little island in the Senegal, which was called St. Louis. This property soon passed into the hands of a more formal association of Rouen merchants, who carried on the trade till 1664, the date of the establishment of the West-India Com-

pany, to which they were obliged to sell their privileges for one hundred and fifty thousand livres. This great Company managed its African business so badly, that it was withdrawn from their hands in 1673, and made over as a special interest to a Senegal Company. The trade, in palm-oil, ivory, etc., was principally with France, and negro slaves for the colonies do not yet appear in numbers to attract attention.\* But in 1679 this Company engaged with the Crown to deliver yearly, for a term of eight years, two thousand negroes, to be distributed among the French Antilles. This displaced a previous engagement, made in 1675, for the delivery of eight hundred negroes. The Company had also to furnish as many negroes for the galleys at Marseilles as His Majesty should find convenient. And the Crown offered a bounty of thirteen livres per head for every negro, to be paid in "pieces of India."

This is a famous phrase in the early annals of the slave-trade. Reckoning by "pieces" was customary in the

\* Du Tertre, the missionary historian of the Antilles, proudly says, previously to this date, that the opinion of France in favor of personal liberty still shielded a French deck from the traffic: "Selon les lois de la France, qui abhorre la servitude sur toutes les nations du monde, et où tous les esclaves recouvrent heureusement la liberté perdue, sitôt qu'ils y abordent, et qu'ils en touchent la terre."

\* See Numbers LVI., LVIII., and LIX. of this magazine.



transaction of business upon the coast of Africa. Merchandise, provisions, and presents to the native princes had their value thus expressed, as well as slaves. If the negro merchant asked ten pieces for a slave, the European trader offered his wares divided into ten portions, each portion being regarded as a "piece," without counting the parts which made it up. Thus, ten coarse blankets made one piece, a musket one piece, a keg of powder weighing ten pounds was one, a piece of East-India blue calico four pieces, ten copper kettles one piece, one piece of chintz two pieces, which made the ten for which the slave was exchangeable: and at length he became commercially known as a "piece of India." The bounty of thirteen livres was computed in France upon the wholesale value of the trinkets and notions which were used in trade with Africa.

The traffic by pieces is as old as the age of Herodotus;\* it was originally a dumb show of goods between two trading parties ignorant of each other's language, but at length it represented a transaction which the parties should have been ashamed to mention.

Although this second Senegal Company was protected by the rigid exclusion, under pain of fine and confiscation, of all other Frenchmen from the trade, it soon fell into debt and parted with its privilege to a third Company, and this in turn was restricted by the formation of a Guinea Company, so that it soon sold out to a fourth Senegal Company, which passed in 1709 into the hands of Rouen merchants who started a fifth; and this too was merged in the West-India Company which was formed in 1718. So little did the agriculture of the islands, overstocked with *engagés*, justify as yet the slave-traders in the losses and expenses which they incurred.

The Guinea Company was bound to import only one thousand yearly into all the French Antilles; but it did not flour-

ish until it became an *Asiento* Company, when, during the War of Succession, a Bourbon mounted the throne of Spain. It was called *Asiento* because the Spanish Government let, or farmed by treaty, the privilege of supplying its colonies with slaves. The two principal articles of this contract, which was to expire in 1712, related to the number of negroes and the rent of the privilege. If the war continued, the French Company was bound to furnish Spain with thirty-eight thousand negroes during the ten years of the contract, but in case of peace, with forty-eight thousand. Each negro that the Company could procure was let to it for 33½ piastres, in pieces of India. In consequence of this treaty, the ports of Chili and Peru, and those in the South Sea, from which all other nations were excluded, stood open to the French, who carried into them vast quantities of merchandise besides the slaves, and brought home great sums in coin and bars. The raw gold and silver alone which they imported for the year 1709 was reckoned at thirty millions of livres.

But at the Peace of Utrecht, Louis XIV., exhausted by an unprofitable war, relinquished his *asiento* to the English, who were eager enough to take it. It was for this advantage that Marlborough had been really fighting; at least, it was the only one of consequence that Blenheim and Malplaquet secured to his country.

The reign of Louis XV. commenced in 1715. By letters-patent which he issued on the 16th of January, 1716, he granted permission to all the merchants in his kingdom to engage in the African trade, provided their ships were fitted out only in the five ports of Rouen, Rochelle, Bordeaux, Nantes, and St. Malo; nine articles were specially framed to encourage the trade in slaves, as by the Peace of Utrecht all the South-Sea ports were closed to the French, and only their own colonies remained. France no longer made great sums of money by the trade in slaves, but her colonies began to thrive and demand a new species of

\* *Melpomene*, § 196.

of a little child. Her taste for music improved. She never attained to Italian embroidery of sound, still less to German intonations of intellect; but the rude, monotonous Indian chants gave place to the melodies of Scotland, Ireland, and Ethiopia. Her taste in dress changed also. She ceased to delight in garments of scarlet and yellow, though she retained a liking for bits of bright, warm color. Nature guided her taste correctly in this, for they harmonized admirably with her brown complexion and lustrous black hair. She always wore skirts shorter than others, and garments too loose to impede freedom of motion. Bonnets were her utter aversion, but she consented to wear a woman's riding-hat with a drooping feather. Those outside the family learned to call her Mrs. William Wharton; and strangers who visited the village were generally attracted by her handsome

person and the simple dignity of her manners. Her father-in-law regarded her with paternal affection, not unmingled with pride.

"Who, that did not know it," said he, "could be made to believe this fine-looking woman was once little Moppet, who coiled herself up to sleep on the floor of our log-cabin?"

Uncle George replied, —

"You know I always told you it was the nature of all sorts of flowers to grow, if they had plenty of genial air and sunshine."

As for A-lee-lah's little daughter, Jenny, she is universally admitted to be the prettiest and brightest child in the village. Mr. Wharton says her busy little mind makes him think of his Willie, at her age; and Uncle Charles says he has no fault to find with her, for she has her mother's beautiful eyes, and wears her hair "like folks."

*Atlantic*  
*Nov '63*  
**A CALL TO MY COUNTRY-WOMEN.**

IN the newspapers and magazines you shall see many poems—written by women who meekly term themselves weak, and modestly profess to represent only the weak among their sex—tunefully discussing the duties which the weak owe to their country in days like these. The invariable conclusion is, that, though they cannot fight, because they are not men,—or go down to nurse the sick and wounded, because they have children to take care of,—or write effectively, because they do not know how,—or do any great and heroic thing, because they have not the ability,—they can pray; and they generally do close with a melodious and beautiful prayer. Now praying is a good thing. It is, in fact, the very best thing in the world to do, and there is no danger of our having too much of it; but if

women, weak or strong, consider that praying is all they can or ought to do for their country, and so settle down contented with that, they make as great a mistake as if they did not pray at all. True, women cannot fight, and there is no call for any great number of female nurses; notwithstanding this, I believe, that, to-day, the issue of this war depends quite as much upon American women as upon American men,—and depends, too, not upon the few who write, but upon the many who do not. The women of the Revolution were not only Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Reed, and Mrs. Schuyler, but the wives of the farmers and shoemakers and blacksmiths everywhere. It is not Mrs. Stowe, or Mrs. Howe, or Miss Stevenson, or Miss Dix, alone, who is to save the country, but the thousands upon thousands who are

at this moment darning stockings, tending babies, sweeping floors. It is to them I speak. It is they whom I wish to get hold of; for in their hands lies slumbering the future of this nation.

The women of to-day have not come up to the level of to-day. They do not stand abreast with its issues. They do not rise to the height of its great argument. I do not forget what you have done. I have beheld, O Dorcas, with admiration and gratitude, the coats and garments, the lint and bandages, which you have made. Tender hearts, if you could have finished the war with your needles, it would have been finished long ago; but stitching does not crush rebellion, does not annihilate treason, or hew traitors in pieces before the Lord. Excellent as far as it goes, it stops fearfully short of the goal. This ought ye to do, but there are other things which you ought not to leave undone. The war cannot be finished by sheets and pillow-cases. Sometimes I am tempted to believe that it cannot be finished till we have flung them all away. When I read of the Rebels fighting bare-headed, bare-footed, haggard, and unshorn, in rags and filth, — fighting bravely, heroically, successfully, — I am ready to make a burnt-offering of our stacks of clothing. I feel and fear that we must come down, as they have done, to a recklessness of all incidentals, down to the rough and rugged fastnesses of life, down to the very gates of death itself, before we shall be ready and worthy to win victories. Yet it is not so, for the hardest fights the earth has ever known have been made by the delicate-handed and purple-robed. So, in the ultimate analysis, it is neither gold-lace nor rags that overpower obstacles, but the fiery soul that consumes both in the intensity of its furnace-heat, bending impossibilities to the ends of its passionate purpose.

This soul of fire is what I wish to see kindled in our women, — burning white and strong and steady, through all weakness, timidity, vacillation, treachery in

Church or State or press or parlor, scorching, blasting, annihilating whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie, — extinguished by no tempest of defeat, no drizzle of delay, but glowing on its steadfast path till it shall have cleared through the abomination of our desolation a highway for the Prince of Peace.

O my country-women, I long to see you stand under the time and bear it up in your strong hearts, and not need to be borne up through it. I wish you to stimulate, and not crave stimulants from others. I wish you to be the consolers, the encouragers, the sustainers, and not tremble in perpetual need of consolation and encouragement. When men's brains are knotted and their brows corrugated with fearful looking for and hearing of financial crises, military disasters, and any and every form of national calamity consequent upon the war, come you out to meet them, serene and smiling and unafraid. And let your smile be no formal distortion of your lips, but a bright ray from the sunshine in your heart. Take not acquiescently, but joyfully, the spoiling of your goods. Not only look poverty in the face with high disdain, but embrace it with gladness and welcome. The loss is but for a moment; the gain is for all time. Go farther than this. Consecrate to a holy cause not only the incidentals of life, but life itself. Father, husband, child, — I do not say, Give them up to toil, exposure, suffering, death, without a murmur; — that implies reluctance. I rather say, Urge them to the offering; fill them with sacred fury; fire them with irresistible desire; strengthen them to heroic will. Look not on details, the present, the trivial, the fleeting aspects of our conflict, but fix your ardent gaze on its eternal side. Be not resigned, but rejoicing. Be spontaneous and exultant. Be large and lofty. Count it all joy that you are reckoned worthy to suffer in a grand and righteous cause. Give thanks evermore that you were born in this time;



and *because* it is dark, be you the light of the world.

And follow the soldier to the battlefield with your spirit. The great army of letters that marches Southward with every morning sun is a powerful engine of war. Fill them with tears and sighs, lament separation and suffering, dwell on your loneliness and fears, mourn over the dishonesty of contractors and the incompetency of leaders, doubt if the South will ever be conquered, and foresee financial ruin, and you will damp the powder and dull the swords that ought to deal death upon the foe. Write as tenderly as you will. In camp, the roughest man idealizes his far-off home, and every word of love uplifts him to a lover. But let your tenderness unfold its sunny side, and keep the shadows for His pity who knows the end from the beginning, and whom no foreboding can dishearten. Glory in your tribulation. Show your soldier that his unflinching courage, his undying fortitude, are your crown of rejoicing. Incite him to enthusiasm by your inspiration. Make a mock of your discomforts. Be unwearying in details of the little interests of home. Fill your letters with kittens and Canaries, with baby's shoes, and Johnny's sled, and the old cloak which you have turned into a handsome gown. Keep him posted in all the village-gossip, the lectures, the courtings, the sleigh-rides, and the singing-schools. Bring out the good points of the world in strong relief. Tell every sweet and brave and pleasant and funny story you can think of. Show him that you clearly apprehend that all this warfare means peace, and that a dastardly peace would pave the way for speedy, incessant, and more appalling warfare. Help him to bear his burdens by showing him how elastic you are under yours. Hearten him, enliven him, tone him up to the true hero-pitch. Hush your plaintive *Miserere*, accept the nation's pain for penance, and commission every Northern breeze to bear a *Te Deum laudamus*.

Under God, the only question, as to whether this war shall be conducted to a shameful or an honorable close, is not of men or money or material resource. In these our superiority is unquestioned. As Wellington phrased it, there is hard pounding; but we shall pound the longest, if only our hearts do not fail us. Women need not beat their pewter spoons into bullets, for there are plenty of bullets without them. It is not whether our soldiers shall fight a good fight; they have played the man on a hundred battle-fields. It is not whether officers are or are not competent; generals have blundered nations into victory since the world began. It is whether this people shall have virtue to endure to the end,—to endure, not starving, not cold, but the pangs of hope deferred, of disappointment and uncertainty, of commerce deranged and outward prosperity checked. Will our vigilance to detect treachery and our perseverance to punish it hold out? If we stand firm, we shall be saved, though so as by fire. If we do not, we shall fall, and shall richly deserve to fall; and may God sweep us off from the face of the earth, and plant in our stead a nation with the hearts of men, and not of chickens!

O women, stand here in the breach,—for here you may stand powerful, invincible, I had almost said omnipotent. Rise now to the heights of a sublime courage,—for the hour has need of you. When the first ball smote the rocky sides of Sumter, the rebound thrilled from shore to shore, and waked the slumbering hero in every human soul. Then every eye flamed, every lip was touched with a live coal from the sacred altar, every form dilated to the stature of the Golden Age. Then we felt in our veins the pulse of immortal youth. Then all the chivalry of the ancient days, all the heroism, all the self-sacrifice that shaped itself into noble living, came back to us, poured over us, swept away the dross of selfishness and deception and petty scheming, and Patriotism rose from the swelling wave stately as a god-

dess. Patriotism, that had been to us but a dingy and meaningless antiquity, took on a new form, a new mien, a countenance divinely fair and forever young, and received once more the homage of our hearts. Was that a childish outburst of excitement, or the glow of an aroused principle? Was it a puerile anger, or a manly indignation? Did we spring up startled pigmies, or girded giants? If the former, let us veil our faces, and march swiftly (and silently) to merciful forgetfulness. If the latter, shall we not lay aside every weight, and this besetting sin of despondency, and run with patience the race set before us?

A true philosophy and a true religion make the way possible to us. The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will; and He never yet willed that a nation strong in means and battling for the right should be given over to a nation weak and battling for the wrong. Nations have their future—reward and penalty—in this world; and it is as certain as God lives that Providence *and* the heaviest battalions will prevail. We have had reverses, but no misfortune hath happened unto us but such as is common unto nations. Country has been sacrificed to partisanship. Early love has fallen away, and lukewarmness has taken its place. Unlimited enthusiasm has given place to limited stolidity. Disloyalty, overawed at first into quietude, has lifted its head among us, and waxes wroth and ravening. There are dissensions at home worse than the guns of our foes. Some that did run well have faltered; some signal-lights have gone shamefully out, and some are lurid with a baleful glare. But unto this end were we born, and for this cause came we into the world. When shall greatness of soul stand forth, if not in evil times? When the skies are fair and the seas smooth, all ships sail festively. But the clouds lower, the winds shriek, the waves boil, and immediately each craft shows its quality. The deep is strewn with broken

masts, parted keels, floating wrecks; but here and there a ship rides the raging sea, and flings defiance to the wind. She overlives the sea because she is sea-worthy. Not our eighty years of peace alone, but our two years of war are the touchstone of our character. We have rolled our Democracy as a sweet morsel under our tongue; we have gloried in the prosperity which it brought to the individual; but if the comforts of men minister to the degradation of man, if Democracy levels down and does not level up, if our era of peace and plenty leaves us so feeble and frivolous, so childish, so impatient, so deaf to all that calls to us from the past and entreats us in the future, that we faint and fail under the stress of our one short effort, then indeed is our Democracy our shame and curse. Let us show now what manner of people we are. Let us be clear-sighted and far-sighted to see how great is the issue that hangs upon the occasion. It is not a mere military reputation that is at stake, not the decay of a generation's commerce, not the determination of this or that party to power. It is the question of the world that we have been set to answer. In the great conflict of ages, the long strife between right and wrong, between progress and sluggardly, through the Providence of God we are placed in the van-guard. Three hundred years ago a world was unfolded for the battle-ground. Choice spirits came hither to level and intrench. Swords clashed and blood flowed, and the great reconnaissance was successfully made. Since then both sides have been gathering strength, marshalling forces, planting batteries, and to-day we stand in the thick of the fray. Shall we fail? Men and women of America, will you fail? Shall the cause go by default? When a great Idea, that has been uplifted on the shoulders of generations, comes now to its Thermopylæ, its glory-gate, and needs only stout hearts for its strong hands,—when the eyes of a great multitude are turned

upon you, and the fates of dumb millions in the silent future rest with you, —when the suffering and sorrowful, the lowly, whose immortal hunger for justice gnaws at their hearts, who blindly see, but keenly feel, by their God-given instincts, that somehow you are working out their salvation, and the high-born, monarchs in the domain of mind, who, standing far off, see with prophetic eye the two courses that lie before you, one to the Uplands of vindicated Right, one to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, alike fasten upon you their hopes, their prayers, their tears, —will you, for a moment's bodily comfort and rest and repose, grind all these expectations and hopes between the upper and nether millstone? Will you fail the world in this fateful hour by your faint-heartedness? Will you fail yourself, and put the knife to your own throat? For the peace which you so dearly buy shall bring to you neither ease nor rest. You will but have spread a bed of thorns. Failure will write disgrace upon the brow of this generation, and shame will outlast the age. It is not with us as with the South. She can surrender without dishonor. She is the weaker power, and her success will be against the nature of things. Her dishonor lay in her attempt, not in its relinquishment. But we shall fail, not because of mechanics and mathematics, but because our manhood and womanhood weighed in the balance are found wanting. There are few who will not share in the sin. There are none who will not share in the shame. Wives, would you hold back your husbands? Mothers, would you keep your sons? From what? for what? From the doing of the grandest duty that ever ennobled man, to the grief of the greatest infamy that ever crushed him down. You would hold him back from prizes before which Olympian laurels fade, for a fate before which a Helot slave might cower. His country in the agony of her death-struggle calls to him for suc-

cor. All the blood in all the ages, poured out for liberty, poured out for him, cries unto him from the ground. All that life has of noble, of heroic, beckons him forward. Death itself wears for him a golden crown. Ever since the world swung free from God's hand, men have died, —obeying the blind fiat of Nature; but only once in a generation comes the sacrificial year, the year of jubilee, when men march lovingly to meet their fate and die for a nation's life. Holding back, we transmit to those that shall come after us a blackened waste. The little one that lies in his cradle will be accursed for our sakes. Every child will be base-born, springing from ignoble blood. We inherited a fair fame, and bays from a glorious battle; but for him is no background, no stand-point. His country will be a burden on his shoulders, a blush upon his cheek, a chain about his feet. There is no career for the future, but a weary effort, a long, a painful, a heavy-hearted struggle to lift the land out of its slough of degradation and set it once more upon a dry place.

Therefore let us have done at once and forever with paltry considerations, with talk of despondency and darkness. Let compromise, submission, and every form of dishonorable peace be not so much as named among us. Tolerate no coward's voice or pen or eye. Wherever the serpent's head is raised, strike it down. Measure every man by the standard of manhood. Measure country's price by country's worth, and country's worth by country's integrity. Let a cold, clear breeze sweep down from the mountains of life, and drive out these miasmas that begot and beguile the unwary. Around every hearthstone let sunshine gleam. In every home let fatherland have its altar and its fortress. From every household let words of cheer and resolve and high-heartedness ring out, till the whole land is shining and resonant in the bloom of its awakening spring.



## THE TRUE CHURCH.

I ASKED a holy man one day,  
“Where is the one true church, I pray?”

“Go round the world,” said he, “and search:  
No man hath found the one true church.”

I pointed to a spire, cross-crowned.  
“The church is false!” he cried, and frowned.

But, murmuring he had told me wrong,  
I pointed to the entering throng.

He answered, “If a church be true,  
It hath not many, but a few.”

Around the font the people pressed,  
And crossed themselves from brow to breast.

“A cross!” he cried, “writ on the brow  
In water! — is it Christ’s? — look thou!

“Each forehead, frowning, sheds it off:  
Christ’s cross abides through scowl and scoff.”

Then, looking through the open door,  
We saw men kneeling on the floor;

Faint candles, by the daylight dimmed, —  
Like wicks the foolish virgins trimmed;

Fair statues of the saints, as white  
As now their robes are, in God’s light;

Sun-ladders, dropped aslant, all gold, —  
Like stairs the angels trod of old.

Around, above, from nave to roof,  
He gazed, and said, in sad reproof, —

“Alas! who is it understands  
God’s temple is not made with hands?”

— We walked along a shaded way,  
Beneath the apple-blooms of May,

And came upon a church whose dome  
Bore still the cross, but not for Rome.

He glanced at her and the children proudly, and then bidding the young ones, "Scatter, quick time!" he stretched his comfortable six-feet-two before the fire, and smiled out of an easy, happy heart.

"What 's looks?" said he, philosophically. "You look jest the same to me, wife, as ever you did!"

"Do I?" said the pleased wife. "Well, I 'm glad I do. I could n't bear to seem different to you, Henry!"

Henry took his pipe from his mouth, and then looked at his wife with a steady and somewhat critical gaze.

"I don't think anything about it, wife; but if I want to think on 't, — why, I can, by jes' shettin' my eyes, — and there you are! as handsome as a picter! Little Dorcas is the very image of you, at her age; and you look exactly like her, — only older, of course. — Everything ready for Thanksgiving? We 'll give Day a good dinner, anyhow!"

"Yes, all 's ready," answered Dorcas, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"I knew it! There 's no fail to you, wife! — never has been! — never will be!"

Dorcas rose and went behind her husband, took his head in her two faithful hands, kissed his forehead, and went upstairs.

"Little Dorcas" was fastening her hair in countless *papillotes*. She smiled bashfully, as her mother entered the room, and showed her white, even teeth, between her rosy lips.

"I wonder if I ever did look so pretty as that child does!" said the mother to herself.

But she said to Dorcas only this: —

"Here 's your great-aunt's pin and

ring. They used to be mine, when I was young and foolish. Take care of 'em, and don't you be foolish, child!"

"I wonder what mother meant!" soliloquized the daughter, when her mother had kissed her and said good-night; "she certainly had tears in her eyes!"

In the gray dawn of the next morning, Swan Day rode out of Walton in the same stage-coach and with the same "spike-team" of gray horses which had brought him thither thirty-six hours before. When the coach reached Troy, and the bright sun broke over the picturesque scenery of the erratic Ashuelot, he drew his breath deeply, as if relieved of a burden. Presently the coach stopped, the door opened, and the coachman held out his hand in silence.

"Fare, is it?"

"Fare."

Opening his pocket-book, he saw the note which he had written to Dorcas, appointing an interview, and which he had forgotten to send to her.

As he rode on, he tore the letter into a thousand minute fragments, scattering them for a mile in the coach's path, and watching the wheels grind them down in the dust.

"'T is n't the only thing I have n't done that I meant to!" said he, with a sad smile over his sallow face.

He buttoned his coat closely to his chin, raised the collar to his ears, and shut his eyes.

The coachman peeped back at his only passenger, touched the nigh leader with the most delicate hint of a whipcord, and said confidentially to the off wheel. —

"What a sleepy old porpus that is in there!"

*Atlantic.*THE LAST CRUISE OF THE MONITOR. *c**G. M. Weeks.*

AN actor in the scenes of that wild night when the Monitor went down craves permission to relate the story of her last cruise.

Her work is now over. She lies a hundred fathoms deep under the stormy waters off Cape Hatteras. But "the little cheese-box on a raft" has made herself a name which will not soon be forgotten by the American people.

Every child knows her early story, — it is one of the thousand romances of the war, — how, as our ships lay at anchor in Hampton Roads, and the army of the Potomac covered the Peninsula, one shining March day, —

"Far away to the South uprose

A little feather of snow-white smoke;

And we knew that the iron ship of our foes

Was steadily steering its course

To try the force

Of our ribs of oak."

Iron conquered oak; the balls from the Congress and Cumberland rattled from the sides of the Rebel ship like hail; she passed on resistless, and

"Down went the Cumberland, all a wrack."

The Congress struck her flag, and the band of men on the Peninsula waited their turn, — for the iron monster belched out fire and shell to both sea and land. Evening cut short her work, and she returned to Norfolk, leaving terror and confusion behind her.

The morning saw her return; but now between her expected prey, the Minnesota, and herself, lay a low, black raft, to the lookers-on from the Merrimack no more formidable than the masts of the sunken Cumberland, or the useless guns of the Congress, near whose shattered hulks the Monitor kept guard, the avenger of their loss.

As the haughty monster approached the scene of her triumph, the shock of an unexampled cannonade checked her career. That little black turret poured

out a fire so tremendous, so continuous, that the jubilant crew of the Merrimack faltered, surprised, terrified. The revolving tower was a marvel to them. One on board of her at the time has since told me, that, though at first entirely confident of victory, consternation finally took hold of all.

"D—n it!" said one, "the thing is full of guns."

An hour the contest raged, and then the iron scales of the invincible began to crumble under repeated blows thundered from that strange revolving terror. A slaughtering, destroying shot smashing through the port, a great seam battered in the side, crippled and defeated, the Merrimack turned prow and steamed away.

This was the end of her career, as really as when, a few weeks later, early morning saw her wrapped in sudden flame and smoke, and the people of Norfolk heard in their beds the report which was her death-knell.

So fear ended for a time, and the Monitor saw little service, until at Fort Darling she dismounted every gun, save one, when all her comrades failed to reach the mark. Then, a little worn by hard fighting, she went to Washington for some slight repairs, but specially to have better arrangements made for ventilation, as those on board suffered from the confined air during action.

The first of September a fresh alarm came, when she went down to Hampton Roads to meet the new Merrimack, said to be coming out, and stationed herself at the mouth of the James River, between the buried Congress and Cumberland, whose masts still rose above water, a monument of Rebel outrage and Union heroism. Here she remained expectant for more than two months, all on board desiring action, but thinking the new year must come in before anything could be done.



The last week in December found her lying under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and busily fitting for sea. Her own guns had been put in perfect working order, and shone like silver, one bearing the name of Worden, the other that of Ericsson. Her engineer, Mr. Campbell, was in the act of giving some final touches to the machinery, when his leg was caught between the piston-rod and frame of one of the oscillating engines, with such force as to bend the rod, which was an inch and a quarter in diameter and about eight inches long, and break its cast-iron frame, five-eighths of an inch in thickness. The most remarkable fact in this case is, that the limb, though jammed and bruised, remained unbroken, — our men in this iron craft seeming themselves to be iron.

The surgeon who examined the limb, astonished at the narrow escape, thought at first that it might, by energetic treatment, be cured in a few days; and as the engineer, who had been with the vessel from her launching, was extremely anxious to remain on board, he was disposed at first to yield to his wishes, but afterwards, reflecting that confined air and sea-sickness would have a bad effect, concluded to transfer him to the hospital, the engineer remarking, as he was carried off, — "Well, this may be Providential."

It was Providential indeed!

His place was filled, and the preparations went on briskly. The turret and sight-holes were calked, and every possible entrance for water made secure, only the smallest openings being left in the turret-top, and the blower-stacks, through which the ship was ventilated. On the afternoon of December 29, 1862, she put on steam, and, in tow of the Rhode Island, passed the fort, and out to sea under sealed orders.

General joy was expressed at this relief from long inaction. The sick came upon deck, and in the clear sky, fresh air, and sense of motion, seemed to gain new life.

The Rhode Island, like all side-wheel

steamers, left in her wake a rolling, foaming track of waves, which the Monitor, as she passed over it, seemed to smooth out like an immense flat-iron. In the course of the afternoon, we saw the Passaic in tow of the State of Georgia, like a white speck, far in advance of us.

As we gradually passed out to sea, the wind freshened somewhat; but the sun went down in glorious clouds of purple and crimson, and the night was fair and calm above us, though in the interior of our little vessel the air had already begun to lose its freshness. We suffered more or less from its closeness through the night, and woke in the morning to find it heavy with impurity from the breaths of some sixty persons, composing the officers and crew. Sunrise found us on deck, enjoying pure air, and watching the East.

"Where yonder dancing billows dip,  
Far off to Ocean's misty verge,  
Ploughs Morning, like a full-sailed ship,  
The Orient's cloudy surge.  
With spray of scarlet fire, before  
The ruffled gold that round her dies,  
She sails above the sleeping shore,  
Across the waking skies."

During the night we had passed Cape Henry, and now, at dawn, found ourselves on the ocean, — the land only a blue line in the distance. A few more hours, and that had vanished. No sails were visible, and the Passaic, which we had noticed the evening before, was now out of sight. The morning and afternoon passed quietly; we spent most of our time on deck, on account of the confined air below, and, being on a level with the sea, with the spray dashing over us occasionally, amused ourselves with noting its shifting hues and forms, from the deep green of the first long roll to the foam-crest and prismatic tints of the falling wave.

As the afternoon advanced, the freshening wind, the thickening clouds, and the increasing roll of the sea gave those most accustomed to ordinary ship-life some new experiences. The little ves-

sel plunged through the rising waves, instead of riding them, and, as they increased in violence, lay, as it were, under their crests, which washed over her continually, so that, even when we considered ourselves safe, the appearance was that of a vessel sinking.

"I'd rather go to sea in a diving-bell!" said one, as the waves dashed over the pilot-house, and the little craft seemed buried in water.

"Give me an oyster-scow!" cried another, — "anything! — only let it be wood, and something that will float over, instead of under the water!"

Still she plunged on, and about six thirty p. m. we made Cape Hatteras; in half an hour we had rounded the point, and many on board expressed regret that the Monitor should not have been before the Passaic in doing so. Our spy-glasses were in constant use; we saw several vessels in the distance, and about seven p. m. discovered the Passaic four or five miles *astern* to the north of us, in tow of the steamer State of Georgia.

A general hurrah went up, — "Hurrah for the first iron-clad that ever rounded Cape Hatteras! Hurrah for the little boat that is first in everything!" The distance between ourselves and the Passaic widened, and we gradually lost sight of her.

At half-past seven a heavy shower fell, lasting about twenty minutes. At this time the gale increased; black, heavy clouds covered the sky, through which the moon glimmered fitfully, allowing us to see in the distance a long line of white, plunging foam, rushing towards us, — sure indication, to a sailor's eye, of a stormy time.

A gloom overhung everything; the banks of cloud seemed to settle around us; the moan of the ocean grew louder and more fearful. Still our little boat pushed doggedly on: victorious through all, we thought that here, too, she would conquer, though the beating waves sent shudders through her whole frame. Bearing still the marks of one of the

fiercest battles of the war, we had grown to think her invulnerable to any assault of man or element, and as she breasted these huge waves, plunging through one only to meet another more mighty, we thought, — "She is stanch! she will weather it!"

An hour passed; the air below, which had all day been increasing in closeness, was now almost stifling, but our men lost no courage. Some sang as they worked, and the cadence of the voices, mingling with the roar of waters, sounded like a defiance to Ocean.

Some stationed themselves on top of the turret, and a general enthusiasm filled all breasts, as huge waves, twenty feet high, rose up on all sides, hung suspended for a moment like jaws open to devour, and then, breaking, gnashed over in foam from side to side. Those of us new to the sea, and not appreciating our peril, hurrahd for the largest wave; but the captain and one or two others, old sailors, knowing its power, grew momentarily more and more anxious, feeling, with a dread instinctive to the sailor, that, in case of extremity, no wreck yet known to ocean could be so hopeless as this. Solid iron from keelson to turret-top, clinging to anything for safety, if the Monitor should go down, would only insure a share in her fate. No mast, no spar, no floating thing, to meet the outstretched hand in the last moment.

The sea, like the old-world giant, gathered force from each attack. Thick and fast came the blows on the iron mail of the Monitor, and still the brave little vessel held her own, until, at half-past eight, the engineer, Waters, faithful to the end, reported a leak. The pumps were instantly set in motion, and we watched their progress with an intense interest. She had seemed to us like an old-time knight in armor, battling against fearful odds, but still holding his ground. We who watched, when the blow came which made the strong man reel and the life-blood spout, felt our hearts faint within us; then again

ground was gained, and the fight went on, the water lowering somewhat under the laboring pumps.

From nine to ten it kept pace with them. From ten to eleven the sea increased in violence, the waves now dashing entirely over the turret, blinding the eyes and causing quick catchings of the breath, as they swept against us. At ten the engineer had reported the leak as gaining on us; at half-past ten, with several pumps in constant motion, one of which threw out three thousand gallons a minute, the water was rising rapidly, and nearing the fires. When these were reached, the vessel's doom was sealed; for with their extinction the pumps must cease, and all hope of keeping the *Monitor* above water more than an hour or two expire. Our knight had received his death-blow, and lay struggling and helpless under the power of a stronger than he.

A consultation was held, and, not without a conflict of feeling, it was decided that signals of distress should be made. Ocean claimed our little vessel, and her trembling frame and failing fire proved she would soon answer his call; yet a pang went through us, as we thought of the first iron-clad lying alone at the bottom of this stormy sea, her guns silenced, herself a useless mass of metal. Each quiver of her strong frame seemed to plead with us not to abandon her. The work she had done, the work she was to do, rose before us; might there not be a possibility of saving her yet?—her time could not have come so soon. We seemed to hear a voice from her saying,—"Save me, for once I have saved you! My frame is stanch still; my guns may again silence the roar of Rebel batteries. The night will pass, and calm come to us once more. Save me!" The roar of Ocean drowned her voice, and we who descended for a moment to the cabin knew, by the rising water through which we waded, that the end was near.

Small time was there for regrets.

Rockets were thrown up, and answered by the Rhode Island, whose brave men prepared at once to lower boats, though, in that wild sea, it was almost madness.

The *Monitor* had been attached to the Rhode Island by two hawsers, one of which had parted at about seven P. M. The other remained firm, but now it was necessary it should be cut. How was that possible, when every wave washed clean over her deck? what man could reach it alive? "Who'll cut the hawser?" shouted Captain Bankhead. Acting-Master Stodder volunteered, and was followed by another. Holding by one hand to the ropes at her side, they cut through, by many blows of the hatchet, the immense rope which united the vessels. Stodder returned in safety, but his brave companion was washed over and went down.

The men were quiet and controlled, but all felt anxiety. Master's-Mate Peter Williams suggested bailing, in the faint hope that in this way the vessel might be kept longer above water. A bailing party was organized by John Stocking, boatswain, who, brave man, at last went down. Paymaster Keeler led the way, in company with Stocking, Williams, and one or two others; and though the water was now waist-deep, and they knew the vessel was liable to go down at almost any moment, they worked on nobly, throwing out a constant stream of water from the turret.

Meanwhile the boat launched from the Rhode Island had started, manned by a crew of picked men.

A mere heroic impulse could not have accomplished this most noble deed. For hours they had watched the raging sea. Their captain and they knew the danger; every man who entered that boat did it at peril of his life; and yet all were ready. Are not such acts as these convincing proof of the divinity in human nature?

We watched her with straining eyes, for few thought she could live to reach us. She neared; we were sure of her, thank God!



In this interval the cut hawser had become entangled in the paddle-wheel of the Rhode Island, and she drifted down upon us: we, not knowing this fact, supposed her coming to our assistance; but a moment undeceived us. The launch sent for our relief was now between us and her, — too near for safety. The steamer bore swiftly down, stern first, upon our starboard quarter. “Keep off! keep off!” we cried, and then first saw she was helpless. Even as we looked, the devoted boat was caught between the steamer and the iron-clad, — a sharp sound of crushing wood was heard, — thwarts, oars, and splinters flew in air, — the boat’s crew leaped to the Monitor’s deck. Death stared us in the face; our iron prow must go through the Rhode Island’s side, and then an end to all. One awful moment we held our breath, — then the hawser was cleared, — the steamer moved off, as it were, step by step, first one, then another, till a ship’s-length lay between us, and then we breathed freely. But the boat! — had she gone to the bottom, carrying brave souls with her? No, there she lay, beating against our iron sides, but still, though bruised and broken, a life-boat to us.

There was no hasty scramble for life when it was found she floated; all held back. The men kept steadily on at their work of bailing, — only those leaving, and in the order named, whom the captain bade save themselves. They descended from the turret to the deck with mingled fear and hope, for the waves tore from side to side, and the coolest head and bravest heart could not guaranty safety. Some were washed over as they left the turret, and, with a vain clutch at the iron deck, a wild throwing-up of the arms, went down, their death-cry ringing in the ears of their companions.

The boat sometimes held her place by the Monitor’s side, then was dashed hopelessly out of reach, rising and falling on the waves. A sailor would spring from the deck to reach her, be seen for

a moment in mid-air, and then, as she rose, fall into her. So she gradually filled up; but some poor souls who sought to reach her failed even as they touched her receding sides, and went down.

We had on board a little messenger-boy, the special charge of one of the sailors, and the pet of all; he must inevitably have been lost, but for the care of his adopted father, who, holding him firmly in his arms, escaped as by miracle, being washed overboard, and succeeded in placing him safely in the boat.

The last but one to make the desperate venture was the surgeon; he leaped from the deck, and at the very instant saw the boat being swept away by the merciless sea. Making one final effort, he threw his body forward as he fell, striking across the boat’s side so violently, it was thought some of his ribs must be broken. “Haul the Doctor in!” shouted Lieutenant Greene, perhaps remembering how, a little time back, he himself, almost gone down in the unknown sea, had been “hailed in” by a quinine rope flung him by the Doctor. Stout sailor-arms pulled him in, one more sprang to a place in her, and the boat, now full, pushed off, — in a sinking condition, it is true, but still bearing hope with her, for *she was wood*.

Over the waves we toiled slowly, pulling for life. The men stuffed their pea-jackets into the holes in her side, and bailed incessantly. We neared the Rhode Island; but now a new peril appeared. Right down upon our centre, borne by the might of rushing water, came the whale-boat sent to rescue others from the iron-clad. We barely floated; if she struck us with her bows full on us, we must go to the bottom. One sprang, and, as she neared, with outstretched arms, met and turned her course. She passed against us, and his hand, caught between the two, was crushed, and the arm, wrenched from its socket, fell a helpless weight at his side; but life remained. We were saved, and an arm was a small price to pay for life.

We reached the Rhode Island; ropes were flung over her side, and caught with a death-grip. Some lost their hold, were washed away, and again dragged in by the boat's crew. What chance had one whose right arm hung a dead weight, when strong men with their two hands went down before him? He caught at a rope, found it impossible to save himself alone, and then for the first time said, — "I am injured; can any one aid me?" Ensign Taylor, at the risk of his own life, brought the rope around his shoulder in such a way it could not slip, and he was drawn up in safety.

In the mean time the whale-boat, nearly our destruction, had reached the side of the Monitor, and now the captain said, — "It is madness to remain here longer; let each man save himself." For a moment he descended to the cabin for a coat, and his faithful servant followed to secure a jewel-box, containing the accumulated treasure of years. A sad, sorry sight it was. In the heavy air the lamps burned dimly, and the water, waist-deep, splashed sullenly against the wardroom's sides. One lingering look, and he left the Monitor's cabin forever.

Time was precious; he hastened to the deck, where, in the midst of a terrible sea, Lieutenant Greene nobly held his post. He seized the rope from the whale-boat, wound it about an iron stanchion, and then around his wrists, for days afterward swollen and useless from the strain. His black body-servant stood near him.

"Can you swim, William?" he asked.

"No," replied the man.

"Then keep by me, and I'll save you."

One by one, watching their time between the waves, the men filled in, the captain helping the poor black to a place, and at last, after all effort for others and none for themselves, Captain Bankhead and Lieutenant Greene took their places in the boat. Two or three still remained, clinging to the turret; the captain had begged them to come down,

but, paralyzed with fear, they sat immovable, and the gallant Brown, promising to return for them, pushed off, and soon had his boat-load safe upon the Rhode Island's deck.

Here the heartiest and most tender reception met us. Our drenched clothing was replaced by warm and dry garments, and all on board vied with each other in acts of kindness. The only one who had received any injury, Surgeon Weeks, was carefully attended to, the dislocated arm set, and the crushed fingers amputated by the gentlest and most considerate of surgeons, Dr. Webber of the Rhode Island.

For an hour or more we watched from the deck of the Rhode Island the lonely light upon the Monitor's turret; a hundred times we thought it gone forever, — a hundred times it reappeared, till at last, about two o'clock, Wednesday morning, it sank, and we saw it no more.

We had looked, too, most anxiously, for the whale-boat which had last gone out, under the command of Master's-Mate Brown, but saw no signs of it. We knew it had reached the Monitor, but whether swamped by the waves, or drawn in as the Monitor went down, we could not tell. Captain Trenchard would not leave the spot, but sailed about, looking in vain for the missing boat, till late Wednesday afternoon, when it would have been given up as hopelessly lost, except for the captain's dependence on the coolness and skill of its tried officer. He thought it useless to search longer, but, hoping it might have been picked up by some coasting vessel, turned towards Fortress Monroe.

Two days' sail brought us to the fort, whence we had started on Monday with so many glowing hopes, and, alas! with some who were never to return. The same kindness met us here as on the Rhode Island; loans of money, clothing, and other necessities, were offered us. It was almost well to have suffered, so much beautiful feeling did it bring out.

A day or two at the fort, waiting

for official permission to return to our homes, and we were on our way,—the week seeming, as we looked back upon it, like some wild dream. One thing only appeared real: our little vessel was lost, and we, who, in months gone by, had learned to love her, felt a strange pang go through us as we remembered that never more might we tread her deck, or gather in her little cabin at evening.

We had left her behind us, one more treasure added to the priceless store which Ocean so jealously hides. The Cumberland and Congress went first; the little boat that avenged their loss has followed; in both noble souls have gone down. Their names are for history; and so long as we remain a people, so long will the work of the Monitor be remembered, and her story told to our children's children.

## LYRICS OF THE STREET.

### V.

#### THE DARKENED HOUSE.

ONE year ago, this dreary night,  
This house, that, in my way,  
Checks the swift pulses of delight,  
Was cordial glad, and gay.

The household angels tended there  
Their ivy-cinctured bower,  
And by the hardier plant grew fair  
A lovely lily-flower.

The skies rained sunshine on its head,  
It throve in summer air:  
"How straight and sound!" the father said;  
The mother said, "How fair!"

One little year is gathering up  
Its glories to depart;  
The skies have left one marble drop  
Within the lily's heart.

For growth and bloom no more avails  
The Seasons' changing breath;  
With sudden constancy it feels  
The sculpture-touch of Death

But from its breast let golden rays,  
Immortal, break and rise,  
Linking the sorrow-clouded days  
With dawning Paradise.



*Julia Ward Howe.*

## THE FLAG.

70 -

THERE 's a flag hangs over my threshold, whose folds are more dear to me  
Than the blood that thrills in my bosom its earnest of liberty ;  
And dear are the stars it harbors in its sunny field of blue  
As the hope of a further heaven that lights all our dim lives through.

But now should my guests be merry, the house is in holiday guise,  
Looking out through its burnished windows like a score of welcoming eyes.  
Come hither, my brothers who wander in saintliness and in sin !  
Come hither, ye pilgrims of Nature ! my heart doth invite you in.

My wine is not of the choicest, yet bears it an honest brand ;  
And the bread that I bid you lighten I break with no sparing hand ;  
But pause, ere you pass to taste it, one act must accomplished be :  
Salute the flag in its virtue, before ye sit down with me.

The flag of our stately battles, not struggles of wrath and greed :  
Its stripes were a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless creed ;  
'T was red with the blood of freemen, and white with the fear of the foe,  
And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants its symbols know.

Come hither, thou son of my mother ! we were reared in the self-same arms ;  
Thou hast many a pleasant gesture, thy mind hath its gifts and charms ;  
But my heart is as stern to question as mine eyes are of sorrows full :  
Salute the flag in its virtue, or pass on where others rule.

Thou lord of a thousand acres, with heaps of uncounted gold,  
The steeds of thy stall are haughty, thy lackeys cunning and bold :  
I envy no jot of thy splendor, I rail at thy follies none :  
Salute the flag in its virtue, or leave my poor house alone.

Fair lady with silken trappings, high waving thy stainless plume,  
We welcome thee to our numbers, a flower of costliest bloom :  
Let a hundred maids live widowed to furnish thy bridal bed ;  
But pause where the flag doth question, and bend thy triumphant head.

Take down now your flaunting banner, for a scout comes breathless and pale,  
With the terror of death upon him ; of failure is all his tale :  
" They have fled while the flag waved o'er them ! they 've turned to the foe  
their back !  
They are scattered, pursued, and slaughtered ! the fields are all rout and  
wrack ! "

Pass hence, then, the friends I gathered, a goodly company !  
All ye that have manhood in you, go, perish for Liberty !  
But I and the babes God gave me will wait with uplifted hearts,  
With the firm smile ready to kindle, and the will to perform our parts.

When the last true heart lies bloodless, when the fierce and the false have won,  
I 'll press in turn to my bosom each daughter and either son ;  
Bid them loose the flag from its bearings, and we 'll lay us down to rest  
With the glory of home about us, and its freedom locked in our breast.

## WET-WEATHER WORK.

BY A FARMER.

## I.

It is raining; and being in-doors, I look out from my library-window, across a quiet country-road, so near that I could toss my pen into the middle of it.

A thatched stile is opposite, flanked by a straggling hedge of Osage-orange; and from the stile the ground falls away in green and gradual slope to a great plateau of measured and fenced fields, checkered, a month since, with bluish lines of Swedes, with the ragged purple of mangels, and the feathery emerald-green of carrots. There are umber-colored patches of fresh-turned furrows; here and there the mossy, luxurious verdure of new-springing rye; gray stubble; the ragged brown of discolored, frost-bitten rag-weed; next, a line of tree-tops, thickening as they drop to the near bed of a river, and beyond the river-basin showing again, with tufts of hemlock among naked oaks and maples; then roofs, cupolas, ambitious lookouts of suburban houses, spires, belfries, turrets: all these commingling in a long line of white, brown, and gray, which in sunny weather is backed by purple hills, and flanked one way by a shining streak of water, and the other by a stretch of low, wooded mountains that turn from purple to blue, and so blend with the northern sky.

Is the picture clear? A road; a farm-flat of party-colored checkers; a near wood, that conceals the sunken meadow of a river; a farther wood, that skirts a town, — that seems to overgrow the town, so that only a confused line of roofs, belfries, spires, towers, rise above the wood; and these tallest spires and turrets lying in relief against a purple hill-side, that is as far beyond the town as the town is beyond my window; and the purple hill-side trending southward to a lake-like gleam of wa-

ter, where a light-house shines upon a point; and northward, as I said, these same purple hills bearing away to paler purple, and then to blue, and then to haze.

Thus much is seen, when I look directly eastward; but by an oblique glance southward (always from my library-window) the checkered farm-land is repeated in long perspective: here and there is a farm-house with its clustered out-buildings; here and there a blotch of wood, or of orcharding; here and there a bright sheen of winter-grain; and the level ends only where a slight fringe of tree-tops, and the iron cordon of a railway that leaps over a marshy creek upon trestle-work, separate it from Long Island Sound.

To the north, under such oblique glance as can be caught, the farm-lands in smaller inclosures stretch half a mile to the skirts of a quiet village. A few tall chimneys smoke there lazily, and below them you see as many quick and repeated puffs of white steam. Two white spires and a tower are in bold relief against the precipitous basaltic cliff, at whose foot the village seems to nestle. Yet the mountain is not wholly precipitous; for the columnar masses have been fretted away by a thousand frosts, making a sloping *débris* below, and leaving above the iron-yellow scars of fresh cleavage, the older blotches of gray, and the still older stain of lichens. Nor is the summit bald, but tufted with dwarf cedars and oaks, which, as they file away on either flank, mingle with a heavier growth of hickories and chestnuts. A few stunted kalmias and hemlock-spruces have found foothold in the clefts upon the face of the rock, showing a tawny green, that blends prettily with the scars, lichens, and weather-

of Blanco White's memoirs as painfully interesting, and said that he had always liked Archbishop Whately for adhering to White after the desertion of the latter by old friends on account of his change of belief.

The next few days were occupied in preparations for the voyage up the Nile in company with my New York friends. Mr. Buckle had very kindly taken great interest in our plans, and had earnestly advised me to go. "You will do very wrong indeed," he said, "if you do not go." On the 19th of February we embarked; and as we saluted his boat, lying just below us in the Nile, while our own shoved off, I little thought that I should never see him again,—that his brilliant career was so shortly to come to an untimely end. The serious conversation just recorded was the last in which I took part with him.

Mr. Buckle remained in Cairo until the beginning of March, when he set out with the two boys, and Mr. J. S. Stuart Glennie, across the Desert, for Sinai and Petra. Greatly improved in health by the six weeks in the Desert, (according to Mr. Glennie's letter,) he undertook the more fatiguing travelling on horseback through Palestine. He fell ill on the 27th of April, but recovered his health, as it seemed, to such an extent that Mr. Glennie parted from him on the 21st of May. On the 29th of May, at Damascus, Mr. Buckle died. Among the incoherent utterances of his illness, it was possible to distinguish the exclamation, "Oh, my book, my book, I shall never finish my book!"

And beyond the grief felt in the loss of the kind friend and agreeable companion, our plaint, in common with the whole world, ever must be, that he did not live to finish his book.

---

### CAVALRY SONG.

THE squadron is forming, the war-bugles play.  
To saddle, brave comrades, stout hearts for a fray!  
Our captain is mounted, — strike spurs, and away!

No breeze shakes the blossoms or tosses the grain;  
But the wind of our speed floats the galloper's mane,  
As he feels the bold rider's firm hand on the rein.

Lo, dim in the starlight their white tents appear!  
Ride softly! ride slowly! the onset is near!  
More slowly! more softly! the sentry may hear!

Now fall on the Rebel — a tempest of flame!  
Strike down the false banner whose triumph were shame!  
Strike, strike for the true flag, for freedom and fame!

Hurrah! sheathe your swords! the carnage is done.  
All red with our valor, we welcome the sun.  
Up, up with the stars! we have won! we have won!



## NO FAILURE FOR THE NORTH.

*J. Wayland, jr.*

WE have reached a point in the history of our national troubles where it seems desirable to examine our present position, and to consider whether we ought to surrender ourselves to despair, or congratulate ourselves on decided success, — whether we should abandon all attempts to restore the Union, assert the dignity of the Constitution, and punish treason, or nerve ourselves to new effort, and determine to persevere in a righteous cause so long as a single able-bodied man remains or a dollar of available property is unexpended.

It may be, it must be, conceded that we commenced the contest with very crude and inadequate notions of what war really is. We proposed to decide the issue by appealing to the census and the tax-list, — tribunals naturally enough occurring to a mercantile and manufacturing community, — but how if the enemy prefer cannon and cold steel? Our first campaign was in the field of statistics, and we found the results highly satisfactory. Our great numerical superiority, aided by our immense material resources, gave us an early and an easy victory. We outnumbered the enemy everywhere, defeated them in every pitched battle, starved them by a vigilant blockade, secured meanwhile the sympathy and support of the whole civilized world by the holiness of our cause, and commanded its respect by the display of our material power and our military capacity, — and in a few short months crushed the Rebellion, restored the Union, vindicated the Constitution, hung the arch-traitors, and saw peace in all our borders. This was our campaign — on paper. But war is something more than a sum in arithmetic. A campaign cannot be decided by the rule of three. No finite power can control every contingency, and have all the chances in its favor.

A Moorish legend, given to us in the graceful narrative of Washington Irving,

relates, that an Arabian astrologer constructed for the pacific Aben Hafuz, King of Granada, a magical mode of repulsing all invaders without risking the lives of his subjects or diminishing the contents of the royal treasury. He caused a tower to be built, in the upper part of which was a circular hall with windows looking towards every point of the compass, and before each window a table supporting a mimic army of horse and foot. On the top of the tower was a bronze figure of a Moorish horseman, fixed on a pivot, with elevated lance. Whenever a foe was at hand, the figure would turn in that direction, and level his lance as if for action. No sooner was it reported to the vigilant monarch that the magic horseman indicated the approach of an enemy, than His Majesty hastened to the circular hall, selected the table at the point of the compass indicated by the horseman's spear, touched with the point of a magic lance some of the pigmy effigies before him, and belabored others with the butt-end. A scene of confusion at once ensued in the mimic army. Part fell dead, and the rest, turning their weapons upon each other, fought with the utmost fury. The same scene was repeated in the ranks of the advancing enemy. Each renewed attempt at invasion was foiled by this easy and economical expedient, until the King enjoyed rest even from rumors of wars.

Now this is a pleasing fiction, and highly creditable to the light and airy fancy of the Moors. It almost makes one sigh that an astrologer so fertile in resources is not still extant. It is difficult to conceive, indeed, of a more felicitous arrangement for a monarch devoted to his ease, and proof against all temptations to military glory, or for a people wedded to peaceful pursuits, and ambitious only of material prosperity. But no such fascinating substitute for fields of carnage is available in our degenerate

days, — “*C'est charmant, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*”

Nor yet is any useful example furnished by the warlike qualities of the army raised by Peter Stuyvesant for the reduction of Fort Casimir: not even when we remember that it included “the Van Higginbottoms, a race of schoolmasters, armed with ferules and birchen rods, — the Van Bummels, renowned for feats of the trenches, — the Van Bunschotens, who were the first that did kick with the left foot,” — with many other warriors equally fierce and formidable. We must, however reluctantly, leave such romantic legends and facetious chronicles, and learn more practical lessons from the sober and instructive page of history. We shall there find that war means alternate success and defeat, alternate hope and disappointment, great suffering in the field, many vacant chairs at many firesides, immense expenditures with little apparent result, “the best-laid schemes” foiled by a thousand unexpected contingencies, lamentable indecision in the cabinet, glaring blunders in the field, stagnation of industry, and heavy taxation.

“War is a game, which, were the nations wise,

Kings would not play at.”

But nations are not always wise, and war often becomes a necessity. When, then, the necessity arises, it should be met manfully. The question once deliberately decided that peace is no longer consistent with national honor or national safety, the dread alternative must be accepted with all its hazards and all its horrors. To organize only in anticipation of certain and speedy success, to despise and underrate the enemy, to inquire with how small an army and how limited an expenditure the war can be carried on, is as unstatesmanlike as it is in flat defiance of all historical teaching. But if we carry our folly still farther in the same direction, — if we fail to take into grave account the most obvious and inevitable incidents of actual warfare, — if in our overweening confidence we neglect discipline, underrate the prime im-

portance of promptness and decision in action, certainty and celerity in movement, and energy and activity in pursuit, — if, in a word, we expect that the defences of the enemy are to fall into our hands by means as unwarlike as those that decided the fate of Jericho, or dream that because our cause is just every precedent in history and every principle in human nature will be overruled in our favor, — then we deserve to be outgeneralled, and are fortunate, if we escape final and disastrous defeat.

Now has not this been precisely our cardinal and capital error, and are we not to-day suffering its natural consequences? To the blind and unreasoning confidence with which we began this war has succeeded a reaction running into the very opposite extreme. We are given over to a despondency quite as unwarrantable as the extravagance of our early hopes. We demanded and expected impossibilities. Forgetting that the age of miracles has passed, many are now bitterly complaining that nothing has been accomplished, and predicting that all future efforts will terminate in similar failure. Two years have not elapsed since the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter; and yet we are amazed and mortified that our forces have not overrun the whole South, that victory has not crowned our arms in every battle, and that our flag does not float triumphant over every acre of every State once called Confederate. Whether this most desirable result could have been accomplished, if this or that policy had been adopted at the outset, is one of those problems that will never be solved; nor is the inquiry at present pertinent or profitable. Let us rather ask whether, in view of the means actually employed, our discontent with the existing condition of affairs is not unmanly and unreasonable. We are to measure results, not by the efforts that we ought to have put forth, nor by those which we should put forth, if, with our dear-bought experience, we were called upon once more to undertake such a gigantic enter-

prise. We must recall the aspect of affairs when we first embarked on this perilous sea. We must remember how ignorant we were of all the danger before us, how imperfect was the chart by which our course was to be determined, how many shoals and sunken rocks and cross-currents we were to encounter, as yet unknown to any pilot on board our noble ship of state, how little we knew of navigation in such angry waters, under so stormy a sky.

Turn back the pages of history for two short years, and dwell a moment on the picture presented to our eyes. A nation, enjoying to the utmost the substantial benefits belonging to fifty years of profound peace and unexampled prosperity, enervated by those habits of luxury which wealth easily accumulated always fosters, with a standing army hardly large enough to protect our Western frontier from the incursions of hostile Indians, and a navy ludicrously small in proportion to the extent of our sea-coast and the value of our commerce, is suddenly plunged into a war covering such an extent of territory and calling for such an array of power by sea and land as to dwarf into insignificance all modern wars, hardly excepting the military operations of Napoleon I.

And it must be remembered that education and habit had trained us to an implicit reliance on the sufficiency of our laws and the competency of our Constitution to meet and decide every issue that could possibly be presented. We could conceive of no public wrongs which could not be redressed by an appeal to the ballot-box, and of no private injuries for which our statutes did not provide a suitable remedy.

We were not only a law-abiding, but a peace-loving people. The report of the revolver was not heard in our streets, nor was the glitter of the bowie-knife seen in our bar-rooms. We deprecated mob-violence, and disliked the summary proceedings of Judge Lynch. We took no pains to conceal our horror of unnecessary bloodshed, and shared the views of civilized Christendom about duelling.

Now and then, to be sure, a Southerner in one of his sportive moods would stab an inattentive waiter in some Northern hotel, or a chivalrous son of South Carolina, elegantly idling away a few years in a New-England university, would shoot some base-born tutor, or, as an episode in Congressional proceedings, the member from Arkansas would threaten to pull the nose, spit in the face, and gonge out the eyes of the (profane participle) sneaking Yankee,—meaning thereby a quiet, inoffensive member from Massachusetts. But these incidents of Southern civilization were not frequent enough to become fashionable. We still clung to our plebeian prejudices against lawless violence, and persisted in believing that a swaggering bully could not be an ornament to cultivated and refined society. In fact, some excellent individuals at the North went so far as to seek to disseminate these old-fashioned notions among their Southern brethren, and made annual subscriptions to what was known (alas, that we must use the historic tense!) as the "Southern Aid Society," having for its praiseworthy object the support of ministers who should preach the gospel to our ardent and impulsive neighbors. What a sad and significant commentary is it upon the ingratitude of depraved human nature, that the condescending clergyman who whilom consented to collect the offerings of these discriminating philanthropists is now a chaplain in the Confederate army, and is invoking the most signal judgments of Heaven upon his former friends and fellow-laborers!

This, then, was our condition, and these were our habits, when we were rudely awakened from our dreams of peace by the roar of cannon and the clash of arms. What wonder that the startling summons found us all unready for such a crisis? What wonder that our early preparations to confront the issue thus forced upon us without note of warning were hasty, incomplete, and quite inadequate to the emergency? Is it discreditable to us that we were slow to appreciate the bitterness and intensity of



that hatred, which, long smouldering under the surface of Southern society, burst forth at once into a wide-spread conflagration, severing like flax all the ties of kindred, and all the bonds of individual friendship and national intercourse which had united us for half a century? Here was a section of our Union which had always enjoyed equal rights with us under the Constitution, and had known the Government only by its blessings,—nay, more, had actually, by the confession of its own statesmen, controlled the internal administration and dictated the foreign policy of the country since the adoption of the Constitution; which had no substantial grievance to complain of, and no fanciful injury which could not be readily redressed by legal and constitutional methods. Are we to be blamed because we could not easily bring ourselves to believe that an integral part of our nation, with such a history, could, under a pretence so bald as to insult the common sense of Christendom, rush headlong into a war which must close all its avenues of commerce, paralyze all its industry, threaten the existence of its cherished and peculiar institution,—in a word, whether successful or unsuccessful, inevitably result in its political suicide? At this very moment, accustomed as we have been for many sad and weary months to the daily development of Southern folly and madness, it is difficult, when we withdraw our minds from the present, to realize that the whole war is not a hideous nightmare.

In view of all this, I ask, is it strange that we did not at once comprehend all our danger, and did not enter the field with all our forces,—determined to fight with desperate energy until every trace of rebellion was crushed out? If, disturbed at midnight by footsteps in your chamber, you start up from sound slumber to see a truculent-looking vagabond prowling about your room with a lighted candle, do you not at once spring to your feet, collar the intruder, and shout lustily for help, if he prove too strong for you? Prompt and vigorous action in

such a case is simply the impulse of instinct. But how if you recognize in the untimely visitor a member of your own household? Will you seize and overpower him without asking a single question, or waiting for a word of explanation? Will you not pause for some overt act of hostility, some convincing proof of a fell purpose? Suppose it transpire that he really means mischief, and you lose an important advantage by your delay to strike. You may regret the result; but does it in the least tend to show that you were cowardly or careless? Now was not this our exact dilemma? Although the origin of the war and the circumstances attendant upon its commencement are a thrice-told tale, are we not in danger of overlooking their bearing upon all our subsequent action? And shall we not act wisely, if we recur to them again and again, during this momentous contest?

But, asks a timid Conservative,—from whose patient button the fingers of an ardent apostle of peace have recently and most reluctantly parted,—has not this war been shamefully mismanaged by the Administration? have not contractors grown rich while soldiers have suffered? have not incompetent generals been unjustly advanced, and skilful commanders been summarily shelved? have we gained any advantages at all commensurate with our loss of blood and our expenditure of money? would not a cessation of hostilities on any terms be better than such a war as we are now waging? If we might venture to suggest a word of caution to our desponding friend, before attempting a reply to his broadside of questions, we would say: Beware how you indulge in too much conversation with a certain class of our citizens, whose hearty loyalty has been more than doubted, and whose conversion to the beauties of peace and the horrors of war is so sudden as to be very suspicious. Examine their antecedents, and you will find, that, when “border ruffians” in Kansas threatened with fire and sword the inoffensive emigrants from

New England, these gentlemen saw nothing unusual in such proceedings, and answered all remonstrances with ridicule. Put them to the question to-day, and it will appear, that, from the very beginning of the struggle, all their sympathies have been with the South. They will tell you that Northern Abolitionists are alone responsible for the war; that the secession of the Southern States may have been unwise, but was not unreasonable; that they have always condemned coercion and advocated compromise; and that there is no safe and satisfactory way out of our existing difficulties but — *peace*. What do they mean by peace? Such peace as the highwayman, armed to the teeth, offers to the belated traveller! Such peace as Benedict Arnold sought to negotiate with the English general! They know that the South will accept no terms but the acknowledgment of her independence, or the abject and unconditional submission of the Free States. They reject the first alternative, because they dare not go before the North on such an issue. Disguise it as they may, they are willing to adopt the second. The party to which, without an exception, these men belong, is powerless without the coöperation of the South, and would consider no sacrifice of principle too great, and no humiliation of the North too degrading, if it promised the restoration of their political supremacy. Avoid all such men. Distrust their advice. That way dishonor lies, and national disgrace. If you are not “armed so strong in honesty” as to be proof against such treasonable talk, you will soon be aware of a softening of your backbone, and a lamentable loss of earnest, active patriotism. Take counsel rather of your own common sense. Looking at the question in its narrowest and most selfish bearings, you *know* that we can neither recede nor stand still. Submission is slavery. Disunion paves the way for endless secession, and eternal warfare between rising and rival republics.

But there are other symptoms of disloyalty besides this persistent demand for

peace. There are indications of a desire to array sections of the North against each other, and — Heaven save the mark! — by the very politicians who have been most bitter in their denunciation of “geographical parties.” Here comes a little Western lawyer, with unlimited resources of slang and slender capital of ideas; barely redeemed from being an absolute blackguard by the humanizing influences of a New England college, but showing fewer and fewer symptoms of civilization as he forgets the lessons of his collegiate life; and *he* delights an audience of New York “roughs,” adopted citizens of Celtic extraction, and lager-loving Germans, (do not cocks always crow longest and loudest on a dung-hill?) by the novel information, that “Puritanism is a reptile” and the cause of all our troubles, and that we shall never fulfil our national destiny until Puritanism has been crushed. Let us not elevate this nauseating nonsense into importance by attempting a reply. Such men must be left to follow out their inevitable instincts. They are not worth the trouble necessary to civilize them. Mr. Rarey succeeded in taming a zebra from the London Zoölogical Gardens; but a single lesson could not permanently reclaim the beast, and it soon relapsed into its native and normal ferocity. One experiment sufficed to show the power of the artist; no possible increase of value in the educated animal would have justified a prolonged and perfect training.

You ask if we have gained any advantages commensurate with our efforts, or with the high-sounding phrase of our declared purpose. Let us look at this a moment. Suppose we begin with a glance at the other side of the picture. Has all the boasting, have all the promises, been on the Federal side? Did we hear nothing of the Confederate flag floating over Faneuil Hall? — nothing of Washington falling into the hands of the enemy? — nothing of a festive winter in Philadelphia and a general distribution of spoils in New York? — noth-

ing of foreign intervention? — nothing of the cowardice of Northern Mudsills and the omnipotence of King Cotton? Decidedly, the Rebels began with a sufficiently startling programme. Let us see how far they have carried it out. As they were clearly the assailants, we have an undoubted right to ask what they have accomplished *aggressively*. We say, then, that, excepting in the case of one brief raid, the soil of a single Free State has never been polluted by the hostile tread of an invading force; that every battle-field has been within the limits of States claimed as Confederate; that, while the war has desolated whole States represented in the Confederate Congress, not an acre north of Mason and Dixon's line has suffered from the ravages of the Rebel armies. Was ever another scorpion more completely surrounded and shut in by a cordon of fire?

This is surely something, but it is by no means all. Have *we* accomplished nothing *aggressively*? We will call into court a witness from the enemy's camp. Hear the recent testimony of a leading journal, published in the Confederate capital: \* —

"It is not altogether an empty boast on the part of the Yankees, that they hold all that they have ever held, and that another year or two of such progress as they have already made will find them masters of the Southern Confederacy. They who think independence is to be achieved by brilliant but inconsequential victories would do well to look at the magnitude of Yankee possessions in our country. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are claimed as constituent parts of the Confederation: they are as much in the power of Lincoln as Maine and Minnesota. The pledge once deemed foolish by the South, that he would 'hold, occupy, and possess' all the forts belonging to the United States Government, has been redeemed almost to the letter by Lincoln. Forts Pickens, [Sumter?] and Morgan we still retain; but, with these exceptions, all the

strongholds on the seaboard, from Fortress Monroe to the Rio Grande, are in the hands of the enemy. Very consol-ing and very easy to say that it was impossible to prevent all this, and that the occupation of the outer edge of the Republic amounts to nothing. Drowry's Bluff and Vicksburg give the lie to the first assertion; and the onward movement of Rosecrans towards Alabama, the presence of Grant in North Mississippi and of Curtis in Middle Arkansas, to say nothing of Banks at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, set at rest the silly dream that a thin strip of sea-coast only is in possession of our foes. The truth is, the Yankees are in great force in the very heart of the Confederacy; they swarm on all our borders; they threaten every important city yet belonging to us; and nearly two hundred thousand of them are within two days' march of the Confederate capital. This is no fiction. It is a fact so positive that no one can deny it."

But this reluctant recital by no means exhausts the record of our successes. We have put into the field a volunteer force, fully armed and equipped, which, whether we consider its magnitude, the rapidity with which it has been raised, its fighting qualities, its patient endurance of unaccustomed hardships, or its intelligent appreciation of the principles involved in the contest, is without a counterpart in history. And yet more, from the invention and achievements of our iron-clads dates a new era in naval warfare, while in the value and variety of our ordnance we have taken the lead of all civilized nations. Can you find in all this nothing to quicken the pulse of your patriotism? Is here no ground for encouragement, no incitement to renewed effort?

But you complain of corruption among contractors, and of knavery among politicians. Will you point me to a single war, ever waged on the face of the earth, where all the rulers were above reproach and all their subordinates unselfish? But what will you do about it? Grant that many contractors have made dis-

\* *Richmond Examiner*, January 20th, 1863.



honest fortunes out of the calamities of their country, and that there are office-holders with whom "Stand by the Constitution!" means, Stand by the public crib from which we are richly and regularly fed, and "Uphold the Administration!" should be translated, Give us our full four years' enjoyment of the loaves and fishes. What then? Shall a few worthless straws here, and a few heaps of offal there, arrest or check the onward march of a mighty army, the steady progression of a great principle? Away with such trumpery considerations! Punish with the utmost severity of the law every public plunderer whose crimes can be dragged into the light of day; send to the Coventry of universal contempt every lagging and lukewarm official; but, in the name of all that is holy in purpose and noble in action, *move on!* To hesitate is worse than folly; to delay is more than madness. The salvation of our country trembles in the balance. The fate of free institutions for—who shall say how long?—may hang upon the issue of the struggle.

Your catalogue of grievances, however, is still incomplete. You are dissatisfied with our generalship as displayed in the field, and with the wisdom of our policy as developed by the cabinet. Unquestionably you have a constitutional right to grumble to your heart's content; but are you not aware that such complaints are as old as the history of the human race? Do you believe this to be the first war that was ever mismanaged, and that our undoubted blunders are either novel or peculiar to Republics? There never was a greater mistake. If there were brave men before Agamemnon, and wise counsellors before Ulysses, there certainly have been incompetent commanders before Major-General A., and shallow statesmen before Secretary B. We do not monopolize executive imbecility, nor are our military blunders without parallel or precedent. To attribute our occasional reverses and our indecisive victories, our inaction in the field and our confusion in

the cabinet, to our peculiar form of government, is as inconsequential as it would be to trace all our disasters to the color of President Lincoln's hair or the number of General Halleck's children.

The enemies of free institutions, hardly yet recovered from their astonishment at beholding an army of volunteers, superior in number and quality to any the world ever saw, spring into existence with such marvellous rapidity as to eclipse, in sober fact, the fabulous birth of Minerva full-armed from the head of Jove, or their still greater surprise at seeing the immense expenses of so gigantic a war readily met without assistance from abroad, by large loans cheerfully made and heavy taxation patiently borne, are reduced to the necessity of exulting over what they term our "total want of military genius," and our "incapacity to conduct a campaign successfully."

It is useless to deny that we may have challenged criticism and provoked a smile by our large promise and our smaller performance. But are we the sole and exclusive proprietors of this experience? Where in the past or the present shall we find a great and powerful nation much addicted to modesty or self-depreciation? Least of all, should we have expected such venomous criticism and such unsparing ridicule from England. To be sure, we have long since ceased to look for sympathy or even justice at her hands. We have come to understand and appreciate the tone and temper of her ruling classes towards this country. In addition to their inherited antipathy to Republics, they believe in sober earnest what one of their greatest wits said jocosely, that "the great object for which the Anglo-Saxon race appears to have been created is the making of calico." And whatever interferes, or threatens to interfere, with this ennobling occupation is sure to incur their passive displeasure, if not their active hostility. We expect nothing, therefore, from their good-will; but we have a right to demand, as a matter of good

taste, that, in criticizing our campaigns, they shall not wholly ignore their own military blunders, especially those so recent as to be fresh in the recollection of every third-form school-boy in the kingdom. For, if campaigns carried on with the smallest possible result in proportion to the magnitude of the sacrifice of money and life,—if a succession of incompetent generals in command,—if critical military opportunities neglected and enormous strategic blunders committed,—if indecision, nepotism, and red tape at home, envy, want of unity, and incapacity among officers, and unnecessary and inexcusable hardship among the privates,—if all this declares the decadence of a Government, then was the sun of England hastening to its setting during the Crimean War.

We hear much said abroad about our indecisive battles, our barren victories, our failure to take advantage of the crippled condition of a defeated enemy, and our unaccountable disinclination to follow up a successful attack by a prompt pursuit. Now, not for the sake of excusing or palliating the numerous and grave errors into which we have fallen during our own unhappy struggle, nor yet to exonerate from censure any civil officers or military leaders who may be wholly or in part responsible for these errors, but simply to demonstrate that they are liable to occur under any form of government, and, indeed, have recently befallen the very Government whose rulers now hold us to the strictest account, and are most eager to convict us of extraordinary misconduct and incapacity, we propose, very briefly, and without further introduction, to examine the record of the English army during the Crimean War.

The first important battle fought on the Peninsula was that of the Alma. We will give, as concisely as possible, so much of the history of this engagement, compiled from authentic English sources, as will present a correct picture of the plans formed and the results accomplished.

"The 15th of August, 1854, was the date first fixed for the sailing of the allied forces from Varna to the Crimea. It was postponed until the 20th, then till the 22d, then the 26th,—then successively to the 1st, 2d, and 7th of September; that is, the French fleet left Varna on the 5th, and the English sailed from the neighboring port of Baltchik on the 7th." It is admitted that "these delays hazarded not only the success, but even the practicability of the whole design, as between the 15th and 25th of September the great equinoctial gales sweep over the Black Sea, and lash it into tempests of the most destructive nature."

The voyage, however, was accomplished in safety, and on the 14th of September the Allies arrived at the Crimea, off a place called the "Old Fort," only about thirty miles north of Sebastopol. The whole army was composed of 27,000 English, 24,000 French, and 8,000 Turks. The landing occupied the 14th, 15th, and 16th of September. At nine o'clock, A. M., of September 19th, the army began the advance, and on the evening of the same day rested for the night within sight of the Russian forces, strongly intrenched on the banks of the Alma, about twelve miles distant from the "Old Fort." Early in the afternoon of the following day the Allies attacked the stronghold of the enemy, and in less than three hours the Russian intrenchments were successfully stormed, and the Russian army was in full retreat. The English and French troops fought with determined and distinguished bravery, and their victory was complete. But what was decided by this bloody struggle? Bad generalship on the part of the Russians, certainly; but what else? Mr. Russell says,—“This great battle was not decisive, so far as the fate of Sebastopol was concerned, merely because we lacked either the means or the military genius to make it so.” The victory was not followed up, the retreating foe were not pursued, ample time was given to the enemy to reorganize and retrieve their

losses, and the evening of the eventful 20th of September found the allied forces no nearer the capture of Sebastopol than they were before the battle.

Did "the Alma" crown the allied generals with fresh and well-earned laurels? We appeal once more to Mr. Russell:—"I may inquire, Was there any generalship shown by any of the allied generals at the Alma? We have Lord Raglan painted by one of his staff, trotting in front of his army, amid a shower of balls, 'just as if he were riding down Rotten Row,' with a kind nod for every one, and leaving his generals to fight it out as best they could; riding across the stream through the French Riflemen, not knowing where he was going to, or where the enemy were, till fate led him to a little knoll, from which he saw some of the Russian guns on his flank; whereupon he sent an order to Turner's battery for guns, and seemed surprised that they could not be dragged across a stream and up a hill which presented some difficulties to an unencumbered horseman; then cantering off to join the Guards just ere they made their charge, and finding it all over while he was in a hollow of the ground." Lord Raglan, let it be remembered, was the Commander-in-Chief of the English forces. And again:—"The Light Division was strangely handled. Sir George Brown, whose sight was so indifferent that he had to get one of his officers to lead his horse across the river, seemed not to know where his division was. . . . If the conduct of a campaign be a succession of errors, the Crimean expedition was certainly carried on *secundum artem*." Once more, on the same point, and quoting from the same authority:—"All the Russian officers with whom I have conversed, all the testimony I have heard or read, coincide on these two points: first, that, if, on the 25th, we had moved to Bakschiserai in pursuit of the Russians, we should have found their army in a state of the most complete demoralization, and might have forced the great majority of them to surrender as prisoners of war, in a sort of

*cul-de-sac*, from which but few could have escaped; secondly, that, had we advanced directly against Sebastopol, the town would have surrendered, after some slight show of resistance to save the honor of the officers." Certainly, such generalship as this did not promise very well for the results of the campaign.

Let us follow the movements of the Allies a little farther. On the morning of September 25th, the combined forces took up their line of march southward. On the 26th, they reached and occupied the town of Balaklava, about six miles distant from Sebastopol. On the 28th of the same month, Lord Raglan wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of War, "We are busily engaged in disembarking our siege-train and provisions, and we are most desirous of undertaking the attack of Sebastopol *without the loss of a day*." And yet it is not until October 10th that the Allies commence digging their trenches before the town. Meanwhile the allied army was anxious and impatient. "'When will the siege commence?'" was the constant inquiry of the wearied and expectant troops. 'To-morrow,' was the usual response, 'most probably to-morrow.' But day after day came and went, and the Allies still rusted in inaction, while the Russians worked day and night at strengthening their defences." "The time dragged heavily on; still the Russians worked with incredible industry, and still the cannon of the Allies had not yet opened their thunders upon Sebastopol." On the 17th of October, twenty-one days after the occupation of Balaklava, the allied forces commenced fire by land and sea on the stronghold of the enemy. The bombardment continued from half-past six, A. M., until nightfall, but is conceded to have been a complete and mortifying failure. From this time until the 5th of November, it will not be contended that any substantial advantage was gained by the invading forces, or that material progress was made towards the reduction of the Russian Gibraltar.



Then came the Battle of Inkerman, a gallant and desperate sortie of the Russians, bravely and successfully resisted by the besiegers. The loss of life on both sides was terrible. To what extent was *this* battle decisive? Mr. Russell shall give his own testimony on this point:—"We had nothing to rejoice over, and almost everything to deplore, in the Battle of Inkerman. We defeated the enemy, indeed, but had not advanced one step nearer the citadel of Sebastopol." In other words, the Allies had repulsed the Russians, but had barely escaped annihilation, while, from having been the besiegers, they became the besieged, and remained so until largely reinforced from home. "A heavy responsibility," says Mr. Russell, "rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy." The English not only committed the serious error of underrating the enemy, and neglecting the most ordinary precautions against surprise, but, during the whole of the desperate and bloody fight, they gave no proof whatever of generalship. The stubborn, unyielding bravery of the troops was the salvation of the army. "We owed the victory, such as it was, to strength, not to superior intelligence and foresight. It was a soldiers' battle, in which we were saved by the muscle, nerve, and courage of our men." Humanity shudders and the heart sickens over the sufferings of that gallant army of martyrs to cabinet incapacity and military imbecility during the long and dreary winter of 1854-55.

On the 9th of April, 1855, commenced the second grand bombardment of Sebastopol, which, though continuing for twelve days, resulted, like the first, in mortifying failure, no serious or irreparable injuries being caused to the main defences of the enemy. "The real strength of the place remained unimpaired. That which was injured during the day the

Russians repaired as if by magic during the night. The particulars of this twelve days' bombardment are wearisome. The same wasted energy, the same night-skirmishes without effect, the same battering and repairing, the same unwearied exertions on the part of the Allies and wonderful endurance and resistance on the part of the Russians, together with, on each side, the same loss of life and frightful mutilations."

Two months were passed in comparative inaction, the sad monotony being varied only by ineffective sorties and indecisive skirmishes. On the 18th of June, the first grand assault of the Malakhoff and Redan was attempted. The allied troops displayed the utmost gallantry, and did all that brave men could do under disgracefully incompetent commanders, but were repulsed with horrible slaughter. No one can read the details of the fruitless massacre, without fully confirming the indignant testimony of an intelligent eye-witness, writing from the camp:—

"I know not what may have been the feelings of your home public, on reading the telegraphic news of our defeat, (for I presume the scribes at head-quarters made no attempt to conceal the naked truth, that our repulse was neither more nor less than a defeat,) but here mingled shame and indignation were general throughout the camp. Officers and men alike felt that disgrace had been incurred, and that solely in consequence of the unredeemed mismanagement of their generals. Remembering the confusion which characterized the commencement of our movement, and coupling this with the murderous preparations made by the enemy, you will be at no loss to understand that success was most improbable. During the whole affair, Lord Raglan and Sir George Brown were ensconced within our eight-gun battery; but, though this afforded a good view of the scene of the struggle, and of the disorders which marked it, they appeared to be unable to give any efficient directions for the correction of our multiplied blun-

ders. When the whole sad scene was ended, our men straggled back to the camp in a state of dispirited confusion, well in keeping with the mob-like disorder in which they had been throughout the assault."

The final bombardment of Sebastopol took place on the 5th of September, followed on the 8th by the renewed assault of the French on the Malakhoff and of the English on the Redan. Skilful generalship, adequate forces, and desperate bravery gave victory to the French, and "the key to Sebastopol" remained in their hands. Meanwhile the English assault upon the Redan was repulsed with frightful sacrifice of life. It will not be contended that the French owed any part of their success to superior good-fortune. Indeed, all the extrinsic advantages were on the side of the English. The French were to lead off in the assault, and the tricolor waving over the captured fortification was to be the signal for the advance of the English. If the French succeeded, every sentiment of personal ambition and national pride would stimulate their allies to achieve an equal victory. If the French failed, the English had only to remain in their trenches.

Now let us examine the comparative generalship displayed in the two assaults. We are quite willing that English authority should draw the contrast. "The preparations of the French were actually scientific in their vigorous attention to every matter calculated to lead to victory: nothing appeared to have been forgotten, nothing neglected. Even the watches of the leading officers had been regulated, that there might not be the smallest error with regard to time. It is a painful reflection that this carefulness of preparation, and prescience with respect to probabilities, was not shown by the English general and his associates in arranging the mode of attack. When the orders were promulgated, on the 7th, many officers shook their heads doubtfully, and observed, in deprecating tones, 'This looks like another 18th of June.'

It was generally observed that the attacking columns were not strong enough, that they were too far behind, and that the trenches did not afford room for a sufficient number of men."

The signal for the French assault was given: thirty thousand men, weary of long inactivity, and burning to add new lustre to the bright record of their country's military glory, — drums and trumpets meanwhile sounding the charge, and the air resounding with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*," — darted from their trenches, swarmed up the embankments, dashed over the parapet, swept the enemy like chaff before them; and the Malakhoff was won. Hours of the fiercest fighting found the French still masters of the situation; at nightfall the Russian general sullenly drew off his defeated forces, and the victory was complete.

It is painful to turn from this brilliant picture to the sombre coloring and the dreary details of the attack on the Redan. To three thousand doomed men was assigned the perilous undertaking. Incredible as it may appear, in view of previous failure, there seems to have been no adequate preparation, no intelligible plan, no competent leader. It was simply brute force assailing brute force. The few men who actually entered the Redan neglected to spike the guns; no reinforcements came to their aid; everything was blind excitement, and headlong, undisciplined haste. "The men of the different regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The Nineteenth men did not care for the officers of the Eighty-Eighth, nor did the soldiers of the Twenty-Third heed the command of an officer who did not belong to their regiment. The officers could not find their men, — the men lost sight of their officers." But why dwell on what soon became mere butchery? The loss of the storming party, in killed, wounded, and missing, was 2447!

Considered as a military movement, it would seem to be conceded that no grosser blunder could have been made than the selection of so small a force for

so desperate an undertaking. There was no chance of success but by attacking simultaneously both flanks and the salient of the Redan. The storming party was barely large enough for the assault of the salient, thus exposing the handful of men to a murderous and fatally destructive fire from the flanks. This was bad enough, certainly, but worse remains behind. English critics have most severely censured our generals for sometimes placing new recruits in posts of danger, requiring cool heads, steady nerves, and the habit of discipline. Perhaps they have forgotten the following incident. Among the picked men selected out of the entire British forces as this very storming party were raw recruits from the Ninety-Seventh Regiment, who were designated for this perilous service as a punishment for their cowardice in a recent skirmish!—and to make this punishment still more severe, they were ordered to *lead off* in the assault! An historian of the war says,—“The inexperience of some of these recruits seems almost incredible. One young fellow, who came to the field-hospital with a broken arm and a bullet in his shoulder, carried his firelock with him, but confessed that he had never fired it off, *as he was unable to do so*. The piece, upon being examined, was found to be in perfect order. Such poor undisciplined lads, fresh from the plough, ought never on any occasion to have been pitted against the well-drilled soldiers of Russia; but it was something worse than blundering to lead them on to the assault of a formidable work like the Redan. Such generalship recalls to our mind the remark of the Russian officer with regard to the military force of England, that ‘it was an army of lions led by donkeys.’” Mr. Russell states that many of these recruits “had only been enlisted a few days, and had never fired a rifle in their lives.”

Now will it be believed that General Codrington, to whom was committed the planning and directing of this ill-starred and disastrous enterprise, succeeded Sir

James Simpson as Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in the Crimea? How must the shade of Admiral Byng have haunted Her Majesty's Government, unless it was a most forgiving ghost! If General Codrington's promotion could have been delayed a little more than eighteen months, it might have occurred appropriately on the centennial anniversary of the death of that ill-fated naval commander, convicted by court-martial and shot for “not doing his utmost”!

On the evening of the 8th of September, the Russians blew up their magazines, fired the buildings, and evacuated the town. So fell Sebastopol, after a siege of three hundred and forty-five days. It has been considered by the English a bit of very choice pleasantry to allude to our oft-recurring statement, that “the decisive blow had been struck,” and that “the backbone of the Rebellion was broken.” It may not be impertinent to remind them, that the report, first circulated in France and England in the latter part of September, 1854, and fortified by minute details, that Sebastopol—the backbone of Russian resistance to the allied arms—had fallen, was repeated and reiterated from time to time during the war, until the phrase, “*Sebastopol est pris*,” passed into a by-word, and did good service in relieving the cruelly overworked Greek Kalends.

And now we come naturally to the consideration of another and an important inquiry. Did the beginning of the war find, or did its progress develop or create, a single English general of commanding military capacity, competent to handle in the field even so small an army as the British contingent in the Crimea? Of Lord Raglan Mr. Russell says, and without doubt says truly,—“That he was a great chief, or even a moderately able general, I have every reason to doubt, and I look in vain for any proof of it, whilst he commanded the English army in the Crimea.” Another authority says,—“The conviction that he was not a great general is universal and uncontradicted. He could perform the ordi-



nary duties of a general satisfactorily, but he was lamentably deficient in those qualities which constitute military genius. He possessed considerable professional experience, great application, and remarkable powers of endurance; but he lacked the energy, vehemence, and decision of character which are essential to the constitution of a successful military chieftain." To his hesitation in council, and his want of energy and promptness in action, have always been attributed, in large measure, the ruinous delays and the fearful suffering in the army which he commanded. Lord Raglan died in June, 1855, in his sixty-seventh year. General Simpson succeeded him. "It was believed at the time," writes Mr. Russell, "and now is almost notorious, that he opposed his own appointment, and bore testimony to his own incapacity." "He was slow and cautious in council, and it is no wonder that where Lord Raglan failed, General Simpson did not meet with success." The English press and people demanded his recall. His incompetency was everywhere acknowledged, and indeed he himself would have been the last man to deny it. In about three months from the date of General Simpson's appointment, "the Queen was graciously pleased to permit him to resign the command of the army." As we have already seen, his place was filled by General Codrington. This officer was as signally rewarded, because he had failed, as he could have been, if he had succeeded. Mr. Russell quotes approvingly the comment of a French officer upon this appointment:—"If General Codrington had taken the Redan, what more could you have done for him than to make him General, and to give him command of the army? But he did not take it, and he is made General and Commander-in-Chief." With equal discrimination, Sir James Simpson was created Field-Marshal! The remainder of the campaign gave General Codrington no further opportunity of displaying his qualities for command. No other important action occurred before the termination of hostilities.

Great credit is certainly due to Mr. Russell for fearlessly exposing the errors and incompetency of the three officers successively at the head of the English army, in spite of "much obloquy, vituperation, and injustice," and for bearing his invariable and eloquent testimony to the bravery, endurance, and patience of the British private soldier.

In this brief recital of English blunders during the Crimean War, we have made no mention of the desperate and disastrous "charge of the Light Brigade," the gross and culpable inefficiency of the Baltic fleet under Admiral Sir Charles Napier, and other instances of military incapacity no less monstrous. Enough, however, has been told to more than justify the very mild summing-up of Mr. Russell, that the "war had exposed the weakness of our military organization in the grave emergencies of a winter campaign, and the canker of a long peace was unmistakably manifested in our desolated camps and decimated battalions."

Why should we add to this dismal recital the appalling sufferings of the soldiers,—helpless victims to bad management at home and shameful neglect in the field,—the long, freezing nights of trench-work under a driving rain, "without warm or water-proof clothing,—the trenches two and three feet deep with mud, snow, and half-frozen slush, so that many, when they took off their shoes, were unable to get their swollen feet into them again, and might be seen barefooted about the camp, the snow half a foot deep on the ground,"—creeping for shelter into "miserable tents pitched as it were at the bottom of a marsh, where twelve or fourteen unhappy creatures lay soaking without change of clothing" until they were called out again to their worse than slave-labor,—disease, brought on by exhaustion, exposure, overwork, and deficient food, sweeping the men off by thousands, and yet no sufficient supply of medical stores and no adequate number of medical attendants, not a soul seeming to care for their comfort or even for their lives,—so neglected and

ill-treated that "the wretched beggar who wandered about the streets of London led the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who were fighting for their country, and who were complacently assured by the home authorities that they were the best-appointed army in Europe." The world knows the whole sad story by heart. And is it not written in the volumes of evidence sworn to before the Commission appointed by Parliament to inquire into the condition of the army?

Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the extent to which the home administration was responsible for the general mismanagement of the war, in its main features and its minute details,—nor the thoroughly English stolidity with which all complaints were received by every member of the Government, from the cabinet minister who dictated pompous and unmeaning despatches, down to the meanest official who measured red tape,—nor the intense and universal popular indignation which, after a year "full of horrors," compelled the resignation of the Aberdeen Ministry. Lord Derby did not, perhaps, overstate the verdict of the nation, when he said in the House of Lords,—*"From the very first to the very last, there has been apparent in the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government a want of previous preparation,—a total want of prescience; and they have appeared to live from day to day providing for each successive exigency after it arose, and not before it arose. TOO LATE* have been the fatal words applicable to the whole conduct of Her Majesty's Government in the course of the war." The change in the Ministry, however, by no means cured all the evils which had existed; for, although the sufferings of the soldiers—thanks in large part to the providential appearance and heroic conduct of Florence Nightingale—were greatly diminished, still, as we have seen, the military blunders continued to the close of the war.

Now, if we do not greatly mistake, the lesson which this country should learn

from the mortifying experience of the English army in the Crimea is not one of exultation over its lamentable and unnecessary errors, but rather of indifference to the insulting criticism of a nation which can so ill afford to be critical, and of determination to profit in every possible way by those blunders which might have been avoided. The history of all wars, moreover, should teach us that now and then there comes a time when to hold the olive-branch in one hand and the sword in the other, especially if the olive-branch is kept in the foreground and the sword in the background, involves not only a sad waste of energy, but is mistaken kindness to our enemies.

Those who have read—and who has not?—the charming story of "Rab and his Friends" will remember the incident which, for the sake of brevity, we reluctantly condense. A small, thorough-bred terrier, after being rudely interrupted in his encounter with a large shepherd's-dog, darts off, fatally bent on mischief, to seek a new canine antagonist. He discovers him in the person of a huge mastiff, quietly sauntering along in a peaceful frame of mind, all unsuspecting of danger. The angry terrier makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. The rest of the story shall be told in the graphic language of the author. "To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar,—yes, roar: a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient breeching. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage,—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, 'Did you ever see the like of

this?' He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite. We soon had a crowd; the chicken held on. 'A knife!' cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then!—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead."

If we draw a useful moral from this homely incident, it will not be the first time that the unerring sagacity of animals has been serviceable to man. A stealthy, cunning, unscrupulous, desperate, devilish foe has seized the nation by the throat and threatens its life. The Government is strong, courageous, determined, abundantly able to make a successful resistance, and even to kill the insolent enemy; but—it is *muzzled*: muzzled here by conservative counsels, and there by radical complaints,—by the over-cautious policy of one general, and the headlong haste of another,—by a too tender regard for slavery in some States, and by a too zealous anxiety for instant emancipation in others,—by fear of provoking opposition in one quarter, and by a blind defiance of all obstacles in another. Now what shall be done? Shall we hesitate, despond, despair? Never! *For Heaven's sake, take off the muzzle.* Use every weapon which the God of Battles has placed in our hands. Put forth all the power of the nation. Encourage and promote all fighting generals; cashier all officers who are determined to make war on peace principles; arm, equip, and discipline negroes, not to burn, plunder, and massacre, but to meet their

and our enemies in fair and open fight.\* Demonstrate to the world that we are terribly in earnest. Waste no time in discussing the chance of foreign intervention. Postpone Pacific railroads, international telegraphs, polygamy in Utah, African colonization, everything, to the engrossing and emergent crisis which now confronts the Government. Make the contest sharp, short, and decisive. Put down the Rebellion, vindicate the majesty of the Law, the sacredness of the Union, and the integrity of the Constitution. There will be time enough, after this is done, to discuss all minor questions and all collateral issues. One paramount duty lies directly before us. Let us perform this duty fearlessly, and leave the future with God.

\*The opposition to the employment of negro regiments, if made by traitors North or South, can be easily comprehended,—if made by loyal men, is wholly inexplicable. Your neighbor's house takes fire at night. The flames, long smouldering, make rapid progress, and threaten the comfort, certainly, if not the lives of his household, and the total destruction of his property. The alarm is given. An engine comes promptly to the rescue. It is just in season to save his dwelling. The firemen spring with ready alacrity to their places. But stop! He suddenly discovers the appalling fact that they are negroes! True, there is not a moment to be lost. No other engine is, or can be, within helping distance. The least delay means poverty and a houseless family. And yet he rudely dismisses the dusky firemen, folds his arms with Spartan stoicism, and, looking complacently on the burning building, says, "*Better this than to rely on the assistance of niggers!*" Is it Spartan stoicism? Is it not rather stark lunacy? And would you not take immediate measures to provide such a man with permanent quarters in a mad-house?



to decoy, that, Austrian though she were — Ah, but I had evidence! I had evidence! his words, that ate out my life like gangrene and rust. — Speak slower, Anselmo, slower. Can it be that I sinned most, when I held his words before hers, — his black damning falsehoods? — Mother of God! do you know what you say?

Tell me, then, that I am a fool, — that not through other loss than the loss of faith did the curse fall on me! Tell me, then, that these dark ways lead me out on a height! Needful the shadow and the groping. He anointed my eyes with the clay beneath his feet, — I was blind, but now I see God!

Repeat, Anselmo, repeat that she was true, though the knowledge blast me with self-consuming pangs. But, true or false, one thing she promised me: though other spheres, though other lives had come between us, she would be with me in my dying hour. Soon the bell will toll that hour, and toll my knell!

What is this, Anselmo, — this face that hangs between me and heaven, — this pitying, sorrowing countenance? — Ave Maria! — Never! Never! Still of the earth, this melting mouth, these violet eyes, this brow of snow, this fragrant bosom pillowing my head! Mirage of fainting fancy, — out, beautiful thing, away! Do not torment me with such a despairing lie! do not cheat me into death! let me at least look on the unobstructed sky, as I sink lower and lower to my eternal rest!

Still there? Still there? Still bending above me, smiling and weeping, sweet April face? Oh, were they truly thy lips that lay on mine, then, that stamped them with life's impress, that woke me? Are they truly thy fingers that pressed my throbless temples? These arms that

are wound about me, are thine? Thy heart beats for me, thy tears flow, thy perfect womanhood does not recoil in horror? Lenore! Lenore! is it thou?

Nay, nay, Sweet, ask me no question; I have wronged thee; he shall tell thee how. Yet best thou shouldst never hear it. Sin to thee greater than all treachery had been. Forgive, forgive! I go, — in meeting, leave thee; but be glad for me, — whether I sleep or whether I wake, know that a great curse will have fallen from me. Swathe my memory in thy love. Kiss me again, child! Rock me a little; stoop lower, and croon those old mountain-songs that once you sang when the sunshine soaked the sward and your hair was crowned with blue morning-glories.

Ah, your song drowns in tears! Yet you do not wish me to live, Lenore? O love, I can do nothing but die!

The sunlight fades from the hills, the air wavers and glimmers, and day is dim. Thy face is mistier than a vision of angels. There are faint, strange voices in my ear, swift rustlings, far harmonies; — has sense become so attenuated that I hear the blood in my failing pulses? Lenore, love, lower. Thy lips to mine, and breathe my life away. Twice would I die to save thee!

— Anselmo! man! where art thou? Come back ere I fall, — strength flares up like a dying flame. *Never tell her why I betrayed Italy!*

— Closer, dear love, closer! What old murmurs do I hear?

“The night is spread for thee,

The heavens are wide,

And the dark earth's mystery” —

So, — in thy arms, — from thee to God! O love, forever — kiss — forgive! — Lift me, that I confront eternity and Christ!

After "Taps."

*Atlantic* —

AFTER "TAPS."

*H. B. Sargent.*

72-

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!  
 As I lay with my blanket on,  
 By the dim fire-light, in the moonlit night,  
 When the skirmishing fight was done.

The measured beat of the sentry's feet,  
 With the jingling scabbard's ring!  
 Tramp! Tramp! in my meadow-camp  
 By the Shenandoah's spring.

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams  
 On a row of pale gravestones:  
 Give the bugle breath, and that image of Death  
 Will fly from the reveille's tones.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof  
 Makes the frosty hill-side ring:  
 Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of Death  
 To each horse's girth will spring.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!  
 The sentry, before my tent,  
 Guards, in gloom, his chief, for whom  
 Its shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare  
 I think of the ghost within;  
 Of the brave who died at my sword-hand side,  
 To-day, 'mid the horrible din

Of shot and shell and the infantry yell,  
 As we charged with the sabre drawn.  
 To my heart I said, "Who shall be the dead  
 In *my* tent, at another dawn?"

I thought of a blossoming almond-tree,  
 The stateliest tree that I know;  
 Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;  
 And a lamp that is burning low.

Oh, thoughts that kill! I thought of the hill  
 In the far-off Jura chain;  
 Of the two, the three, o'er the wide salt sea,  
 Whose hearts would break with pain;

Of my pride and joy, — my eldest boy;  
 Of my darling, the second — in years;  
 Of *Willie*, whose face, with its pure, mild grace,  
 Melts memory into tears;

Of their mother, my bride, by the Alpine lake's side,  
And the angel asleep in her arms ;  
Love, Beauty, and Truth, which she brought to my youth,  
In that sweet April day of her charms.

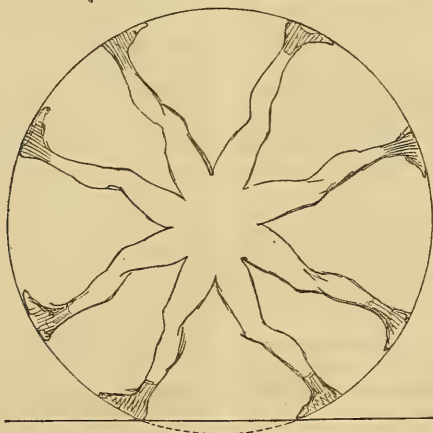
"HALT ! *Who comes there ?*" The cold midnight air  
And the challenging word chill me through.  
The ghost of a fear whispers, close to my ear,  
"Is peril, love, coming to you ?"

The hoarse answer, "RELIEF," makes the shade of a grief  
Die away, with the step on the sod.  
A kiss melts in air, while a tear and a prayer  
Confide my beloved to God.

Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp !  
With a solemn, pendulum-swing !  
Though *I* slumber all night, the fire burns bright,  
And my sentinels' scabbards ring.

"Boot and saddle !" is sounding. Our pulses are bounding.  
"To horse !" And I touch with my heel  
Black Gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks,  
With my heart, like my sabre, of steel.

## THE HUMAN WHEEL, ITS SPOKES AND FELLOES.



THE starting-point of this paper was a desire to call attention to certain remarkable AMERICAN INVENTIONS, especially to one class of mechanical con-

trivances, which, at the present time, assumes a vast importance and interests great multitudes. The limbs of our friends and countrymen are a part of



the melancholy harvest which War is sweeping down with Dahlgren's mowing-machine and the patent reapers of Springfield and Hartford. The admirable contrivances of an American inventor, prized as they were in ordinary times, have risen into the character of great national blessings since the necessity for them has become so widely felt. While the weapons that have gone from Mr. Colt's armories have been carrying death to friend and foe, the beneficent and ingenious inventions of MR. PALMER have been repairing the losses inflicted by the implements of war.

The study of the artificial limbs which owe their perfection to his skill and long-continued labor has led us a little beyond its first object, and finds its natural prelude in some remarks on the natural limbs and their movements. Accident directed our attention, while engaged with this subject, to the efforts of another ingenious American to render the use of our lower extremities easier by shaping their artificial coverings more in accordance with their true form than is done by the empirical cordwainer, and thus Dr. Plumer must submit to the coupling of some mention of his praiseworthy efforts in the same pages with the striking achievements of his more aspiring compatriot.

We should not tell the whole truth, if we did not own that we have for a long time been lying in wait for a chance to say something about the mechanism of walking, because we thought we could add something to what is known about it from a new source, accessible only within the last few years, and never, so far as we know, employed for its elucidation, namely, *the instantaneous photograph*.

The two accomplishments common to all mankind are walking and talking. Simple as they seem, they are yet acquired with vast labor, and very rarely understood in any clear way by those who practise them with perfect ease and unconscious skill.

Talking seems the hardest to comprehend. Yet it has been clearly explained and successfully imitated by artificial contrivances. We know that the moist membranous edges of a narrow crevice (the glottis) vibrate as the reed of a clarinet vibrates, and thus produce the human *bleat*. We narrow or widen or check or stop the flow of this sound by the lips, the tongue, the teeth, and thus *articulate*, or break into joints, the even current of sound. The sound varies with the degree and kind of interruption, as the "babble" of the brook with the shape and size of its impediments, — pebbles, or rocks, or dams. To whisper is to articulate without *bleating*, or vocalizing; to *coo* as babies do is to bleat or vocalize without articulating. Machines are easily made that bleat not unlike human beings. A bit of India-rubber tube tied round a piece of glass tube is one of the simplest voice-uttering contrivances. To make a machine that *articulates* is not so easy; but we remember Maelzel's wooden children, which said, "Pa-pa" and "Ma-ma"; and more elaborate and successful speaking machines have, we believe, been since constructed.

But no man has been able to make a figure that can *walk*. Of all the automata imitating men or animals moving, there is not one in which the legs are the true sources of motion. So said the Webers\* more than twenty years ago, and it is as true now as then. These authors, after a profound experimental and mathematical investigation of the mechanism of animal locomotion, recognize the fact that our knowledge is not yet advanced enough to hope to succeed in making real walking machines. But they conceive that the time may come hereafter when colossal figures will be constructed whose giant strides will not be arrested by the obstacles which are impassable to wheeled conveyances.

\* *Traité de la Mécanique des Organes de la Locomotion*. Translated from the German in the *Encyclopédie Anatomique*. Paris, 1843.

Soon after the French Revolution broke out, Holland, with the consent of a portion of her people, was incorporated, if not in name, yet in reality, into the French Empire. During the long wars of Napoleon, she shared the fortunes of her master, and when continual defeats broke the power of both on the sea, her colonies were left defenceless. Ceylon and Cape Colony fell into the hands of the English; but so, too, did Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Essequibo, Barbice, and, indeed, with but little exception, all her colonial possessions, East and West. At the peace of 1814, England restored to Holland the larger portion of this territory, though not without many remonstrances from her own merchants and statesmen. But Ceylon and Cape Colony she did not restore. These were more to her than rich islands. They were links in a grand chain of commercial connection. As Aden is the half-way station on the overland route, so Cape Colony is the half-way station on the ocean route; and Ceylon, while it rounds out and completes the great peninsula of which it may be considered to be a part, furnishes in Point de Galle, at the south, a most needed port of refuge, and on the east, at Trincomalee, one of the finest of naval harbors, with dock-yards, machine-shops, and arsenal complete. Even England could be generous to a fallen foe, whose enmity had been quite as much a matter of necessity as inclination. But by no mistimed clemency could she sacrifice such solid advantages as these.

This steady march toward the control of the commercial waters of the earth, some of whose footsteps we have now traced, reveals the existence of as steady a purpose. This colonial empire, so wide, so consistent, and so well compacted, is not the work of dull men, or the result of a series of fortunate blunders. Back of its history, and creating its history,

there must have been a clear, calm, persistent, ambitious policy,—a policy which has usually regarded appearances, but which has also managed to accomplish its cherished purposes. And the end towards which this policy tends is always one and the same: to enlarge England's commercial resources, and to build up side by side with this peaceful strength a naval power which shall keep untarnished her proudest title,—“Mistress and sovereign of the seas.”

With justice England is called the mightiest naval power in the world. And well she may be. She has every element to make her mighty. The waves which beat upon all her coasts train up a race of seamen as hardy, as skilful, as courageous as ever sailed the sea. In her bosom are hidden inexhaustible stores of iron, copper, and coal. Her Highland hills are covered with forests of oak and larch, growing while men sleep. Her borders are crowded with workshops, and her skies are dark with the smoke of their chimneys, and the air rings with the sound of their hammers. Her docks are filled with ships, and her watchful guardians are on every sea. Her eyes are open to profit by every invention. And her strong colonies, overlooking all waters, give new vigor and a better distribution to her naval resources. A mighty naval power she is, and, for good or evil, a mighty naval power she is likely to continue. The great revolutions in warfare, which in our day are proceeding with such wonderful rapidity, may for a time disturb this supremacy; but in the end, the genius of England, essentially maritime, and as clear and strong on the sea as it is apt to be weak and confused upon the land, will enable her to stand on her own element, as she has stood for centuries, with no superior, and with scarcely a rival.

## OUR GENERAL.

*A. J. Butler*

73-

AN officer on General Butler's staff, residing constantly, while in New Orleans, under his roof, having had direct personal observation of him during the entire progress of the "Ship-Island Expedition," may perhaps be pardoned for putting on record in this magazine some characteristic traits of the man whom this war has brought so prominently, not only before our own people, but also the people of Europe.

In the execution of this task I shall confine myself to the mention of incidents of his administration at New Orleans, and the relation of the inside history (the history of motive and cause) of many of his public acts which elicited from the European press and the enemies of the Union in our own land the bitterest abuse, — believing that in so doing I offer stronger proof of the injustice of their attacks than I could possibly furnish by any attempt to argue them down. And that the patience of my readers may not be unnecessarily taxed, I shall proceed without further introduction to the consideration of OUR GENERAL in New Orleans.

One of the first difficulties which General Butler found in the way of the restoration of the national authority in that city was the attitude of the foreign consuls. Under the leadership of Mr. George Coppel, who was acting for the British Government in the absence of the consul, Mr. Muir, they tacitly declared an offensive and defensive war of the guerilla stamp against every step or order for the promotion of loyal sentiment or the inculcation of a belief in the strength of our Government. Nothing excited greater hostility abroad than the General's treatment of these gentlemen, and in nothing has he been more admired by his loyal countrymen than in his complete discomfiture of them.

I have noticed this little episode in the history of the Rebellion simply with the

view of showing, that, while officially he met their combined attacks with "war to the knife," his personal intercourse with them was friendly and pleasant.

After the consuls had apparently abandoned their unsuccessful alliance in despair, Mr. Coppel, who had never yet met the General, expressed, through the commander of Her Britannic Majesty's frigate Rinaldo, a desire for an introduction to him.

The General received Mr. Coppel with marked cordiality, and was, I think, pleased with his appearance; at all events, from that time until we left the city Mr. Coppel was frequently at the office, oftentimes by invitation of the General, and nothing ever occurred to disturb the harmony of their personal relations.

On one occasion they were discussing the French and English statutes prohibiting the subjects of those powers from holding slaves. A large number of French and English subjects were living in open violation of this prohibition in New Orleans, and the General remarked to Mr. Coppel that he had a great mind to heap coals of fire on the heads of his friends across the Atlantic by enforcing their laws. Mr. Coppel with eager enthusiasm applauded the project, and urged the General to carry it into effect.

The Spanish Government was represented in New Orleans by Don Juan Callejon. Early in the summer the strictness of our quarantine of vessels from Cuba produced some ill feeling on his part, which manifested itself in the refusal of a clean bill of health to the steamer Roanoke, about to leave New Orleans for Havana. In response to a request from the General, Don Juan called immediately at the office; but owing to the unfortunate circumstance of his entire ignorance of the English language, and the consequent necessity of conversing through the medium of an interpreter, a serious misunderstanding ensued, and



the General, supposing the Consul to be contemptuously setting our Government at defiance, threatened to send him out of the country; but afterwards learning that their difference had arisen purely from misinterpretation, and that Señor Callejon had proved himself a patriot and hero in his country's service, the General, with the honest admiration which one brave man always feels toward another, took especial pains to render their intercourse, both official and personal, as agreeable as might be. And to show the Spanish consul that in the matter of quarantine he was inspired by no dislike toward his Government, he placed more rigid restrictions, if possible, on American vessels from infected ports than on the vessels of Spain.

To Señor Ruiz, the acting consul of the Republic of Mexico, who had the singular consular virtue of sympathizing warmly with the free North, the General's attentions were something more sincere than the hackneyed "assurances of distinguished consideration" so necessary to diplomatic correspondence and intercourse.

Indeed, I doubt if any of the foreign commercial agents at New Orleans would claim that they ever had cause to complain against General Butler on account of any personal grievance.

Probably nothing in the history of General Butler's administration in New Orleans drew from the foes of free government in every land such unmeasured execration as the celebrated "Order No. 28," relating to the conduct of women in the street, and I wish to give the most decided testimony upon this subject. That something was necessary to be done to stop the insults to which we were continually subjected by the other sex, I presume no one who is well informed as to their frequency and humiliating character will for a moment doubt. Upon our arrival in the city I flattered myself that such demonstrations would excite in me no sentiment more serious than pity for the childishness that

prompted them; but I confess, that, after a day or two, the sneers and contortions of countenance, the angry withholding of the dress from contact with my person, and the abrupt departure from the sidewalk to the middle of the street to avoid even passing the hated uniform, were too much for my philosophy, and gave me a sense of humiliation more painful than I can express. And yet the insults I received were slight, compared to those offered to many of our officers and men.

This condition of affairs continued about two weeks, until it became positively intolerable.

Young officers, too gallant, and too deeply imbued with the American respect for woman, to resent, by word or deed, the indignity, would come to the General with their cheeks crimson with shame and the effort to repress their just indignation, and beg him to take some measure for the suppression of the evil.

Most men would have seen no other solution of the difficulty than the arrest and punishment of a few of the offenders as a warning to the rest. But General Butler foresaw, what was afterwards proved in the case of Mrs. Larue, that the arrest of women would invariably provoke a street-disturbance, which might lead to bloodshed; he, therefore, remembering an old ordinance of the city of London, republished it in the form of the General Order which has gained so universal a celebrity.

Mr. Monroe, who was mayor of the city at the time of its capture, came in a paroxysm of anger to protest against the order as a libel on every lady in New Orleans.

The General, with perfect good-nature, went over every word of it with him, explaining its origin and its intent, and demonstrating beyond doubt that it simply gave the female population of the city the opportunity to choose in which of the two categories they would be classed, —ladies or "common women,"—and assured the Mayor, that, above all, his idea was to promulgate such an order as would execute itself, and prevent the very thing

which the Rebels have since charged upon him, — “a war upon women.”

Three times Mr. Monroe left the General with the firm conviction that the act was perfectly proper; but, instigated by crafty and able conspirators, of whom the ruling spirit was Mr. Pierre Soule, he repeatedly returned with fresh attacks on the General's administration, and especially on this order, until, the General's patience being exhausted, he said to him, — “Mr. Mayor, you have played with me long enough. Your case is settled. The boat leaves for Fort Jackson this afternoon, and you must be ready to take passage on her at four o'clock.”

I never witnessed greater forbearance than the General displayed in his treatment of the Mayor; indeed, I was at the time quite indignant that he allowed him such liberty of speech and action.

One word more about “Order No. 28.” General Beauregard's fierce anger, and his horrible construction of its provisions, intended for effect on his troops, will be well remembered by my readers. It may not be uninteresting to them to know that Beauregard's sister in New Orleans, when asked her opinion of the order, answered, — “I have no interest in or objection to it; it does not apply to me.” Is it difficult to guess to which class she belonged?

Can I say anything stronger in vindication of the propriety of this order, or of the General's sagacity in issuing it, than that the first twenty-four hours after its promulgation witnessed a complete, and, it seemed to us who were there, almost miraculous, change in the deportment of the ladies of the Crescent City? If success is the test of merit, then was it one of the most meritorious acts of the war.

The severity with which General Butler punished crimes against the Government that he was determined should be respected, or against the poor and oppressed, was of course in the Confederacy and in Europe denounced as the most fiendish cruelty, and he was characterized as

a man whose every impulse was prompted by the most brutal passions.

I do not expect the people of the South to believe my statement, that I never met a man of greater generosity and kindness of heart, or one more pleased to do an act of clemency; but I think the loyal reader will find in the following illustrations of these traits evidence of its truth.

Among the Rebel soldiers who were captured at the surrender of Fort Jackson, in April, 1862, were four men who, with the remainder of the garrison, were paroled as prisoners of war, but were soon after discovered in an attempt to organize a company, of which they were elected officers, with the view of crossing our lines by force and rejoining the Rebel army, and upon their own confession were convicted and sentenced to be shot, — the only expiation known to the rules of civilized warfare for so flagrant a violation of the parole.

During the interval between their conviction and the day appointed for their execution, I had occasion to see them frequently, and was strongly impressed with the idea that they had sinned in ignorance of the magnitude of their offence, and that a commutation of the death-penalty would be of more benefit than injury to our cause. As the day of their death rapidly drew near, and I observed their agonized despair of a reprieve, and their earnest, sincere efforts to prepare for a fate they deemed inevitable, I determined to make an urgent appeal to the General for their lives.

On the afternoon previous to the day of their expected execution, I went to the General's room and implored him to relent toward the unhappy men.

The General, in a kind, but apparently decided manner, met my urgent request by referring to the proofs of their guilt, and the necessity of the severest punishment as an example to others.

I was well aware of the futility of attempting to reason with the astute lawyer, who had all the law on his side, and twenty years' experience at the bar

in cases where he had met every argument that ingenuity could devise; so, avoiding his reasoning, I appealed directly to his feelings. In this I was most earnestly and efficiently aided by one of his household, whose heart and influence were always on the side of tenderness and mercy.

The earnestness with which I urged the cause of the wretched prisoners excited in me an interest I was not before conscious of feeling, and I suddenly found myself almost unable to speak from the choking emotions which swelled up into my throat.

Beneath the General's argument for abstract justice, I thought, however, I discovered a warm sympathy for my distress, and I gathered encouragement.

In a few minutes an officer who had been in the room during our interview, and from whom the General desired to conceal his benevolent intention toward the men, took his leave. The General turned to me immediately, and, in a voice scarcely audible, said,—"Do not feel so badly, Captain; it shall be all right."

Not daring to trust my voice, I bowed my thanks and left the room, happy in the possession of so agreeable a secret.

The next morning, as I rode out to the spot assigned for the terrible tragedy, and gazed upon the silent, curious crowd that followed, and upon the four men sitting there upon those rough pine coffins, straining their eager eyes for one long last look at the glorious sun whose rising they were never again to see, I doubted if their happiness, when an hour hence they would be returning to the city with joyous anticipations of assured life, would be any more sincere than his,—*"the American Haynau's,"*—who, in his room at the St. Charles Hotel, rejoiced that he had been able to indulge the inclinations of his heart without detriment to the service.

In justice to others, I ought to add that a strong effort for the pardon of these prisoners was made by a number of the prominent residents of New Orleans.

It was in June of last year, I think,

that a German bookseller named Keller was sent by General Butler to Ship Island and for two years for exhibiting in his shop-window a human skeleton labelled *"Chickahominy,"* claiming it to be the bones of some gallant soldier of the Union army who had fallen in one of the disastrous battles in Virginia.

At his examination, Keller protested that he was a Union man, and had been imposed upon by some designing person who had taken advantage of his ignorance to make his shop the medium of displaying contempt and hatred of our cause by the revolting spectacle I have mentioned. It was proved, however, that Keller had said these were the bones of a Yankee. His defence may or may not have been true; but, at all events, he was apparently not an evil-disposed person, and I always believed the General punished the offence rather than the man.

After Keller had been on Ship Island some two or three months, his wife, a very modest, respectable little woman, came to me frequently with a piteous story of the suffering occasioned herself and her children by the prolonged absence of her husband, and begged me to intercede with the General for his pardon. Satisfied that the cause could suffer no injury by the return of the unfortunate man to his home, I promised to do my best to obtain his release. Accordingly, I took advantage of every favorable opportunity to drop a word in the hearing of the General for the benefit of poor Keller, who was pining away in his confinement at a rate that bade fair soon to render him as valuable a subject for anatomical research as the article he had exhibited in his shop-window.

At first my efforts met with very doubtful encouragement; but I was satisfied that the General's obduracy was caused by a conflict between his sense of public duty and his natural tendency toward forgiveness; so, fully assured that a few weeks would produce the desired result, I contented myself with merely recalling the case to his memory whenever an opportunity offered.



Toward the last of October, being somewhat impatient at my tardy progress, I had just resolved to abandon my previous policy of waiting for time to do its work, and to make a vigorous onslaught upon the General's sympathies, when I learned that he had issued an order for Keller's release; and thus I was confirmed in my opinion that the General's heart was not proof against the claims of the unfortunate erring.

In the case of Mrs. Phillips, who was banished to Ship Island for her ghastly levity over the dead body of the gallant and lamented young De Kay, the General ordered a release after three months of exile, because he learned that her health was suffering in consequence of separation from her friends; and I doubt very much if she would have remained in duress three weeks, if the Rebel newspapers had not taunted the General so much, and threatened an expedition against the island for the purpose of rescuing the fair prisoner.

Mrs. Larue and Mrs. Cowen, the only other women who were imprisoned,—the former for openly distributing treasonable pamphlets in the street, thereby causing a riot, and the latter for publishing in a newspaper a card of defiance, against the national authority,—after two weeks of punishment, were pardoned on the first intimation that they were suffering in health or comfort. Indeed, the General never desired the imprisonment of any person a single day beyond the time necessary for his correction, or longer than the requirements of justice demanded. I presume very few persons are aware that one of his last acts in New Orleans was to recommend to General Banks the pardon of all prisoners confined on mere political charges.

On account of the great and increasing pressure on the General's time by the immense and miscellaneous crowd of visitors, it was found necessary to establish an office outside of his, where every unknown caller should state his business to the officer in charge, who would decide

whether or not it was essential for the person to see the General.

For a few weeks I had charge of this office, and nearly all my time was occupied in refusing passes outside of our lines. In a majority of instances, the applicants for the privilege of going into the Confederacy—many of them women—told the most sorrowful tales of destitution that could be relieved only by reaching their friends in the enemy's country; others urged, that a husband, a father, or a brother was enjoined by the physician to seek the country as the sole means of securing a return of health; in short, I was plied with every conceivable story of heart-rending woe and misery, related to induce the granting of passes, which the General, in consequence of the fact that *in almost every instance* where he had yielded to such importunities his confidence had been abused by the carrying of supplies and information to the Rebel army, had ordered me invariably to refuse. Ordinarily I succeeded in steeling my heart against these urgent entreaties; but occasionally some story, peculiarly harrowing in its details, seemed to demand a special effort in behalf of the applicant, and I would go to the General, and, in the desperation of my cause, exclaim,—

"General, you must see some of these people. I know, if you would only hear their stories, you would give them passes."

"You are entirely correct, Captain," he would reply. "I am sure I should; and that is precisely why I want you to see them for me."

And with this very doubtful satisfaction I would return to my desk, convinced that sensibility in a man who was allowed no discretion in its exercise was an entirely useless attribute, and that in future I would set my face as a flint against every appeal to my feelings.

Since my return to the North, I have heard a number of gentlemen—former political associates of General Butler—compare his "marvellous conversion" (here they always look, and apparently

mean to be, severely sarcastic) on the slavery-question with that of Saul of Tarsus to Christianity.

If the last two years of our history have failed to educate them up to the meaning of this war, I confess that I think them almost incorrigible; yet I cannot believe that even they, if they had had the experience which has placed not only General Butler, but almost every one of the twenty thousand men composing the old "Army of the Gulf," firmly on the side of freedom to all, of whatever complexion, could longer withstand the dictates of God and humanity.

Let me describe one or two of the scenes I witnessed in New Orleans, that opened our eyes to the true nature of human bondage. The following incident is the same so well told by the General himself to the committee of the New-York Chamber of Commerce, at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, in January last, and which was then reported in full in the New-York "Times." One of my objects in repeating this story is to illustrate my implicit confidence—inspired by my knowledge of his character—in the General's humanity and championship of the weak and down-trodden.

Just previous to the arrival of General Banks in New Orleans I was appointed Deputy-Provost-Marshal of the city, and held the office for some days after he had assumed command. One day, during the last week of our stay in the South, a young woman of about twenty years called upon me to complain that her landlord had ordered her out of her house, because she was unable longer to pay the rent, and she wished me to authorize her to take possession of one of her father's houses that had been confiscated, he being a wealthy Rebel, then in the Confederacy, and actively engaged in the Rebellion.

The girl was a perfect blonde in complexion: her hair was of a very pretty, light shade of brown, and perfectly straight; her eyes a clear, honest gray; and her skin as delicate and fair as a child's. Her manner was modest and

ingenuous, and her language indicated much intelligence.

Considering these circumstances, I think I was justified in wheeling around in my chair and indulging in an unequivocal stare of incredulous amazement, when in the course of conversation she dropped a remark about having been born a slave.

"Do you mean to tell me," said I, "that you have negro blood in your veins?" And I was conscious of a feeling of embarrassment at asking a question so apparently preposterous.

"Yes," she replied, and then related the history of her life, which I shall repeat as briefly as possible.

"My father," she commenced, "is Mr. Cox, formerly a judge of one of the courts in this city. He was very rich, and owned a great many houses here. There is one of them over there," she remarked, naïvely, pointing to a handsome residence opposite my office in Canal Street. "My mother was one of his slaves. When I was sufficiently grown, he placed me at school at the Mechanics' Institute Seminary, on Broadway, New York. I remained there until I was about fifteen years of age, when Mr. Cox came on to New York and took me from the school to a hotel, where he obliged me to live with him as his mistress; and to-day, at the age of twenty-one, I am the mother of a boy five years old who is my father's son. After remaining some time in New York, he took me to Cincinnati and other cities at the North, in all of which I continued to live with him as before. During this sojourn in the Free States, I induced him to give me a deed of manumission; but on our return to New Orleans he obtained it from me, and destroyed it. At this time I tried to break off the unnatural connection, whereupon he caused me to be publicly whipped in the streets of the city, and then obliged me to marry a colored man; and now he has run off, leaving me without the least provision against want or actual starvation, and I ask you to give me one of his houses that I may have a home for myself and three little children."

Strange and improbable as this story appeared, I remembered, as it progressed, that I had heard it from Governor Shepley, who, as well as General Butler, had investigated it, and learned that it was not only true in every particular, but was perfectly familiar to the citizens of New Orleans, by whom Judge Cox had been elected to administer JUSTICE.

The clerks of my office, most of whom were old residents of the city, were well informed in the facts of the case, and attested the truth of the girl's story.

I was exceedingly perplexed, and knew not what to do in the matter; but after some thought I answered her thus:—

"This Department has changed rulers, and I know nothing of the policy of the new commander. If General Butler were still in authority, I should not hesitate a moment to grant your request, — for, even if I should commit an error of judgment, I am perfectly certain he would overlook it, and applaud the humane impulse that prompted the act; but General Banks might be less indulgent, and make very serious trouble with me for taking a step he would perhaps regard as unwarrantable."

I still hesitated, undecided how to act, when suddenly a happy thought struck me, and, turning to the girl, I added, —

"To-day is Thursday; next Tuesday I leave this city with General Butler for a land where, thank God! such wrongs as yours cannot exist; and, as General Banks is deeply engrossed in the immediate business at head-quarters, he will hardly hear of my action before the ship leaves, — so I am going to give you the house."

I am sure the kind-hearted reader will find no fault with me that I took particular pains to select one of the largest of her father's houses, (it contained forty rooms,) when she told me that she wanted to let the apartments as a means of support to herself and her children.

My only regret in the case was that Mr. Cox had not been considerate enough to leave a carriage and pair of bays on my hands, that I might have had the sat-

isfaction of enabling his daughter to disport herself about the city in a style corresponding to her importance as a member of so wealthy and respectable a family.

And this story that I have just told reminds me of another, similar in many respects.

One Sunday morning, late last summer, as I came down-stairs to the breakfast-room, I was surprised to find a large number of persons assembled in the library.

When I reached the door, a member of the Staff took me by the arm, and drew me into the room toward a young and delicate mulatto girl who was standing against the opposite wall, with the meek, patient bearing of her race, so expressive of the system of repression to which they have been so long subjected.

Drawing down the border of her dress, my conductor showed me a sight more revolting than I trust ever again to behold.

The poor girl's back was flayed until the quivering flesh resembled a fresh beefsteak scorched on a gridiron. With a cold chill creeping through my veins, I turned away from the sickening spectacle, and for an explanation of the affair scanned the various persons about the room.

In the centre of the group, at his writing-table, sat the General. His head rested on his hand, and he was evidently endeavoring to fix his attention upon the remarks of a tall, swarthy-looking man who stood opposite, and who, I soon discovered, was the owner of the girl, and was attempting a defence of the foul outrage he had committed upon the unresisting and helpless person of his unfortunate victim, who stood smarting, but silent, under the dreadful pain inflicted by the brutal lash.

By the side of the slaveholder stood our Adjutant-General, his face livid with almost irrepressible rage, and his fists tight-clenched, as if to violently restrain himself from visiting the guilty wretch with summary and retributive justice. Dis-



posed about the room, in various attitudes, but all exhibiting in their countenances the same mingling of horror and indignation, were other members of the Staff, — while, near the door, stood three or four house-servants, who were witnesses in the case.

To the charge of having administered the inhuman castigation, Landry (the owner of the girl) pleaded guilty, but urged in extenuation that the girl had dared to make an effort for that freedom which her instincts, drawn from the veins of her abuser, had taught her was the God-given right of all who possess the germ of immortality, no matter what the color of the casket in which it is hidden.

I say "drawn from the veins of her abuser," because she declared she was his daughter, — and every one in the room, looking upon the man and woman confronting each other, confessed that the resemblance justified the assertion.

After the conclusion of all the evidence in the case, the General continued in the same position as before, and remained for some time apparently lost in abstraction. I shall never forget the singular expression on his face.

I had been accustomed to see him in a storm of passion at any instance of oppression or flagrant injustice; but on this occasion he was too deeply affected to obtain relief in the usual way.

His whole air was one of dejection, almost listlessness; his indignation too intense, and his anger too stern, to find expression even in his countenance.

Never have I seen that peculiar look but on three or four occasions similar to the one I am narrating, when I knew he was pondering upon the baleful curse that had cast its withering blight upon all around, until the manhood and humanity were crushed out of the people, and outrages such as the above were looked upon with complacency, and the perpetrators treated as respected and worthy citizens, — and that he was realizing the great truth, that, however man might endeavor to guide this war to the

advantage of a favorite idea or sagacious policy, the Almighty was directing it surely and steadily for the purification of our country from this greatest of national sins.

But to return to my story. After sitting in the mood which I have described at such length, the General again turned to the prisoner, and said, in a quiet, subdued tone of voice, —

"Mr. Landry, I dare not trust myself to decide to-day what punishment would be meet for your offence, for I am in that state of mind that I fear I might exceed the strict demands of justice. I shall therefore place you under guard for the present, until I conclude upon your sentence."

A few days after, a number of influential citizens having represented to the General that Mr. Landry was not only a "high-toned gentleman," but a person of unusual "AMIABILITY" of character, and was consequently entitled to no small degree of leniency, he answered, that, in consideration of the prisoner's "high-toned" character, and especially of his "amiability," of which he had seen so remarkable a proof, he had determined to meet their views, and therefore ordered that Landry give a deed of manumission to the girl, and pay a fine of five hundred dollars, to be placed in the hands of a trustee for her benefit.

It is the passing through such scenes as I have described, and the contemplation of the condition to which Slavery has reduced society at the South, combined with a natural inclination to espouse the cause of the oppressed, that has placed General Butler in the front rank of the "Champions of Freedom."

I remember, so long ago as last July, his turning to me, after reading the story of our sad reverses in Virginia, and remarking that he believed God was directing the issues of the war for a great purpose, and that only in so far as we followed His guidance should we be successful. I have heard him repeat this in effect several times since, and have seen the conviction growing within his mind

deeper and deeper, as events proved its correctness, down to the present time.

And yet an Episcopal clergyman of New York told me, the other evening, that General Butler was an Atheist.

General Butler's forbearance and kindness of heart are, I think, well illustrated in the true history of his controversy with General Phelps last summer, in regard to the employment of negroes coming within our lines. His position on that question was at that time somewhat misunderstood. Indeed, a gentleman observed to me only a short time since, referring to General Butler's allowing General Phelps to resign, "General Butler served General Phelps just right."

"So he did," I replied; "but you and I probably differ some in our ideas of right and wrong."

The case, in brief, was this.

General Phelps — as good a man, as honest and whole-souled a patriot, and as brave and thorough a soldier as there is in the service — was in command at Carrolton, — our principal line of defence. The negroes escaping from the plantations had gathered about his camp to the number of many hundreds. General Phelps almost immediately initiated steps toward making them soldiers. The residents, greatly alarmed, or affecting to be, lest they should soon be the victims of an ungovernable armed mob, addressed the most urgent remonstrances to General Butler against General Phelps's proceedings. The General was much perplexed; the Government had not yet indicated any policy on this important subject, and although I am satisfied his sympathies were with General Phelps, (the alacrity with which he soon after organized negro regiments is the best evidence of this,) he did not feel justified in officially approving his course. Determined to avoid anything like a bitter opposition to a measure that his head and heart both told him was intrinsically right, he sought for a means of compromise. Circumstances soon furnished the opportunity.

The enemy was threatening the city

with speedy attack, and it was deemed of the highest importance to cut away the thick growth of trees in front of Carrolton for nearly a mile. The General at once ordered General Phelps to set his negro brigade at this work, and in the order was particular to quote General Phelps's own opinion, previously delivered, on the necessity of the project. General Phelps, who was determined that the negroes should be soldiers or nothing, evasively declined obeying the order. General Butler then wrote him a letter presenting fresh arguments, showing how essential it was that the soldiers, who would soon be obliged to defend the city, should be spared as far as possible from unusual fatigue-duty, and inclosed a peremptory order for the performance of the work by the negroes. By the same messenger he also sent a confidential letter, which I wrote at his dictation, in which, in terms of the warmest friendship and honest appreciation of General Phelps's exalted courage, sincere patriotism, and other noble qualities, he begged him not to place himself in an attitude of hostility to his commanding officer. A more delicate, generous, or considerate letter I never read; but it was of no avail. General Phelps persisted in his refusal to obey, and tendered his resignation. What did General Butler do?

He would have been justified in the arrest and court-martial of General Phelps, and few men could resist so good an opportunity to assert their authority; but he knew that General Phelps had been for years the victim of the Slave Power, until his mind had become so absorbed in detestation of the institution that he was conscientiously and inexorably opposed to the slightest step that could even remotely be construed as assisting in its support. Moreover, General Butler's esteem for General Phelps was deep and sincere; and those who know the General well will readily understand how repugnant to his nature is the abrupt change from warm friendship to open hostility.

But to recur to my question,—What did General Butler do? He simply forwarded General Phelps's resignation to Washington, with the earnest request that the Government would proclaim some policy in regard to the contrabands, and shortly after, learning that the story of an intended attack on the city at that time was a canard, allowed the matter to drop. When, a little later, the enrolment of negroes in the United States' service was in order, where were they so promptly enlisted and equipped as in the grand old "Department of the Gulf"?

Reading the other day the retaliatory resolutions of the Rebel Congress recalled to my mind the terrible earnestness with which the General declared in New Orleans, "For every one of my black soldiers who may be murdered by their captors, two Rebel soldiers shall hang." And I know he meant it.

The London "Times" has said that General Butler is a "monster of cruelty," devoid of every sentiment of benevolence or tenderness, and the cry has been taken up and echoed by the press of Continental Europe. Perhaps he is; but the thirty-four thousand poor people of New Orleans whom he fed every day refuse to believe it. I could wish that some of these libellers of his humanity had been in New Orleans to see the character of the crowd that thronged his office from morning till night. There were persons of almost every condition and color,—the great majority being poor and wretched men and women, who brought their every grief and trouble to lay at the feet of the man whom they believed possessed of the power and the will to redress every wrong and heal every sorrow. Was it surprising? Did it look as though they feared his fierce anger and his cruel wrath? Was it not rather the humble testimony of their instinct that he whose first and every act in their city was for the amelioration of suffering was the one to whom they should apply for relief in every woe?

And what patience he exhibited under this great and increasing addition to his official cares! Unless the complaint or request were frivolous or disloyal, he always listened respectfully, and then applied the remedy to the wrong, or carefully explained the means suited to the relief of the distress, and the proper course for obtaining it.

Shortly after our arrival in New Orleans, the Sisters in charge of the Orphan Asylum of St. Elizabeth called upon the General and represented that institution as in a state of literal destitution from lack of provisions and the money with which to procure them. This unfortunate condition of suffering was one of the legitimate consequences of active Secession, and no one could be held responsible for it but the leaders of the Rebellion. But the General did not stop to discuss the question of responsibility; he knew that here were several hundred children who were crying for bread, and with characteristic promptitude gave them an order on the Chief Commissary for a very large amount of stores,—to be charged to his personal account,—adding a sum of five hundred dollars in money from his pocket.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, near New Orleans, owed its continued existence almost entirely to his individual charities; and the same may be said of all the benevolent institutions in and about the city.

I have rarely seen him more angry than when he discovered that a committee of the City Council, who held, as trustees, the Touro Fund, left by its generous donor for the support of orphans, had outraged their trust by applying a large amount of the legacy to the purchase of munitions of war for the Rebellion. He had them brought under guard to the office, and, unable to restrain his contempt for the dishonor of the act, expressed his opinion in terms that must have scathed them fearfully, unless their sensibilities were utterly callous. He then sent them to Fort Pickens, there to remain until every cent of the money



they had so wantonly diverted from its legitimate purpose should be repaid.

One of the most striking of the General's traits is the quick comprehension which enables him to meet almost any question with a ready and commonly a witty reply.

During the earlier period of our occupation of New Orleans, persons were constantly applying to him to give them an order to search within our lines for runaway negroes; and it is a good illustration of the assurance of our enemies, that in a majority of cases the persons so applying were avowed traitors. The following is a fair sample of the conversation that would follow such an application.

"General, I wish you would give me an order to search for my negro," the visitor would commence.

"Have you lost your horse?" the General would ask, in reply.

"No, Sir."

"Have you lost your mule?" the General would add.

"No, Sir," the applicant for the order would answer, looking exceedingly puzzled at such unusual questions.

"Well, Sir, if you had lost your horse or your mule, would you come and ask me to neglect my duty to the Government for the purpose of assisting you to catch them?"

"Of course not," the visitor would reply, with increasing astonishment.

"Then why should you expect me to employ myself in hunting after any other article of your property?"

And with this comforting and practical application of the Dred-Scott decision, the ex-owner of the fugitive slave would take his departure, a wiser, and, I doubt not, a sadder man.

During an interview between the General and the Reverend Doctor Leacock, (Rector of Grace Church in New Orleans, and one of the three Episcopal clergymen who refused to read the prayer for the President, and were therefore sent North as prisoners, under my charge,) in

which the General urged upon the Doctor his views on the injurious influence of disloyalty in the pulpit, sustaining his argument by prolific quotations from Scripture, recited with an accuracy and appositeness that few theologians could exceed, the Doctor replied,—

"But, General, your insisting upon the taking of the oath of allegiance is causing half of my church-members to perjure themselves."

"If that is the case, I am glad I have not had the spiritual charge of your church for the last nine years," (just the term of Dr. Leacock's pastorate,) the General answered, promptly.

After a lengthy conversation, the Doctor finally asked,—

"Well, General, are you going to shut up the churches?"

"No, Sir, I am more likely to shut up the ministers," he replied.

To the casual observer this would appear but a brilliant repartee, while, in fact, it was significant as indicative of a sagacious policy. Closing the churches would have given warrant to the charge of interference with the observances of religion. So careful was the General to avoid anything of this nature, that, in every instance where a clergyman was removed from his church, the very next Sunday found his pulpit occupied by a loyal minister.

As a great many excellent Churchmen have misunderstood the cause of the arrest of clergymen in New Orleans, I think I must add a word of explanation. The ministers so arrested were of the Episcopal denomination, in which the rector is required to read a liturgy prescribed by the General Convention. In this liturgy occurs "a prayer for the President of the United States," and its omission in their reading of the service was clearly an overt act of disloyalty, in that it was by unmistakable implication a declaration that they did not recognize the authority of the President of the United States; and it is a fact not generally known, that this omission in the service was supplied by the minister's regularly

announcing, "A few moments will now be spent in silent prayer." Who can doubt the character and burden of this voiceless petition, when it is understood that it was the successor to an audible appeal—which General Butler suppressed—to Heaven for Jefferson Davis and the success of his cause?

Another of the General's strongest characteristics is his firm faith, his ardent hopefulness. Never have I known him despondent as to the final result of this war. He believes it to be a struggle for principle and right, and therefore his confidence in the ultimate success of our arms never falters. Frequently disheartened myself at our apparent ill-fortune, I have listened to his cheerful predictions and expressions of unflinching trust, and have come away strengthened and confident.

After our return to the North, an ex-mayor of Chicago was introduced to the General at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York. It was just at a time when our cause looked very gloomy. The Mayor was evidently much depressed by the indications of national misfortune, and in a tone of great despondency asked the General,—

"Do you believe we shall ever get through this war successfully?"

"Yes, Sir," the General answered, very decidedly.

"Well, but how?" asked the Mayor.

"God knows, I don't; but I know He does, so I am satisfied," the General replied.

And in this reply was contained an admirable expression of that earnest faith in the inevitable triumph of good over evil which forms so prominent a part of his nature.

In this short sketch I have either entirely avoided or merely hinted at the traits which have given General Butler a world-wide distinction. His wonderful energy, his sagacity, his courage, his great executive and administrative ability, and, more than all, the marvellous

comprehension, which, at the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter, enabled him to grasp the subject of this Rebellion in all its magnitude and bearings, and in the means and measures for its suppression, are attributes made familiar to the world as "household words" by his unprecedented administration in New Orleans.

The story of the years of experience crowded into those eight short months of our sojourn in that city is worthy the pen of our country's ablest historian, and would fill volumes.

To relate all the instances of General Butler's kindness and generosity, his forbearance and magnanimity, while in New Orleans, would require more than all the space between the covers of the "Atlantic."

I have undertaken the grateful task of recording some of the more prominent scenes, where he displayed the kindly, genial traits so utterly inconsistent with the indiscriminate charges of cruelty, injustice, and wrong, preferred by his enemies,—traits that have inexpressibly endeared their possessor to every officer and soldier in his late army. Said an officer, but just returned from New Orleans, to me a few days since,— "I have heard of the infatuation of the Army of the Potomac to its earlier leader, but I do not believe their devotion is near so deep and earnest as that of the faithful men who followed General Butler from New England and the Northwest, through the campaign of New Orleans."

Not one of us who have been closely associated with him but watches with intense interest for the opportunity to arrive when he shall prove himself to be (as every one of us believes him to be) among the foremost of those predestined to lead our country through its baptism of blood and fire to a higher and grander destiny and glory than the most ardent dared even to hope for before the war.

Happy then shall I be, if in these few pages I have conveyed to the indulgent readers of this article some idea of the inner life and character of OUR GENERAL.

## THE CLAIMS TO SERVICE OR LABOR.

SOME persons look upon the veneration with which the people of these United States regard the Constitution as savoring of superstition. It is at least a wholesome superstition, which cannot be disturbed without risk.

When a man, in calm moments of deliberate reflection, has settled and adopted the principles of ethics and morality which ought to govern his life, and when, under the pressure of urgent exigency, or in moments of eager excitement, his view of their truth or value undergoes a sudden change, it is not safe to give way to such influence. He would evince wisdom in calling to mind, that, in hours of tranquil judgment, with no passion to blind and no impulse of the moment to urge beyond reason, he *had* adopted certain principles of action, for guidance and safety.

Doubtless age may correct, and ought to correct, the errors of youth. But when we change a life-rule, it should be from a matured conviction, that, on general principles, the correction is just and proper; not because it would afford relief or satisfaction for the time being, or prove convenient for some special purpose.

So of the Constitution of the United States. Of fallible because human origin, it is imperfect. A rule of political action in a progressive world, it was by its founders properly made subject to amendment. At the first session of the first Congress ten amendments were adopted; two have been added since; and experience has approved this action.

That other amendments may hereafter be necessary and proper it would be presumptuous to deny. But we ought to touch the ark of our political testimony with careful and reverent hand.

All legislative bodies are liable to sudden and wayward impulses. To these the Congress of our young country is

more exposed than the Parliaments or Chambers of older nations. It would have been very unsafe to trust a Congressional majority with the power of amending the Constitution.

Difficulties and delays were properly put in the way of exercising such a prerogative. To two-thirds of both houses, or to a convention called by the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, was granted the power of proposing amendments; while the power to ratify these was not confided to less than to the legislatures, or to the conventions, of three-fourths of the States composing the Union.

To alter the Constitution in any other way — as by the consent of a majority only of the several States — would be a revolutionary act. Doubtless revolutionary acts become a justifiable remedy on rare and great occasions, as in 1776; but they are usually replete with danger. They are never more dangerous than when employed by one section of a confederacy against another, weaker section of the same. To the stability of government, it is necessary that the rights of minorities should be strictly respected. The end does not necessarily justify the means. "No example," says an eminent and philosophical writer, "is more dangerous than that of violence employed for a good purpose by well-meaning men."\*

To such considerations has it been, in a measure, due that the people of the United States, with as much unanimity as usually characterizes any national decision, have held back, until now, from following the example of the civilized nations of Europe in emancipating their slaves. Until the Secessionists levied

\* "Il n'y a pas de plus dangereux exemple que celui de la violence exercée pour le bien et par les gens de bien." — "*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*," par Alexis de Tocqueville, Paris, 1856, p. 310.



## LOVE'S CHALLENGE.

I PICKED this trifle from the floor,  
Unknowing from whose tender hand  
It fell, — but now would fain restore  
A thing which hath my heart unmanned.

I say unmanned, for 't is not now  
A manly mood to dream of Love,  
When each bold champion knits his brow,  
And for War's gauntlet doffs his glove.

But we 're exempt, and have no heart  
Of wreak within us for the fray ;  
And therefore teach our souls the art  
With life and life's concerns to play.

Yet, lady, trust me, 't is not all  
In play that I proclaim intent,  
When next thou lett'st thy gauntlet fall,  
To take it as a challenge meant.

## REPLY.

SIR CARPET-KNIGHT, who canst not fight,  
Thy gallantries are not for me ;  
The man whom I with love requite  
Must sing in a more martial key.

I have two brothers on the field,  
And one beneath it, — none knows where ;  
And I shall keep my spirit steeled  
To any save a soldier's prayer.

If thou have music in thy soul,  
Yet hast no sinew for the strife,  
Go teach thyself the war-drum's roll,  
And woo me better with a fife !

POLITICAL PROBLEMS, AND CONDITIONS OF PEACE. *W. Davis.*

THE relations existing between the Federal Government and the several States, and the reciprocal rights and powers of each, have never been settled, except in part. Upon matters of taxation and commerce, and the diversified questions that arise in times of peace, the decisions of the Supreme Court have marked the boundary-lines of State and Federal power with considerable clearness and precision. But all these questions are superficial and trivial, when compared with those which are coming up for decision out of the great struggle in which we are now engaged. The Southern Rebellion, greater than any recorded in history since the world began, must necessarily call for the exercise of all the powers with which the Government is clothed. And we need not be surprised, if, in resorting to the new measures which the great exigency of the new condition seems to require, it shall be found, after the storm has ceased and the clouds have rolled away, that in some things the Government has transcended its legitimate powers, while in others it has suffered, because fearing to use those which it really possesses. It is dependent in many things upon the States; and yet it is supreme over them all. There can be no Senate, as a branch either of the executive or of the legislative department, without the action of the States; and yet the Government emanates directly from the people. In defending itself against an armed rebellion of nearly half the States themselves, struggling for self-preservation, it may rightfully, as in other wars, grasp all the means within its reach. War makes its own methods, for all of which necessity is a sufficient plea. But when the defence shall have been made, when the attack is repelled, and the Rebellion shall have been fully suppressed, then will come the questions, What are the best means of restoration? and, How

shall a recurrence of the evil be prevented?

Though the Federal Government is one of limited powers, *the people* possess *all governmental powers*; and these are spoken of as powers *delegated* and powers *reserved*. So far as these are reserved to *the people*, they may be exercised either through the *Federal Government* or the *State*. And the Federal Government, though limited in its powers, is restricted in the *subjects upon which it can act*, rather than in the *quantum* of power it can exercise over those matters within its jurisdiction. Over those interests which are committed to its care it has all the powers incident to any other government in the world, — powers necessary by implication to accomplish the purpose intended. The construction of the grant in the Constitution is not to be critical and stringent, as if the people, by its adoption, were *selling* power to a *stranger*, — but liberal, considering that they were enabling *their own agents* to achieve a noble work for them.

We have been accustomed to extol the wisdom of our fathers, in framing and establishing such a form of government; but our highest praises have been too small. We have hitherto had but a partial conception of their wisdom. We knew not the terrible test to which their work was to be exposed. After the long discipline of the Revolutionary War, and the experience of the weakness and impending anarchy of the Confederation, they understood, far better than we, the dangers to which every government is liable, from within and from without. And we are just now beginning to see, that, in the Constitution they adopted, they not only provided for the interests of peace, but for the dangers and emergencies of war. Brief sentences, hardly noticed before, now throw open their doors like a magazine of arms, ready for use in the hour of peril. And while we shall

come out of this struggle, and the political contest that will follow it, without impairing any of the rights of the States, the Federal Government *restored* will stand before the world in a majesty of strength of which we have before had no conception.

The questions evolved by the war are already attracting public attention. It is well that they should do so. The peace and prosperity of the country in future years depend upon their solution. They are so interwoven that a mistake in regard to one may involve us in other errors. The power of the Government so to remove the cause of the present rebellion as to prevent its recurrence, if it have any such power, is one which it is imperatively bound to exercise, — else all the treasure and blood expended in quelling it will be wasted. Has it any such power? Can Slavery be exterminated? And can the Rebel States be held as conquests, and be restored only upon condition of being forever free? It is proposed briefly to discuss these questions.

#### EMANCIPATION.

THERE are those who believe that the President's Proclamation will cease to be of any force at the close of the war, and that no slaves will have any right to their freedom by it except such as may be actually liberated by the military authorities.

There are others, who hold that the Proclamation has the force of law, — that by it every slave within the designated territory has now a legal right to his liberty, — and that, if the military power does not secure that right to him *during the war*, he may successfully appeal to the civil power *afterwards*.

If the Proclamation is a law, it must be conceded, that, like all the laws of war, it will cease to be in force when the war is closed. But if, like a legislative act, it confers actual rights on the slaves, whether they are able to secure them in fact or not, then those *rights* are

not lost, though the law cease to exist. On the other hand, if it confers no actual rights on any who are beyond its reach, — if it is merely an *offer* of freedom to all who can come and receive it, — then those only who do receive it while the offer continues will have any rights by it when it has ceased to be in force.

The position of Mr. Adams on this subject seems to have been misunderstood. When his remarks in Congress are carefully examined, it will be found that he did not claim that the proclamation of a military commander would operate, like a statute, to confer the right of freedom upon all the slaves in an invaded country. But he asserted a general principle of international law, — that the commander of an invading army is not bound to recognize the municipal laws of the country, — that he may treat all as freemen, though some are slaves. And he claimed, that, in case of a servile war in this country, our army would have a right to suppress the insurrection by giving freedom to the insurgents. In regard to the effect of such a proclamation upon those not liberated by the military power, he expressed no opinion.

The precedents usually cited are not any more satisfactory. In Hayti, and in the South-American republics, emancipation became an established fact by the action of the civil power. In each case a proclamation by the military power was the initial step; but the consummation was attained by the fact that the same power afterwards became dominant in civil, as well as in military affairs.

Conceding, then, that the Proclamation is but a declaration of the war-policy, designed and adapted to secure a still higher end, — the preservation and perpetuity of our free institutions, — it is still claimed that the Government has the right to pursue this policy until Slavery is abolished, and *forever prohibited*, within all the Rebel States.

Though we speak of the Rebellion as an "insurrection," it has assumed such proportions that we are in a state of actual war. Nor does it make any differ-



ence that it is a *civil war*. It has just been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, *that we have the same rights against the people and States in rebellion*, by the law of nations, that we should have against *alien enemies*. The property of non-combatants is liable to confiscation, as *enemies'* property; and it makes no difference that some of them are *personally* loyal. All the inhabitants of the Rebel States have the rights of *enemies* only. The recent cases of the Brilliant, Hiawatha, and Amy Warwick settle this beyond all question. There was some difference of opinion among the judges, but only on the question whether this condition *preceded* the Act of Congress of July, 1861, — a majority holding that it did, commencing with the proclamation of the blockade. So that it cannot be denied that we may treat the Rebel States *as enemies*, and adopt all measures against them *which any belligerents engaged in a just war may adopt*.

And no principle of the law of nations is more universally admitted than this, — that the party in the right, after the war is commenced, may continue to carry it on until the enemy shall submit to such terms as will be a sufficient indemnity for all the losses and expenses caused by it, *and will prevent another war in the future*. And to this end he may conquer and hold in subjection people and territory, until such terms are submitted to. And until then, the state of war continues. The right to impose such terms as will *secure peace in the future* is one of the fundamental principles of international law.

"Of the absolute international rights of States," says Mr. Wheaton, "one of the most essential and important, and that which lies at the foundation of all the rest, is *the right of self-preservation*. This right necessarily involves all other incidental rights which are essential as means to give effect to the principal end."

"The end of a just war," says Vattel, "is to avenge, or *prevent*, injury."

"If the *safety of the State* lies at stake, our precaution and foresight cannot be extended too far. Must we delay to arrest our ruin until it has become inevitable?"

"Where the end is lawful, he who has the right to pursue that end has, of course, a right to employ all the means necessary for its attainment."

"When the conqueror has totally subdued a nation, he undoubtedly may, in the first place, do himself justice respecting the object which had given rise to the war, and indemnify himself for the expenses and damages sustained by it; he may, according to the exigency of the case, subject the nation to punishment by way of example; and he may, *if prudence require it, render her incapable of doing mischief with the same ease in future*."

"Every nation," says Chancellor Kent, "has an undoubted right to provide for its own safety, and to take due precaution against *distant*, as well as impending danger."

Our rights *as belligerents*, therefore, are ample for our security in time to come. The Rebel States will not cease to be enemies by being defeated and exhausted and disabled from continuing active hostilities. They have invoked the laws of war, and they must abide the decision of the tribunal to which they have appealed. We may hold them *as enemies* until they submit to such reasonable terms of peace as we may demand. Whether we shall require any indemnity for the vast expenditures and losses to which we have been subjected is a question of great magnitude; but it is of little importance compared with that of guarding against a recurrence of the Rebellion, by removing the *cause* of it. It would be worse than madness to restore them to all their former rights under the government they have done their utmost to destroy, and at the same time permit them to retain a system that would surely involve us or our children in another struggle of the same kind.

Slavery and freedom cannot permanently coexist under the same government. There is an inevitable, perpetual, irrepressible conflict between them. The present rebellion is but the culmination of this conflict, long existing,—transferred from social and political life to the camp and the battle-field. *In the new arena, we have all the rights of belligerents in an international war.* Slavery has taken the sword; let it perish by the sword. If we spare it, its wickedness will be exceeded by our folly. As victors, the world concedes our right to demand, for our own future peace, as the only terms of restoration, not only the abolition of Slavery in all the Rebel States, but its prohibition in all coming time. It cannot be, that, with the terrible lessons of these passing years, we shall be so utterly destitute of wisdom and prudence as to leave our children exposed to the dangers of another rebellion, after entailing upon them the vast burdens of this, by our national debt.

It has been said, that, if Slavery should be abolished, the States could afterwards reestablish it. This is claimed, on the ground that every State may determine for itself the character of its own domestic institutions. The right to do so has been conceded to some of the new States.

But it should be remembered that this right has been, to establish Slavery *by bringing in slaves from the old States*,—not by taking *citizens of the United States*, and reducing *them* to slavery. If one such citizen can be enslaved, then can any other; and the very foundations of the Federal Government can be overturned by a State. For a government that cannot protect *its own citizens* from loss of citizenship by being chattellized is no government at all.

Citizenship is a reciprocal relation. The citizen owes allegiance; the government owes protection. When a person is naturalized, he takes the oath of allegiance. Does he get nothing in return? Can a State annul all the rights which the Federal Government has conferred? Then,

indeed, would it be better for those who come to our shores to remain citizens of the old nations; for *they* could protect them, but *we* cannot. Then, to be a citizen of the United States—a privilege we had thought greater than that of Roman citizenship when that empire was in its glory—is a privilege which any State may annul at its pleasure!

The power and position of a nation depend upon the number, wealth, intelligence, and power of its citizens. And the nation, in order to employ and develop its resources, must have free scope for the use of its powers. No State has a right to block the path of the United States, or in any way to “retard, impede, or burden it, in the execution of its powers.” For this reason, if a citizen is wealthy enough to lend money to the Federal Government, a State cannot *tax his scrip* to the amount of one cent. But, if the doctrine contended for by some is sound, then it may take *the citizen himself*, confiscate the whole of his property, blot out his citizenship, and make a chattel of him, and the Federal Government can afford him no protection! Among all the doctrines that Slavery has originated in this country, there is none more monstrous than this.

But this is not a question of any practical importance at this time. There is no danger that Slavery will ever be tolerated where it has been once abolished. It may go into new fields; it seldom returns to those from which it has been driven. The institutions of learning and religion that follow in the path of freedom, if they find a congenial soil, are not likely to be supplanted by the dark and noxious exotics of ignorance and barbarism.

And besides, as we have already seen, it is our right, as one of the conditions of restoration, to provide for the *perpetual prohibition* of Slavery within the Rebel States. This, like the Ordinance of 1787, will stand as an insurmountable barrier in all time to come. And the security it will afford will be even more certain. For, while there may be a difference of

opinion in regard to the effect of a law of Congress relating to existing Territories, there is no doubt that conditions imposed at the time upon the admission of new States, or the restoration of the Rebel States, will be of perpetual obligation.

#### RIGHTS OF REBEL STATES.

ON this subject there are two theories, each of which has advocates among our most eminent statesmen.

By some it is claimed that the Rebels have lost all rights as citizens of States, and are in the condition of the inhabitants of unorganized territories belonging to the United States, — and that, having forfeited their rights, they can never be restored to their former position, except by the consent of the Federal Government. This consent may be given by admitting them as new States, or restoring them as old, — the Government having the right in either case to annex terms and conditions.

There are others who contend that the Rebel States, though in rebellion, have lost none of their rights as States, — that the moment they submit they may choose members of Congress and Presidential electors, and demand, and we must concede, the same position they formerly held. This theory has been partially recognized by the present Administration, but not to an extent that precludes the other from being adopted, if it is right.

If the people of the States which have seceded, as soon as they submit, have an absolute right to resume their former position in the Government, with their present constitutions upholding Slavery, it certainly will be a great, if not an insurmountable, obstacle to the adoption of those measures which may be necessary to secure our peace in the future. That they have no such right, it is believed may be made perfectly clear.

If we triumph, we shall have all the rights which, by the laws of nations, belong to conquerors in a just war. In a civil war, the rights of conquest may not be of the same nature as in a war be-

tween different nations; but that there are such rights in all wars has already been stated on the highest authority. If a province, having definite constitutional rights, revolts, and attempts to overthrow the power of the central government, it would be a strange doctrine, to claim, that, after being subdued, it had risked and lost nothing by the undertaking. No authority can be found to sustain such a proposition. A rebellion puts everything at risk. Any other doctrine would hold out encouragement to all wicked and rebellious spirits. If they revolt, they know that everything is staked upon the chances of success. Everything is lost by defeat. By the laws of war, long established among the nations, — laws which the Rebel States have themselves invoked, — if they fail, they will have no right to be restored, except upon such terms as our Government may prescribe. The right to make war, conferred by the Constitution, carries with it all the rights and powers incident to a war, necessary for its successful prosecution, and essential to prevent its recurrence.

But without resorting to the extraordinary powers incident to a state of war, the same conclusion, in regard to the effect of a rebellion by a State Government, results from the relations which the States sustain to the Federal Government. Though they cannot escape its jurisdiction, their position, *as States*, is one which may be forfeited and lost.

It has been objected that this doctrine is equivalent to a recognition of the right of Secession, because it concedes the power of any one State to withdraw from the Union. But the fallacy of this objection is easily demonstrated.

The Federal Government does not emanate from the States, but directly from the people. The relation between them is that of *protection* on the one hand and *allegiance* on the other. This relation cannot be dissolved by either party, unless by voluntary or compulsory expatriation. It subsists alike in States and Territories, not being dependent upon any local government. The Rebels claim the



right to dissolve this relation, and to become free from and independent of the Federal Government, though retaining the same territory as before. We deny any such right, and hold, that, though they may forfeit their rights *as a State*, they are still bound by, and under the jurisdiction of, the Federal Government. This jurisdiction, though absolute in all places, is not the same in all.

In the District of Columbia, and in all unorganized territories, the jurisdiction of the Federal Government is exclusive in its *extent*, as well as in its *nature*. It must protect the inhabitants in *all* their rights, — for there is no other power to protect them. They owe allegiance to it, and to no other.

The inhabitants of the *organized* territories, though under the general jurisdiction of the Federal Government, are, to some extent, under the jurisdiction of the Territorial Governments. Each is bound to protect them in certain things; they are bound to support and obey each in certain things.

The people of a State are also under the absolute jurisdiction of the Federal Government in all matters embraced in the Constitution. They owe it unqualified allegiance and support in those things. But they are also, in some matters, under the jurisdiction of the State Government, and owe allegiance to that. There are many matters over which both have jurisdiction, and in which the citizens have a right to look to each, or both, for protection. The courts of each issue writs of *habeas corpus*, and give the citizens their liberty, unless there is legal cause for their custody or restraint.

Now, if a State Government forfeits all right to the allegiance and support of its citizens, they are not thereby absolved from their allegiance to the Federal Government. On the contrary, the jurisdiction of the Federal Government is thereby enlarged; for it is then the only Government which the citizens are bound to obey. Take, for illustration, the State of Arkansas. By seceding, the State Government forfeited all claim to the obe-

dience of the citizens. The inhabitants no longer owe it any allegiance. If loyal, they will not obey it, except as compelled by force. But they still owe allegiance to the United States Government. And there being no other Government which they are bound to obey, they are in the same condition as before the State was admitted into the Union, or any Territorial Government was organized.

The same is true of South Carolina. For, though it was an independent State before the Constitution was adopted, its citizens voluntarily yielded up that position, and became subject to the Federal Government, claiming the privileges and assuming the liabilities of a higher citizenship. And if, by reason of its rebellion, their State Government has forfeited its claim upon them, and its right to rule over them, they owe no allegiance to any except the Government of the United States.

But it is argued by some, that a State, once admitted into the Union, cannot forfeit its rights as a State under the Constitution, because it cannot, as such, be guilty of treason; that the inhabitants may all be traitors, and the State Government secede, and engage in a war against the Republic, and yet retain all its rights intact.

A State, in the meaning of public law, has been defined to be a body of persons *united together* in one community, for the defence of their rights. They do not constitute a State until *organized*. If the organization ceases to exist, they are no longer a State. If the State organization becomes despotic, and the inhabitants overthrow it by a revolution, it then ceases to exist. The people are remitted to their original rights, and must organize a new State.

A State, as such, may be guilty of treason. Crimes may be committed by organized bodies of men. Corporations are often convicted, and punished by fines, or by a forfeiture of all corporate rights. And though we have no provision for putting a State on trial, it may, as a State, be guilty. Treason is defined by

the Constitution to be "levying war against the United States." This is just what South Carolina, as a State, is doing. Not only the people, but *the State Government*, has revolted. The people owe it no allegiance. It is their duty, not to support, but to *oppose* it. The Federal Government owes it no recognition. It has the right to destroy and exterminate it. A State Government in rebellion has no rights under the Constitution. *It is itself a rebellion*, and must necessarily cease to exist when the rebellion is suppressed.

And when the State Government which has revolted shall be conquered and overthrown, there will then be no South Carolina in existence. If there were loyal people enough there, bond or free, to rise up and overthrow it, they would be no more bound to revive the old Constitution, with its tyrannical provisions, than were our fathers to return to the British Government. Such a revolution is inaugurated in that State, by loyal men, to overthrow the despotic power of the State Government. If the State Government had remained loyal, it might have called on the Federal Government. But by seceding it has justified the Federal Government in aiding or organizing a revolution against it, for its utter overthrow and extinction.

It is true, indeed, the idea prevails that there is still, somehow, a State of South Carolina, besides that which is in rebellion. But the State must exist *in fact*, or it has no existence. There is no such thing as a merely theoretical State, separate and different from the actual. The revolted States are the same States that were once loyal. And when some loyal citizens in each of them, with the aid of the Federal Government, have overthrown and destroyed them, the ground will be cleared for the formation of new States, or the *reorganization* of the old; and they may be admitted or restored, upon such conditions as may be deemed wise and prudent, to promote and secure the future peace and welfare of the whole country.

There is no evidence that loyal persons in the Rebel States claim or desire to uphold the existence of those States, under their present constitutions, with the system of Slavery. But if there are any such persons, their wishes are not to override the interests of the Republic. It is their misfortune to reside in States that have revolted; and all their losses, pecuniary and political, are chargeable to those States, and not to the Federal Government. If they are so blind as to suppose that their losses will be increased by emancipation, *that*, also, will be chargeable to the rebellion of those States. *Their* loyalty does not save those States from being treated as enemies; it does not prevent *their own* condition from being determined by that of their States. As it is well known, a portion of their property has been confiscated by an Act of Congress, on the ground that they are, in part, responsible for the rebellion of those States. The theory, therefore, that such loyal men constitute loyal States, still existing, in distinction from the States that have rebelled, is utterly groundless. On this point we cannot do better than quote from the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case already referred to, sustaining the belligerent legislation of Congress.

"In organizing this rebellion, *they have acted as States*, claiming to be sovereign over all persons and property within their respective limits, and claiming the right to absolve their citizens from their allegiance to the Federal Government. Several of these States have combined to form a new Confederacy, claiming to be acknowledged by the world as a sovereign State. Their right to do so is now being decided by *wager of battle*. The ports and territory of each of these States are held in hostility to the General Government. It is no loose, unorganized insurrection, having no defined boundary or possession. It has a boundary, marked by lines of bayonets, and which can be crossed only by force. South of this line is enemy's

territory, because it is claimed and held in possession by an organized, hostile, and belligerent power. All persons residing within this territory, whose property may be used to increase the revenues of the hostile power, are in this contest liable to be treated as enemies."

It is not to be presumed that Congress will do anything unnecessarily to add to the misfortunes of loyal men in the South. On the contrary, all that is being done is more directly for their benefit than for that of any other class of men. The vast expenditure of treasure and blood in this war is for the purpose of protecting them first of all, and restoring to them the blessings of a good government. And if it shall be found practicable to indemnify them for all losses, whether by emancipation or otherwise, no one will object.

The object of this article is to prove that the Government possesses ample power, according to the law of nations, to suppress the Rebellion, and secure the country against the danger of another, by Emancipation, through the military power; that, though Emancipation is a *policy*, and not a *law*, the war may be prosecuted until this end is accomplished, and Slavery in future forever prohibited; that, by secession and rebellion, the revolted States have forfeited all right to the allegiance of their citizens, who are thereby remitted to the condition and rights of citizens solely of the United States; and that the Federal Government, as well *under the Constitution as by right of conquest*, may impose such

terms upon the reorganization and restoration of those States as may be necessary to secure present safety, and avert danger in time to come. These views are presented in as brief and simple terms as possible, with the hope that they may be adopted by the people and by the Government. It is confidently believed, that, if the President and Congress will act in accordance with them, their acts will be fully sustained by the Supreme Court,—and that, the element and source of discord being at last entirely removed from the country, a career of peace and prosperity will then begin which shall be the admiration of the world.

At this time we present a humiliating spectacle to other nations: nearly half of our national temple in ruins,—the work of blind folly and mad ambition. The people of the North claimed no right to tear it down, or even to repair it. But since the people of the South have risen in rebellion, let us believe that there is now an opportunity, nay, an imperative *necessity*, to remove from its foundations the rock of Oppression, that was sure to crumble in the refining fires of a Christian civilization, and establish in its place the stone of LIBERTY,—unchanging and eternal as its Author. Let us rejoice in the hope, already brightening into fruition, that out of these ruins our temple shall rise again, in a fresher beauty, a firmer strength, a brighter glory,—and above it again shall float the old flag, every star restored, henceforth to all, of every color and every race, the flag of the free.



## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-39.* By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THOSE who remember the "Journal of a Residence in America" of Frances Anne Kemble, or, as she was universally and kindly called, Fanny Kemble, — a book long since out of print, and entirely out of the knowledge of our younger readers, — will not cease to wonder, as they close these thoughtful, tranquil, and tragical pages. The earlier journal was the dashing, fragmentary diary of a brilliant girl, half impatient of her own success in an art for which she was peculiarly gifted, yet the details of which were sincerely repugnant to her. It crackled and sparkled with *naïve* arrogance. It criticized a new world and fresh forms of civilization with the amusing petulance of a spoiled daughter of John Bull. It was flimsy, flippant, laughable, rollicking, vivid. It described scenes and persons, often with airy grace, often with profound and pensive feeling. It was the slightest of diaries, written in public for the public; but it was universally read, as its author had been universally sought and admired in the sphere of her art; and no one who knew anything of her truly, but knew what an incisive eye, what a large heart, what a candid and vigorous mind, what real humanity, generosity, and sympathy, characterized Miss Kemble.

The dazzling phantasmagoria which life had been to the young actress was suddenly exchanged for the most practical acquaintance with its realities. She was married, left the stage, and as a wife and mother resided for a winter on the plantations of her husband upon the coast of Georgia. And now, after twenty-five years, the journal of her residence there is published. It has been wisely kept. For never could such a book speak with such power as at this moment. The tumult of the war will be forgotten, as you read, in the profound and appalled attention enforced by this remarkable revelation of the interior life of Slavery. The spirit, the character, and the purpose of the Rebellion are here laid bare. Its inevitability is equally apparent. The book

is a permanent and most valuable chapter in our history; for it is the first ample, lucid, faithful, detailed account, from the actual head-quarters of a slave-plantation in this country, of the workings of the system, — its persistent, hopeless, helpless crushing of humanity in the slave, and the more fearful moral and mental dry-rot it generates in the master.

We have had plenty of literature upon the subject. First of all, in spirit and comprehension, the masterly, careful, copious, and patient works of Mr. Olmsted. But he, like Arthur Young in France, was only an observer. He could be no more. "Uncle Tom," as its "Key" shows, and as Mrs. Kemble declares, was no less a faithful than the most famous witness against the system. But it was a novel. Then there was "American Slavery as it is," a work of authenticated facts, issued by the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1839, and the fearful mass of testimony incessantly published by the distinctively Abolition papers, periodicals, books, and orators, during the last quarter of a century. But the world was deaf. "They have made it a business. They select all the horrors. They accumulate exceptions." Such were the objections that limited the power of this tremendous battery. Meanwhile, also, it was answered. Foreign tourists were taken to "model plantations." They shed tears over the patriarchal benignity of this venerable and beautiful provision of Divine Providence for the spiritual training of our African fellow-creatures. The affection of "Mammy" for "Massa and Missis" was something unknown where hired labor prevailed. Graver voices took up the burden of the song. There was no pauperism in a slave-country. There were no prostitutes. It had its disadvantages, certainly; but what form of society, what system of labor has not? Besides, here it was. It was the interest of slaveholders to be kind. And what a blessing to bring the poor heathen from benighted Africa and pagan servitude to the ennobling influences of Slavery, as practised among Southwestern Christians in America, and "professors" in South Carolina and Georgia! See the Reverend Mr. Adams and Miss Murray

watch for many months beside this beloved one. It was not a wild delirium which had taken possession of him; the only fit of that kind was that in which he tried to drown himself in the Rhine, — at the time when the papers got hold of the terrible secret. His insanity was manifested in his conviction that he was occupied by the souls of Beethoven and Schubert. Much in the manner of your American mediums, he would be seized by a controlling power, — would snatch a pencil, and dash out upon paper the wildest discords. These we would play for him, at his request, from morning till night, — during much of which time he would seem to be in a happy trance. Of this music no chord or melody was true; they were jangling memories of his earlier works.

“One day he called his wife and my-

self, and took our hands in his own: — ‘Beethoven says that my earthly music is over; it cannot be understood here; he writes for angels, and I shall write for them.’ Then, turning to me, he said, — ‘Louis, my friend, farewell! This is my last prayer for you,’ — handing me the paper which I have shown you; ‘and now leave us, to come again and kiss me when I am cold.’

“Then I left him alone with his Clara.

“A month from that time, Schumann was no more.”

Out under the glowing sunset, I clasped hands parting with Louis Bochner, and said, as my voice would let me, — “Take this paper, and when you would have a friend, such as you have been to Robert Schumann, come and help me to be that friend.”

## THE FREEDMEN AT PORT ROYAL.

Two questions are concerned in the social problem of our time. One is, Will the people of African descent work for a living? and the other is, Will they fight for their freedom? An affirmative answer to these must be put beyond any fair dispute before they will receive permanent security in law or opinion. Whatever may be the theses of philosophers or the instincts of the justest men, the general sense of mankind is not likely to accord the rights of complete citizenship to a race of paupers, or to hesitate in imposing compulsory labor on those who have not industry sufficient to support themselves. Nor, in the present development of human nature, is the conscience of great communities likely to be so pervasive and controlling as to restrain them from disregarding the rights of those whom it is perfectly safe to injure, because they have not the pluck to defend themselves. Sentiment may be lavished upon them

in poetry and tears, but it will all be wasted. Like all unprivileged classes before them, they will have their full recognition as citizens and men when they have vindicated their title to be an estate of the realm, and not before. Let us, then, take the world as we find it, and try this people accordingly. But it is not pertinent to any practical inquiry of our time to predict what triumphs in art, literature, or government they are to accomplish, or what romance is to glow upon their history. No Iliad may be written of them and their woes. No Plutarch may gather the lives of their heroes. No Vandyck may delight to warm his canvas with their forms. How many or how few astronomers like Banneker, chieftains like Toussaint, orators like Douglass they may have, it is not worth while to conjecture. It is better to dismiss these fanciful discussions. To vindicate their title to a fair chance in the

world as a free people, it is sufficient, and alone sufficient, that it appear to reasonable minds that they are in good and evil very much like the rest of mankind, and that they are endowed in about the same degree with the conservative and progressive elements of character common to ordinary humanity.

It is given to the people of this country and time, could they realize it, to make a new chapter of human experience. The past may suggest, but it can do little either in directing or deterring. There is nothing in the gloomy vaticinations of Tocqueville, wise and benevolent as he is, which should be permitted to darken our future. The mediæval antagonisms of races, when Christianity threw but a partial light over mankind, and before commerce had unfolded the harmony of interests among people of diverse origin or condition, determine no laws which will fetter the richer and more various development of modern life. Nor do the results of emancipation in the West Indies, more or less satisfactory as they may be, afford any measure of the progress which opens before our enfranchised masses. The insular and contracted life of the colonies, cramped also as they were by debt and absenteeism, has no parallel in the grand currents of thought and activity ever sweeping through the continent on which our problem is to be solved.

In the light of these views, the attempt shall be made to report truthfully upon the freedmen at Port Royal. A word, however, as to the name. Civilization, in its career, may often be traced in the nomenclatures of successive periods. These people were first called *contrabands* at Fortress Monroe; but at Port Royal, where they were next introduced to us in any considerable number, they were generally referred to as *freedmen*. These terms are milestones in our progress; and they are yet to be lost in the better and more comprehensive designation of citizens, or, when discrimination is convenient, citizens of African descent.

The enterprise for the protection and development of the freedmen at Port Royal has won its way to the regard of mankind. The best minds of Europe, as well as the best friends of the United States, like Cairnes and Gasparin, have testified much interest in its progress. An English periodical of considerable merit noticed at some length "Mr. Pierce's Ten Thousand Clients." In Parliament, Earl Russell noted it in its incipient stage, as a reason why England should not intervene in American affairs. The "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," in a recent number, characterizes the colony as "that small pacific army, far more important in the history of civilization than all the military expeditions despatched from time to time since the commencement of the civil war."

No little historical interest covers the region to which this account belongs. Explorations of the coast now known as that of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, involving the rival pretensions of Spain and France, were made in the first half of the sixteenth century. They were conducted by Ponce de Leon, Vasquez, Verrazani, and Soto, in search of the fountain of perpetual youth, or to extend empire by right of discovery. But no permanent settlement by way of colony or garrison was attempted until 1562.

In that year, — the same in which he drew his sword for his faith, and ten years before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which he fell the most illustrious victim, — Admiral Coligny, the great Protestant chief, anxious to found beyond the seas a refuge for persecuted Huguenots, fitted out the expedition of Jean Ribault, which, after a voyage of over three months across the ocean and northward along the coast, cast anchor on May 27th in the harbor of Port Royal, and gave it the name which it retains to this day. That year was also to be ever memorable for another and far different enterprise, which was destined to be written in dark and perpetual lines on human history. Then it was that John



Hawkins sailed for Africa in quest of the first cargo of negroes ever brought to the New World. The expedition of Ribault was the first visit of Europeans to Port Royal or to any part of South Carolina, and the garrison left by him was the first settlement under their auspices ever made on this continent north of Mexico. There is not space or need to detail here the mutiny and suffering of this military colony, their abandonment of the post, the terrible voyage homeward, or the perseverance of Coligny in his original purpose. Nor is it within the compass of this narrative to recount the fortunes of the second garrison, which was founded on the St. John's, the visit of John Hawkins in 1565 with timely relief, the return of Ribault from France and his sad fate, the ferocity of Melendez against all heretic Frenchmen, and the avenging chivalry of Dominic de Gourges. The student is baffled in attempts to fix localities for the deeds and explorations of this period, even with the help of the several accounts and the drawings of Le Moyne; and, besides, these later vicissitudes did not involve any permanent occupation as far north as Port Royal, that region having been abandoned by the French, and being then visited by the Spanish only for trade or adventure.

Some merchants of Barbados, in 1663, sent William Hilton and other commissioners to Florida, then including Port Royal, to explore the country with reference to an emigration thither. Hilton's Narration, published in London the year after, mentions St. Ellens as one of the points visited, meaning St. Helena, but probably including the Sea Islands under that name. The natives were found to speak many Spanish words, and to be familiar enough with the report of guns not to be alarmed by it. The commissioners, whose explorations were evidently prompted by motives of gain, close a somewhat glowing description of the country by saying, "And we could wish that all they that want a happy settlement of our English nation were well transported thither."

Hitherto England had borne no part in exploring this region. But, relieved of her civil wars by the Restoration, she began to seek colonial empire on the southern coast of North America. In 1663, Charles II. granted a charter to Clarendon, Monk, Shaftsbury, — each famous in the conflicts of those times, — and to their associates, as proprietors of Carolina. The genius of John Locke, more fitted for philosophy than affairs, devised a constitution for the colony, — an idle work, as it proved. In 1670, the first emigrants, under Governor William Sayle, arrived at Port Royal, with the purpose to remain there; but, disturbed probably with apprehensions of Spanish incursions from Florida, they removed to the banks of the Ashley, and, after another change of site, founded Charleston.

In 1682, a colony from Scotland under Lord Cardross was founded at Port Royal, but was driven away four years later by the Spanish. No permanent settlement of the Beaufort district appears to have succeeded until 1700. This district is divided into four parishes, St. Peter's, St. Luke's, St. Helena, and Prince William, being fifty-eight miles long and thirty-two broad, and containing 1,224,960 acres. St. Helena parish includes the islands of St. Helena, Ladies, Port Royal, Paris, and a few smaller islands, which, together with Hilton Head, make the district occupied by our forces. The largest and most populous of these islands is St. Helena, being fifteen miles long and six or seven broad, containing fifty plantations and three thousand negroes, and perhaps more since the evacuation of Edisto. Port Royal is two-thirds or three-quarters the size of St. Helena, Ladies half as large, and Hilton Head one-third as large. Paris, or Parry, has five plantations, and Coosaw, Morgan, Cat, Cane, and Barnwell have each one or two. Beaufort is the largest town in the district of that name, and the only one at Port Royal in our possession. Its population, black and white, in time of peace may have been

between two and three thousand. The first lots were granted in 1717. Its Episcopal church was built in 1720. Its library was instituted in 1802, had increased in 1825 to six or eight hundred volumes, and when our military occupation began contained about thirty-five hundred.

The origin of the name Port Royal, given to a harbor at first and since to an island, has already been noted. The name of St. Helena, applied to a sound, a parish, and an island, originated probably with the Spaniards, and was given by them in tribute to Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, whose day in the calendar is August 18th. Broad River is the equivalent of La Grande, which was given by Ribault. Hilton Head may have been derived from Captain Hilton, who came from Barbados. Coosaw is the name of a tribe of Indians. Beaufort is likely to have been so called for Henry, Duke of Beaufort, one of the lord proprietors, while Carolina was a province of Great Britain.

The Beaufort District is not invested with any considerable Revolutionary romance. In 1779, the British forces holding Savannah sent two hundred troops with a howitzer and two field-pieces to Beaufort. Four companies of militia from Charleston with two field-pieces, reinforced by a few volunteers from Beaufort, repulsed and drove them off. The British made marauding incursions from Charleston in 1782, and are said to have levied a military contribution on St. Helena and Port Royal Islands.

There are the remains of Indian mounds and ancient forts on the islands. One of these last, it is said, can be traced on Paris Island, and is claimed by some antiquaries to be the Charles Fort built by Ribault. There are the well-preserved walls of one upon the plantation of John J. Smith on Port Royal Island, a few miles south of Beaufort, now called Camp Saxton, and recently occupied by Colonel Higginson's regiment. It is built of cemented oyster-shells. Common remark refers to it as a Spanish fort, but

it is likely to be of English construction. The site of Charles Fort is claimed for Beaufort, Lemon Island, Paris Island, and other points.

The Sea Islands are formed by the intersection of the creeks and arms of the sea. They have a uniform level, are without any stones, and present a rather monotonous and uninteresting scenery, spite of the raptures of French explorers. The creeks run up into the islands at numerous points, affording facilities for transportation by flats and boats to the buildings which are usually near them. The soil is of a light, sandy mould, and yields in the best seasons a very moderate crop, say fifteen bushels of corn and one hundred or one hundred and thirty pounds of ginned cotton to the acre, — quite different from the plantations in Mississippi and Texas, where an acre produces five or six hundred pounds. The soil is not rich enough for the cultivated grasses, and one finds but little turf. The coarse saline grasses, gathered in stacks, furnish the chief material for manure. The long-fibred cotton peculiar to the region is the result of the climate, which is affected by the action of the salt water upon the atmosphere by means of the creeks which permeate the land in all directions. The seed of this cotton, planted on the upland, will produce in a few years the cotton of coarser texture; and the seed of the latter, planted on the islands, will in a like period produce the finer staple. The Treasury Department secured eleven hundred thousand pounds from the islands occupied by our forces, including Edisto, being the crop, mostly unginned, and gathered in storehouses, when our military occupation began.

The characteristic trees are the live-oak, its wood almost as heavy as lignum-vitæ, the trunk not high, but sometimes five or six feet in diameter, and extending its crooked branches far over the land, with the long, pendulous, funereal moss adhering to them, — and the palmetto, shooting up its long, spongy stem thirty or forty feet, unrelieved by

vines or branches, with a disproportionately small cap of leaves at the summit, the most ungainly of trees, albeit it gives a name and coat-of-arms to the State. Besides these, are the pine, the red and white oak, the cedar, the bay, the gum, the maple, and the ash. The soil is luxuriant with an undergrowth of impenetrable vines. These interlacing the trees, supported also by shrubs, of which the cassena is the most distinguished variety, and faced with ditches, make the prevailing fences of the plantations. The hedges are adorned in March and April with the yellow jessamine, (*jelseminum*,) — the cross-vine (*bignonia*,) with its mass of rich red blossoms, — the Cherokee rose, (*levigata*,) spreading out in long waving wreaths of white, — and, two months later, the palmetto royal, (*yucca gloriosa*,) which protects the fence with its prickly leaves, and delights the eyes with its pyramid-like clusters of white flowers. Some of these trees and shrubs serve a utilitarian end in art and medicine. The live-oak is famous in ship-building. The palmetto, or cabbage-palmetto, as it is called, resists destruction by worms, and is used for facing wharves. It was employed to protect Fort Moultrie in 1776, when bombarded by the British fleet; and the cannon-balls were buried in its spongy substance. The moss (*tillandsia usneoides*) served to calk the rude vessel of the first French colonists, longing for home. It may be used for bedding after its life has been killed by boiling water, and for the subsistence of cattle when destitute of other food. The cassena is a powerful diuretic.

The game and fish, which are both abundant and of desirable kinds, and to the pursuit of which the planters were much addicted, are described in Eliot's book. Russell's "Diary" may also be consulted in relation to fishing for devil and drum.

The best dwellings in Beaufort are capacious, with a piazza on the first and second stories, through each of which runs a large hall to admit a free circula-

tion of air. Only one, however, appeared to have been built under the supervision of a professional architect. Those on the plantations, designed for the planters or overseers, were, with a few exceptions, of a very mean character, and a thriving mechanic in New England would turn his back on them as unfit to live in. Their yards are without turf, having as their best feature a neighboring grove of orange-trees. One or two dwellings only appear to be ancient. Indeed, they are not well enough built to last long. The estates upon Edisto Island are of a more patrician character, and are occasionally surrounded by spacious flower-gardens and ornamental trees fancifully trimmed.

The names of the planters indicated mainly an English origin, although some may be traced to Huguenot families who sought a refuge here from the religious persecutions of France.

The deserted houses were generally found strewn with religious periodicals, mainly Baptist magazines. This characteristic of Southern life has been elsewhere observed in the progress of our army. Occasionally some book denouncing slavery as criminal and ruinous was found among those left behind. One of these was Hewatt's history of South Carolina, published in 1779, and reprinted in Carroll's collection. Another was Grégoire's vindication of the negro race and tribute to its distinguished examples, translated by Warden in 1810. These people seem, indeed, to have had light enough to see the infinite wrong of the system, and it is difficult to believe them entirely sincere in their passionate defence of it. Their very violence, when the moral basis of slavery is assailed, seems to be that of a man who distrusts the rightfulness of his daily conduct, has resolved to persist in it, and therefore hates most of all the prophet who comes to confront him for his misdeeds, and, if need be, to publish them to mankind.

Well-authenticated instances of cruelty to slaves were brought to notice without



being sought for. The whipping-tree is now often pointed out, still showing the place where it was worn by the rope which bound the sufferer to it. On the plantation where my own quarters were was a woman who had been so beaten when approaching the trials of maternity as to crush out the life of the unborn child. But this planter had one daughter who looked with horror on the scenes of which she was the unwilling witness. She declared to her parents and sisters that it was hell to live in such a place. She was accustomed to advise the negroes how best to avoid being whipped. When the war began, she assured them that the story of the masters that the Yankees were going to send them to Cuba was all a lie. Surely a kind Providence will care for this noble girl! This war will, indeed, emancipate others than blacks from bonds which marriage and kindred have involved. But it is unpleasant to dwell on these painful scenes of the past, constant and authentic as they are; and they hardly concern the practical question which now presses for a solution. Nor in referring to them is there any need of injustice or exaggeration. Human nature has not the physical endurance or moral persistence to keep up a perpetual and universal cruelty; and there are fortunate slaves who never received a blow from their masters. Besides, there was less labor exacted and less discipline imposed on the loosely managed plantations of the Sea Islands than in other districts where slave-labor was better and more profitably organized and directed.

The capture of Hilton Head and Bay Point by the navy, November 7th, 1861, was followed by the immediate military occupation of the Sea Islands. In the latter part of December, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, whose foresight as a statesman and humane disposition naturally turned his thoughts to the subject, deputed a special agent to visit this district for the purpose of reporting upon the condition of the negroes

who had been abandoned by the white population, and of suggesting some plan for the organization of their labor and the promotion of their general well-being. The agent, leaving New York January 13th, 1862, reached that city again on his way to Washington on the 13th of February, having in the mean time visited a large number of the plantations, and talked familiarly with the negroes in their cabins. The results of his observations, in relation to the condition of the people, their capacities and wishes, the culture of their crops, and the best mode of administration, on the whole favorable, were embodied in a report. The plan proposed by him recommended the appointment of superintendents to act as guides of the negroes and as local magistrates, with an adequate corps of teachers. It was accepted by the Secretary with a full indorsement, and its execution intrusted to the same agent. The agent presented the subject to several members of Congress, with whom he had a personal acquaintance, but, though they listened respectfully, they seemed either to dread the magnitude of the social question, or to feel that it was not one with which they as legislators were called upon immediately to deal. The Secretary himself, and Mr. Olmsted, then connected with the Sanitary Commission, alone seemed to grasp it, and to see the necessity of immediate action. It is doubtful if any member of the Cabinet, except Mr. Chase, took then any interest in the enterprise, though it has since been fostered by the Secretary of War. At the suggestion of the Secretary, the President appointed an interview with the agent. Mr. Lincoln, who was then chafing under a prospective bereavement, listened for a few moments, and then said, somewhat impatiently, that he did not think he ought to be troubled with such details,—that there seemed to be an itching to get negroes into our lines; to which the agent replied, that these negroes were within them by the invitation of no one, being domiciled there before we commenced occupation. The President then

wrote and handed to the agent the following card:—

"I shall be obliged if the Sec. of the Treasury will in his discretion give Mr. Pierce such instructions in regard to Port Royal contrabands as may seem judicious.

"A. LINCOLN.

"Feb. 15, 1862."

The President, so history must write it, approached the great question slowly and reluctantly; and in February, 1862, he little dreamed of the proclamations he was to issue in the September and January following. Perhaps that slowness and reluctance were well, for thereby it was given to this people to work out their own salvation, rather than to be saved by any chief or prophet.

Notwithstanding the plan of superintendents was accepted, there were no funds wherewith to pay them. At this stage the "Educational Commission," organized in Boston on the 7th of February, and the "Freedmen's Relief Association," organized in New York on the 20th of the same month, gallantly volunteered to pay both superintendents and teachers, and did so until July 1st, when the Government, having derived a fund from the sale of confiscated cotton left in the territory by the Rebels, undertook the payment of the superintendents, the two societies, together with another organized in Philadelphia on the 3d of March, and called the "Port Royal Relief Committee," providing for the support of the teachers.

When these voluntary associations sprang into being to save an enterprise which otherwise must have failed, no authoritative assurance had been given as to the legal condition of the negroes. The Secretary, in a letter to the agent, had said, that, after being received into our service, they could not, without great injustice, be restored to their masters, and should therefore be fitted to become self-supporting citizens. The President was reported to have said freely, in private, that negroes who were within

our lines, and had been employed by the Government, should be protected in their freedom. No official assurance of this had, however, been given; and its absence disturbed the societies in their formation. At one meeting of the Boston society action was temporarily arrested by the expression of an opinion by a gentleman present, that there was no evidence showing that these people, when educated, would not be the victims of some unhappy compromise. A public meeting in Providence, for their relief, is said to have broken up without action, because of a speech from a furloughed officer of a regiment stationed at Port Royal, who considered such a result the probable one. But the societies, on reflection, wisely determined to do what they could to prepare them to become self-supporting citizens, in the belief, that, when they had become such, no Government could ever be found base enough to turn its back upon them. These associations, it should be stated, have been managed by persons of much consideration in their respective communities, of unostentatious philanthropy, but of energetic and practical benevolence, hardly one of whom has ever filled or been a candidate for a political office.

There was a pleasant interview at this time which may fitly be mentioned. The venerable Josiah Quincy, just entered on his ninety-first year, hearing of the enterprise, desired to see one who had charge of it. I went to his chamber, where he had been confined to his bed for many weeks with a fractured limb. He talked like a patriot who read the hour and its duty. He felt troubled lest adequate power had not been given to protect the enterprise,—said that but for his disability he should be glad to write something about it, but that he was living "the postscript of his life"; and as we parted, he gave his hearty benediction to the work and to myself. Restored in a measure to activity, he is still spared to the generation which fondly cherishes his old age; and recently, at the organization of the Union Club, he read to his fellow-citi-

zens, gathering close about him and hanging on his speech, words of counsel and encouragement.

On the morning of the 3d of March, 1862, the first delegation of superintendents and teachers, fifty-three in all, of whom twelve were women, left the harbor of New York, on board the United States steam-transport Atlantic, arriving at Beaufort on the 9th. It was a voyage never to be forgotten. The enterprise was new and strange, and it was not easy to predict its future. Success or defeat might be in store for us; and we could only trust in God that our strength would be equal to our responsibilities. As the colonists approached the shores of South Carolina, they were addressed by the agent in charge, who told them the little he had learned of their duties, enjoined patience and humanity, impressed on them the greatness of their work, the results of which were to cheer or dishearten good men, to settle, perhaps, one way or the other, the social problem of the age, — assuring them that never did a vessel bear a colony on a nobler mission, not even the Mayflower, when she conveyed the Pilgrims to Plymouth, that it would be a poorly written history which should omit their individual names, and that, if faithful to their trust, there would come to them the highest of all recognitions ever accorded to angels or to men, in this life or the next, — “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.”

This first delegation of superintendents and teachers were distributed during the first fortnight after their arrival at Beaufort, and at its close they had all reached their appointed posts. They took their quarters in the deserted houses of the planters. These had all left on the arrival of our army, only four white men, citizens of South Carolina, remaining, and none of those being slaveholders, except one, who had only two or three slaves. Our operations were, therefore, not interfered with by landed proprietors who were loyal or pretended to be so. The negroes had, in the mean time, been

without persons to guide and care for them, and had been exposed to the careless and conflicting talk of soldiers who chanced to meet them. They were also brought in connection with some *employés* of the Government, engaged in the collection of cotton found upon the plantations, none of whom were doing anything for their education, and most of whom were in favor of leasing the plantations and the negroes upon them as *adscripti glebæ*, looking forward to their restoration to their masters at the close of the war. They were uncertain as to the intentions of the Yankees, and were wondering at the confusion, as they called it. They were beginning to plant corn in their patches, but were disinclined to plant cotton, regarding it as a badge of servitude. No schools had been opened, except one at Beaufort, which had been kept a few weeks by two freedmen, one bearing the name of John Milton, under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Peck. This is not the place to detail the obstacles we met with, one after another overcome, — the calumnies and even personal violence to which we were subjected. These things occurred at an early period of our struggle, when the nation was groping its way to light, and are not likely to occur again. Let unworthy men sleep in the oblivion they deserve, and let others of better natures, who were then blind, but now see, not be taunted with their inconsiderate acts. The nickname of Gibeonites, applied to the colonists, may, however, be fitly remembered. It may now justly claim rank with the honored titles of Puritan and Methodist. The higher officers of the army were uniformly respectful and disposed to coöperation. One of these may properly be mentioned. Our most important operations were in the district under the command of Brigadier-General Isaac I. Stevens, an officer whose convictions were not supposed to be favorable to the enterprise, and who, during the political contest of 1860, had been the chairman of the National Breckinridge Committee. But such was his honor as a gentleman, and his sense of the



duty of subordination to the wishes of the Government, that his personal courtesies and official aid were never wanting. He received his mortal wound at Chantilly, Virginia, on the first of September following, and a braver and abler officer has not fallen in the service.

Notwithstanding our work was commenced six weeks too late, and other hindrances occurred, detailed in the second report of the agent, some eight thousand acres of esculents, — a fair supply of food, — and some four thousand five hundred acres of cotton (after a deduction for over-estimates) were planted. This was done upon one hundred and eighty-nine plantations, on which were nine thousand and fifty people, of whom four thousand four hundred and twenty-nine were field-hands, made up of men, women, and children, and equivalent, in the usual classification and estimate of the productive capacity of laborers, to three thousand eight hundred and five and one-half full hands. The cotton-crop produced will not exceed sixty-five thousand pounds of ginned cotton. Work enough was done to have produced five hundred thousand pounds in ordinary times; but the immaturity of the pod, resulting from the lateness of the planting, exposed it to the ravages of the frost and the worm. Troops being ordered North, after the disasters of the Peninsular campaign, Edisto was evacuated in the middle of July, and thus one thousand acres of esculents, and nearly seven hundred acres of cotton, the cultivation of which had been finished, were abandoned. In the autumn, Major-General Mitchell required forty tons of corn-fodder and seventy-eight thousand pounds of corn in the ear, for army-forage. These are but some of the adverse influences to which the agricultural operations were subjected.

It is fitting here that I should bear my testimony to the superintendents and teachers commissioned by the associations. There was as high a purpose and devotion among them as in any colony that ever went forth to bear the evangel of civilization. Among them were some of

the choicest young men of New England, fresh from Harvard, Yale, and Brown, from the divinity-schools of Andover and Cambridge, — men of practical talent and experience. There were some of whom the world was scarce worthy, and to whom, whether they are among the living or the dead, I delight to pay the tribute of my respect and admiration.

Four of the original delegation have died. William S. Clark died at Boston, April 25th, 1863, a consumptive when he entered on the work, which he was obliged to leave six months before his death. He was a faithful and conscientious teacher. Though so many months had passed since he left these labors, their fascination was such that he dwelt fondly upon them in his last days.

The colony was first broken by the death of Francis E. Barnard, at St. Helena Island, October 18th, 1862. He was devoted, enthusiastic, — and though not fitted, as it at first appeared, for the practical duties of a superintendent, yet even in this respect disappointing me entirely. He was an evangelist, also, and he preached with more unction than any other the gospel of freedom, — always, however, enforcing the duties of industry and self-restraint. He was never sad, but always buoyant and trustful. He and a comrade were the first to be separated from the company, while at Hilton Head, and before the rest went to Beaufort, — being assigned to Edisto, which had been occupied less than a month, and was a remote and exposed point; but he went fearlessly and without question. The evacuation of Edisto in July, the heat, and the labor involved in bringing away and settling his people at the village on St. Helena Island, a summer resort of the former residents, where were some fifty vacant houses, were too much for him. His excessive exertions brought on malarious fever. This produced an unnatural excitement, and at mid-day, under a hot sun, he rode about to attend to his people. He died, — men, women, and children, for whom he had toiled, filling the house with

their sobs during his departing hours. His funeral was thronged by them, his coffin strewn with flowers which they and his comrades had plucked, and then his remains were borne to his native town, where burial-rites were again performed in the old church of Dorchester. Read his published journal, and find how a noble youth can live fourscore years in a little more than one score. One high privilege was accorded to him. He lived to hear of the immortal edict of the twenty-second of September, by which the freedom of his people was to be secured for all time to come.

Samuel D. Phillips was a young man of much religious feeling, though he never advertised himself as having it, and a devout communicant of the Episcopal Church. He was a gentleman born and bred, inheriting the quality as well as adding to it by self-discipline. He had good business-capacity, never complained of inconveniences, was humane, yet not misled by sentiment, and he gave more of his time, otherwise unoccupied, to teaching than almost any other superintendent. I was recently asking the most advanced pupils of a school on St. Helena who first taught them their letters, and the frequent answer was, "Mr. Phillips." He was at home in the autumn for a vacation, was at the funeral of Barnard in Dorchester, and though at the time in imperfect health, he hastened back to his charge, feeling that the death of Barnard, whose district was the same as his own, rendered his immediate return necessary to the comfort of his people. He went,—but his health never came back to him. His quarters were in the same house where Barnard had died, and in a few days, on the 5th of December, he followed him. He was tended in his sickness by the negroes, and one day, having asked that his pillow might be turned, he uttered the words, "Thank God," and died. There was the same grief as at Barnard's death, the same funeral-rites at the St. Helena Church, and his remains were borne North to bereaved relatives.

Daniel Bowe was an alumnus of Yale College, and a student of the Andover Theological Seminary, not yet graduated when he turned from his professional studies at the summons of Christian duty. He labored faithfully as a superintendent, looking after the physical, moral, and educational interests of his people. He had a difficult post, was overburdened with labor, and perhaps had not the faculty of taking as good care of himself as was even consistent with his duties. He came home in the summer, commended the enterprise and his people to the citizens and students of Andover, and returned. He afterwards fell ill, and, again coming North, died October 30th, a few days after reaching New York. The young woman who was betrothed to him, but whom he did not live to wed, has since his death sought this field of labor; and on my recent visit I found her upon the plantation where he had resided, teaching the children whom he had first taught, and whose parents he had guided to freedom. Truly, the age of Christian romance has not passed away!

On the first of July, 1862, the administration of affairs at Port Royal having been transferred from the Treasury to the War Department, the charge of the freedmen passed into the hands of Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, a native of Massachusetts, who in childhood had breathed the free air of the valley of the Connecticut, a man of sincere and humane nature; and under his wise and benevolent care they still remain. The Sea Islands, and also Fernandina and St. Augustine in Florida, are within our lines in the Department of the South, and some sixteen or eighteen thousand negroes are supposed to be under his jurisdiction.

The negroes of the Sea Islands, when found by us, had become an abject race, more docile and submissive than those of any other locality. The native African was of a fierce and mettlesome temper, sullen and untamable. The master was obliged to abate something of the

usual rigor in dealing with the imported slaves. A tax-commissioner, now at Port Royal, and formerly a resident of South Carolina, told me that a native African belonging to his father, though a faithful man, would perpetually insist on doing his work in his own way, and being asked the threatening question, "A'n't you going to mind?" would answer, with spirit, "No, a'n't gwine to!" and the master desisted. Severe discipline drove the natives to the wilderness, or involved a mutilation of person which destroyed their value for proprietary purposes. In 1816, eight hundred of these refugees were living free in the swamps and everglades of Florida. There the ancestors of some of them had lived ever since the early part of the eighteenth century, rearing families, carrying on farms, and raising cattle. They had two hundred and fifty men fit to bear arms, led by chiefs brave and skilful. The story of the Exiles of Florida is one of painful interest. The testimony of officers of the army who served against them is, that they were more dangerous enemies than the Indians, fighting the most skilfully and standing the longest. The tax-commissioner before referred to, who was a resident of Charleston during the trial and execution of the confederates of Denmark Vesey, relates that one of the native Africans, when called to answer to the charge against him, haughtily responded, — "*I was a prince in my country, and have as much right to be free as you!*" The Carolinians were so awe-struck by his defiance that they transported him. Another, at the execution, turned indignantly to a comrade about to speak, and said, "*Die silent, as I do!*" and the man hushed. The early newspapers of Georgia recount the disturbances on the plantations occasioned by these native Africans, and even by their children, being not until the third generation reduced to obedient slaves.

Nowhere has the deterioration of the negroes from their native manhood been carried so far as on these Sea Islands, — a deterioration due to their isolation from

the excitements of more populous districts, the constant surveillance of the overseers, and their intermarriage with each other, involving a physical degeneracy with which inexorable Nature punishes disobedience to her laws. The population with its natural increase was sufficient for the cultivation of the soil under existing modes, and therefore no fresh blood was admitted, such as is found pouring from the Border States into the sugar and cotton regions of the Southwest. This unmanning and depravation of the native character had been carried so far, that the special agent, on his first exploration, in January, 1862, was obliged to confess the existence of a general disinclination to military service on the part of the negroes; though it is true that even then instances of courage and adventure appeared, which indicated that the more manly feeling was only latent, to be developed under the inspiration of events. And so, let us rejoice, it has been. You may think yourself wise, as you note the docility of a subject race; but in vain will you attempt to study it until the burden is lifted. The slave is unknown to all, even to himself, while the bondage lasts. Nature is ever a kind mother. She soothes us with her deceits, not in surgery alone, when the sufferer, else writhing in pain, is transported with the sweet delirium, but she withholds from the spirit the sight of her divinity until her opportunity has come. Not even Tocqueville or Olmsted, much less the master, can measure the capacities and possibilities of the slave, until the slave himself is transmuted to a man.

My recent visit to Port Royal extended from March 25th to May 10th. It was pleasant to meet the first colonists, who still toiled at their posts, and specially grateful to receive the welcome of the freedmen, and to note the progress they had made. There were interesting scenes to fill the days. I saw an aged negro, Caesar by name, not less than one hundred years old, who had left children in Africa, when stolen away. The vicissi-



tudes of such a life were striking,—a free savage in the wilds of his native land, a prisoner on a slave-ship, then for long years a toiling slave, now again a freeman under the benign edict of the President,—his life covering an historic century. A faithful and industrious negro, Old Simon, as we called him, hearing of my arrival, rode over to see me, and brought me a present of two or three quarts of pea-nuts and some seventeen eggs. I had an interview with Don Carlos, whom I had seen in May, 1862, at Edisto, the faithful attendant upon Barnard, and who had been both with him and Phillips during their last hours,—now not less than seventy years of age, and early in life a slave in the Alston family, where he had known Theodosia Burr, the daughter of Aaron Burr, and wife of Governor Alston. He talked intelligently upon her personal history and her mysterious fate. He had known John Pierpont, when a teacher in the family of Colonel Alston, and accompanying the sons on their way North to college after the completion of their preparatory studies. Pierpont was a classmate of John C. Calhoun at Yale College, and, upon graduating, went South as a private tutor.

Aunt Phillis was not likely to be overlooked,—an old woman, with much power of expression, living on the plantation where my quarters had formerly been. The attack on Charleston was going on, and she said, “If you’re as long beating Secesh everywhere as you have been in taking the town, guess it’ll take you some time!” Indeed, the negroes had somewhat less confidence in our power than at first, on account of our not having followed up the capture of Bay Point and Hilton Head. The same quaint old creature, speaking of the disregard of the masters for the feelings of the slaves, said, with much emphasis, “They thought God was dead!”

I visited Barnwell Island, the only plantation upon which is that of Trescot, formerly Secretary of Legation at London, a visit to whom Russell describes in his “Diary.” But the mansion is not now as

when Russell saw it. Its large library is deposited in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Its spacious rooms in the first and second stories, together with the attics, are all filled with the families of negro refugees. From this point, looking across the water, we could see a cavalry-picket of the Rebels. The superintendent who had charge of the plantation, and accompanied me, was Charles Follen, an inherited name, linked with the struggles for freedom in both hemispheres.

The negro graveyards occasionally attracted me from the road. They are usually in an open field, under a clump of some dozen or twenty trees, perhaps live-oaks, and not fenced. There may be fifty or a hundred graves, marked only by sticks eighteen inches or two feet high and about as large as the wrist. Mr. Olmsted saw some stones in a negro graveyard at Savannah, erected by the slaves, and bearing rather illiterate inscriptions; but I never succeeded in finding any but wooden memorials, not even at Beaufort. Only in one case could I find an inscription, and that was in a burial-place on Ladies Island. There was a board at the head of the grave, shaped something like an ordinary gravestone, about three feet high and six inches wide. The inscription was as follows:—

Old Jiw  
de Part his  
Life on the  
2 of WAY  
Re st frow  
Lauer

On the foot-board were these words:—

We ll  
d ow n.

The rude artist was Kit, the son of the old man. He can read, and also write a little, and, like his deceased father, is a negro preacher. He said that he used to carry his father in his arms in his old age,—that the old man had no pain, and, as the son expressed it, “sunk in years.” I inquired of Kit concerning several of the graves; and I found, by his intelli-

gent answers, that their tenants were disposed in families and were known. These lowly burial-places, for which art has done nothing, are not without a fascination, and in some hours of life they take a faster hold on the sentiments than more imposing cemeteries, adorned with shafts of marble and granite, and rich in illustrious dead.

There were some superstitions among the people, perhaps of African origin, which the teachers had detected, such as a belief in hags as evil spirits, and in a kind of witchcraft which only certain persons can cure. They have a superstition, that, when you take up and remove a sleeping child, you must call its spirit, else it will cry, on awaking, until you have taken it back to the same place and invoked its spirit. They believe that turning an alligator on his back will bring rain; and they will not talk about one when in a boat, lest a storm should thereby be brought on.

But the features in the present condition of the freedmen bearing directly on the solution of the social problem deserve most consideration.

And, first, as to *education*. There are more than thirty schools in the territory, conducted by as many as forty or forty-five teachers, who are commissioned by the three associations in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and by the American Missionary Association. They have an average attendance of two thousand pupils, and are more or less frequented by an additional thousand. The ages of the scholars range in the main from eight to twelve years. They did not know even their letters prior to a year ago last March, except those who were being taught in the single school at Beaufort already referred to, which had been going on for a few weeks. Very many did not have the opportunity for instruction till weeks and even months after. During the spring and summer of 1862 there were not more than a dozen schools, and these were much interrupted by the heat, and by the necessity of assigning

at times some of the teachers to act as superintendents. Teachers came for a brief time, and upon its expiration, or for other cause, returned home, leaving the schools to be broken up. It was not until October or November that the educational arrangements were put into much shape; and they are still but imperfectly organized. In some localities there is as yet no teacher, and this because the associations have not had the funds wherewith to provide one.

I visited ten of the schools, and conversed with the teachers of others. There were, it may be noted, some mixed bloods in the schools of the town of Beaufort, — ten in a school of ninety, thirteen in another of sixty-four, and twenty in another of seventy. In the schools on the plantations there were never more than half a dozen in one school, in some cases but two or three, and in others none.

The advanced classes were reading simple stories and didactic passages in the ordinary school-books, as Hillard's Second Primary Reader, Willson's Second Reader, and others of similar grade. Those who had enjoyed a briefer period of instruction were reading short sentences or learning the alphabet. In several of the schools a class was engaged on an elementary lesson in arithmetic, geography, or writing. The eagerness for knowledge and the facility of acquisition displayed in the beginning had not abated.

On the 25th of March I visited a school at the Central Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, built in 1855, shaded by lofty live-oak trees, with the long, pendulous moss everywhere hanging from their wide-spreading branches, and surrounded by the gravestones of the former proprietors, which bear the ever-recurring names of Fripp and Chaplin. This school was opened in September last, but many of the pupils had received some instruction before. One hundred and thirty-one children were present on my first visit, and one hundred and forty-five on my second, which was a few days later. Like most of the schools on the plantations, it opened at noon and closed at

three o'clock, leaving the forenoon for the children to work in the field or perform other service in which they could be useful. One class, of twelve pupils, read page 70th in Willson's Reader, on "Going Away." They had not read the passage before, and they went through it with little spelling or hesitation. They had recited the first thirty pages of Towle's Speller, and the multiplication-table as high as fives, and were commencing the sixes. A few of the scholars, the youngest, or those who had come latest to the school, were learning the alphabet. At the close of the school, they recited in concert the Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," requiring prompting at the beginning of some of the verses. They sang with much spirit hymns which had been taught them by the teachers, as, —

"My country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty";

also, —

"Sound the loud timbrel";

also, Whittier's new song, written expressly for this school, the closing stanzas of which are, —

"The very oaks are greener clad,  
The waters brighter smile;  
Oh, never shone a day so glad  
On sweet St. Helen's Isle!

"For none in all the world before  
Were ever glad as we, —  
We're free on Carolina's shore,  
We're all at home and free!"

Never has that pure Muse, which has sung only of truth and right, as the highest beauty and noblest art, been consecrated to a better service than to write the songs of praise for these little children, chattels no longer, whom the Saviour, were he now to walk on earth, would bless as his own.

The prevalent song, however, heard in every school, in church, and by the way-side, is that of "John Brown," which very much amuses our white soldiers, particularly when the singers roll out, —

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree!"

The children also sang their own songs, as, —

"In de mornin' when I rise,  
Tell my Jesus, Huddy oh? \*  
In de mornin' when I rise,  
Tell my Jesus, Huddy oh?"

"I wash my hands in de mornin' glory,  
Tell my Jesus, Huddy oh?  
I wash my hands in de mornin' glory,  
Tell my Jesus, Huddy oh?"

"Pray, Tony, pray, boy, you got de order,  
Tell my Jesus, Huddy oh?  
Pray, Tony, pray, boy, you got de order,  
Tell my Jesus, Huddy oh?"

"Pray, Rosy, pray, gal," etc.

Also, —

"I would not let you go, my Lord,  
I would not let you go,  
I would not let you go, my Lord,  
I would not let you go.

"Dere 's room enough, dere 's room enough,  
Dere 's room enough in de heab'nly  
groun',  
Dere 's room enough, dere's room enough,  
I can't stay behin'.

"I can't stay behin', my Lord,  
I can't stay behin',  
I can't stay behin', my Lord,  
I can't stay behin'.

"De angels march all roun' de trone,  
De angels march all roun' de trone,  
De angels march all roun' de trone,  
I can't stay behin'.

"I can't stay behin', my Lord,  
I can't stay behin',  
I can't stay behin', my Lord,  
I can't stay behin'.

"Dere 's room enough," etc.

Other songs of the negroes are common, as, "The Wrestling Jacob," "Down in the lonesome valley," "Roll, Jordan, roll," "Heab'n shall-a be my home." Russell's "Diary" gives an account of these songs, as he heard them in his evening row over Broad River, on his way to Trescot's estate.

One of the teachers of this school is an accomplished woman from Philadelphia.

\* How d' y' do?



Another is from Newport, Rhode Island, where she had prepared herself for this work by benevolent labors in teaching poor children. The third is a young woman of African descent, of olive complexion, finely cultured, and attuned to all beautiful sympathies, of gentle address, and, what was specially noticeable, not possessed with an overwrought consciousness of her race. She had read the best books, and naturally and gracefully enriched her conversation with them. She had enjoyed the friendship of Whittier; had been a pupil in the Grammar-School of Salem, then in the State Normal School in that city, then a teacher in one of the schools for white children, where she had received only the kindest treatment both from the pupils and their parents, — and let this be spoken to the honor of that ancient town. She had refused a residence in Europe, where a better social life and less unpleasant discrimination awaited her, for she would not dis sever herself from the fortunes of her people; and now, not with a superficial sentiment, but with a profound purpose, she devotes herself to their elevation.

At Coffin Point, on St. Helena Island, I visited a school kept by a young woman from the town of Milton, Massachusetts, “the child of parents passed into the skies,” whose lives have both been written for the edification of the Christian world. She teaches two schools, at different hours in the afternoon, and with different scholars in each. One class had read through Hillard’s Second Primary Reader, and were on a review, reading Lessons 19, 20, and 21, while I was present. Being questioned as to the subjects of the lessons, they answered intelligently. They recited the twos of the multiplication-table, explained numeral letters and figures on the black-board, and wrote letters and figures on slates. Another teacher in the adjoining district, a graduate of Harvard, and the son of a well-known Unitarian clergyman of Providence, Rhode Island, has two schools, in one of which a class of three pupils was about finishing Ellsworth’s

First Progressive Reader, and another, of seven pupils, had just finished Hillard’s Second Primary Reader. Another teacher, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the same island, numbers one hundred pupils in his two schools. He exercises a class in elocution, requiring the same sentence to be repeated with different tones and inflections, and one could not but remark the excellent imitations.

In a school at St. Helena village, where were collected the Edisto refugees, ninety-two pupils were present as I went in. Two ladies were engaged in teaching, assisted by Ned Loyd White, a colored man, who had picked up clandestinely a knowledge of reading while still a slave. One class of boys and another of girls read in the seventh chapter of St. John, having begun this Gospel and gone thus far. They stumbled a little on words like “unrighteousness” and “circumcision”; otherwise they got along very well. When the Edisto refugees were brought here, in July, 1862, Ned, who is about forty or forty-five years old, and Uncle Cyrus, a man of seventy, who also could read, gathered one hundred and fifty children into two schools, and taught them as best they could for five months until teachers were provided by the societies. Ned has since received a donation from one of the societies, and is now regularly employed on a salary. A woman comes to one of the teachers of this school for instruction in the evening, after she has put her children to bed. She had become interested in learning by hearing her younger sister read when she came home from school; and when she asked to be taught, she had learned from this sister the alphabet and some words of one syllable. Only a small proportion of the adults are, however, learning.

On the 8th of April, I visited a school on Ladies Island, kept in a small church on the Eustis estate, and taught by a young woman from Kingston, Massachusetts. She had manifested much persistence in going to this field, went with the

first delegation, and still keeps the school which she opened in March, 1862. She taught the pupils their letters. Sixty-six were present on the day of my visit. A class of ten pupils read the story which commences on page 86th of *Hillard's Second Primary Reader*. One girl, Elsie, a full black, and rather ungainly withal, read so rapidly that she had to be checked, — the only case of such fast reading that I found. She assisted the teacher by taking the beginners to a corner of the room and exercising them upon an alphabet card, requiring them to give the names of letters taken out of their regular order, and with the letters making words, which they were expected to repeat after her. One class recited in *Eaton's First Lessons in Arithmetic*; and two or three scholars with a rod pointed out the states, lakes, and large rivers on the map of the United States, and also the different continents on the map of the world, as they were called. I saw the teacher of this school at her residence, late in the afternoon, giving familiar instruction to some ten boys and girls, all but two being under twelve years, who read the twenty-first chapter of the *Book of Revelation*, and the story of *Lazarus* in the eleventh chapter of *St. John*. Elsie was one of these. Seeing me taking notes, she looked archly at the teacher, and whispered, — "He 's putting me in the book"; and as Elsie guessed, so I do. The teacher was instructing her pupils in some dates and facts which have had much to do with our history. The questions and answers, in which all the pupils joined, were these: —

"Where were slaves first brought to this country?"

"Virginia."

"When?"

"1620."

"Who brought them?"

"Dutchmen."

"Who came the same year to Plymouth, Massachusetts?"

"Pilgrims."

"Did they bring slaves?"

"No."

A teacher in Beaufort put these questions, to which answers were given in a loud tone by the whole school: —

"What country do you live in?"

"United States."

"What State?"

"South Carolina."

"What island?"

"Port Royal."

"What town?"

"Beaufort."

"Who is your Governor?"

"General Saxton."

"Who is your President?"

"Abraham Lincoln."

"What has he done for you?"

"He 's freed us."

There were four schools in the town of Beaufort, all of which I visited, each having an average attendance of from sixty to ninety pupils, and each provided with two teachers. In some of them writing was taught. But it is unnecessary to describe them, as they were very much like the others. There is, besides, at Beaufort an industrial school, which meets two afternoons in a week, and is conducted by a lady from New York, with some dozen ladies to assist her. There were present, the afternoon I visited it, one hundred and thirteen girls from six to twenty years of age, all plying the needle, some with pieces of patchwork, and others with aprons, pillow-cases, or handkerchiefs.

Though I have never been on the school-committee, I accepted invitations to address the schools on these visits, and particularly plied the pupils with questions, so as to catch the tone of their minds; and I have rarely heard children answer with more readiness and spirit. We had a dialogue substantially as follows: —

"Children, what are you going to do when you grow up?"

"Going to work, Sir."

"On what?"

"Cotton and corn, Sir."

"What are you going to do with the corn?"

"Eat it."

"What are you going to do with the cotton?"

"Sell it."

"What are you going to do with the money you get for it?"

One boy answered in advance of the rest, —

"Put it in my pocket, Sir."

"That won't do. What's better than that?"

"Buy clothes, Sir."

"What else will you buy?"

"Shoes, Sir."

"What else are you going to do with your money?"

There was some hesitation at this point. Then the question was put, —

"What are you going to do Sundays?"

"Going to meeting."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Going to sing."

"What else?"

"Hear the parson."

"Who's going to pay him?"

One boy said, — "Government pays him"; but the rest answered, —

"We's pays him."

"Well, when you grow up, you'll probably get married, as other people do, and you'll have your little children; now, what will you do with them?"

There was a titter at this question; but the general response came, —

"Send 'em to school, Sir."

"Well, who'll pay the teacher?"

"We's pays him."

One who listens to such answers can hardly think that there is any natural incapacity in these children to acquire with maturity of years the ideas and habits of good citizens.

The children are cheerful, and, in most of the schools, well-behaved, except that it is not easy to keep them from whispering and talking. They are joyous, and you can see the boys after school playing the soldier, with corn-stalks for guns. The memory is very susceptible in them, — too much so, perhaps, as it is ahead of the reasoning faculty.

The labor of the season has interrupted attendance on the schools, the parents being desirous of having the children aid them in planting and cultivating their crops, and it not being thought best to allow the teaching to interfere in any way with industrious habits.

A few freedmen, who had picked up an imperfect knowledge of reading, have assisted our teachers, though a want of proper training materially detracts from their usefulness in this respect. Ned and Uncle Cyrus have already been mentioned. The latter, a man of earnest piety, has died since my visit. Anthony kept four schools on Hilton Head Island last summer and autumn, being paid at first by the superintendents, and afterwards by the negroes themselves; but in November he enlisted in the negro regiment. Hettie was another of these. She assisted Barnard at Edisto last spring, continued to teach after the Edisto people were brought to St. Helena village, and one day brought some of her pupils to the school at the Baptist Church, saying to the teachers there that she could carry them no farther. They could read their letters and words of one syllable. Hettie had belonged to a planter on Wadmelaw Island, a kind old gentleman, a native of Rhode Island, and about the only citizen of Charleston who, when Samuel Hoar went on his mission to South Carolina, stood up boldly for his official and personal protection. Hettie had been taught to read by his daughter; and let this be remembered to the honor of the young woman.

Such are the general features of the schools as they met my eye. The most advanced classes, and these are but little ahead of the rest, can read simple stories and the plainer passages of Scripture; and they could even pursue self-instruction, if the schools were to be suspended. The knowledge they have thus gained can never be extirpated. They could read with much profit a newspaper specially prepared for them and adapted to their condition. They are learning that the world is not bounded north



by Charleston, south by Savannah, west by Columbia, and east by the sea, with dim visions of New York on this planet or some other, — about their conception of geography when we found them. They are acquiring the knowledge of figures with which to do the business of life. They are singing the songs of freemen. Visit their schools; remember that a little more than a twelve-month ago they knew not a letter, and that for generations it has been a crime to teach their race; then contemplate what is now transpiring, and you have a scene which prophets and sages would have delighted to witness. It will be difficult to find equal progress in an equal period since the morning rays of Christian truth first lighted the hill-sides of Judea. I have never looked on St. Peter's, or beheld the glories of art which Michel Angelo has wrought or traced; but to my mind the spectacle of these poor souls struggling in darkness and bewilderment to catch the gleams of the upper and better light transcends in moral grandeur anything that has ever come from mortal hands.

Next as to *industry*. The laborers, during their first year under the new system, have acquired the idea of ownership, and of the security of wages, and have come to see that labor and slavery are not the same thing. The notion that they were to raise no more cotton has passed away, since work upon it is found to be remunerative, and connected with the proprietorship of land. House-servants, who were at first particularly set against it, now generally prefer it. The laborers have collected the pieces of the gins which they destroyed on the flight of their masters, the ginning being obnoxious work, repaired them, and ginned the cotton on the promise of wages. Except upon plantations in the vicinity of camps, where other labor is more immediately remunerative, and an unhealthy excitement prevails, there is a general disposition to cultivate it. The culture of the cotton is voluntary, the only penalty for

not engaging in it being the imposition of a rent for the tenement and land adjacent thereto occupied by the negro, not exceeding two dollars per month. Both the Government and private individuals, who have become owners of one-fourth of the land by the recent tax-sales, pay twenty-five cents for a standard day's-work, which may, by beginning early, be performed by a healthy and active hand by noon; and the same was the case with the tasks under the slave-system on very many of the plantations. As I was riding through one of Mr. Philbrick's fields one morning, I counted fifty persons at work who belonged to one plantation. This gentleman, who went out with the first delegation, and at the same time gave largely to the benevolent contributions for the enterprise, was the leading purchaser at the tax-sales, and combining a fine humanity with honest sagacity and close calculation, no man is so well fitted to try the experiment. He bought thirteen plantations, and on these has had planted and cultivated eight hundred and sixteen acres of cotton where four hundred and ninety-nine and one twelve-hundredth acres were cultivated last year, — a larger increase, however, than will generally be found in other districts, due mainly to prompter payments. The general superintendent of Port Royal Island said to me, — "We have to restrain rather than to encourage the negroes to take land for cotton." The general superintendent of Hilton Head Island said, that on that island the negroes had, besides adequate corn, taken two, three, and in a few cases four acres of cotton to a hand, and there was a general disposition to cultivate it, except near the camps. A superintendent on St. Helena Island said, that, if he were going to carry on any work, he should not want better laborers. He had charge of the refugees from Edisto, who had been brought to St. Helena village, and who had cleared and fenced patches for gardens, felling the trees for that purpose.

The laborers do less work, perhaps, than a Yankee would think they might

do; but they do about as much as he himself would do, after a residence of a few years in the same climate, and when he had ceased to work under the influence of Northern habits. Northern men have sometimes been unjust to the South, when comparing the results of labor in the different sections. God never intended that a man should toil under a tropical sun with the same energy and constancy as in our bracing latitude. There has been less complaint this year than last of "a pain in the small of the back," or of "a fever in the head,"—in other words, less *shamming*. The work has been greatly deranged by the draft, some features of which have not been very skilfully arranged, and by the fitfulness with which the laborers have been treated by the military authorities. The work both upon the cotton and the corn is done only by the women, children, and disabled men. It has been suggested that field-work does not become women in the new condition; and so it may seem to some persons of just sympathies who have not yet learned that no honest work is dishonorable in man or woman. But this matter may be left to regulate itself. Field-work, as an occupation, may not be consistent with the finest feminine culture or the most complete womanliness; but it in no way conflicts with virtue, self-respect, and social development. Women work in the field in Switzerland, the freest country of Europe; and we may look with pride on the triumphs of this generation, when the American negroes become the peers of the Swiss peasantry. Better a woman with the hoe than without it, when she is not yet fitted for the needle or the book.

The negroes were also showing their capacity to organize labor and apply capital to it. Harry, to whom I referred in my second report, as "my faithful guide and attendant, who had done for me more service than any white man could render," with funds of his own, and some borrowed money, bought at the recent tax-sales a small farm of three hundred and thirteen acres for three hundred and

five dollars. He was to plant sixteen and a half acres of cotton, twelve and a half of corn, and one and a half of potatoes. I rode through his farm on the 10th of April, my last day in the territory, and one-third of his crop was then in. Besides some servant's duty to an officer, for which he is well paid, he does the work of a full hand on his place. He hires one woman and two men, one of the latter being old and only a three-quarters hand. He has two daughters, sixteen and seventeen years of age, one of whom is likewise only a three-quarters hand. His wife works also, of whom he said, "She's the best hand I got"; and if Celia is only as smart with her hoe as I know her to be with her tongue, Harry's estimate must be right. He has a horse twenty-five years old and blind in both eyes, whom he guides with a rope,—carrying on farming, I thought, somewhat under difficulties. Harry lives in the house of the former overseer, and delights, though not boastfully, in his position as a landed proprietor. He has promised to write me, or rather dictate a letter, giving an account of the progress of his crop. He has had much charge of Government property, and when Captain Hooper, of General Saxton's staff, was coming North last autumn, Harry proposed to accompany him; but at last, of his own accord, gave up the project, saying, "It'll not do for all two to leave together."

Another case of capacity for organization should be noted. The Government is building twenty-one houses for the Edisto people, eighteen feet by fourteen, with two rooms, each provided with a swinging board-window, and the roof projecting a little as a protection from rain. The journeymen-carpenters are seventeen colored men, who have fifty cents per day without rations, working ten hours. They are under the direction of Frank Barnwell, a freedman, who receives twenty dollars a month. Rarely have I talked with a more intelligent contractor. It was my great regret that I had not time to visit the village of

improved houses near the Hilton Head camp, which General Mitchell had extemporized, and to which he gave so much of the noble enthusiasm of his last days.

Next as to the *development of manhood*. This has been shown, in the first place, in the prevalent disposition to acquire land. It did not appear upon our first introduction to these people, and they did not seem to understand us when we used to tell them that we wanted them to own land. But it is now an active desire. At the recent tax-sales, six out of forty-seven plantations sold were bought by them, comprising two thousand five hundred and ninety-five acres, sold for twenty-one hundred and forty-five dollars. In other cases the negroes had authorized the superintendent to bid for them, but the land was reserved by the United States. One of the purchases was that made by Harry, noted above. The other five were made by the negroes on the plantations combining the funds they had saved from the sale of their pigs, chickens, and eggs, and from the payments made to them for work,—they then dividing off the tract peaceably among themselves. On one of these, where Kit, before mentioned, is the leading spirit, there are twenty-three field-hands, who are equivalent to eighteen full hands. They have planted and are cultivating sixty-three acres of cotton, fifty of corn, six of potatoes, with as many more to be planted, four and a half of cow-peas, three of pea-nuts, and one and a half of rice. These facts are most significant. The instinct for land—to have one spot on earth where a man may stand, and whence no human being can of right drive him—is one of the most conservative elements of our nature; and a people who have it in any fair degree will never be nomads or vagabonds.

This developing manhood is further seen in their growing consciousness of rights, and their readiness to defend themselves, even when assailed by white men. The former slaves of a planter, now at Beaufort, who was a resident of New York when the war broke out, have gen-

erally left the plantation, suspicious of his presence, saying that they will not be his bondmen, and fearing that in some way he may hold them, if they remain on it. A remarkable case of the assertion of rights occurred one day during my visit. Two white soldiers, with a corporal, went on Sunday to Coosaw Island, where one of the soldiers, having a gun, shot a chicken belonging to a negro. The negroes rushed out and wrested the gun from the corporal, to whom the soldier had handed it, thinking that the negroes would not take it from an officer. They then carried it to the superintendent, who took it to head-quarters, where an order was given for the arrest of the trespasser. Other instances might be added, but these are sufficient.

Another evidence of developing manhood appears in their desire for the comforts and conveniences of household life. The Philadelphia society, for the purpose of maintaining reasonable prices, has a store on St. Helena Island, which is under the charge of Friend Hunn, of the good fellowship of William Penn. He was once fined in Delaware three thousand dollars for harboring and assisting fugitive slaves; but he now harbors and assists them at a much cheaper rate. Though belonging to a society which is the advocate of peace, his tone is quite as warlike as that of the world's people. In this store alone—and there are others on the island, carried on by private enterprise—two thousand dollars' worth of goods are sold monthly. To be sure, a rather large proportion of these consists of molasses and sugar, "sweetening," as the negroes call it, being in great demand, and four barrels of molasses having been sold the day of my visit. But there is also a great demand for plates, knives, forks, tin ware, and better clothing, including even hoop-skirts. Negro-cloth, as it is called, osnaburgs, russet-colored shoes,—in short, the distinctive apparel formerly dealt out to them, as a uniform allowance,—are very generally rejected. But there is no article of household-furniture or wearing apparel, used



by persons of moderate means among us, which they will not purchase, when they are allowed the opportunity of labor and earning wages. What a market the South would open under the new system! It would set all the mills and workshops astir. Four millions of people would become purchasers of all the various articles of manufacture and commerce, in place of the few coarse, simple necessities, laid in for them in gross by the planters. Here is the solution of the vexed industrial question. The indisposition to labor is overcome in a healthy nature by instincts and motives of superior force, such as the love of life, the desire to be well clothed and fed, the sense of security derived from provision for the future, the feeling of self-respect, the love of family and children, and the convictions of duty. These all exist in the negro, in a state of greater or less development. To give one or two examples. One man brought Captain Hooper seventy dollars in silver, to keep for him, which he had obtained from selling pigs and chickens, — thus providing for the future. Soldiers of Colonel Higginson's regiment, having confidence in the same officer, intrusted him, when they were paid off, with seven hundred dollars, to be transmitted by him to their wives, and this besides what they had sent home in other ways, — showing the family-feeling to be active and strong in them. They have also the social and religious inspirations to labor. Thus, early in our occupation of Hilton Head, they took up, of their own accord, a collection to pay for the candles for their evening meetings, feeling that it was not right for the Government longer to provide them. The result was a contribution of two dollars and forty-eight cents. They had just fled from their masters, and had received only a small pittance of wages, and this little sum was not unlike the two mites which the widow cast into the treasury. Another collection was taken, last June, in the church on St. Helena Island, upon the suggestion of the pastor that they should share in the expenses of worship. Fifty-two dol-

lars was the result, — not a bad collection for some of our Northern churches. I have seen these people where they are said to be lowest, and sad indeed are some features of their lot, yet with all earnestness and confidence I enter my protest against the wicked satire of Carlyle.

Is there not here some solution of the question of prejudice or caste which has troubled so many good minds? When these people can no longer be used as slaves, men will try to see how they can make the most out of them as freemen. Your Irishman, who now works as a day-laborer, honestly thinks that he hates the negro; but when the war is over, he will have no objection to going South and selling him groceries and household-implements at fifty per cent. advance on New-York prices, or to hiring him to raise cotton for twenty-five or fifty cents a day. Our prejudices, under any reasonable adjustment of the social system, readily accommodate themselves to our interests, even without much aid from the moral sentiments.

Let those who would study well this social question, or who in public trusts are charged with its solution, be most careful here. Every motive in the minds of these people, whether of instinct, desire, or duty, must be addressed. All the elements of human nature must be appealed to, physical, moral, intellectual, social, and religious. Imperfect indeed is any system which, like that at New Orleans, offers wages, but does not welcome the teacher. It is of little moment whether three dollars or thirty per month be paid the laborer, so long as there is no school to bind both parent and child to civil society with new hopes and duties.

There are some vices charged upon these people, or a portion of them, and truth requires that nothing be withheld. There is said to be a good deal of petty pilfering among them, although they are faithful to trusts. This is the natural growth of the old system, and is quite

likely to accompany the transition-state. Besides, the present disturbed and unorganized condition of things is not favorable to the rigid virtues. But inferences from this must not be pressed too far. When I was a private soldier in Virginia, as one of a three-months' regiment, we used to hide from each other our little comforts and delicacies, even our dishes and clothing, or they were sure to disappear. But we should have ridiculed an adventurous thinker upon the characteristics of races and classes, who should have leaped therefrom to the conclusion that all white men or all soldiers are thieves. And what inferences might not one draw, discreditable to all traders and manufacturers, from the universal adulteration of articles of food! These people, it is said, are disposed to falsehood in order to get rations and small benefits,—a natural vice which comes with slavery, and too often attends on poverty without slavery. Those of most demonstrative piety are rarely better than the rest, not, indeed, hypocritical, but satisfying their consciences by self-depreciation and indulgence in emotion,—psychological manifestations which one may find in more advanced communities. They show no special gratitude to us for liberating them from bonds. Nor do they ordinarily display much exhilaration over their new condition,—being quite unlike the Italian revolutionist who used to put on his toga, walk in the forum, and personate Brutus and Cassius. Their appreciation of their better lot is chiefly seen in their dread of a return of their masters, in their excitement when an attack is feared, in their anxious questionings while the assault on Charleston was going on, and in their desire to get their friends and relatives away from the Rebels,—an appreciation of freedom, if not ostentatious, at least sensible.

But away with such frivolous modes of dealing with the rights of races to self-development! Because Englishmen may be classified as hard and conceited, Frenchmen as capricious, Austrians as dull, and the people of one other nation

are sometimes thought to be vainglorious, shall these therefore be slaves? And where is that model race which shall sway them all? A people may have grave defects, but it may not therefore be rightfully disabled.

During my recent visit, I had an opportunity, on three different occasions, to note carefully Colonel T. W. Higginson's colored regiment, known as the First Regiment of South-Carolina Volunteers. Major-General Hunter's first regiment was mainly made up of conscripts, drafted May 12th, 1862, and disbanded August 11th, three months afterwards, there being no funds wherewith to pay them, and the discharged men going home to find the cotton and corn they had planted overgrown with weeds. On the 10th of October, General Saxton, being provided with competent authority to raise five thousand colored troops, began to recruit a regiment. His authority from the War Department bore date August 25th, and the order conferring it states the object to be "to guard the plantations, and protect the inhabitants from captivity and murder." This was the first clear authority ever given by the Government to raise a negro regiment in this war. There were, indeed, some ambiguous words in the instructions of Secretary Cameron to General Sherman, when the original expedition went to Port Royal, authorizing him to organize the negroes into companies and squads for such services as they might be fitted for, but this not to mean a general arming for military service. Secretary Stanton, though furnishing muskets and red trousers to General Hunter's regiment, did not think the authority sufficient to justify the payment of the regiment. The first regiment, as raised by General Saxton, numbered four hundred and ninety-nine men when Colonel Higginson took command of it on the 1st of December; and on the 19th of January, 1863, it had increased to eight hundred and forty-nine. It has made three expeditions to Florida and Georgia,—one before Colonel Higginson as-

sumed the command, described in Mrs. Stowe's letter to the women of England, and two under Colonel Higginson, one of which was made in January up the St. Mary's, and the other in March to Jacksonville, which it occupied for a few days until an evacuation was ordered from head-quarters. The men are volunteers, having been led to enlist by duty to their race, to their kindred still in bonds, and to us, their allies. Their drill is good, and their time excellent. They have borne themselves well in their expeditions, quite equalling the white regiments in skirmishing. In *morale* they seemed very much like white men, and with about the same proportion of good and indifferent soldiers. Some I saw of the finest metal, like Robert Sutton, whom Higginson describes in his report as "the real conductor of the whole expedition at the St. Mary's," and Sergeant Hodges, a master-carpenter, capable of directing the labors of numerous journeymen. Another said, addressing a meeting at Beaufort, that he had been restless, nights, thinking of the war and of his people, — that, when he heard of the regiment being formed, he felt that his time to act had come, and that it was his duty to enlist, — that he did not fight for his rations and pay, but for wife, children, and people.

These men, as already intimated, are very much like other men, easily depressed, and as easily reanimated by words of encouragement. Many have been reluctant to engage in military service, — their imagination investing it with the terrors of instant and certain death. But this reluctance has passed away with participation in active service, with the adventure and inspiration of a soldier's life, and the latent manhood has recovered its rightful sway. Said a superintendent who was of the first delegation to Port Royal in March, 1862, — a truthful man, and not given to rose-colored views, — "I did not have faith in arming negroes, when I visited the North last autumn, but I have now. They will be not mere machines, but real tigers, when

aroused; and I should not wish to face them." One amusing incident may be mentioned. A man deserted from the regiment, was discovered hidden in a chimney in the district where he had lived, was taken back to camp, went to Florida in Higginson's first expedition, bore his part well in the skirmishes, became excited with the service, was made a sergeant, and, receiving a furlough on his return, went to the plantation where he had hid, and said he would not take five thousand dollars for his place.

But more significant, as showing the success of the experiment, is the change of feeling among the white soldiers towards the negro regiment, a change due in part to the just policy of General Saxton, in part to the President's Proclamation of January 1st, which has done much to clear the atmosphere everywhere within the army-lines, but more than all to the soldierly conduct of the negroes themselves during their expeditions. I had one excellent opportunity to note this change. On the 6th of April, Colonel Higginson's regiment was assigned to picket-duty on Port Royal Island, — the first active duty it had performed on the Sea Islands, — and was to relieve the Pennsylvania Fifty-Fifth. When, after a march of ten miles, it reached the advanced picket-station, there were about two hundred soldiers of the Pennsylvania Fifty-Fifth awaiting orders to proceed to Beaufort. I said, in a careless tone, to one of the Pennsylvania soldiers, who was looking at Higginson's regiment as it stood in line, —

"Is n't this rather new, to be relieved by a negro regiment?"

"All right," said he. "They've as much right to fight for themselves as I have to fight for them."

A squad of half a dozen men stood by, making no dissent, and accepting him as their spokesman. Moving in another direction, I said to a soldier, —

"What do you think of that regiment?"

The answer was, —

"All right. I'd rather they'd shoot



the Rebels than have the Rebels shoot me"; and none of the by-standers dissented.

As one of the negro companies marched off the field to picket a station at the Ferry, they passed within a few feet of some twenty of the Pennsylvania soldiers, just formed into line preparatory to marching to Beaufort. The countenances of the latter, which I watched, exhibited no expression of disgust, dislike, or disapprobation, only of curiosity. Other white soldiers gave to the weary negroes the hominy left from the morning meal. The Major of the Fifty-Fifth, highest in command of the relieved regiment, explained very courteously to Colonel Higginson the stations and duties of the pickets, and proffered any further aid desired. This was, it is true, an official duty, but there are more ways than one in which to perform even an official duty. I rode back to Beaufort, part of the way, in company with a captain of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, who was the officer of the day. He said "he was n't much of a negro-man, but he had no objection to their doing our fighting." He pronounced the word as spelled with two *gs*; but I prefer to retain the good English. Colonel Montgomery, who had a partly filled regiment, most of whom were conscripts, said that on his return from Jacksonville he sent a squad of his men ashore in charge of some prisoners he had taken. Some white soldiers seeing them approach from the wharf, one said, —

"What are those coming?"

"Negro soldiers," (word pronounced as in the former case,) was the answer.

"Damn 'em!" was the ejaculation.

But as they approached nearer, "What have they got with 'em?" was inquired.

"Why, some Secesh prisoners."

"Bully for the negroes!" (the same pronunciation as before,) was then the response from all.

So quick was the transition, when it was found that the negroes had demonstrated their usefulness! It is, perhaps, humiliating to remember that such an

unreasonable and unpatriotic prejudice has at any time existed; but it is never worth while to suppress the truth of history. This prejudice has been effectually broken in the Free States; and one of the pageants of this epoch was the triumphal march through Boston, on the 28th of May, on its way to embark for Port Royal, of the Fifty-Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, the first regiment of negro soldiers which the Free States have sent to the war. On the day previous, May 27th, a far different scene transpired on the banks of the Mississippi. Two black regiments, enlisted some months before in Louisiana under the order of Major-General Butler, both with line and one with field officers of their own lineage, made charge after charge on the batteries of Port Hudson, and were mown down like summer's grass, the survivors, many with mutilated limbs, closing up the thinned ranks and pressing on again, careless of life, and mindful only of honor and duty, with a sublimity of courage unsurpassed in the annals of war, and leaving there to all mankind an immortal record for themselves and their race.

I cannot here forbear a momentary tribute to Wentworth Higginson. Devoting himself heroically to his great work, absorbed in its duties, and bearing his oppressive responsibility as the leader of a regiment in which to a great extent are now involved the fortunes of a race, he adds another honorable name to the true chivalry of our time.

Homeward-bound, I stopped for two days at Fortress Monroe, and was again among the familiar scenes of my soldier-life. It was there that Major-General Butler, first of all the generals in the army of the Republic, and anticipating even Republican statesmen, had clearly pointed to the cause of the war. At Craney Island I met two accomplished women of the Society of Friends, who, on a most cheerless spot, and with every inconvenience, were teaching the children of the freedmen. Two good men,

one at the fort and the other at Norfolk, were distributing the laborers on farms in the vicinity, and providing them with implements and seeds which the benevolent societies had furnished. Visiting Hampton, I recognized, in the shanties built upon the charred ruins, the familiar faces of those who, in the early days of the war, had been for a brief period under my charge. Their hearty greetings to one whom they remembered as the first to point them to freedom and cheer them with its prospect could hardly be received without emotion. But there is no time to linger over these scenes.

Such are some of the leading features in the condition of the freedmen, particularly at Port Royal. The enterprise for their aid, begun in doubt, is no longer a bare hope or possibility. It is a fruition and a consummation. The negroes will work for a living. They will fight for their freedom. They are adapted to civil society. As a people, they are not exempt from the frailties of our common humanity, nor from the vices which hereditary bondage always superadds to these. As

it is said to take three generations to subdue a freeman completely to a slave, so it may not be possible in a single generation to restore the pristine manhood. One who expects to find in emancipated slaves perfect men and women, or to realize in them some fair dream of an ideal race, will meet disappointment; but there is nothing in their nature or condition to daunt the Christian patriot; rather, there is everything to cheer and fortify his faith. They have shown capacity for knowledge, for free industry, for subordination to law and discipline, for soldierly fortitude, for social and family relations, for religious culture and aspirations; and these qualities, when stirred and sustained by the incitements and rewards of a just society, and combining with the currents of our continental civilization, will, under the guidance of a benevolent Providence which forgets neither them nor us, make them a constantly progressive race, and secure them ever after from the calamity of another enslavement, and ourselves from the worse calamity of being again their oppressors.

---

### NO AND YES.

I WATCHED her at her spinning;  
And this was my beginning  
Of wooing and of winning.

But when a maid opposes,  
And throws away your roses,  
You say the case forecloses.

Yet sorry wit one uses,  
Who loves and thinks he loses  
Because a maid refuses.

For by her once denying  
She only means complying  
Upon a second trying.

When first I said, in pleading,  
"Behold, my love lies bleeding!"  
She heard me half unheeding.

When afterward I told her,  
And blamed her growing colder, —  
She dropped upon my shoulder.

Had I a doubt? That quelled it:  
Her very look dispelled it.  
I caught her hand, and held it.

Along the lane I led her,  
And while her cheeks grew redder,  
I sued outright to wed her.

Good end from bad beginning!  
My wooing came to winning, —  
And still I watch her spinning.

---

## THE MATHER SAFE.

### I.

THE service I was able to render an official personage connected with — College in New England procured me access to the library belonging to that institution. In common with many of my fellow-citizens, I had previously enjoyed the pleasure of responding to circulars petitioning for money to buy books for interment in this choice literary catacomb; nay, I was even allowed the satisfaction of an annual stare at them through an iron grating, and of reading a placard to the effect that nobody was allowed to enter an alcove or take down a volume. As it occurred to me that the generous donors could not object to add one more to the select half-dozen or so, who, by having the privilege of the shelves, could really use the library, I demanded this favor of the gentleman who desired to recompense me for what I had done for him. The Librarian, who valued books as things capable of being locked up in

cells like criminals, there to figure numerically to the confusion of rival institutions, was manifestly disturbed when I presented my credentials. The authority, however, was not to be questioned; — I was to be admitted to the library at any hour of the day; and I took care to drop a civil expression to imply my estimation of the privilege and my purpose of enjoying it.

Wanting the leisure to attempt that ponderous undertaking known as "a course of reading," it became my habit to browse about the building upon Saturday afternoons, and finally to establish myself, with whatever authors I had selected, in a certain retired alcove devoted to the metaphysicians. This comfortable nook opens just behind Crawford's bust of the late President T——, and is nearly opposite the famous Mather Safe. As it is possible that I am addressing some who are not graduates of — College, nor familiar with its library, it may be well to say a word of the history of the spacious



## HARVARD'S HEROES.

W. Mitchell.

76-

THE stranger who enters the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral in London cannot fail to notice the superb pulpit which stands at the angle of the choir. It is composed of rare and costly marbles and other precious stones. But, beautiful and fitting as it is, its greatest value lies in the circumstance which placed it there. It is a memorial, the tribute of affection. It was erected by his surviving comrades in arms to a noble officer of the Indian army. Yet this, from its position a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί*, is only one among numberless like monuments which the traveller in England meets at every turn. In public squares, in parish churches, in stately cathedrals, — wherever the eye of the wayfarer can be arrested, wherever the pride of country is most deeply stirred, wherever the sentiment of loyalty is consecrated by religion, — the Englishman loves to guard from oblivion the names of his honored dead. There is in this both a cause and a consequence of that intense local pride and affection by which the men of Great Britain are bound to the scenes of their early lives. "It will never do for us to be beaten," said the Duke at Waterloo; "think what they will say of us at home!" — and this simple sentence went straight to the heart of every man who heard. What they will say at home is the prevailing thought in each young soldier's heart as he goes into his first fight. And "home" does not mean for him so much broad England as it does the little hamlet where he was born, the school where he was trained, the county in which his forefathers were honored in times gone by. He thinks of his name, henceforward linked with a glorious victory, whispered around among the groups who linger in the church-yard after the morning service. He trusts, that, if he fall nobly, there will be for him the memorial window through whose blazoned panes the sunlight will fall softly across

the "squire's pew," where as a boy he knelt and worshipped, or touch with a crimson and azure gleam the marble effigies of his knightly sires recumbent on their tombs. Or he thinks of a place among the lettered names high up on the old oaken wall of the school-room at Winchester or Harrow or Westminster, — that future boys, playing where he played, shall talk of him whom they never knew as "one of ours." For he is well aware that he is making fame not for himself alone, but to be prized where he himself has been most loved and happiest.

We, in this new land of ours, have but a very faint experience of the intense working of such influences upon a people in whom the local association and sentiment are ingrained. We are but just beginning where Englishmen began eight centuries and more ago. Hence our glorifying of the past has been a little indiscriminate, and withal has sought to commemorate events more than individuals. But the last two years have taken us through one of those great periods which, in their concentrated energy, compress the work of years into days, and which mark the water-sheds of history. The United States of 1865 will be as unlike the same land in 1855 as the youth is unlike the child. Life is measured by action, not duration. The brilliant epoch of the first Persian invasion was more to Greece than its slumbering centuries under Turkish rule, and "fifty years of Europe" more "than a cycle of Cathay." We shall look back upon a past. We shall have a truly national existence. It will be but natural, as it will be most wise, that we take heed of those elements which have ever been so potent in strengthening national character. One of these has been briefly hinted at above. Yet it may be undesirable to perpetuate the memory of events in which the whole country can-

not participate, which will not for the remainder of this century be thought of by one section without shame and confusion of face, and which will only tend to keep alive the sad old jealousies and hates. We shall be very loath to place our monumental columns upon the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg. We should not tolerate them upon the slopes of Manassas or the bluffs of Edwards' Ferry. When the war is ended, and the best guardian of our internal commerce is the loyalty of the returning citizens to their old allegiance, we shall do wisely to level the earthworks of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. In the city where mob-violence is crushed under the force of armed law, no one cares to keep for a day the crumbling walls and the shattered barricade, though they may have witnessed heroism as splendid as Arcola or Wagram, for they witness also to a wickedness and a terror which all would gladly forget. The only memorial that a wise and high-souled nation *can* erect after this war will be the single monument which shall commemorate the hour of peace restored.

But while we are debarred from thus recording upon tablets more lasting than brass the story of our mournful triumphs over erring brethren, we are doubly bound in gratitude to keep green the memory of the men who have deserved well of their country in the hour of utmost need. We ought to do this also in that temper which shall look most singly to the noble end of forming heroic traditions for the youth of our future land. I know no place where this can be more fitly carried out than in New-England's foremost university. Coeval with the commonwealth itself, the starry roll of its heroes links it with all the fortunes of our history. Men who sat in the Long Parliament, and who may have seen the Battles of Worcester and Dunbar, took their early degrees upon Harvard's first Commencement-stage. Her sons fought against King Philip, were colonels and captains in the "old French War," went forth in the days of Wolfe and Amherst,

and exchanged the lexicon for the musket in the eight years' struggle which gave to the Thirteen Colonies their independence. Alumni still survive who did military duty in the second war with England. The men of Harvard were with Taylor at Buena Vista, and helped Scott in his victorious march upon the Aztec capital. Of these the only record is in the annual necrology and the quaint Latin of the "Triennial."

For the young heroes who dropped the oar and took up the sword, who laid aside the gown for the sash and shoulder-strap, who, first in the bloodless triumphs of the regatta and in "capital training" for the great race of life where literary and professional fame are the prizes, went forth to venture all for honor and country, the Alma Mater surely should have a special commemoration. For her own sake, because of her high responsibility in the education of "ingenuous youth," she can do no less. I will venture to say that not a Harvard man, among all the loyal thousands of her surviving Alumni, but feels his heart beat quicker as he reads the story of her children amid their "baptism of fire." There is a notable peculiarity about this the most purely New-England of our colleges,—the continual recurrence of familiar patronymics. I take up the last semi-annual catalogue, and there among the five hundred names I can almost make out my own classmates of twenty years ago. Abbots, Bigelows, Lawrences, Masons, Russells,—they come with every Commencement-season. Some families have had for every generation in a hundred and fifty years a representative in her halls. There is a patent of nobility in this, such peerage as a republic can rightly confer, the coronet which marks the union of birth and worth. We cannot, we, the Alumni, suffer these our brothers to sleep unhonored. Those who shall come after us, who shall fill our places in dear Old Harvard, shall occupy our ancient rooms in Hollis and Massachusetts and Stoughton and Holyoke, have a right not only to count

the academic wreaths which have been won in past days by their namesakes, but also to be taught the inspiring lesson of holy love of country, of highest courage and truth and soldierly virtue.

And how shall this be done? Let these few remaining lines suggest at least one plan. Harvard's chief want is a hall for her Alumni, one worthy, in architecture and convenience, of her children's fame, which Harvard Hall is not. That long, awkward room, very hot and cramped to dine in at midsummer, hotter and more cramped still for the Class-day dances, is just fit for one purpose,—the declamation-exercises of the Sophomore year. Let us have a hall fit for Commencements, for Alumni and Phi-Beta orations, for our annual dinners, worthy of the "Doctor's" poems and the "General's" speeches, with a wainscot, not of vulgar plaster, but of noble oak, against which Copley's pictures and Story's busts may properly be placed.

Then let its windows be filled, as in the glorious halls and chapels of England, with memorial glass. Let one of these, if no more, be formed, of the costliest and most perfect workmanship our art can compass, to the memory of the Heroes of Harvard. It shall be the gift of every class which counts among its members one of these. There, amid the gorgeous emblazonry, shall be read their names, their academic year, their battles.

Or, if this may not be, because our Alma Mater is still too poor or too humble to offer to her returning children such banqueting-place,—if there is no Wykeham or Waynflete or Wolsey to arch for us the high-embowed roof, let us place our memorial in the Library, along its shaded alcoves and above its broad portals. There the bright shadows

shall sleep and pass with the sliding day, where the young scholars mused and studied. There the future student, as he walks, shall read as noble a lesson as he can glean from any of the groaning shelves and dusty tomes. There shall be for Harvard her *Libro d' Oro* wherein she has written the names of her best-beloved.

Some token let us have that they are unforgotten. It was no quarrel of vulgar ambition in which they fell. It was the sacred strife for which the mother armed them when she sent them forth. For her they fought, for culture, generous learning, noble arts, for all that makes a land great and glorious, against the barbarism of anarchy and the baseness of a system founded upon wrong and oppression. We cannot, indeed, forget them while we live to come up to our annual gathering, and see the vacant places amid familiar ranks. There will then be question and reply, saddening, but proud. "He fell at Port Hudson, cheering on the forlorn hope." "He lies beneath the forest-trees of Chancellorsville." "He was slain upon the glacies of Fredericksburg." "He died in the foul prisons of Richmond." We cannot forget them, and we would fain leave the memorial of them to future generations. Their fame belongs to Harvard; for what they learned there could not be other than noble, inspiring, manly. Let Harvard make the plan, and give the call, and all of us, from our distant homes and according to our ability, will offer our gifts with gladness. Let the graduates who have leisure and taste and means, and who are still dwelling under the pleasant shades of the Cambridge elms, come together and take up the matter while love and gratitude and pride are fresh.



## WHO IS ROEBUCK?

AN inquiring American mind, seeking the solution of this momentous question, would naturally turn to Appleton's "New Cyclopædia," Vol. XIV., page 131. The inquiring mind would be enlightened in a somewhat bewildering manner by the description there laid down of a little animal, some of whose qualities are thus set forth in the first article on the page indicated above:—

"ROEBUCK. A small European deer of the genus *Capreolus*. . . . The skull has a very small, shallow suborbital pit, . . . . tear-bag indistinct, hoofs narrow and triangular. . . . The color in summer is reddish brown, in winter olive, with paler shades; inside of the ears fulvous, and a black spot at the angles of the mouth. . . . It is about four feet long. . . . The horns are used for knife-handles. . . . They congregate in small families, but not in herds. . . . From their strong scent they are easily hunted; though they frequently escape by their speed, doublings, springing to cover, and other artifices. . . . The roebucks are represented in North America by the Virginia deer."

Inquiring mind, not wishing for researches in the direction of Natural History, albeit the subject of parallelisms is a somewhat curious study and in special cases infinitely amusing, passes on to the next article in the Cyclopædia.

It is sufficiently obvious that it requires neither fame nor greatness to excite public curiosity. A notorious criminal or an unusually eccentric lunatic frequently gives rise to a larger share of newspaper-comment and general discussion than the wisest and most virtuous of mankind. It must be well remembered by those who have read Tom Taylor's *Life of Haydon* that a dwarf was attracting thousands to the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, London, while the historical painter, stung to madness by the neglect of the frivolous

crowd, committed the hideous and ghastly suicide which threw a tragic darkness over the close of his strange and troubled existence. The desperate and dangerous frequently succeed in placing themselves on a bad eminence, from which they are conspicuous enough; and if to be talked of and pointed at be the sole object of their ambition, they can, of course, be congratulated on their success. Virtue may sit in humble and obscure usefulness at a thousand quiet firesides, while the work of the incendiary may be seen to spread widely, and the tumult of his mischief be heard from afar. And so any public man or politician, whose taste is so morbidly depraved and whose aim in life is so debased as to prefer notoriety to honest, useful service, may revel in the questionable enjoyment of being the especial theme of public debate and private conversation. Hence it happens that so many of our fellow-countrymen are at this moment asking the question with which we head these pages,—“Who is Roebuck?”

An unhappy culprit, who combined with an innocent taste for green peas a thievish method of acquiring their usual savory accompaniment, is reported to have been addressed by an English judge in the following felicitous terms:—"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has endowed you with health and strength, *instead of which* you go about the country stealing ducks." Providence has endowed John Arthur Roebuck, member of the Parliament of Great Britain, with fair talents and some power of speech, *instead of which* (to use the accurate judicial ellipsis) he goes about using violent and vulgar words of menace against those who have never offended him, and scattering firebrands as if there were no gunpowder anywhere to ignite and explode. This would be a mean and mischievous occupation for the dullest man; but for one who has proved by his very failures

that he is not devoid of intellect or energy, it is a monstrous perversion of mental gifts, even if they are small.

A portion of the fiery heat of his nature may be traced, perhaps, to the fact that he was born at Madras; but as on the mother's side he is descended from the poet Tickell, the friend of Addison, it would not be altogether unreasonable to have expected in him some few of the amenities of the *literæ humaniores*. He soon, however, exchanged the torrid scenes of Oriental life for the snows of Canada, where he received his education; and when we remember what the bizarre oddities of his subsequent career have been, it might be interesting, if we had the materials for the purpose, to inquire what that education was. The British Provinces, however, were not deemed a sufficiently ample theatre of action for the energy of the capacious soul that dwelt in that not over-capacious body; and so, at the age of twenty-three, he repaired to England and commenced his studies for the profession of the law.

He was called to the bar in 1832. He had, however, by no means paid an exclusive attention to the study of the law, or his success in his profession might have been greater, and the world might have had a good lawyer instead of a bad politician. The period of his Inner-Temple student-life was a very stirring time in England. Old principles were dying out, and wrestling in death-struggle with newer and wider theories of human liberty and human progress. The young East-Indian Canadian rushed with natural impetuosity into the arena, and was one of the most reckless and noisy debating-club spouters of the day. In speaking of the Reform Bill at a meeting at a tavern in London, he said, that, if the bill did not pass, he for one should like to "wade the streets of the capital knee-deep in blood." It was consoling to reflect, even at the time, that the atrocious aspiration was mitigated by the reflection that it would not require a deluge of gore to reach the knees of such a Zacchæus as Roebuck. "Pretty vicious that for a child of six!"

said the amiable Mr. Squeers on one occasion; and pretty sanguinary that, say we, for a rising little demagogue of thirty.

As England was at that time in a seething ferment of excitement, men who were unscrupulous in their language were at a premium in the political market, and the respectable constituency of the pleasant watering-place of Bath, in Somersetshire, elected the fierce little man as their representative in the Imperial Parliament. This was a great start in life for the new-fledged barrister, and, had he moderated his overweening vanity, and studied wisely, and with some self-abnegation and honest adherence to party, he might have risen to some useful position, and been saved, at least, from the indignity of fetching and carrying for the Emperor of Austria, and from the impertinence of intruding himself into the august presence of Mr. Kinglake's amiable and virtuous friend, the Emperor of France. The English nation might then possibly have pointed to his portrait in their historical gallery as that of an efficient public servant who had deserved well of his country, and he might have escaped a ludicrous immortality as the Dog Tear-'em, in the recent admirable sketch in "Punch."

But, in the words of a political song,—

"There weren't no such luck  
For John A. Roebuck,  
And he thought he would teach the whole nation  
That the Tories were fools,  
And the Whigs only tools,  
But Roebuck was England's salvation."

And he, according to this programme, set himself to reform the Constitution and protect the Colonies.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri," he was an eclectic in politics,—acknowledged no leader, had himself no followers. A chief without a party, an apostle without disciples, a critic without the merest ordinary penetration, a cynic whose bitterness was not enlivened by wit or humor, a spouter whose arguments, when he had any, were usually furnished from the mint, John Arthur Roebuck was for many

years that impersonation of terrific honesty, glaring purity, and indignant virtue, known in English politics as an *INDEPENDENT* member of Parliament. When party-spirit runs high, and many party-men are disposed to be unscrupulous in the measures and artifices by which they win or retain place and power, such a position, occupied with judgment and fortified by modesty and good sense, is a most powerful and a most beneficent one; but it is useless when seized on by one whose obtrusive egotism and more than feminine vanity disqualify him for any serious or permanent influence on his fellow-men. When a Pocket-Diogenes rolls his little tub into the House of Commons, and complains that everybody is standing between him and the sun,—why, in an assembly of educated and sensible men the sham is soon discovered, the pseudo-cynic seen through, and his affected misanthropy deservedly gains for him universal derision and scorn. Some years after he entered Parliament, Mr. Disraeli, with whom he had many encounters, in which he was invariably worsted, made the House roar with laughter by taunting Roebuck with his “Sadler’s Wells sarcasms and melodramatic malignities,” and drew a most amusing picture of him as “a solitary sentinel pacing round the deserted citadel of his own opinions.”

“He who surpasses or subdues mankind

Must look down on the hate of those below”; but as Mr. Roebuck has done neither the one nor the other, his only chance of not being utterly forgotten, instead of being feared or hated, by his contemporaries, is to continue his work of mischief, and merely change the object of his puny attacks as one becomes more prominent than another, and as he can manage to maintain his own quasi-importance by attaching his name to great questions. He had no special dislike for this country; so far from that, he admired and praised us, as by an extract from one of his books we will presently prove; but since he has become a self-appointed lackey, has donned imperial livery, and as a volunteer does the dirty work of des-

pots, he must have lost all sympathy with and all regard for an independent, free, and brave people. We hope and believe that this country vastly prefers his censure to his praise, and, as far as it has leisure at the present crisis for any serious consideration of his erratic pranks, would rather have his enmity than his friendship. *Non tali auxilio!*

But we must recur to his inconsistent and rather uninteresting career, and so satisfy, and perhaps weary, the curiosity of any reader who is still disposed to ask the momentous question, “Who is Roebuck?”

In 1835, he was appointed the agent — the *paid* agent — of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, during the dispute then raging between the Executive Government and the House of Assembly. As Englishmen especially plume themselves on the fact that the members of their legislative bodies are unremunerated, it is somewhat difficult to understand how this exception was made in John Arthur’s favor. As a precedent it is to be hoped that it has not been followed; for it is obvious that such an arrangement, however advantageous or pleasant to individual members, might throw grave suspicions on the purity of public men, and introduce a wholesale venality into public life. If such a system is permitted, any foreign monarch or any foreign government may secure the services of a British senator as his agent and representative. It is quite appalling to think that the chivalrous Earl of Derby or the conscientious Mr. Gladstone should be shocked by the offer of a handsome annual salary paid quarterly, (not deducting the income-tax,) made by the King of Dahomey for an eloquent defence of his humane and enlightened rule, or by an equally munificent donative from the famous and merry monarch of the Cannibal Islands for the support of himself and his loyal subjects in their copious consumption of human flesh. We should be sorry wantonly to raise so dreadful a suspicion; but if British M. P.s are per-



mitted, according to the Roebuck precedent, to be PAID agents, why has not Southern money found its way into senatorial pockets? Greedy Mr. Laird, and unscrupulous, money-loving Mr. Lindsay,\* always resolutely grubbing for the main chance, are perhaps sufficiently paid by indirect, though heavy gains in ship-building. Needy Mr. Roebuck may be salaried by the Emperor of Austria, though there is nothing to prove, except his own open-mouthed and loud-tongued professions of purity, that he is not "paid agent" of the Confederate Government. The indulgence of the evil feelings of malice and uncharitableness may, however, sufficiently recompense him; and to him, perhaps, his virtue may be its own reward. But if paid agencies are not permitted, a very serious suspicion fastens on that hard-mouthed, rising lordling, Robert Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and one of the most active and energetic champions of the slave-mongers of the South. The young lord, it is well known, stepped down from the lofty pedestal of a bad pedigree to marry the fair, but portionless daughter of an English judge; his father is proverbially mean and stingy, and the young lord himself proportionately poor; and in the intervals of his strenuous advocacy of the claims of the Rebels to European recognition he laudably ekes out his very narrow income by writing articles for the London newspapers and reviews; and rumor says that he communicates gossiping letters, full of piquant and satirical sketches of the proceedings of the House of Commons to two or three of the provincial papers. He is under these

circumstances peculiarly open to suspicion. If the proceeding in question is a usual one, why does he not openly avow it? If it is unusual or improper, why does he not deny the soft impeachment so much credited both in this country and in his own? It is really refreshing to contemplate, that Roebuck, after being the paid agent of the Canadian House of Assembly, should have become such a *purist* as to drag poor Mr. Isaac Butt before the notice of the Commons, and scream for censure on him on a mere suspicion that he had touched the yellow and handsome gold coins of one of the innumerable Indian princes and rajahs who come to England with complaints of grievances, sometimes real, and sometimes fictitious, against the British Government.

During the period of the "paid agency" Roebuck was tolerably industrious with his pen; but in literature and journalism he proved his utter incapacity for joining in any combined action. Such was his dogged self-assertion and indomitable egotism that none of the ordinary channels would answer his purpose; and so he issued a series of political papers, entitled "Pamphlets for the People," to which the curious may sometimes refer, but which have now lost all their significance and interest. His quarrels with editors and publishers were notorious; and an altercation with Mr. Black, the well-known editor of the "Morning Chronicle," eventuated in a duel so bloodless as to be ridiculous. David's pebble did not reach Goliath, and Goliath was equally merciful to David. In these pamphlets he violently assailed the whole body of editors, sub-editors, reporters, etc., of most of the papers of any note. And the more accustomed he became to the House of Commons, the greater liberties did he take with the conventional fairness and courtesy of debate. His personality and scurrility were so indiscriminating and excessive that he was perhaps at this time the most unpopular member of the House.

In 1837 he lost his election for Bath,

\* Lindsay's fawning, plastic sycophancy is well known this side the water. After shrewdly filling his coffers with profits from Northern business-transactions, he now turns about, kicks his old friends, who always half suspected his knavish propensities, bows, cap in hand, to visionary cotton-bales, and hopes to turn some honest pounds, shillings, and pence by advocating the slave-drivers' rebellion. A "fool's gudgeon" will surely reward his laborious endeavors for Southern gold, that article growing beautifully less every day.

but was reëlected in 1841. In a subsequent contest at Bath he was successfully opposed by Lord Ashley, the present Earl of Shaftesbury. On this occasion he exhibited even more than his usual bad temper and bad taste. He declined to accept Lord Ashley's proffered hand; and in the chagrin and vexation occasioned by unexpected defeat he uttered a rabid invective against the Non-Conformist ministers of the place, to whose influence he rightly attributed his rival's success. Lord Ashley was a well-known philanthropist, and his consistent support and patronage of many religious and charitable societies had naturally given him popularity among the Protestant clergy of all denominations, — a popularity heightened in the case of the Evangelical and Calvinistic ministers by his Lordship's strict Sabbatarianism and his belief in cold dinners on Sunday. On the other hand, Mr. Roebuck was openly accused of private professions of skepticism in matters of religion; and this report, so dangerous to the repute of any public man in England, (where theology and politics so frequently cross each other,) considerably damaged his chance of success. Lord Ashley, however, was in no way responsible for the rumor; and the difference between the conduct of the two during the contest was this, that Lord Ashley behaved like a gentleman and Mr. Roebuck did not.

During his retirement into private life, after this defeat in 1847, he wrote his work entitled "The History of the Whig Ministry of 1830," — a book in the preparation of which he is said to have received considerable and valuable assistance from no less a person than Lord Brougham. Despite the aid that he received, it is amusing to find in his preface a characteristic vaunting of his entire difference with Lord Brougham about the character of King William IV. "Lord Brougham," he writes, "is accustomed to describe William IV. as frank, just, and straightforward. We believe him to have been very weak and very false, a finished dissembler, and always bitterly hostile to the Whig Ministry and their great

measure of Reform." This is Roebuck all over. He would infinitely rather argue that white was black than quietly coincide in any generally received opinion.

While on the subject of his writings, we will mention the book in which he vouchsafed to praise those whom he now so elaborately vilifies. In 1849 he published an octavo volume of two hundred and forty-eight pages on "The Colonies of England." Speaking (page 84) of the vast and rapid progress made by this country, he says: —

"We are led to inquire by what machinery, by what favoring circumstances, such a result has been brought about. The people, be it remarked, are the same as ourselves, — the original Thirteen States were the work of Englishmen. English heads, English hearts, English hands brought those new communities into existence. No longer connected by government with us, they nevertheless retained the characteristics of the race from which they sprang, and proceeding in the great work to which they were destined, they strode across the continent, the fairest portion of which they could now call their own. In planting new settlements they were aided by our own people, — the very elements *out of which we endeavor to frame colonies, and with which we do produce sickly, miserable communities that can only be said to exist, and to linger on in a sort of half-life*, without the spirit of a young, or the amenities and polish of an old community, and, above all, *without any spirit of independence.*"

Again, speaking of colonization in this country as opposed to Canada and other English colonies, he writes (page 88): —

"Certain adventurous persons, the 'pioneers' of civilization, wishing to make new settlements beyond the boundaries of Pennsylvania and Virginia, upon wild lands belonging to the United States, made formal application to the Government of the United States at Washington, who, being bound to afford all possible facility, thereupon take steps to have the land surveyed and laid out

into counties, townships, parishes. The roads are also indicated, and at once the law exists; and security, guaranteed by the authority of the United States, immediately follows, both for person and property; and all the machinery known to the Common Law, and needed for the maintenance of this security, and the enforcement of the law's decrees, is at once adopted. A municipal authority comes into existence; a court-house, a jail, a school-room, arise in the wilderness; and although these buildings be humble, and the men who exercise authority in them may appear to be in some degree rude, yet is the law there in all its useful majesty. To it a reverent obedience is rendered; and the plain magistrate, who, in a hunter's frock, may, in the name of the United States, pronounce the law's decree, commands an obedience as complete and sincere as that which is paid to the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, or to the ermined judge who presides in the courts of our Lady the Queen in Westminster Hall."

This in 1849; but what a very different tone has he thought fit to adopt now! Was any agency then expected which has not been forthcoming? Or, having degenerated from being a supporter of liberal opinions in his youth to being the fond and fatuous admirer of autocrats in his old age, does he think that it is absolutely necessary that the firm friend of Austrian despotism should be the malignant assailant of the Government and people of the United States? The man is consistent in nothing but his spiteful vindictiveness and love of mischief. He is now the general object of deserved ridicule and contempt for his flunkeyistic attendance at the Tuileries. At the time of Louis Napoleon's visit to London, Roebuck raved and ranted about his "perjured lips having kissed the Queen of England."

He has, on some occasions, put himself prominently forward, and in such a way as to make himself an influential member of Parliament. He moved the vote of confidence in the Whig Government in

1850, when the great debate ensued in which the late Sir Robert Peel made his last speech; and they were kept in office by a poetical majority of nine. But the speech with which Roebuck introduced the motion was entirely eclipsed by the magnificent declamation of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the present Lord-Chief-Justice of England. On another great occasion, in January, 1855, he brought forward in the House of Commons a motion for inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean War. Lord Aberdeen's Government was defeated by an immense majority, and, of course, resigned. Mr. Roebuck was chairman of the Committee of Inquiry; but the cabinet that came in discreetly declined to give him any official post in their ranks. They knew too well the terrible uncertainty and inconsistency of the man's conduct. They could place no reliance either on his temper or his discretion. In 1855 he was one of the numerous candidates for the chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works, but failed to inspire the electors with any confidence in his capacity for the post. In the following year he became the chairman of the Administrative Reform Association, and although the league had at first been highly successful, and aided much in awaking public attention to the miscarriages and mismanagement in the Crimea, yet, under this fatal presidency, it became speedily and ingloriously defunct. This was his last great failure, before abdicating all his early liberal principles. He has of late years endeavored to solace himself for the now irretrievable blunders of his career by an exaggerated indulgence in his idiosyncratic waywardness, paradox, and eccentricity. He is proud of being considered the acquaintance of the Emperor of Austria, and rather pleased than otherwise at being assailed on this account. He affects the society and friendship of conservative members of the House of Commons. He has become tolerant of lords. He may be seen sitting next to Lord Robert Cecil, indulging in ill-natured jocosities, from which his Lordship probably borrows when



he indites ill-natured articles for the misguided "Saturday Review." \* He hates the Manchester school of politicians, because their liberality and their sympathy with the cause of freedom and civilization in this country remind Roebuck of his own defection from the right path.

His private undertakings have not been more fortunate than his public acts. He was chairman of a bank, which was unsuccessful, to say the least of it. He has been connected with other enterprises, which soon courted and obtained failure.

What he has recently said and done in reference to this country is too fresh in our memories to require that we should recite or recapitulate it here. His past career, as we have reviewed it, may account for the now intolerable acerbity of temper and the ludicrous vanity which disgrace him. Never was a Nemesis more just than that which has for the present consigned him to a melancholy obscurity. The political extinguisher has certainly dropped upon his head, and this burning and shining light has gone out with an unpleasant odor into utter darkness.

In summing up his character, it is evident that excessive vanity is his besetting sin. He is not too clever or too honest to act in union with other people, but he is too *vain*. He is by no means too good for the rest of the world; but he is too conceited and self-opinionated to condescend to coöperate with them. As, at some of the minor theatres, a single actor may play an army, so, in the House of Commons, Roebuck is a host in himself, — is his own party, and leads it. His occasional popularity in his own country is due to the fact, that, in his own character, he, to a certain extent, repre-

sents and crystallizes a few of the good and many of the bad qualities of Englishmen. He has their courage and audacity, their independence and pride, their generally defiant front to the rest of the world; but he is also vain, obstinate, bigoted, prejudiced, narrow in his views, and boastful in his language. His vulgar swagger, for instance, about the navy sweeping the seas, would have been condemned here, if it had been addressed by the most violent of demagogues to the most ignorant of Irish mobs.

We have heard him speak in the House of Commons in his palmier days, before he was as decrepit in mind as he is in body. He had great fluency, some power of invective, and a vast stock of assurance. We listened to him upon one occasion, when, without the slightest provocation, he used the most undignified personalities to the late Sir Robert Peel, — to which Sir Robert, very wisely, never replied.

We cannot say that we feel any profound interest as to his future. He has compared himself to a dog, — but, on behalf of that faithful and valued companion of man, we protest against the similitude. He has the kind of pugnacity which prompts a cur or a puppy to attack a Newfoundland or a mastiff. He has not the fidelity and many other good qualities of the canine race. At any rate, he has become a mischievous dog, — and a dull dog, — and will soon be a "sad dog."

We would venture to suggest, that he should at once be raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Tear'em. He might then aid the good cause of the slave-mongers of the South, and act in unison with that just, generous, moral, and virtuous nobleman, the Marquis of Clanricarde.

We ought to apologize to our readers for so lengthy an account of so undeserving a person, — but, at any rate, they ought by this time to know "Who is Roebuck?"

\* This journal is now owned by Mr. Alexander James Beresford Beresford-Hope, (we dare not omit any portion of this august name,) who has ample means to enlist the talents of reckless, "smart" young men in search of employment for any work he may require, no matter how unprincipled the job in hand.

"He's my young lion, Richard is. Look at this square forehead. You don't believe in Phrenology, eh? Well, I do. Feel his jaws. Look at that lady, Sir! Do you see the big, brave eyes of him?"

"His mouth is like his mother's," said Starke, jealously.

"Oh, yes, yes! So. You think that is the best part of his face, I know. It is; as tender as a woman's."

"It is a real hero-face," said the young lady, frankly; "not a mean line in it."

Starke had drawn the boy between his knees, and was playing roughly with him.

"There never shall be one, with God's help," he thought, but said nothing.

Richard was "a hobby" of Dr. Bowdler's, his niece perceived.

"His very hair is like a mane," he said; "he's as uncouth as a young giant that don't feel his strength. I say this, Mary: that the boy will never be goodish and weak; he'll be greatly good or greatly bad."

The young lady noticed how intently Starke listened; she wondered if he had forgotten entirely his own God-sent mission, and turned baby-tender altogether.

"What has become of your model, Mr. Starke?" she asked.

Dr. Bowdler looked up uneasily; it was a subject he never had dared to touch.

"Andrew keeps it," said Starke, with a smile, "for the sake of old times, side by side with his lantern, I believe."

"You never work with it?"

"No; why should I? The principle has since been made practical, as you know, better than I could have done it. My idea was too crude, I can see now. So I just grazed success, as one may say."

"Have you given up all hope of serving your fellows?" persisted the lady. "You seemed to me to be the very man to lead a forlorn hope against ignorance: are you quite content to settle down here and do nothing?"

His color changed, but he said quietly,—

"I've learned to be humbler, maybe. It was hard learning. But," trying to speak lightly, "when I found I was not

fit to be an officer, I tried to be as good a private as I could. Your uncle will tell you the cause is the same."

There was a painful silence.

"I think sometimes, though," said Starke, "that God meant Jane and I should not be useless in the world."

He put his hand almost reverently on the boy's head.

"Richard is ours, you know, to make what we will of. He will do a different work in life from any engine. I try to think we have strength enough saved out of our life to make him what we ought."

"You're right, Starke," said the Doctor, emphatically. "Some day, when you and I have done with this long fight, we shall find that as many privates as captains will have earned the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Miss Defouchet said nothing; the day did not please her. Jane, she noticed, when evening came on, slipped up-stairs to brush her hair, and put on a soft white shawl.

"Joseph likes to see me dress a little for the evenings," she said, with quite a flush in her cheek.

And the young lady noticed that Starke smiled tenderly as his wife passed him. It was so weak! in ugly, large-boned people, too.

"It does one good to go there," said the Doctor, drawing a long breath as they drove off in the cool evening, the shadowed red of the sun lighting up the little porch where the machinist stood with his wife and child. "The unity among them is so healthy and beautiful."

"I did not feel it as you do," said Miss Defouchet, drawing her shawl closer, and shivering.

Starke came down on the grass to play with the boy, throwing him down on the heaps of hay there to see him jump and rush back undaunted. Yet in all his rude romps the solemn quiet of the hour was creeping over him. He sat down by Jane on the wooden steps at last, while, the boy, after an impetuous kiss or two, curled up at their feet and went to sleep

The question about the model had stirred an old doubt in Jane's heart. She watched her husband keenly. Was he thinking of that old dream? *Would* he go back to it? the long dull pain of those dead years creeping through her brain. He looked up from the boy, stroking his gray beard, — his eyes, she saw, full of tears.

"I was thinking, Jane, how much of our lives was lost before we found our true work."

"Yes, Joseph."

He gathered up the boy, holding him close to his bony chest.

"I 'd like to think," he said, "I could atone for that waste, Jane. It was my fault. I 'd like to think I 'd earn up yonder that cross of the Legion of Honor — through him."

"God knows," she said.

After that they were silent a long while. They were thinking of Him who had brought the little child to them.

*AE*

78-

### A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO.

*L. L. L.*

No ! is my answer from this cold, bleak ridge  
Down to your valley : you may rest you there :  
The gulf is wide, and none can build a bridge  
That your gross weight would safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you  
With something that is kinder far than scorn,  
And think, "Ah, well ! I might have grovelled, too ;  
I might have walked there, fettered and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are ;  
I might have chosen comfortable ways ;  
Once from these heights I shrank, beheld afar,  
In the soft lap of quiet, easy days.

I might — (I will not hide it) — once I might  
Have lost, in the warm whirlpools of your voice,  
The sense of Evil, the stern cry of Right ;  
But Truth has steered me free, and I rejoice :

Not with the triumph that looks back to jeer  
At the poor herd that call their misery bliss ;  
But as a mortal speaks when God is near,  
I drop you down my answer ; it is this : —

I am not yours, because you seek in me  
What is the lowest in my own esteem :  
Only my flowery levels can you see,  
Nor of my heaven-smit summits do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love yourself :  
Your heart has scarcely room for me beside.  
I could not be shut in with name and pelf ;  
I spurn the shelter of your narrow pride !



Not yours, — because you are not man enough  
To grasp your country's measure of a man!  
If such as you, when Freedom's ways are rough,  
Cannot walk in them, learn that women can!

Not yours, because, in this the nation's need,  
You stoop to bend her losses to your gain,  
And do not feel the meanness of your deed:  
I touch no palm defiled with such a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too lofty steeps  
For woman's scaling, care not I to know;  
But when he falters by her side, or creeps,  
She must not clog her soul with him to go.

Who weds me must at least with equal pace  
Sometimes move with me at my being's height:  
To follow him to his more glorious place,  
His purer atmosphere, were keen delight.

You lure me to the valley: men should call  
Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.  
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!  
Beyond these peaks rich harmonies I hear, —

The morning chant of Liberty and Law!  
The dawn pours in, to wash out Slavery's blot:  
Fairer than aught the bright sun ever saw  
Rises a nation without stain or spot.

The men and women mated for that time  
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain;  
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime;  
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your drowsy way!  
You cannot hear the voices in the air!  
Ignoble souls will shrivel in that day:  
The brightness of its coming can you bear?

For me, I do not walk these hills alone:  
Heroes who poured their blood out for the Truth,  
Women whose hearts bled, martyrs all unknown,  
Here catch the sunrise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks and consecrated brows!  
It charms me not, — your call to rest below:  
I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:  
Take my life's silence for your answer: No!

## EUGENE DELACROIX.

THE death of Eugene Delacroix cuts the last bond between the great artistic epoch which commenced with the Bellini and that which had its beginning with the nineteenth century, epochs as diverse in character as the Venice of 1400 and the Paris of 1800. In him died the last great painter whose art was moulded by the instincts and traditions that made Titian and Veronese, and the greatest artist whose eyes have opened on the, to him, uncongenial and freezing life of the nineteenth century. In our time we have a new ideal, a new and maybe a higher development of intellectual art, and as great a soul as Titian's might to-day reach farther towards the reconciled perfections of graphic art: but what he did no one can now do; the glory of that time has passed away, — its unreasoning faith, its wanton instinct, revelling in Art like children in the sunshine, and rejoicing in childlike perception of the pomp and glory which overlay creation, unconscious of effort, indifferent to science, — all gone with the fairies, the saints, the ecstatic visions which framed their poor lives in gold. Only, still reflecting the glory, as eastern mountains the sunken sun, came a few sympathetic souls kindling into like glow, with faint perception of what had passed from the whole world beside. Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Watteau, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and Delacroix, kept the line of color, now at last utterly extinguished. Now we reason, now we see facts; sentiment is out of joint, and appearances are known to be liars; we have found the greater substance; we kindle with the utilities, and worship with the aspiring spirit of a common humanity; we banish the saints from our souls and the gewgaws from our garments, and walk clothed and in our right minds in what we believe to be the noonday light of reason and science. We are humanitarian, enlightened. We

begin to comprehend the great problems of human existence and development; our science touches the infinitely removed, and apprehends the mysteries of macrocosmic organism: but we have lost the art of painting; for, when Eugene Delacroix died, the last painter (visible above the man) who understood Art as Titian understood it, and painted with such eyes as Veronese's, passed away, leaving no pupil or successor. It is as when the last scion of a kingly race dies in some alien land. Greater artists than he we may have in scores; but he was of the Venetians, and, with his *nearly* rival, Turner, lived to testify that it was not from a degeneracy of the kind that we have no more Tintorets and Veroneses; for both these, if they had lived in the days of those, had been their peers.

Painting, as the Venetians understood it, is a lost art, because the mental conditions which made it possible exist no longer. The race is getting to that manish stature in which every childlike quality is a shame to it; and the Venetian feeling for and cultivation of color are essentially childlike traits. No shadows of optics, no spectra of the prism clouded their passionate enjoyment of color as it was or as it might be, no uplifted finger of cold decorum frightened them into gray or sable gloom; they garbed themselves in rainbows, and painted with the sunset. Color was to them a rapture and one of the great pursuits of their lives; it was music visible, and they cultivated it as such, — not by rule and measure, by scales and opposites, through theories and canons, with petrific chill of intellect or entangling subtlety of analysis. Their lives developed their instincts, and their instincts their art. They loved color more than everything else; and therefore color made herself known to them in her rarest and noblest beauty. They went to Nature as children, and Nature met them as a loving

Some of these have a pathos and interest which all will perceive, but the depth and tenderness of which not all can know. "The Children's Hour" is a strain of parental love, which haunts the memory with its melody, its sportive, affectionate, and yearning lay.

"They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his mouse-tower on the Rhine.

"Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?"

Here, too, is the grand ballad of "The Cumberland," and the delicate fancy of "The Snow-Flakes," expressing what every sensitive observer has so often felt,—that the dull leaden trouble of the winter sky finds the relief in snow that the suffering human heart finds in expression. Then there is "A Day of June," an outburst of the fulness of life and love in the beautiful sunny weather of blossoms on the earth and soft clouds in the sky.

"O life and love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!  
O heart of man! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?"

To this poem the date is added, June, 1860.

And here, at length, is the last poem. We pause as we reach it, and turn back to the first page of "Outre-Mer." "'Lys-tenyth, ye godely gentylnen, and all that ben hereyn!' I am a pilgrim benighted on my way, and crave a shelter till the

storm is over, and a seat by the fireside in this honorable company. As a stranger I claim this courtesy at your hands, and will repay your hospitable welcome with tales of the countries I have passed through in my pilgrimage." It is the gay confidence of youth. It is the bright prelude of the happy traveller and scholar, to whom the very quaint conceits and antiquated language of romance are themselves romantic, and who makes himself a bard and troubadour. Hope allures him; ambition spurs him; conscious power assures him. His eager step dances along the ground. His words are an outburst of youth and joy. Thirty years pass by. What sober step pauses at the Wayside Inn? Is this the jocund Pilgrim of Outre-Mer? The harp is still in his strong hand. It sounds yet with the old tenderness and grace and sweetness. But this is the man, not the boy. This is the doubtful tyro no longer, but the wise master, honored and beloved. To how many hearts has his song brought peace! How like a benediction in all our homes his music falls! Ah! not more surely, when the stretched string of the full-tuned harp snaps in the silence, the cords of every neighboring instrument respond, than the hearts which love the singer and his song thrill with the heart-break of this last poem:—

"O little feet, that such long years  
Must wander on through doubts and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!  
I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road."



LETTER TO A PEACE DEMOCRAT. *C*

ADDRESSED TO ANDREW JACKSON BROWN.

*J. Weyland Jr.*  
 MY DEAR ANDREW, — You can hardly have forgotten that our last conversation on the national questions of the day had an abrupt, if not angry, termination. I very much fear that we both lost temper, and that our discussion degenerated into a species of political sparring. You will certainly agree with me that the great issues now agitating the country are too grave to be treated in the flippant style of bar-room debate. When the stake for which we are contending with immense armies in the field and powerful navies on the ocean is nothing less than the existence of our Union and the life of our nation, it ill becomes intelligent and thoughtful men to descend to personal abuse, or to be blinded for one moment by prejudice or passion to the cardinal principle on which the whole controversy turns.

In view of these considerations, therefore, as our previous discussions have left some vital questions untouched, and as our past experience seems to have proved that we cannot, with mutual profit, compare our opinions upon these subjects orally, I have decided to embody my sentiments on the general points of difference between us in the form of a letter. Knowing my personal regard for you, I am sure that you will not believe me guilty of intentional discourtesy in anything I may say, while you certainly will not be surprised, if I occasionally express myself with a degree of warmth which finds its full justification in the urgent importance of the questions to be considered.

I have not the vanity to believe that anything I can say on subjects that have so long engrossed the attention of thoughtful Americans will have the charm of novelty. And yet, in view of the unwelcome fact, that there exists to some extent a decided difference at the

*North* about questions in regard to which it is essential that there should be a community of feeling, it certainly can do no harm to make an attempt, however feeble, to enlist in the cause of constitutional liberty and good government at least one man who may have been led astray by a too zealous obedience to the dictates of his party. As the success of our republican institutions must depend on the morality and intelligence of the citizens composing the nation, no honest appeal to that morality and that intelligence can be productive of serious evil.

Permit me, then, at the outset, to remind you of what, from first to last, has formed the key-note of all your opposition to the war-policy of the Administration. You say that you have no heart in this struggle, because Abolitionists have caused the war,—always adding, that Abolitionists may carry it on, if they please: at any rate, they shall have no support, direct or indirect, from you. I have carefully considered all the arguments which you have employed to convince me that the solemn responsibility of involving the nation in this sanguinary conflict rests upon Abolitionists, and these arguments seem to me to be summed up in the following proposition: Before Abolitionists began to disseminate their dangerous doctrines, we had no war; therefore Abolitionists caused the war. I might, perhaps, disarm you with your own weapons, by saying that before Slavery existed in this country we had no Abolitionists; but I prefer to meet your argument in another manner.

Not to spend time in considering any aspect of the question about which we do not substantially differ, let us at once ascertain how far we can agree. I presume you will not deny that this nation is, and since the twelfth of April, 1861,

has been, in a state of civil war; that the actively contending parties are the North and the South; and that on the part of the South the war was commenced and is still waged in the interest of Slavery. We should probably differ *toto cælo* as to the causes which led to the conflict; but, my excellent Andrew, I think there are certain facts which after more than two years' hard fighting may be considered fairly established. Whatever may be your own conclusions, as you read our recent history in the light of your ancient and I had almost said absurd prejudices, I believe that the vast majority of thinking men at the North have made up their minds that a deliberate conspiracy to overturn this government has existed in the South for at least a quarter of a century; that the proofs of such a conspiracy have been daily growing more and more palpable, until any additional evidence has become simply cumulative; that the election of Abraham Lincoln was not the cause, but only marked the culmination of the treason, and furnished the shallow pretext for its first overt acts. That you are not prepared to admit all this is, I am forced to believe, mainly because you dislike the conclusions which must inevitably follow from such an admission. I say this, because, passing over for the present the undoubted fact, that this nation would have elected a Democratic President in 1860 but for the division of the Democratic party, and the further fact, equally indisputable, that Southern politicians wilfully created this division, I think you will hardly venture to deny that even after the election of Abraham Lincoln the South controlled the Supreme Court, the Senate, and the House of Representatives. And to come down to a still later period, you can have no reasonable doubt that the passage of the Corwin Amendment disarmed the South of any cause for hostilities, based on the danger of Congressional interference with Slavery wherever existing by force of State laws. There remains, then, only one conceivable excuse for

the aggressive policy of the South, and that is found in the alleged apprehension that the slaves would be incited to open rebellion against their masters. But, I ask, can any intelligent and fair-minded man believe, to-day, that slaveholders were forced into this war by the fear that the anti-slavery sentiment of the North would lead to a general slave-insurrection? Nine-tenths of the able-bodied Southern population have been in arms for more than two years, far away from their plantations, and unable to render any assistance to the old men, women, and children remaining at home. The President's Emancipation Proclamation was made public nearly a year ago, and subsequent circumstances have conspired to give it a very wide circulation through the South. And yet there has not been a single slave-insurrection of any magnitude, and not one that has not been speedily suppressed and promptly punished. This fact would seem to be a tolerably conclusive answer to all apologies for the wicked authors of this Rebellion, drawn from their alarm for their own safety and the safety of their families. But the persistent Peace Democrat has infinite resources at command in defence of the conduct of his Southern allies.

"Destroy his web of sophistry in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again."

We are now told that the obedient and unresisting submission of the slaves proves that they are satisfied with their condition, and have no desire to be free. And we are asked to admit, therefore, that Slavery is not a curse, but an absolute blessing, to those whom it affects most nearly! Or we are pointed to the multitude of slaves daily seeking the protection of the United States flag, and are informed that slaveholders are contending for the right to retain their property. As if the Fugitive-Slave Law — of which Mr. Douglas said, in one of his latest speeches, that not one of the Federal statutes had ever been more implicitly obeyed — did not afford the South most

ample protection, so long as it remained in the Union!

Another grievance of which you bitterly complain, another count in the long indictment which you have drawn up against the Administration, is what you denominate its anti-slavery policy. You disapprove of the Emancipation Proclamation, you denounce the employment of armed negroes; and therefore you have no stomach for the fight.

But has not the President published to the world that the Proclamation was a measure of military necessity? and has he not also said that its constitutionality is to be decided and the extent and duration of its privileges and penalties are to be defined by the Supreme Court of the United States? If, as you are accustomed to assert, the Proclamation is a dead letter, it certainly need not give you very serious discomfort. If it exercises a powerful influence in crippling the energies of the South, it surely is not among Northern men that we should look for its opponents. As to its future efficacy and binding force, shall we not do well to leave this question, and all similar and at present purely speculative inquiries, till that time — which may Heaven hasten! — when this war shall terminate in the restoration of the Union and the acknowledged supremacy of the Constitution?

And now a word about that formidable bugbear, the enlistment of negro soldiers. For my own part, I candidly confess that I am utterly unable to comprehend your unmeasured abuse of this expedient. If slaves are chattels, I can conceive of no good reason why we may not confiscate them as Rebel property, useful to the Rebels in their armed resistance to Federal authority, precisely as we appropriate their corn and cattle. And when once confiscated, why should they not be employed in whatever manner will make them most serviceable to us? But you insist that they shall not be armed. You might with equal show of reason contend that the mules which we have taken from the Rebels may be rightfully used

in ambulances, but must not be used in ammunition-wagons.

But if slaves are not chattels, they are human beings, with brains and muscles, — brains at least intelligent enough to comprehend the stake they have in this controversy, and muscles strong enough to do good service in the cause of constitutional liberty and republican institutions. Is it wise to reject their offered assistance? Will not our foes have good cause to despise our folly, if we leave in their hands this most efficient element of their power? You have friends and relatives fighting in the Union armies. If you give the subject a moment's reflection, you must see that all slaves laboring on the plantations of their masters not only are feeding the traitors who are doing their utmost to destroy our country, but, by relieving thousands upon thousands of Southern men from the necessity of remaining at home and cultivating the soil, are, to all practical purposes, as directly imperilling the lives of our Union soldiers as if these same slaves with sword or musket were serving in the Rebel ranks. And again, while you object to the enlistment of negroes, you are unwilling that any member of your family should leave your household and expose himself to the many hazards of war. Now is it not too plain for argument, that every negro who is enrolled in our army prevents, by just that unit, the necessity of sending one Northern white soldier into the field?

But will the slaves consent to enlist? Let the thousands who have forced their way to Union camps,

"Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,"

tracked by blood-hounds, and by their inhuman oppressors more savage than blood-hounds, answer the insulting inquiry. Are they brave? Will they fight for the cause which they have dared so many dangers to espouse? I point you to the bloody records of Vicksburg,



Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, and Fort Wagner; I appeal to the testimony of every Union officer under whom black soldiers have fought, as the most fitting reply to such questions. Shame on the miserable sneer, that we are spending the money and shedding the blood of white men to fight the battles of the negro! Blush for your own unmanly and ungenerous prejudices, and ask yourself whether future history will not pronounce the black man, morally, not only your equal, but your superior, when it is found recorded, that, denied the rights of citizenship, long proscribed, persecuted, and enslaved, he was yet willing, and even eager, to save the life of your brother on the battle-field, and to preserve you in the peaceable enjoyment of your property at home. Is the efficient aid of such men to be rejected? Is their noble self-sacrifice to be slighted? Shall we, under the contemptible pretext, that this war must be waged — if waged at all — for the benefit of the white race, deprive negroes of an opportunity to risk their lives to maintain a government which has never protected them, and a Constitution which has been practically interpreted in such a manner as to recognize and sanction their servitude? Do not, I implore you, answer these inquiries by that easy, but infamous taunt, so constantly on the lips of unscrupulous politicians in your party, — "Here comes the inevitable nigger again!" It is precisely because the awful and too long unavenged sufferings of the slave must be inevitable, while Slavery exists, that these questions must sooner or later be asked and answered, and that your political upholding of such a system becomes a monstrous crime against humanity.

After all, my dear Andrew, why are you so sensitive on the subject of Slavery? You certainly can have no personal interest in the peculiar and patriarchal institution. You are too skilful a financier ever to have invested a single dollar in that fugacious wealth which so often takes to its legs and runs away. Nor does your unwillingness to listen to

any expression of anti-slavery sentiment arise from affection for or real sympathy with Slavery, on moral grounds. Indeed, I have more than once been exceedingly refreshed in spirit at observing the sincere and hearty contempt with which you have treated what is blasphemously called the Biblical argument in favor of human bondage. The pleasing precedent of Abraham has not seduced you, nor has the happy lot of the more modern Onesimus quieted all your conscientious scruples. You have never failed, in private conversation, to condemn the advocates of Slavery on whatever grounds they have rested its defence, nor have you ever ceased to deplore its existence in our country.

At the same time I must admit that you have invariably resisted all attempts to apply any practical check or remedy to the great and growing evil, stoutly maintaining that it was a local institution, and that we of the North had no right to meddle with it. I am well aware that you have stigmatized every effort to awaken public attention to its nature and tendency, or to point out methods, more or less available, of abolishing the system, as unconstitutional, incendiary, and quixotic. I concede that your indignation has always been in the abstract, and your zeal eminently conservative. Yet, as a moral man, with a New-England training, and a general disposition to indorse those principles which have made New England what she is, you will not deny, that, in a harmless and inoffensive way, you have been anti-slavery in your opinions.

But, once more, my friend, have you any reason to be attached to Slavery on political grounds? You have always been an earnest and uncompromising Democrat. You have always professed to believe in the omnipotence of political conventions and the sacred obligation of political platforms. You have never failed to repudiate any effort to influence party action by moral considerations. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that you must have selected as your model

that sturdy old Democratic deacon in New Hampshire, who said that "politics was one thing, and religion was another." You have never hesitated to support any candidate, or to uphold any measure, dictated by the wisdom or the wickedness of your party. Although you must have observed, that, with occasional and infrequent eddies of opinion, the current of its political progress has been steadily carrying the Northern Democracy farther and farther away from the example and the doctrines of Jefferson, you have surrendered yourself to the evil influence without a twinge of remorse or a sigh of regret. You have submitted to the insolent demands of Southern politicians with such prompt and easy acquiescence, that many of your oldest friends have mourned over your lost manhood, and sadly abandoned you to the worship of your ugly and obscene idol. A Northern man, descended from the best Puritan stock, surrounded from childhood by institutions really free, breathing the atmosphere of free thought, enjoying the luxury of free speech, you have deliberately allied yourself to a party which has owed its long-continued political supremacy to the practical denial of these inestimable privileges. Yet, on the whole, Andrew, what have you gained by it? Undoubtedly, the seed thus sown in dishonor soon ripened into an abundant harvest of fat offices and rapid promotions. But winter—the winter of your discontent—has followed this harvest. Circumstances quite beyond your control have utterly demolished the political combination which was once your peculiar pride. You have lived to see the Dagon before which you and your friends have for so many years cheerfully prostrated yourselves fall to the ground, and lie a helpless, hopeless ruin on the very threshold of the temple where it lately stood defiant and dominant.

Have you ever had the curiosity to investigate the causes of this disaster? It is a curiosity which can be easily gratified. The Democratic party was killed in cold blood by Southern traitors. There

never was a more causeless, malicious, or malignant murder. The fool in the fable who gained an unenviable notoriety by killing the goose which laid golden eggs, Balaam, who, but for angelic interposition, would have slain his faithful ass, were praiseworthy in comparison. Well might any one of the Northern victims of this cruel outrage have exclaimed, in the language of Balaam's long-eared servant, "Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto to this day? was I ever wont to do so unto thee?" And the modern, like the ancient Balaam, must have answered, "Nay."

But, alas for Northern manhood, alas for human nature corrupted by long possession of political power, after a short-lived, though, let us hope, sincere outburst of indignation, followed by protests and remonstrances, growing daily milder and more moderate, the Northern Democracy now begs permission to return once more to its former servitude, and would gladly peril the permanence of the Union, to hug again the fetters which it has so patiently and so profitably worn.

Lay aside party prejudice, for one moment, my dear Andrew, and tell me if the world ever saw a more humiliating spectacle. Slighted, spurned, spit upon by their ancient allies, compelled to bear the odium of an aggressive and offensive pro-slavery policy, tamely consenting to a denial of the dearest human rights and the plainest principles of natural justice, rewarded only by a share in the Federal offices, and punished by the contempt of all who, at home or abroad, intelligently and unselfishly studied the problem of our republican institutions, the Northern Democracy found themselves, at the most critical period of our national history, abandoned by the masters whom they had faithfully served, and whom many were willing to follow to a depth of degradation which could have no lower deep. And yet, when thus freed from their long slavery by the voluntary act of their oppressors, we

hear them to-day clamoring for the privilege of wearing anew the accustomed yoke, and feeling again the familiar lash! Are these white men, with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, and the fair fame of this country in their keeping? Why, if the most abject slave that ever toiled on a Southern plantation, cast off by his master and compelled to claim the rights of a freeman, should, of his own deliberate choice, elect to return to his miserable vassalage, who would not pronounce him unfit to enjoy the priceless boon of liberty? who would hesitate to say that natural stupidity, or the acquired imbecility of long enslavement, had doomed him to remain, to the day of his death, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water?

But, as if to render the humiliation of these Democratic leaders still more fruitless and gratuitous, mark how their overtures are received by their Southern brethren. Having sold their birthright, let us see what prospect our Northern Esaus have of gaining their mess of pottage. Perhaps no better illustration can be given of the state of feeling among the chiefs of the Southern Rebellion than is found in a letter from Colonel R. C. Hill to the Richmond "Sentinel," dated September 13th, 1863. It had been stated by a correspondent of the New York "Tribune," that, during a recent interview between General Custer (Union) and Colonel Hill (Confederate), at Fredericksburg, Virginia, Colonel Hill had assured General Custer that "there would soon be peace." After giving an explicit and emphatic denial to this statement, Colonel Hill (who, it would seem, commands the Forty-Eighth North-Carolina Volunteers) closes by saying, "I am opposed to any terms short of a submission of the Federals to such terms as we may dictate, which, in my opinion, should be, Mason and Dixon's line a boundary; the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi below Cairo; full indemnification for all the negroes stolen and destroyed; and the restoration of Fortress Monroe, Jefferson, Key West, and all other strongholds which may

have fallen into their possession during the war. If they are unwilling to accede to these terms, I propose an indefinite continuance of the war until the now existing fragment of the old Union breaks to pieces from mere rottenness and want of cohesion, when we will step in, as the only first-class power on the Western Hemisphere, and take possession of the pieces as subjugated and conquered provinces."

To the same effect is a letter from Robert Toombs, who had been charged with a leaning towards a reconstruction of the Union. A short extract will suffice to show the spirit of the whole communication. "I can conceive of no extremity to which my country can be reduced in which I would, for a single moment, entertain any proposition for any union with the North on any terms whatever. When all else is lost, I prefer to unite with the thousands of our own countrymen who have found honorable deaths, if not graves, on the battlefield." And the recently elected Governor of Alabama puts to rest all doubts as to his desire for Southern independence, by saying, "If I had the power, I would build up a wall of fire between Yankeedom and the Confederate States, there to burn for ages."

The tone and temper of these extracts — and similar quotations might be made indefinitely — are exactly in keeping with everything that comes from the pens or the lips of the leaders of this Rebellion. And even those Southern statesmen who at the outset were opposed to Secession, and have never ceased to deplore the fruitless civil war into which the South has plunged the nation, are compelled to admit, with a distinguished citizen of Georgia, that "the war, with all its afflictive train of suffering, privation, and death, has served to eradicate all idea of reconstruction, even with those who made it the basis of their arguments in favor of disunion."

Rely upon it, this tone and temper will never be changed so long as the Rebels have any considerable armed force



in the field ready for service. Unless we are willing to consent to a divided country, a dissevered Union, and the recognition of a Southern Confederacy, — in a word, unless we are prepared to acquiesce in all the demands of our enemies, we have no alternative but a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Fernando Wood and his followers ask for an armistice. An armistice to whom, and for what purpose? The Rebels, represented by their Government, ask for no armistice, except upon their own terms, and what those terms are we have already seen. It is idle to say that there are men at the South who crave peace and a restoration of the Union. Assume the statement to be true, and you have made no progress towards a satisfactory result. Such men are powerless in the hands of the guiding and governing minds of the conspiracy. The treason is of such magnitude, its leaders so completely control the active forces of the whole community, that the passive strength of Union sentiment cannot now be taken into the account. It would be a farce too absurd to be gravely considered, to treat with men who, whatever their disposition or numbers may be, are utterly helpless, unable to make any promise which they can fulfil, or to give any pledge which can bind any but themselves.

We must deal with an armed and powerful rebellion; and so long as it is effectively armed, and powerful enough to hold in subjection the whole Southern population, it is moral, if not legal, treason for a Northern man to talk of peace. What avails it to talk of the blessings of peace and the horrors of war? It is a fearful thing to take the life of a human being; but we can easily conceive of circumstances when homicide is not only justifiable, but highly commendable.

Permit me here to quote, as most pertinent to this view of the subject, an extract from a speech of Mr. Pitt in 1797, defending his refusal to offer terms of peace to the Directory of France. Al-

luding to some remarks of Sir John Sinclair, in the House of Commons, deprecating war as a great evil, and calling on ministers to propose an immediate peace, Mr. Pitt says, — "He began with deploring the calamities of war, on the general topic that all war is calamitous. Do I object to that sentiment? No. But is it our business, at a moment when we feel that the continuance of that war is owing to the animosity, the implacable animosity, of our enemy, to the inveterate and insatiable ambition of the present frantic government of France, — not of the *people* of France, as the honorable baronet unjustly stated, — is it our business, at that moment, to content ourselves with merely lamenting, in commonplace terms, the calamities of war, and forgetting that it is part of the duty which, as representatives of the people, we owe to our government and our country, to state that the continuance of those evils upon ourselves, and upon France, too, is the fruit only of the conduct of the enemy, that it is to be imputed to them and not to us?" Now does not this correctly describe our position? We make no question about the calamities of war; but how are these calamities to be avoided? This war has been forced upon us, and we must wage it to the end, or submit to the dismemberment of the Union, and acknowledge, in flat contradiction of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, the right of Secession. The true motto for the Government is precisely and preëminently the motto of the State of Massachusetts, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*," which, freely, but faithfully, translated, means, "We must conquer a just and abiding peace."

And now, my dear Andrew, I am curious to know what answer you will make to the general views which I have advanced on these vital questions. Will you say that I have misrepresented the record of the Northern Democratic party? that I have charged them with a submission and subserviency to the dictates of their Southern allies, which truthful

history will not confirm? You surely remember the uncontradicted assertion of Mr. Hammond, Senator from South Carolina, made on the floor of the Senate in 1856, at a time when fears were entertained by the Democracy that Mr. Fremont might be elected:—"The South has now ruled the country for sixty years." Do you believe that this rule could have been maintained for so many years without the connivance and cooperation of Northern Democrats? Will you venture to say that Texas could have been annexed, the Fugitive-Slave Law passed, the Missouri Compromise Bill repealed, without the consent and active assistance of Northern Democrats? In fact, my friend, when, in our frequent conversations, you have repeatedly charged Southern Democrats with ingratitude and want of good faith, have you not intended to assert, that, having complied with all the demands of the South, you looked upon their deliberate destruction of the Democratic party as a wanton act of political treachery?

Do you deny that I have presented a truthful picture of the present position of your party? Can there be any doubt about the issue now offered to the North by Peace Democrats? I say *Peace* Democrats, because all War Democrats are acting heartily and zealously with the Administration. Is not the policy which the Peace Democracy support in their papers, platforms, and public addresses, an immediate cessation of hostilities on the part of the North? And do they not select, as the exponents of this policy, men who have, from the commencement of the war, sympathized with the South, and denounced the military measures of the Government as unjustifiable, oppressive, and iniquitous? Open any newspaper of "Copperhead" complexion, and tell me, candidly, if you can approve of the manner in which the all-engrossing questions of the day are discussed.

You know, in advance, as well as I know, that you will find both open and insidious attacks upon whatever feature

of the war-policy of the Administration chances at the moment to be uppermost in the public mind, a liberal collection of incidents illustrating the horrors of war, abundant abuse of army-contractors, appalling estimates of our probable national debt, enthusiastic commendation of the skill of Southern officers and the bravery of Southern soldiers, extravagant laudation of some Federal commander who has disobeyed the orders of his superior and conducted a campaign in such a manner as not to annoy or alarm the enemy, eloquent denunciation of all attempts to fetter free speech or limit the liberty of the press, indignant complaint that the rights of the citizen are disregarded, an ostentatious parade of historical parallels to prove that an earnest and united people fighting for independence has never been subjugated, a bitter paragraph attributing to Abolitionists all the evils of the existing controversy, the inevitable sneer at negro soldiers in spite of the bloody baptism which they have so heroically borne,—all this, but (mark the significant circumstance!) not one word in condemnation of Southern treason, not a single sentiment that can by possibility alienate old friends, or can ever be quoted as evidence that the editor had dared to assert his manhood. Is this loyalty to the Constitution and the Union? Is this the allegiance which a citizen owes to his country? Away with the mischievous sophistry, that the Government is not the country, and does not represent the people! Can any sane man doubt that an Administration legally chosen, and rightfully in power, and receiving the emphatic indorsement of decisive majorities in Congress, does, during its constitutional term of office, and while so supported, speak the mind and embody the will of the nation? Is there any show of reason for saying that such an Administration is an irresponsible despotism, governing the country without the moral countenance of its citizens, and in defiance of their declared sentiments?

But the views of Peace Democrats are not to be ascertained alone by consulting the newspapers which are their acknowledged organs. Listen to the speeches of their prominent leaders. I will not stop to call your attention to their bold treason after a Union reverse, or their non-committal platitudes after a Union victory. Let me rather ask you to consider the prevailing tone of their public addresses. Remember, meanwhile, that our Government is grappling with an active and resolute enemy, whose avowed and persistent purpose is to divide the Union, and by means unconstitutional and treasonable to erect on the ruins of our once happy Republic an independent and necessarily hostile power. Bear in mind that this enemy, with an intense and inflexible determination which would be most commendable in a better cause, is summoning all its strength to accomplish its wicked designs, and tell me if it does not find among Peace Democrats most efficient allies and adherents.

Can you discover in the speeches of your political friends one sentence that would give a future student of the history of this struggle a correct idea of the principles for which we are contending? Would not such a student, accepting these speeches as authentic, reasonably infer that the Central Government, invested by a sad accident with supreme power, was using its accidental authority for the sole and sinister purpose of abridging the constitutional rights of the citizen, by withholding the privilege of free speech, and preventing the expression of popular sentiment at the polls? And yet, methinks, an intelligent posterity will somewhat wonder how such speeches could be made with impunity, and such candidates receive unchallenged votes, in the face of such unscrupulous tyranny. In fact, was there ever so wicked a farce as this "Copperhead" complaint about the denial of the right of free speech and free votes, from the lips of men whose daily exemption from punishment proves the falsity of their appeals to popular prejudice? Do they not say what they

please, and vote as they choose, without molestation or hindrance? Why, a many-wived Mormon, surrounded by the beauties of his harem, inveighing against the laws of the United States which prohibit polygamy, — a Roman Catholic priest, openly and safely carnivorous during Lent, denouncing that regulation of his church which denies him the luxury of meat during the forty days immediately preceding Easter, — a cannibal, with a tender morsel of young missionary in his mouth, complaining that he cannot gratify his appetite for human flesh, — these would be models of reason and common sense, compared with the factious demagogues whose conduct we are considering.

In point of fact, their real unhappiness arises from their impunity. They are gasping for a substantial grievance. Their highest ambition is to become political martyrs. Now and then one of them, like Vallandigham, deliberately transcends the bounds of a wise forbearance, and receives from the Government a very mild rebuke. Straightway he is placed on the bad eminence to which he has so long aspired. Already dead to all feeling of patriotism, he is canonized for his crimes, with rites and ceremonies appropriate to such a priesthood. And, unhappily, he finds but too many followers weak enough or wicked enough to recognize his saintship and accept his creed. To all true and loyal men, he resembles rather the veiled prophet of Khorassan, concealing behind the fair mask of a zealous regard for free speech and a free press the hideous features of Secession and civil war, despising the dupes whom he is leading to certain and swift destruction, and clinging fondly to the hope of involving in a common ruin, not only the party which he represents, but the country which he has dishonored.

That such political monsters are possible in the Free States, at such a time as this, sufficiently demonstrates towards what an abyss of degradation we were drifting when this war began. They are the legitimate and necessary fruits of the



numerous compromises by which well-meaning men have sought to avert a crisis which could only be postponed. The North has been diligently educated to connive at injustice and wink at oppression for the sake of peace, until there was good reason to fear that the public sense of right was blunted, and the public conscience seared as with a hot iron. While the South kept always clearly in view the single object on which it had staked everything, the North was daily growing more and more absorbed in the accumulation of wealth, and more and more callous to all considerations of humanity and all claims of natural justice. The feeblest remonstrance against the increasing insolence of Southern demands was rudely dismissed as fanatical, and any attempt to awaken attention to the disloyal sentiments of Southern politicians was believed to be fully met and conclusively answered by the cry of "Abolitionist" and "Negro-Worshipper."

It must be confessed that for a time these expedients were successful. Like another Cassandra predicting the coming disasters of another Troy, the statesman who foresaw and foretold the perils which threatened the nation addressed a careless or contemptuous public. It was in vain to say that the South was determined to rule or ruin the country, in vain to point out the constantly recurring illustrations of the aggressive spirit of Slavery, in vain to urge that every year of delay was but adding to the difficulty of dealing with the gigantic evil. The merchant feared a financial crisis, the repudiation of Southern debts and his own consequent inability to maintain the social position which his easily earned wealth had secured; the politician, who, at the great auction-sales of Northern pride and principle held every four years, had so often sought to outbid his rivals in baseness, that his party or faction might win the Presidential prize, turned pale at the prospect of losing Southern support; the divine could see no danger threatening his country except from the alleged infidelity of a few leading radi-

cals; the timid citizen, with no fixed political opinions, was overawed by the bluster of Southern bullies, shuddered at the sight of pistol and dirk-knife, and only asked "to be let alone"; while the thoughtless votary of fashion, readily accepting the lordly bearing and imperious air of the planter as the highest evidence of genuine aristocracy, reasoned, with the sort of logic which we should look for in such a mind, that slaveholding was the normal condition of an American gentleman.

I will not allude to the views entertained by those men whose ignorance disqualified them from forming an intelligent opinion about our national affairs, and whose votes were always at the service of the highest bidders. You know perfectly well where they were sure to be found, and they exercised no inconsiderable influence on our public policy from year to year. Leaving this class out of the question, our peril arose largely from the fact, that too many men, sensible on other subjects, were fast settling into the conviction, that their wisest course was to be conservative, and that to be conservative was to act with the party which had longest held the reins of power. Their reasoning, practically, but perhaps unconsciously, was this:—The object of a government is to make a country prosperous and rich; this country has grown prosperous and rich under the rule of the Democratic party; therefore why should we not give it our support, and more especially as all sorts of dreadful results are predicted, if the opposition party comes into power? Why part with a present good, with the risk of incurring a future evil? Above all things, let us discountenance the agitation of exciting topics.—Profound philosophy! deserving to be compared with that of the modern Cockney who does not want his after-dinner rest to be disturbed by even a lively discussion. "I say, look here, why have row? Excessively unpleasant to have row, when a fellow wants to be quiet! I say, don't!"

In fact, this "conservatism" was only

another and convenient name for a most dangerous type of moral and political paralysis. Its immediate effect was to discourage discussion, and to induce an alarming apathy as to all the vital questions of the day among men whose abilities qualified them to be of essential service to their country. Their adhesion to the ranks of the Democratic party, while increasing the average intelligence of that organization, without improving its public virtue or private morals, served simply to give it greater numerical strength. It was still in the hands of unscrupulous leaders, who, intoxicated with their previous triumphs, believed that the nation would submit to any measure which they saw fit to recommend. And who shall say that their confidence was unreasonable? Did not all their past experience justify such confidence? When had any one of their schemes, no matter how monstrous it might at first have appeared, ever failed of final accomplishment? Had they not repeatedly tested the temper and measured the *morale* of the people? Had they not learned to anticipate with absolute certainty the regular sequence of national emotions,—the prompt recoil as from impending dishonor, the excited public meetings, the indignant remonstrance embodied in eloquent resolutions, then the sober, selfish second-thought, followed by the question, What if the South should carry out its threats and dissolve the Union? then the alarm of the mercantile and commercial interest, then a growing indifference to the very features of the project which had caused the early apprehension, and lastly the meek and cowardly acquiescence in the enacted outrage? Would not these arch-conspirators North and South have been wilfully blind, if they had not seen not only that the nation was sinking in the scale of public virtue, but that it had acquired “a strange alacrity in sinking”?

Meanwhile they had learned a lesson, the value and significance of which they fully appreciated. He must have been an inattentive student of our political history, who has not observed that the

successful prosecution of any political enterprise has too often dignified its author in the eyes of the people, in spite of its intrinsic iniquity. The party reaping the benefit of the measure has not withheld the expected reward, and the originator and abettors of the accomplished wrong have found that exalted official position covers a multitude of sins.

Wisely availing themselves of this national weakness, and most adroitly using all the elements of political power with which long practice had made them familiar, the leaders of the Democratic party had every reason to believe that the duration of their political supremacy would be coeval with the life of the Republic. In fact, the peril predicted more than twenty years ago, by one of the purest and wisest men whom this country has ever seen, with a sagacity which, in the light of subsequent events, seems almost inspired, had wellnigh become an historical fact. “The great danger to our institutions,” said Dr. Channing, writing to a friend in 1841, “is of a party organization so subtle and strong as to make the Government the monopoly of a few leaders, and to insure the transmission of the executive power from hand to hand almost as regularly as in a monarchy.”

But an overruling Providence, building better than we knew, had decreed that the sway of this powerful party should be broken by means of the very element of supposed strength on which it so confidently relied for unlimited supremacy. Losing sight of those cardinal principles which the far-reaching sagacity of Jefferson had enunciated, and faithfully following which the Democracy had, during its early history, so completely controlled the country, the modern leaders, intent only on present success, had based all their political hopes on an intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, with that institution which Jefferson so eloquently denounced, and the existence of which awakened his most lively fears for the future of his country.

And what has been the result of this ill-omened alliance? Precisely what might sooner or later have been expected. Precisely what might have been predicted from the attempt to unite the essentially incongruous ideas of Aristocracy and Democracy. For the system of Slavery is confessedly the very essence of an Aristocracy, while the genuine idea of a Democracy is the submission of all to the expressed will of the majority. Take as one of the latest illustrations of the irreconcilable difference between Aristocracy and Democracy, the manner in which the South received the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty." This doctrine, whatever its ultimate purpose might have been, certainly embodied the idea of a democracy, pure and simple, resting on the right of a people to enact their own laws and adopt their own institutions. It was believed by many to be a movement in the interest of Slavery, and on that ground met with fierce opposition. Was it welcomed by slaveholders? Far from it. The Southern Aristocracy, clear-sighted on every question affecting their peculiar institution, applied their remorseless logic to the existing dilemma, and promptly decided that to admit the correctness of the principle was to endanger the existence of the system which was the corner-stone of their faith. They looked beyond the result of the immediate election. They foresaw the crisis which must ultimately arise. Indeed, they had long appreciated the fact, that the "irrepressible conflict" in which we are now involved was impending, and had been mustering all their forces to meet the inevitable issue. The crisis came. But how? In an evil hour for its own success, but a most fortunate one for the welfare of the Republic, Slavery, overestimating its inherent power, and underrating the resources and virtue of the nation, committed the fatal error of measuring its strength with a free North. From that moment it lost forever all that it had ever gained by united action, by skilful diplomacy, by dexterously playing upon the "fears of the wise and follies

of the brave," and by ingeniously masking its dark designs.

The new policy once inaugurated, however, the career of treason once commenced, its authors can never recede. Their only safety lies in complete success. They must conquer or die. They may in secret confess to themselves that they have been guilty of a stupendous blunder, but that they clearly comprehend and sternly accept their position is abundantly evident. For, if anything is proved in the history of this war, it is, that the chiefs in the Rebellion believe in no middle ground between peace on their own terms and the utter annihilation of their political power and military resources.

Thus, then, my dear Andrew, the insane ambition and wanton treachery of the Southern wing of your party have delivered the North from the danger of white slavery, and, by breaking up the Democratic party, have delivered the nation from the despotism of an organization which had become too powerful for its own good and for the best interests of the country. Do you dare to complain of this deliverance? You ought rather to go on your knees every day of your life, and devoutly thank the kind Providence which gave you such an unexpected opportunity to escape from so demoralizing a servitude.

Do not allow your attachment to party names and party associations to warp your judgment or limit your patriotism. You need have no fear that any one of the sound and beneficent ideas which the Democratic party has ever impressed upon the mind of the nation will perish or be forgotten. Whatever features of the organization, whatever principles which it has labored to inculcate, are essential to the just development of our intellectual activity or our material resources, will survive the present struggle, perhaps to reappear in the creed and be promulgated by the statesmen of some future party; or who shall say that the Democratic party, freed from its corrupting associations, rejecting the leaders who have been its



worst enemies, and the political heresies which have wrought its temporary ruin, may not again wield its former power, and once more direct the destinies of the country?

But, returning to considerations of more immediate importance, what, I ask, is the obvious duty of every true and loyal citizen in such a crisis as this? You resent, as insulting, any imputation of disloyalty, and therefore I have a right to infer that you are unwilling to be ranked among the enemies of your country. But who are those enemies? Clearly, those whose avowed intention or whose thinly disguised design is, to divide the Union and to rend the Republic in twain. How are those enemies to be overcome? Only by a hearty and earnest coöperation with the measures devised by our legally constituted Government for the suppression of the Rebellion. I can easily understand that you may not be willing to give your cordial assent to all the measures and all the appointments of the Administration. It is not the Administration which you would have selected, or for which you voted. But, nevertheless, it is our rightful government, and nothing else can save the nation from absolute anarchy. Postpone, therefore, I beseech you, all merely partisan prejudices, and remember only that the Union is in danger. You are a Democrat. Adopt, then, during the continuance of this war, the noble sentiments of a distinguished Western Democrat: \* — "The whole object of the Rebellion is to destroy the principle of Democracy. The party which stands by the Government is the true Democracy. Every soldier in the army is a true Democrat. Every man who lifts his head above party trammels is a Democrat. And every man who permits old issues to stand in the way of a vigorous prosecution of the war cannot, in my opinion, have any claims on the party." By such men and such utterances will the Democratic party secure the respect and admiration of man-

kind; while those spurious Democrats, whose hearts are with the South while their homes are in the North, whose voice is the voice of Jacob while their hands are the hands of Esau, whose first slavish impulse is to kiss the rod which smites them, and who long for nothing so much as the triumph of their Southern masters, have earned, and will surely receive, the contempt and detestation of all honest men, now and forever.

God forbid that I should suspect you of sympathizing with these miscreants! But, my friend, there is still another class of Democrats with whom I should exceedingly regret to see you associated. I mean those who, without any love for Rebels or their cause, are yet so fearful of being called Republicans that they refuse to support the Government. Can you justify yourself in standing upon such a platform? Is this a time in which to permit your old party animosities to render you indifferent to the honor and welfare of the nation? Are you simply in the position of a violent partisan out of office, eager to embarrass the Administration, and keenly on the watch to discover how best to inflame the prejudices of the populace against the Government? Is there nothing more important just now than to devise means of reinstating your party in power at the next Presidential election? Will it not be well first to settle the question, whether, in the month of November, 1864, we shall still be a free people, competent to elect the candidates of any party? May you not be, nay, are you not sure to be, giving substantial aid and comfort to the enemies of your country, while seeking only to cripple the power of your political opponents? Are not the dearest interests, and, indeed, the very life of the nation, of necessity, so dependent upon a cordial and constant support of the Government, that active hostility to its principal measures, or even absolute neutrality, strengthens the hands and increases the confidence of Rebels in arms?

Notwithstanding the notorious viru-

\* Hon. H. M. Rice, Ex-Senator from Minnesota.

lence of party feeling in this country, it certainly would not seem to require a very large amount of manly principle to rise superior to such a sordid sentiment in view of our common peril. Patriotism, my friend, is an admirable and most praiseworthy virtue. It is correctly classed among the noblest instincts of human nature. It has in all ages been a fruitful theme of poetic fervor; it has sustained the orator in his loftiest flights of eloquence; it has nerved the arm of the warrior to perform deeds of signal valor; it has transformed the timid matron and the shrinking maiden into heroines whom history has delighted to honor. But when patriotism is really synonymous with self-preservation, when small sacrifices are demanded and overwhelming disasters are to be averted, the love of country, although still highly commendable, does not, perhaps, deserve

very enthusiastic praise, while the want of it will be sure to excite universal condemnation and scorn. I cannot believe that you will consent to fasten upon yourself, and upon all who are dear to you, the lasting stigma which will inevitably attach to the man who, whether from a mean partisan jealousy or an ignoble indifference to the honor of his country, has failed in an hour of sorest need to defend the land which gave him birth, and the institutions which his fathers suffered and sacrificed so much to establish.

Hoping that the vital importance of the subject which I have so imperfectly considered will induce you to pardon the length of this communication, I remain, as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

---



---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.* By JOHN FOSTER KIRK. Two Volumes. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

THERE is probably no period of European history which has been so thoroughly explored and so richly illustrated as the sixteenth century, — that century of great men, lofty ideas, and gigantic enterprise, of intellectual activity, and of tremendous political and religious struggles. The numerous scholars of Continental Europe who have made this era the subject of their researches have generally been content to dig that others might plant and reap, sending forth in abundance the raw material of history to be woven into forms adapted to popular appreciation. In England, also, but only within a very recent period, much solid labor of the same kind has been performed. But the Anglo-Saxon mind, on some sides comparatively deficient in plastic and inventive power, as well as in that

of abstract thought, seems to possess in a peculiar degree the faculty of comprehending, representing, and idealizing the varied phases and incessant motion of human life and character. In science it excels less in the discovery than in the application of laws. In what may be termed "pure art," music, sculpture, painting, except where the representation of the Beautiful is subservient to that of the Real, lyrical and idyllic poetry, and all departments of literature in which fancy predominates over reason, it must yield the palm to the genius of Italy, of Germany, of Spain. But in the drama, in the novel, in history, and in works partaking more or less of the character of these, its supremacy is established. Shakspeare and Chaucer are at once the greatest and the most characteristic of English poets; Hogarth and Wilkie, of English painters; Fielding, Scott, Miss Austen, Thackeray, and others whose names will at once suggest themselves, of English writers of fiction; Gibbon, Macau-

lay, and Hallam, of English historians. The drama, in its highest forms, belongs to the past, and that past which was at once too earnest in its spirit and too narrow in its development to allow of a less vivid or a more expansive delineation. Fiction, to judge from a multitude of recent specimens, seems at present on the decline, with some threatenings of a precipitate descent into the inane. History, on the other hand, is only at the outset of its career. Its highest achievements are in all probability reserved for a still distant future, when loftier points of view shall have been attained, and the haze that now hangs over even the nearest and most conspicuous objects in some measure dissipated. Its endeavors hitherto have only shown how much is still to be accomplished, — how little, indeed, comparatively speaking, it will ever be possible to accomplish. Not the less, on this account, are the laborers deserving of the honors bestowed upon them. Every fresh contribution is a permanent gain. Even in the same field the results of one exploration do not interfere with or supersede those of another. Robertson has, in many respects, been surpassed, but he has not been supplanted, by Prescott; Froude and Motley may traverse the same ground without impairing our interest in the researches of either.

These four distinguished writers have all devoted their efforts to the illustration of the period of which we have before spoken, — the grand and fruitful sixteenth century. With the men and with the events of that age we have thus become singularly familiar. We have been made acquainted, not only with the deeds, but with the thoughts, of Charles V., Philip II., Elizabeth Tudor, Cortés, Alva, Farnese, William the Silent, and a host of other actors in some of the most striking scenes of history. But we have also been tempted into forgetting that those were not isolated scenes, that they belonged to a drama which had long been in progress, and that the very energy they displayed, the power put forth, the conquests won, were indicative of previous struggles and a long accumulation of resources. Of what are called the Middle Ages the general notion might, perhaps, be comprised in the statement that they were ages of barbarism and ignorance, of picturesque customs and aimless adventure. "I desire to know

nothing of those who knew nothing," was the saying, in reference to them, of the French *philosophe*. "Classical antiquity is nearer to us than the intervening darkness," said Hazlitt. And Hume and Robertson both consider that the interest of European history begins with the revival of letters, the invention of printing, the colonization of America, and the great contests between consolidated monarchies and between antagonistic principles and creeds.

It must be admitted that the greater portion of mediæval history, whatever its true character, is shrouded in an obscurity which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate. But the same cannot be said of the close of that period, — the transitional era that preceded what we are accustomed to consider as the dawn of modern civilization. For Continental Europe, at least, the fifteenth century is hardly less susceptible of a thorough revelation than the sixteenth. The chroniclers and memoir-writers are more communicative than those of the succeeding age. The documentary evidence, if still deficient, is rapidly accumulating. The conspicuous personages of the time are daily becoming more palpable and familiar to us. Joan of Arc has glided from the luminous haze of legend and romance into the clearer light of history. Philippe de Comines has a higher fame than any eye-witness and narrator of later events. Louis XI. discloses to posterity those features which he would fain have concealed from his contemporaries. And confronting Louis stands another figure, not less prominent in their own day, not less striking when viewed from our day, — that of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy.

The career of this latter prince has generally been regarded as merely a romantic episode in European history. Scott has painted it in vivid colors in two of his most brilliant fictions, — "Quentin Durward," and "Anne of Geierstein." But, perhaps from this very notion in regard to its lack of historical importance, the reality has never been depicted in fulness or with detail, except in M. de Barante's elegant *riefacimento* of the French chroniclers of the fifteenth century. That the subject was, however, one of a very different character has been apparent to the scholars in France, Belgium, Germany, and



can you not find it in your heart to "yearn o'er my little good and pardon my much ill"?

Public, you must, whether you can or not. It is a case of life and death. I am good for nothing but writing; and if you take that resource away,—you know what the book says about mischief and Satan and idle hands! and you certainly will take it away, if you do not speak peaceably unto me. All that I said before was only bravado,—just to keep a bold front to the foe. I can confide to you under the rose, that, though without are fightings, within are fears. Pope, was it, who used to look around upon the missives hurled at him, and say, "These are my amusement"? But they are not mine. I want you to *like* me and be good-natured. It is not that you must always agree with opinions, or not take exception to what is exceptionable; it is only that you shall not say things in a sour, cross, disagreeable way. Impale the bait on your arming-wire, but handle it as if you loved it. Talk thunderbolts, if necessary, but don't "make faces." The soft south-wind is very charming; the northwest-wind, though sharp, is bracing and healthful; but your raw east-winds,—oh! chain them in the caverns of *Æolia*, the country of storms.

Bear with me a little longer in my folly; and, indeed, bear with me, you who are strong, for the sake of the weak. Many and many there may be to whom the meat of your metaphysics is indigestible and unpalatable, but who find strength and cheer in the sincere milk of such words as I can give. To you who have already set your feet on the high places, that may be but a bruised reed which is

a staff to those who are still struggling up. Do you go on churning the cream of thought, and salting down its butter for future ages; I will spread it on thin for the weak digestions of this. Let scarfs, garters, gold amuse your riper stage, and beads and prayer-books be the toys of age, but wax not over-wroth, when you behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, pleased with a rattle!

And after all, Dear Public, it is partly your own fault that I venture to make still further draughts upon your patience. Though I have trimmed my sails to opposing rather than to favoring gales, it is not because the latter have been wanting. But a pin that pricks your finger attracts to itself far more attention for the time than the thousand influences that wrap you about only to soothe and delight. The reception that has been harsh and unfriendly bears no manner of proportion to that which has been genial and generous. So where you have given me an inch I take an ell, and commission this bright morning-shine to bear to you my thanks. For every kind word, whether it have come to me through the highways or the by-ways, from far or near, from known or unknown, I pray you receive my grateful acknowledgment. And do not fail to remember, that he, who, even though self-impelled, goes out from the shelter of his selfhood into the presence of the great congregation, incurs a Loss which no praise can make good, encounters a Fate against which no appreciation is a shield, invokes a Shadow in which the *mens conscia recti* is the only resource, and the knowledge of shadows dispelled the only consolation.

THE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY. *C*

*E. W. Holmes.*

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER went to Great Britain already well known at home as the favorite preacher of a large parish, an ardent advocate of certain leading reforms, one of the most popular lecturers of the country, a bold, outspoken, fertile, ready, crowd-compelling orator, whose reported sermons and speeches were fuller of catholic humanity than of theological subtleties, and whose sympathies were of that lively sort which are apt to leap the sectarian fold and find good Christians in every denomination. He was welcomed by friendly persons on the other side of the Atlantic, partly for these merits, partly also as "the son of the celebrated Dr. Beecher" and "the brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe."

After a few months' absence he returns to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the Court of Versailles. He kissed no royal hand, he talked with no courtly diplomatists, he was the guest of no titled legislator, he had no official existence. But through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, the throne itself. He whom the "Times" attacks, he whom "Punch" caricatures, is a power in the land. We may be very sure, that, if an American is the aim of their pensioned garroters and hired vitriol-throwers, he is an object of fear as well as of hatred, and that the assault proves his ability as well as his love of freedom and zeal for the nation to which he belongs.

Mr. Beecher's European story is a short one in time, but a long one in events. He went out a lamb, a tired clergyman in need of travel; and as such he did not strive nor cry, nor did any man hear his voice in the streets. But in the den of lions where his pathway led him he remembered his own lion's nature, and ut-

tered his voice to such effect that its echoes in the great vaulted caverns of London and Liverpool are still reaching us, as the sound of the woodman's axe is heard long after the stroke is seen, as the light of the star shines upon us many days after its departure from the source of radiance.

Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain, but it was delivered piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was uttered on the ninth of October at Manchester, and its peroration was pronounced on the twentieth of the same month in Exeter Hall. He has himself furnished us an analysis of the train of representations and arguments of which this protracted and many-jointed oration was made up. At Manchester he attempted to give a history of that series of political movements, extending through half a century, the logical and inevitable end of which was open conflict between the two opposing forces of Freedom and Slavery. At Glasgow his discourse seems to have been almost unpremeditated. A meeting of one or two Temperance advocates, who had come to greet him as a brother in their cause, took on, "quite accidentally," a political character, and Mr. Beecher gratified the assembly with an address which really looks as if it had been in great measure called forth by the pressure of the moment. It seems more like a conversation than a set harangue. First, he very good-humoredly defines his position on the Temperance question, and then naturally slides into some self-revelations, which we who know him accept as the simple expression of the man's character. This plain speaking made him at home among strangers more immediately, perhaps, than anything else he could have told them. "I am born without moral fear. I have expressed my views in any audience, and it never cost me a struggle. I never could help doing it."

The way a man handles his egoisms is a test of his mastery over an audience or a class of readers. What we want to know about the person who is to counsel or lead us is just what he is, and nobody can tell us so well as himself. Every real master of speaking or writing uses his personality as he would any other serviceable material; the very moment a speaker or writer begins to use it, not for his main purpose, but for vanity's sake, as all weak people are sure to do, hearers and readers feel the difference in a moment. Mr. Beecher is a strong, healthy man, in mind and body. His nerves have never been corrugated with alcohol; his thinking-marrow is not brown with tobacco-fumes, like a meer-schaum, as are the brains of so many unfortunate Americans; he is the same lusty, warm-blooded, strong-fibred, brave-hearted, bright-souled, clear-eyed creature that he was when the college boys at Amherst acknowledged him as the chiefest among their football-kickers. He has the simple frankness of a man who feels himself to be perfectly sound in bodily, mental, and moral structure; and his self-revelation is a thousand times nobler than the assumed impersonality which is a common trick with cunning speakers who never forget their own interests. Thus it is, that, wherever Mr. Beecher goes, everybody feels, after he has addressed them once or twice, that they know him well, almost as if they had always known him; and there is not a man in the land who has such a multitude that look upon him as if he were their brother.

Having magnetized his Glasgow audience, he continued the subject already opened at Manchester by showing, in the midst of that great toiling population, the deadly influence exerted by Slavery in bringing labor into contempt, and its ruinous consequences to the free working-man everywhere. In Edinburgh he explained how the Nation grew up out of separate States, each jealous of its special sovereignty; how the struggle for the control of the united Nation, after leaving

it for a long time in the hands of the South, to be used in favor of Slavery, at length gave it into those of the North, whose influence was to be for Freedom; and that for this reason the South, when it could no longer rule the Nation, rebelled against it. In Liverpool, the centre of vast commercial and manufacturing interests, he showed how those interests are injured by Slavery, — "that this attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave-population that buys nothing, and a degraded white population that buys next to nothing, should array against it the sympathy of every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer, as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce, — not the want of cotton, but the want of customers."

In his great closing effort at Exeter Hall in London, Mr. Beecher began by disclaiming the honor of having been a pioneer in the anti-slavery movement, which he found in progress at his entry upon public life, when he "fell into the ranks, and fought as well as he knew how, in the ranks or in command." He unfolded before his audience the plan and connection of his previous addresses, showing how they were related to each other as parts of a consecutive series. He had endeavored, he told them, to enlist the judgment, the conscience, the interests of the British people against the attempt to spread Slavery over the continent, and the rebellion it has kindled. He had shown that Slavery was the only cause of the war, that sympathy with the South was only aiding the building up of a slave-empire, that the North was contending for its own existence and that of popular institutions.

Mr. Beecher then asked his audience to look at the question with him from the American point of view. He showed how the conflict began as a moral question; the sensitiveness of the South; the tenderness for them on the part of many Northern apologizers, with whom he himself had never stood. He pointed out how the question gradually emerged in



politics; the encroachments of the South, until they reached the Judiciary itself; he repeated to them the admissions of Mr. Stephens as to the preponderating influence the South had all along held in the Government. An interruption obliged him to explain that adjustment of our State and National governments which Englishmen seem to find so hard to understand. Nothing shows his peculiar powers to more advantage than just such interruptions. Then he displays his felicitous facility of illustration, his familiar way of bringing a great question to the test of some parallel fact that everybody before him knows. An American state-question looks as mysterious to an English audience as an ear of Indian corn wrapt in its sheath to an English wheat-grower. Mr. Beecher husks it for them as only an American born and bred can do. He wants a few sharp questions to rouse his quick spirit. He could almost afford to carry with him his *pica-dores* to sting him with sarcasms, his *chulos* to flap their inflammatory epithets in his face, and his *banderilleros* to stab him with their fiery insults into a *plaza de toros*, — an audience of John Bulls.

Having cleared up this matter so that our comatose cousins understood the relations of the dough and the apple in our national dumpling, — to borrow one of their royal reminiscences, — having eulogized the fidelity of the North to the national compact, he referred to the action of "that most true, honest, just, and conscientious magistrate, Mr. Lincoln," — at the mention of whose name the audience cheered as long and loud as if they had descended from the ancient Ephesians.

Mr. Beecher went on to show how the North could not help fighting when it was attacked, and to give the reasons that made it necessary to fight, — reasons which none but a consistent Friend or avowed non-resistant can pretend to dispute. His ordinary style in speaking is pointed, *staccatoed*, as is that of most successful extemporaneous speakers; he is "short-gaited"; the movement of his thoughts is that of the chopping sea,

rather than the long, rolling, rhythmical wave-procession of phrase-balancing rhetoricians. But when the lance has pricked him deep enough, when the red flag has flashed in his face often enough, when the fireworks have hissed and sputtered around him long enough, when the cheers have warmed him so that all his life is roused, then his intellectual sparkle becomes a steady glow, and his nimble sentences change their form, and become long-drawn, stately periods.

"Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain, you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit to make fruitful as so much seed-corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination — deep as the sea, firm as the mountains, but calm as the heavens above us — to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost."

When have Englishmen listened to nobler words, fuller of the true soul of eloquence? Never, surely, since their nation entered the abominous period of its existence, recognized in all its ideal portraits, for which food and sleep are the prime conditions of well-being. Yet the old instinct which has made the name of Englishman glorious in the past was there, in the audience before him, and there was "immense cheering," relieved by some slight colubrine demonstrations.

Mr. Beecher openly accused certain "important organs" of deliberately darkening the truth and falsifying the facts. The audience thereupon gave three groans for a paper called the "Times,"

once respectably edited, now deservedly held as cheap as an epigram of Mr. Carlyle's or a promise to pay dated at Richmond. He showed the monstrous absurdity of England's attacking us for fighting, and for fighting to uphold a principle. "On what shore has not the prow of your ships dashed? What land is there with a name and a people where your banner has not led your soldiers? And when the great resurrection-reveille shall sound, it will muster British soldiers from every clime and people under the whole heaven. Ah! but it is said this is war against your own blood. How long is it since you poured soldiers into Canada, and let all your yards work day and night to avenge the taking of two men out of the Trent?" How ignominious the pretended humanity of England looked in the light of these questions! And even while Mr. Beecher was speaking, a lurid glow was crimsoning the waters of the Pacific from the flames of a great burning city, set on fire by British ships to avenge a crime committed by some remote inhabitant of the same country,—an act of wholesale barbarity unapproached by any deed which can be laid to the charge of the American Union in the course of this long, exasperating conflict!

Mr. Beecher explained that the people who sympathized with the South were those whose voices reached America, while the friends of the North were little heard. The first had bows and arrows; the second have shafts, but no bows to launch them.

"How about the Russians?"

Everybody remembers how neatly Mr. Beecher caught this envenomed dart, and, turning it end for end, drove it through his antagonist's shield of triple bull's-hide. "Now you know what we felt when you were flirting with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet." A cleaner and straighter "counter" than that, if we may change the image to one his audience would appreciate better, is hardly to be found in the records of British pugilism.

The orator concluded by a rather sanguine statement of his change of opinion as to British sentiment, of the assurance he should carry back of the enthusiasm for the cause of the North, and by an exhortation to unity of action with those who share their civilization and religion, for the furtherance of the gospel and the happiness of mankind.

The audience cheered again, Professor Newman moved a warm vote of thanks, and the meeting dissolved, wiser and better, we hope, for the truths which had been so boldly declared before them.

What is the net result, so far as we can see, of Mr. Beecher's voluntary embassy? So far as he is concerned, it has been to lift him from the position of one of the most popular preachers and lecturers, to that of one of the most popular men in the country. Those who hate his philanthropy admire his courage. Those who disagree with him in theology recognize him as having a claim to the title of Apostle quite as good as that of John Eliot, whom Christian England sent to heathen America two centuries ago, and who, in spite of the singularly stupid questionings of the natives, and the violent opposition of the sachems and powwows, or priests, succeeded in reclaiming large numbers of the copper-colored aborigines.

The change of opinion wrought by Mr. Beecher in England is far less easy to estimate; indeed, we shall never have the means of determining what it may have been. The organs of opinion which have been against us will continue their assaults, and those which have been our friends will continue to defend us. The public men who have committed themselves will be consistent in the right or in the wrong, as they may have chosen at first. To know what Mr. Beecher has effected, we must not go to Exeter Hall and follow its enthusiastic audience as they are swayed hither and thither by his arguments and appeals; we must not count the crowd of admiring friends and sympathizers whom he, like all personages of note, draws around him: the fire-fly

calls other fire-flies about him, but the great community of beetles goes blundering round in the dark as before. Mr. Cobden has given us the test in a letter quoted by Mr. Beecher in the course of his speech at the Brooklyn Academy. "You will carry back," he says, "an intimate acquaintance with a state of feeling in this country among what, for [want of] a better name, I call the ruling class. Their sympathy is undoubtedly strongly for the South, with the instinctive satisfaction at the prospect of the disruption of the great Republic. It is natural enough." "But," he says, "our masses have an instinctive feeling that their cause is bound up in the prosperity of the States,—the United States. It is true that they have not a particle of power in the direct form of a vote; but when millions in this country are led by the religious middle class, they can go and prevent the governing class from pursuing a policy hostile to their sympathies."

This power of the non-voting classes is an idea that gives us pause. It is one of those suggestions, like Lord Brougham's of the "unknown public," which, in a single phrase, and a sentence or two of explanation, tell a whole history. This is the class John Bunyan wrote for before the bishops had his Allegory in presentable calf and gold-leaf,—before England knew that her poor tinker had shaped a pictured urn for her full of such visions as no dreamer had seen since Dante. This is the class that believes in John Bright and Richard Cobden and all the defenders of true American principles. It absorbs intelligence as melting ice renders heat latent; there is no living power directly generated with which we can move pistons and wheels, but the first step in the production of steam-force is to make the ice fluid. No intellectual thermometer can reveal to us how much ignorance or prejudice has melted away in the fire of Mr. Beecher's passionate eloquence, but by-and-by this will tell as a working-force. The non-voter's conscience will reach the Privy Council, and the hand of the ignorant, but Christian-

ized laborer trace its own purpose in the letters of the royal signature.

We are living in a period, not of events only, but of epochs. We are in the transition-stage from the miocene to the pliocene period of human existence. A new heaven is forming over our head behind the curtain of clouds which rises from our smoking battle-fields. A new earth is shaping itself under our feet amidst the tremors and convulsions that agitate the soil upon which we tread. But there is no such thing as a surprise in the order of Nature. The kingdom of God, even, cometh not with observation.

The visit of an overworked clergyman to Europe is not in appearance an event of momentous interest to the world. The fact that he delivered a few speeches before British audiences might seem to merit notice in a local paper or two, but is of very little consequence, one would say, to the British nation, compared to the fact that Her Majesty took an airing last Wednesday, or of much significance to Americans, by the side of the fact that his Excellency, Governor Seymour, had written a letter recommending the Union Fire Company always to play on the wood-shed when the house is in flames.

But, in point of fact, this unofficial visit of a private citizen—in connection with these addresses delivered to miscellaneous crowds by an envoy not extraordinary and a minister nullipotentary, for all that his credentials showed—was an event of national importance. It was much more than this; it was the beginning of a new order of things in the relations of nations to each other. It is but a little while since any graceless woman who helped a crowned profligate to break the commandments could light a national quarrel with the taper that sealed her *billets-doux* to his equeries and grooms, and kindle it to a war with the fan that was supposed to hide her blushes. More and more, by virtue of advancing civilization and easy intercourse between distant lands, the average common sense and intelligence of the people begin to reach from nation to nation. Mr. Beech-



er's visit is the most notable expression of this movement of national life. It marks the *nisus formativus* which begins the organization of that unwritten and only half spoken public opinion recognized by Mr. Cobden as a great underlying force even in England. It needs a little republican pollen-dust to cause the evolution of its else barren germs. The fruit of Mr. Beecher's visit will ripen in due time, not only in direct results, but in opening the way to future moral embassies, going forth unheralded, unsanctioned by State documents, in the simple strength of Christian manhood, on their errands of truth and peace.

The Devil had got the start of the clergyman, as he very often does, after all. The wretches who have been for three years pouring their leperous distilment into the ears of Great Britain had pre-occupied the ground, and were determined to silence the minister, if they could. For this purpose they looked to the heathen populace of the nominally Christian British cities. They covered the walls with blood-red placards, they stimulated the mob by inflammatory appeals, they filled the air with threats of riot and murder. It was in the midst of scenes like these that the single, solitary American opened his lips to speak in behalf of his country.

The danger is now over, and we find it hard to make real to our imagination the terrors of a mob such as swarms out of the dens of Liverpool and London. We know well enough in this country what Irish mobs are; the Old Country exports them to us in pieces, ready to put together on arriving, as we send houses to California. Ireland is the country of shillalahs and broken crowns, of Donnybrook fairs, where men with whiskey in their heads settle their feuds or work off their sprightliness with the arms of Nature, sometimes aided by the least dangerous of weapons. But England is the land of prize-fights, of scientific brutality, which has flourished under the patronage of her hereditary legislators and other "Corinthian" sup-

porters. The pugilistic dynasty came in with the House of Brunswick, and has held divided empire with it ever since. The Briton who claims Chatham's language as his mother-tongue may appropriate the dialect of the ring as far more truly indigenous than the German-French of his every-day discourse. Of the three Burkes whose names are historical, the orator is known to but a few hundred thousands. The prize-fighter, with his interesting personal infirmity, is the common property of the millions, and would have headed the list in celebrity, but for that other of the name who added a new invention to the arts of industry and enriched the English language with a term which bids fair to outlive the reputation of his illustrious namesake. Around the professors and heroes of the art of personal violence are collected the practitioners of various callings less dignified by the manly qualities they demand. The Gangs of Three that waylay the solitary pedestrian, — the Choker in the middle, next the victim who is to be strangled and cleaned out, — the larger guilds of Hustlers who bonnet a man and beat his breath out of him and empty his pockets before he knows what is the matter with him, — the Burglars, with their "jimmies" in their pockets, — the fighting robbers, with their brass knuckles, — the whole set in a vast thief-constituency, thick as rats in sewers, — these were the disputants whom the emissaries of the Slave Power called upon to refute the arguments of the Brooklyn clergyman.

It was not pleasant to move in streets where such human rattlesnakes and cobras were coiling and lying in wait. Great cities are the poison-glands of civilization everywhere; but the secretions of those hideous crypts and blind passages that empty themselves into the thoroughfares of English towns are so deadly, that, but for her penal colonies, England, girt by water, as the scorpion with flame, would perish, self-stung, by her own venom. The legates of the great Anti-Civilization have col-

onized England, as England has colonized Botany Bay. They know the venal ruffianism of the fist and bludgeon, as well as that of the press. Fortunately, they are short of funds, or Mr. Beecher might have disappeared after the manner of Romulus, and never have come to light, except in the saintly fashion of relics, — such as white finger-rings and breast-pins, like those which some devotees of the Southern mode of worship are said to have been fond of wearing.

From these dangers, which he faced like a man, we welcome him back to a country which is proud of his courage and ability and grateful for his services. The highest and lowest classes of England cannot be in sympathy with the free North. No dynasty can look the fact of successful, triumphant self-government in the face without seeing a shroud in its banner and hearing a knell in its shouts of victory. As to those lower

classes who are too low to be reached by the life-giving breath of popular liberty, we cannot reach them yet. A Christian civilization has suffered them, in the very heart of its great cities, to sink almost to the level of Du Chaillu's West-African quadrumana. But the thoughtful, religious middle class of Great Britain, with their enlightened leaders and their conscientious followers among the laboring masses, have listened and will always listen to the voice of any true and adequate representative of that new form of human society now in full course of development in Republican North America. They have never listened to a nobler and more thoroughly national speaker than the minister, clothed with full powers from Nature and bearing the authentic credentials from his Divine Master, to whom, on his return from his successful embassy, we renew our grateful welcome.

81-

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

### A GREETING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WE are at the close of the third year of the Secession War. It is customary to speak of the contest as having been inaugurated by the attack on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861; but, in strictness, it was begun in December, 1860, when the Carolinians formally seceded from the Union, which was as much an act of war as that involved in firing upon the national flag that waved over the strongest of the Federal forts at Charleston. Even those who insist that there can be no war without the use of weapons must admit that the act of firing upon the Star of the West, which vessel was seeking to land men and stores at Sumter, was an overt act, and as significant of the purpose of the Secessionists as anything since done by them. That occurred in January, 1861; and because our Government did not

choose to accept it as the beginning of those hostilities which had been resolved upon by the Southern ultras, it does not follow that men are bound to shut their eyes to the truth. But we all took the insults that were offered to the flag in President Buchanan's time as coolly as if that were the proper course of things, while the attack on Sumter had the same effect on us that the acknowledgment of the Pretender as King of Great Britain and Ireland by Louis XIV. had on the English. War was then promptly accepted, and has ever since been waged, with that various fortune which is known to all contests, and which will be so known while wars shall be known on earth, — in other words, while our planet shall be the abiding-place of men. We have had victories, and we have had defeats, which

is the common lot; but, taken as a whole, we have but little reason to complain of results, if we compare our situation now with what it was at the close of 1862. Great things have been done in 1863, such as place the military result of the war beyond all doubt, and permitting us to hope for the early restoration of peace, provided the people shall furnish their Government with the human material necessary to inflict upon the enemy that grace stroke which shall put them out of their pain by putting an end to their existence; and that Government itself shall not be wanting in that energy, without which men and money are worse than useless in war,—for then they would be but wasted.

The year opened darkly for us; for not even the success of General Rosecrans on the well-contested field of Murfreesboro'—a success literally extorted from a brave and stubborn and skilful foe—could altogether compensate for the Union defeat at Fredericksburg, a defeat that gave additional force to the gloomy words of those *groggnards* who had adopted the doctrine that it was impossible for the Army of the Potomac to accomplish anything worthy of its numbers, and of the position and purpose assigned to it in the war. Months rolled on, and little was done, the mere military losses and gains being not far from equally shared by the two parties; but that was positively a loss to the enemy, whose position it has been from the first, that they must have so large a proportion of the successes as should tend to encourage their people at home and their advocates abroad, and so compensate for their inferiority in numbers and in property. Nothing has tended more, all through the war, to show the vast difference in the parties to it, than the little effect which serious reverses have had on the Unionists in comparison with the effect of similar reverses on the Confederates. No blow that we have received—and many blows have been dealt upon us—has been followed by any loss of territory, any decrease of the means

of warfare, or any diminution of our purpose to carry on the contest to the last piece of gold and the last greasy greenback. The enemy have taken of our men, our cannon, our stores, and our money, more than once, but not one of their victories produced any “fruit” beyond what was gleaned from the battle-field itself. Our victories, on the contrary, have been fruitful, as the position of our forces on the enemy's coast, and on much of their territory, and in many of their ports, most satisfactorily proves. As an English military critic said, the Rebels might gain battles, but all the solid advantages were with their opponents. A Union victory was so much achieved toward final and complete success; a Confederate victory only operated to postpone the subjugation of the Rebels for a few days, or perhaps weeks. We could afford to blunder, while they could not; and the prospect of the gallows made the brains of Davis and Lee uncommonly clear, and caused them to plan skilfully and to strike boldly, in order that they might get out and keep out of the road that leads to it,—the road to ruin.

The movement in April, under General Hooker, which led to the Battle of Chancellorsville, was a failure, and for some time the country was much depressed in consequence; but our failure, there and then, proved to be really a great gain. Had General Hooker succeeded in defeating General Lee in battle, the latter would, it is altogether probable, have succeeded in retreating to Richmond, behind the defences of which he would have held our forces at bay, and the Peninsular campaign of 1862 might have been repeated; for we had not men enough to render the capture of Richmond certain through the effect of regular and steady operations. The death of Stonewall Jackson, one of the incidents of the April advance, was a severe loss to the enemy, and promises to be as fatal to their cause as was that of Dundee to the hopes of the House of Stuart. General Lee's success was really fatal to him. It compelled him to



make a movement in his turn, in June, and at Gettysburg we had ample compensation for Chancellorsville; and the capture of Morgan and his men, in Ohio, following hard upon Lee's retreat from Pennsylvania, put an end to all attempts at invasion on the part of the Rebels, while we continued to hold all that we had acquired of their territory, and soon added more of it to our previous acquisitions. At the same time that General Meade was disposing of the main Rebel army, General Grant was taking Vicksburg, and General Banks was triumphing at Port Hudson. Generals Pemberton and Gardner had defended those Southern strongholds with a skill and a gallantry that do them great credit, considering them merely as military operations; but the superior generalship of General Grant at and near Vicksburg compelled them to surrender, and to place in Union hands posts the possession of which was necessary to maintain the integrity of the Confederacy. General Grant's least merit was the taking of Vicksburg. The operations through the success of which he was enabled to shut up a large force of brave men in Vicksburg, and to cut them off from all hope of being relieved, were of the highest order of military excellence, and justly entitle him to be called a great soldier; and no man can be only a great soldier, for that intellectual rank implies in its possessor qualities that fit him for any department of his country's service. General Grant was admirably seconded and supported by his lieutenants and their subordinates and men, or he must have failed before such courageous and stubborn foes. He was also supported by the naval force commanded by Admiral Porter, whose heroic exploits and scientific services added new lustre to a name that already stood most high in our naval history. He commanded men worthy of himself and the service, and whose deeds must be ever remembered. General Banks and his associates were not less successful in their undertaking, and had been as well seconded as Gen-

eral Grant. The Mississippi was placed at our control, and the enemy were deprived of those supplies, both domestic and foreign, which they had drawn in so large quantities from the trans-Mississippi territory. Through Texas, which had contrived to keep up a great commerce, the supplies of foreign *matériel* had been very large; and from the same rich and extensive State came thousands of beeves, sheep, and hogs, that were consumed by Southern soldiers in Virginia and the Carolinas. Generals Grant and Banks put an end to this mode of supplying the Rebels with food and other articles; and at a later period the success of General Banks near the Rio Grande was hardly less useful in putting an end to much of the Texan foreign trade, whereby the Rebels beyond the Mississippi must find their powers to do mischief very materially lessened.

In the mean time, Charleston, whence rebellion had spread over the South, had been assailed by a large force, military and naval, commanded by General Gillmore and Rear-Admiral Dahlgren. General Gillmore had become famous as the captor of Fort Pulaski, under circumstances that had seemed to render success impossible; and hence it was expected that he would quickly take Charleston. It is not believed that that very able and modest officer ever said a word to give rise to the popular expectation. He knew the gravity of the task he had undertaken, and we believe, that, if all the facts connected therewith could be published, it would be found that he has accomplished all that he ever promised to do or expected to do. He has done much, and done it admirably; and not the least of the effects of his deeds is this,—that the report of his guns reached to Europe, and caused the intelligent military men of that dominating quarter of the world to doubt whether their respective countries were militarily prepared to support intervention, even if to intervention there existed no moral or political objections. He has demolished Sumter, and that fortress which was the scene of our first failure has

ceased to exist. He has completed the blockade of Charleston, which was almost daily violated before he brought his batteries into play. We have the high authority of no less a personage than Mr. Jefferson Davis himself, — a gentleman who never “speaks out” when anything is to be made by reticence, — that Wilmington is now the only port left to the Confederacy; and this is the highest possible compliment that could be paid to the excellence of General Gillmore’s operations, and to the value of his services. Since he arrived near Charleston, that port has been as hermetically sealed as Cronstadt in December; whereas, until he began his scientific and most useful labors, Charleston was one of the most flourishing seaports in the whole circle of commerce. As to the taking of Charleston, our opinion is, and has been from the first, that the history of the War of the American Revolution demonstrates that the Carolina city can be had only as the result of extensive land-operations, carried on by a power which has command of the sea. Sir Henry Clinton failed before the place in 1776, his attack being naval in its character; and he succeeded in taking it in 1780, when he had control of the main-land, and made his approaches regularly. Even after he had obtained command of the harbor, and Fort Moultrie had been first passed and then taken, and no American maritime force remained to oppose his fleet, he had to depend upon the action of his army for success. We fear that the event will prove that we can succeed at Charleston only by following Sir Henry’s wise course. “The things which have been are the things which shall be.”

Late in the summer, General Rosecrans resumed operations, and marched upon Chattanooga, while General Burnside moved into East Tennessee, and obtained possession of Knoxville. General Burnside’s march was one of the most difficult ever made in war, and tasked the powers of his men to the utmost; but all difficulties were sur-

mounted, and the loyal people of the country which he entered and regained were gladdened by seeing the national flag flying once more over their heads. Both these movements were at first brilliantly successful; but the enemy were impressed with the importance of the points taken or threatened by our forces, and they concentrated great masses of troops, in the hope of being able to defeat our armies, regain the territory lost, and transfer the seat of war far to the north. The Battle of Chickamauga was fought, and a portion of General Rosecrans’s army was defeated, while another portion, under General Thomas, stubbornly maintained its ground, and inflicted great damage on the enemy. The effect of General Thomas’s heroic resistance was, that the enemy’s grand purpose was baffled. Their loss was so severe, and their men had been so roughly handled, that they could not advance farther, and the time thus gained was promptly turned to account, by General Rosecrans in the first instance, and by Government. The Union army was soon reorganized by its energetic leader, and placed in condition to make effectual resistance to the enemy, should they endeavor to advance. The Government’s action was rapid and useful. General Grant was placed in immediate command of the army, which was largely reinforced, and preparations were quickly made for the resumption of offensive operations. In the mean time, General Bragg had sent General Longstreet to attack General Burnside; and as Longstreet has been looked upon, since the death of Jackson, as the best of the Rebel fighting generals, great hopes were entertained of his success. Apparently taking advantage of the absence of so large a body of Rebel troops under so good a leader, General Grant resumed the offensive on the twenty-third of November, and during three days’ hard fighting inflicted upon General Bragg a series of defeats, in which Generals Thomas, Hooker, and Sherman were the active Union commanders. The Unionists were completely victorious at all

points, taking several strong positions, forty-six pieces of cannon, five thousand muskets, valuable stores, and seven thousand prisoners, besides killing and wounding great numbers. All these successes were gained at a cost of only forty-five hundred men. The skill of General Grant and his lieutenants, and the valor of their troops, were signally displayed in these operations, the first assured intelligence of which reached the North in time to add to the pleasures of the National Thanksgiving, as the first news of Gettysburg had come to us on the Fourth of July.

The November victories put an end to all fear that the enemy might be able to carry out their original project, while it seemed to be certain that the scene of active operations would be transferred from East Tennessee to Northern Georgia. General Burnside still held Knoxville, and it was supposed that General Longstreet would find it difficult to escape destruction. General Bragg had retreated to Dalton, which is about a hundred miles from Atlanta, and is reported to have summoned General Longstreet to rejoin him. The Army of the Potomac, which had borne itself very gallantly in some of the autumnal operations consequent on Lee's advance, had followed the army commanded by this General when it retreated, inflicting on it considerable loss, and crossing the Rapid Ann.\*

Victories have been gained by the Unionists in other quarters,—in Missouri, in Arkansas, in Louisiana, and in Mississippi,—whereby the enemy's numbers have been diminished, and territory brought under the Union flag that until recently was held by the Rebels, and from which they drew means of subsistence now no longer available to them.

\* Since the above was written, intelligence has been received of the defeat of General Longstreet, the losses experienced by the enemy being great. This disposes of the remains of the great army which Mr. Davis had assembled to reconquer Tennessee, and to reestablish communications between the various parts of the Southern Confederacy on this side of the Mississippi. The Army of the Potomac has returned to its former ground, near Washington.

The effects of all the successes which have been mentioned are various. We have deprived the enemy of extensive portions of territory, in most of their States. Tennessee is rescued; Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are placed beyond all danger of being taken by the Rebels; in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas we hold places of much political and military importance; Mississippi is practically ours; Alabama yields little to our foe; Georgia is invaded, instead of remaining the basis of a grand attack on Tennessee and Kentucky; the Carolinas, greatly favored by geographical circumstances, are barely able to hold out against attacks that are *not* made in force, and portions of their territory are ours; Virginia is exhausted, and there the enemy cannot long remain, even should they meet with no reverses in the field; and, finally, as General Grant's successes at Vicksburg halved the Confederacy, so have his Chattanooga successes quartered it. The Rebels are no longer one people, but are divided into a number of communities, which cannot act together, even if we could suppose their populations to be animated by one spirit, which certainly they are not. Of the inhabitants of the original Confederacy probably two-fifths are no longer under the control of the Richmond Government; and of the remainder a very large proportion are said to be massed in Georgia, a State that has hitherto suffered little from the war, but which now seems about to become the scene of vast and important operations, which cannot be carried on without causing sweeping devastation. The public journals state that there are two million slaves in Georgia, most of whom have been taken or sent thither by their owners, inhabitants of other States. This must tend greatly to increase the difficulties of the enemy, whose stores of food and clothing are not large in any of the Atlantic or Gulf States.

Much stress has been placed on "the starvation-theory," and it is probable that there is much suffering in the Confederacy; but this does not proceed so much from the positive absence of food



as from other causes. The first of these causes is undoubtedly the loss of all faith in the Southern currency. That currency has not yet fallen so low as the Continental currency fell, when it required a bushel of it to pay for a peck of potatoes, but it is at a terrible discount, and the day is fast coming when it will be regarded as of no more value than so many pieces of brown paper; and its depreciation, and the prospect of its soon becoming utterly worthless, are among the chief consequences of the triumphs of our arms. Men see that there will be no power to make payment, and they will not part with their property for rags so rotten. They may wish success to the Confederate cause, but "they must live," and live they cannot on paper that is nothing but paper. The journal that is understood to speak for Mr. Davis recommends a forced loan, the last resort of men the last days of whose power are near at hand. Another cause of the scarcity of food in the South is to be found in the condition of Southern communications. If all the food in the Confederacy could be equally distributed, now and hereafter, we doubt not that every person living there would get enough to eat, and even have something to spare, — civilians as well as soldiers, blacks as well as whites; but no such distribution is possible, because there are but indifferent means for the conveyance of food from places where it is abundant to places where famine's ascendancy is becoming established. The Southern railways have been terribly worked for three years, and are now worn out, with no hope of their rails and rolling-stock being renewed. Our troops have rendered hundreds of miles of those ways useless, and they have possession of other lines. Southern harbors and rivers are held or commanded by Northern ships or armies. The Mississippi, which was once so useful to the Rebels, has, now that we control it, become a "big ditch," separating their armies from their principal source of supply. It is that "last ditch" in which they are to die. That wide extent of Southern territory, which

has so often been mentioned at home and abroad as presenting the leading reason why we never could conquer the Rebels, now works against them, and in our favor. Food may be abundant to wastefulness in some States, while in others people may be dying for the want of it. The Secessionists are now situated as most peoples used to be, before good roads became common. The South is becoming reduced to that state which was known to some parts of England before that country had made for itself the best roads of Christendom, and when there would be starvation in one parish, while perhaps in the next the fruits of the earth were rotting on its surface, because there were no means of getting them to market. With a currency so debased that no man will willingly take it, while all men readily take Union greenbacks, — with railways either worn out or held by foes, — with but one harbor this side of the Mississippi that is not closely shut up, and that harbor in course of becoming closed completely, — with their rivers furnishing means for attack, instead of lines of defence, — with their territory and numbers daily decreasing, — with defeat overtaking their armies on almost every field, — with the expressed determination of the North to prosecute the war, be the consequences what they may, — with the constant increase of Union numbers, — and with the steady refusal of foreign powers to recognize the Confederacy, or to afford it any countenance or open assistance, — the Rebels must be infatuated, and determined to provoke destruction, if they do not soon make overtures for peace.

It is all very well for the "chivalrous classes" at the South, whoever they may happen to be, to talk about "dying in the last ditch," and of imitating the action of Pelayo and his friends; but common folk like to die in their beds, and to receive the inevitable visitant with decorum, to an exhibition of which ditches are decidedly unfavorable. As to Pelayo, he lived in an age in which there were neither railways nor rifled

cannon, neither steamships nor Parrott guns, neither Monitors nor greenbacks, — else he and his would either have been routed out of the Asturian Mountains, or have been compelled to remain there forever. The conditions of modern life and society are highly unfavorable to those heroic modes of resistance and existence in which alone gentlemen of Pelayo's pursuits can hope to flourish. We Saracens of the North would ask nothing better than to have Pelayo Davis lead all his valiant ragamuffins into the strongest range of mountains that could be found in all Secessia, there to establish the new Kingdom of Gijon. We should deserve the worst that could befall us, if we failed to vindicate the common American idea, that this country is no place for lovers of crowns and kingdoms.

As to the guerrillas, we know that they are an exasperating set of fellows, but they must soon disappear before the advance of the Union armies. A guerrillade on an extensive scale and of long continuance is possible only while it is supported by the presence of large and successful regular armies. Had Wellington been driven out of the Peninsula, the Spanish guerrillas would have given little trouble to the intrusive French king at Madrid. Defeat Lee, and Mosby will vanish. After all, the Southern guerrillas are not much worse than other Southrons were at no very remote period. It is within the memory of even middle-aged persons, that the southwestern portion of our country was in as lawless a state as ever were the borders of England and Scotland, and with no Belted Will to hang up ruffians to swing in the wind. As those ruffians were mostly removed by time, and the scenes of their labors became the seats of prosperous and well-ordered communities, so will the guerrillas of to-day be made to give way by that inexorable reformer and avenger. Order will once more prevail in the Southwest, and cotton, tobacco, and rice again yield their increase to regular industry, — an industry that shall be all the more productive, because exercised by free men.

The political incidents of 1863 are as encouraging as the incidents of war. The discontent that existed toward the close of 1862 — a discontent by no means groundless — led to the apparent defeat of the war-party in many States, and to the decrease of its strength in others. But it was an illogical conclusion that the people were dissatisfied with the war, when they only meant to express their dissatisfaction with the manner in which it was conducted. Their votes in 1863 truly expressed their feeling. In every State but New Jersey the war-party was successful, its majority in Ohio being 100,000, in New York 30,000, in Pennsylvania 15,000, in Massachusetts, 40,000, in Iowa 32,000, in Maine 22,000, in California 20,000. And so on throughout the country. The popular voice is still for war, but for war boldly, and therefore wisely, waged.

The improvement that has taken place in our foreign relations is even greater than that which has come over our domestic affairs; and for the first time since the opening of the civil war, it is possible for Americans to say that there is every reason for believing that they are to be left to settle their own affairs according to their own ideas as to the fitness of things. This change, like all important changes in human affairs, is due to a variety of causes. In part it is owing to what we considered to be among our greatest misfortunes, and in part to those successes which changed the condition of affairs. Our failure at Fredericksburg, at the close of 1862, strengthened the general European impression that the Rebels were to succeed; and as their defeat at Murfreesboro' was not followed by an advance of our forces, that impression was not weakened by General Bragg's failure, though that was more signal than was the failure of General Burnside. If the Rebels were to succeed, why should European governments do anything in aid of their cause, at the hazard of war with us? Our defeat at Chancellorsville, last May, tended still further to strengthen foreign be-

lief that the Secessionists were to be the winning party, and that they were competent to do all their own work; but if it had not soon been followed by signal reverses to the Rebel arms, it is certain that the Confederacy would have been acknowledged by most European nations, on the plausible ground that its existence had been established on the battle-field, and that we could not object to the admission of a self-evident fact by foreign sovereigns and statesmen, who were bound to look after the welfare of their own subjects and countrymen, whose interests were greatly concerned with the trade of our Southern country. Fortunately for all parties but the Rebels, those reverses came suddenly and with such emphasis as to create serious doubts in the European mind as to the superiority of the South as a fighting community. In an evil hour for his cause, General Lee abandoned that wise defensive system to which he had so long and so successfully adhered, and made a movement into the Free States. What was the immediate cause of his change of proceeding will probably never be accurately known to the existing generation. On the face of things no good political reason appears for that change being made; and on military grounds it was sure to lead to disaster, unless the North had become the most craven of countries. So bad was Lee's advance into the North, militarily speaking, that it would have been the part of good policy to allow him to march without resistance to a point at least a hundred miles beyond that field on which he was to find his fate. A Gettysburg that should have been fought that distance from the base of Southern operations could have had no other result than the destruction of the main Southern army; and that occurring at about the same time that Port Hudson and Vicksburg surrendered, the war could have been ended by a series of thunder-strokes. Not a man of Lee's army could have escaped. But the pride of the country prevented the adoption of a course that promised the

most splendid of successes, and compelled our Government and our commander to forego the noblest opportunity that had presented itself to effect the enemy's annihilation. Gettysburg was made immortal, and Lee escaped, not without tremendous losses, yet with the larger part of his army, and with much booty, that perhaps compensated his own loss in *matériel*. He was beaten, on a field of his own choosing, and with numbers in his favor; and his previous victories, the almost uniform success that had attended his earlier movements, made his Pennsylvania reverses all the more grave in the estimation of foreigners. Immediately after news was sent abroad of his defeat and retreat, tidings came to us, and soon were spread over the world, that the Rebels had experienced the most terrible disasters in the Southwest, whereby the so-called Confederacy had been cut in two. These facts gave pause to those intentions of acknowledgment which had undoubtedly been entertained in European courts and cabinets; and nothing afterward occurred, down to the day of Chickamauga, which was calculated to effect a change in the minds of the rulers of the Old World. But when intelligence of Chickamauga reached Europe, England had taken a position so determinedly hostile to intervention in any of its many forms and stages that even a much greater disaster than that could have produced no evil to our cause abroad. For it is to be remembered that the whole business of intervention has lain from the beginning in the bosom of England, and that, if she had chosen to act against us in force, she could have done so with the strongest hope of success, if merely our humiliation, or even our destruction, had been her object, and without any immediate danger threatening herself as the consequence of her hostile action. The French Government, not France, or any considerable portion of the French people, has been ready to interfere in behalf of the Rebels for more than two years, and would have entered upon the process of intervention long since, if it



had not been held back by the obstinate refusal of England to unite with her in that pro-slavery crusade which, it is with regret we say it, the French Emperor has so much at heart; and without the aid and assistance of England, the ruler of France could not and durst not move an inch against us. Not the least, nor least strange, of the changes of this mutable world is to be seen in the circumstance that France should be restrained from undoing the work of the Bourbons and of Napoleon I. by England's firm opposition to the wishes and purposes of Napoleon III. The Bourbon policy, as well in Spain as in France, brought about the early overthrow of England's rule over the territory of the old United States; and the first Napoleon sold Louisiana to us for a song, because he was convinced, that, by so doing, he should aid to build up a formidable naval rival of England. The man who seeks to undo all this, to destroy what Bourbon and Bonaparte sacrificed so much to effect, is the heir of Bonaparte, and the expounder and illustrator of Napoleon's ideas; and the power that places herself resolutely across his path, and will not join in his plot to erase us from the list of nations is — England! In a romance such a state of things would be pronounced too absurd for invention; but in this every-day world it is nothing but a commonplace incident, extraordinary as it may seem at the first thought that is bestowed upon it.

That England governs France in this matter of intervention in our quarrel is clear enough, as also are the reasons why Paris will not move to the aid of the Rebels unless London shall keep even step with her. France asked England to unite with her in an offer of mediation, which would have been an armed mediation, had England fallen into the Gallic trap, but which amounted to nothing when it proceeded from France alone. England withdrew from the Mexican business as soon as she saw that France was bent upon a course that might lead to trouble with the United States, and left her to create a throne in that country.

As soon as England put the broad arrow upon the rams of that eminent pastoral character, Laird of Birkenhead, France withdrew the permission which she had formally bestowed upon MM. Arman and Vorney to build four powerful steamships for the Rebels at Nantes and Bordeaux. France would acknowledge the Confederacy to-day, and send a minister to Richmond, and consuls to Mobile and Galveston and Wilmington, if England would but agree to be to her against us what Spain was to her for us in the days of our Revolution. But England will not join with her ancient enemy to effect the ruin of a country of the existence of which she should be proud, seeing that it is her own creation.

Why, then, is it that there is so much ill-feeling in America toward England, while none is felt toward France,—England being, as it were, our shield against that French sword which is raised over our head, upon which its holder would bring it down with imperial force? Principally the difference is due to that peculiarity in the human character which leads men to think much of insults and but little of injuries. We doubt if any strong enmity was ever created in the minds of men or nations through the infliction of injuries, though injuring parties have an undoubted right to hate their victims; and we are sure that an insult was never yet forgiven by any nation, or by any individual, whose resentment was of any account. Now, England has poured insults upon us, or rather Englishmen have done so, until we have become as sore as bears who have been assailed by bees. English statesmen and politicians have told us that we were wrong in fighting for the restoration of the Union, violating our own principles, and literally committing the grossest of crimes,—taking care to add, that our sins would provide their own punishment, for we could not put down the Rebels. Even moderate-minded men in England have not hesitated to condemn our course, while admitting that our conduct was natural, on the ground

that we had no hope of success, and that useless wars are simply horrible. Our English enemies have been fierce and vindictive blackguards, — as witness Roebuck, Lyndsay, and Lord R. Cecil, — while most of our friends there have deemed it the best policy to make use of very moderate language, when speaking of our cause, or of the conduct of our public men. Englishmen of distinction, some of whom have long been held in high esteem here, have not hesitated to express a desire for our overthrow, because we were becoming too strong, though our free population is not materially different, as regards numbers, from that of the British Islands, and is as nothing when compared with the number of Queen Victoria's subjects. They were not ashamed to be so thoroughly un-English as to admit the existence of fear in their minds of a people living three thousand miles from their country: a circumstance to be noted; for your Englishman is apt to err on the side of contempt for others, and as a rule he fears nobody. Others have so wantonly misrepresented the character of our cause, — Mr. Carlyle is a notable member of this class, — that it is impossible not to be offended, when listening to their astounding falsehoods. But it is the British press that has done most to array Americans against England. That press is very ably conducted, and the most noted of its members have displayed a degree of hostility toward us that could not have been predicted without the prophet being suspected of madness, or of diabolical inspiration. All its articles attacking us are reproduced here, and are read by everybody, and the effect thereof can be imagined. Toward us British journalists are playing the same part that was played by their predecessors toward France sixty years since, and which converted what was meant to be a permanent peace into the mere truce of Amiens. Insolent and egotistical as a class, though there are highly honorable exceptions, those journalists have done more to make their country the object of dislike than

has been accomplished by all other Englishmen. Their deeds show that the pen is mightier than the sword, and that its conquests are permanent. It has been said that France has been as unfriendly to us as England, and that, therefore, we ought to feel for her the same dislike as that of which England is the object. But, admitting the assertion to be true, we know little of what the French have said or written concerning us. The difference of language prevents us from taking much offence at Gallic criticism. Not one American in a hundred reads French; and of those who do read it, not one in a thousand, journalists apart, ever sees a French quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily publication. Occasionally, an article from a French journal is translated for some one of our newspapers, but it is oftener of a friendly character than otherwise. The best French publications support the Union cause, at their head standing the "*Débats*," which is not the inferior of the "*Times*" in respect to ability, and is far its superior in all other respects. Besides, judging from such articles from the French presses devoted to Secession interests as have come under our observation, they are neither so able nor so venomous as those which appear in British Secession journals and magazines. Most of them might be translated for the purpose of showing that the French have no wish for our destruction, while the language of the British articles indicates the existence of an intense personal hostility, and an eager desire to see the United States partitioned like Poland. We should be something much above, or as much below, the standard of humanity, if we were not moved deeply by such evidences of fierce hatred, expressed in the fiercest of language.

In assuming a strictly impartial position, England follows a sense of interest, which is proper and praiseworthy. She cannot, supposing her to be wise, be desirous of our destruction; for, that accomplished, she would be more open than ever to a French attack. Let Napoleon III. accomplish those European purposes to

which his mind is now directed, and he would be impelled to quarrel with England by a variety of considerations, should this Republic be broken up into half a dozen feeble and quarrelsome confederacies. But with the United States in existence, and powerful enough to command respect, he would not dare to seek the overthrow of the British Empire. We could not permit him to head a crusade for England's annihilation, no matter what might be our feeling toward the mother-land. A just regard for our own interests would impel us to side with her, should she be placed in serious danger. Such was, substantially, President Jefferson's opinion, sixty years ago, when the first Napoleon was so bent upon the conquest of England; and we think that his views are applicable to the existing circumstances of the world. Where should we have been now, if England had quarrelled with and been conquered by Napoleon III.? We must distinguish between the English nation and Englishmen, — between the English Government, which has, perhaps, borne itself as favorably toward us as it could, and that English aristocracy which has, as a rule, exhibited so strong a desire to have us extinguished, even while it has repeatedly refused to take steps preparatory to war; and the two countries should be persuaded to understand that neither can perish without the life of the other being placed in great danger. The best answer to be made to the wordy attacks of Englishmen is to be found in success. That answer would be complete; and if it cannot be made, what will it signify to us what shall be said of us by foreigners? The bitterest attacks can never disturb the dead.

One cause of the change of England's course toward us is to be found in our own change of moral position. The President's Emancipation Proclamation went into effect on the first of January, 1863; and from that time the anti-slavery people of England have been on our side; and their influence is great, and bears upon the supporters of the Palmerston Ministry

with peculiar force. Had our Government persisted in the pro-slavery policy which it favored down to the autumn of 1862, it is not at all unlikely that the English intervention party would have been strong enough to compel their country to go with France in her mediation scheme, — and the step from mediation to intervention would have been but a short one; but the committal of the North to anti-slavery views, and the union of their cause with that of emancipation, threw the English Abolitionists, men who largely represent England's moral worth, on our side. The Proclamation, therefore, even if it could be proved that it had not led to the liberation of one slave, has been of immense service to us, and the President deserves the thanks of every loyal American for having issued it. He threw a shell into the foreign Secession camp, the explosion of which was fatal to that "cordial understanding" that was to have operated for our annihilation.

Such was the year of the Proclamation, and its history is marvellous in our eyes. It stands in striking contrast to the other years of the war, both of which closed badly for us, and left the impression that the enemy's case was a good one, speaking militarily. Our improved condition should be attributed to the true cause. When, in the Parliament of 1601, Mr. Speaker Croke said that the kingdom of England "had been defended by the mighty arm of the Queen," Elizabeth exclaimed from the throne, "No, Mr. Speaker, but rather by the mighty hand of God!" So with us. We have been saved "by the mighty hand of God." Neither "malice domestic" nor "foreign levy" has prevailed at our expense. Whether we had the right to expect Heaven's aid, we cannot undertake to say; but we know that we should not have deserved it, had we continued to link the nation's cause to that of oppression, and had we shed blood and expended gold in order to restore the system of slavery and the sway of slaveholders.



portrait of Lord Byron, and in an ancient cabinet was shown the cup made from a skull found in one of the stone coffins near the Abbey church. It is mounted in silver, and the well-known lines, written by Byron, are engraved on the rim. "Having it made" was, as he said himself, "one of his foolish freaks, of which he was ashamed." The cup, however, bears little resemblance to a skull. Colonel Wildman preserved the furniture of Byron's dining-room, and other apartments, (very simple it is,) without alteration, in the hope that he might return from Greece and revisit the halls of his fathers. Had Fate so willed, he would have found how kindly and faithfully his early friend had associated him with Newstead, and preserved every memorial of past history connected with the place. Yet thoughts of bitterness would even then have mingled with these familiar scenes, for it was not the heir of the Byrons who had restored Newstead Abbey to beauty and order.

Quitting the Abbey, and passing into the gardens, we followed the gardener through the deepening gloom to the wood, where, in former days, an ancestor of the Byrons set up leaden statues of satyrs, which the country-people called "the old lord's devils"; and very much like demons they looked. The tree was pointed out upon which Byron cut the names of "Augusta" and "Byron," with the date, during a last walk the brother and sister took together at Newstead. It is a double tree, springing from one root, which he chose as emblematical of themselves. The dim light barely enabled us to discern letters deeply carved, but growing less visible with the expanding bark. One of the trees has withered under that spell which seems to have blasted all connected with the name, and is cut off just above the inscription. The oak planted by Byron in his youth in a different part of the grounds was also shown to us. It is yet strong and vigorous. We picked up a yellow leaf, which the wind bore to our feet, as a fitting memorial of the place and the hour.

Passing again through the old Abbey church, the chill of the evening met us, cold and damp,—fit atmosphere for the place. The rooks were all asleep in their high nests; silence, darkness, and mist were fast casting their mantle over old Newstead; and the only cheerful sign came from the distant window of the Colonel's library, whence shot out a generous gleam of household fire,—emblem of that warm heart which had shed light upon the once desolate abode of its early friend.

Since our visit to Newstead, (seven years ago,) the Abbey has passed into other hands, and even a royal owner is now reported to possess the poet's ancestral home. We shall ever deem ourselves fortunate that our destiny led us to make this pilgrimage during the lifetime of Colonel Wildman and while the place was under his enlightened and generous ownership.

A few miles from Newstead Abbey is Hucknall, a poor, desolate-looking village, at the end of whose street stands an old church, beneath which is the burial-place of the Byrons. The building is ancient and gray, but dreary rather than venerable. Standing in its comfortless interior, we remembered that Byron once asked to be buried under the green, grassy floor of the roofless church at Newstead Abbey, with his faithful dog at his feet. The poet, whose rapid glance seized every glory and beauty of Nature, whose memory, wax to receive, and marble to retain, transferred the vision through the medium of his rare command of language, should have had a grave over which winds sweep, birds sing, and stars watch. Not so. A white marble tablet let into the wall above the family-vault was erected to Byron's memory by his sister. Perhaps the simplicity of the monument was suggested by these lines, written at the early age of nineteen years:—

"When to his airy hall my father's voice  
Shall call my spirit, happy in the choice,  
When poised upon the gale my form shall  
ride,

Or dark in mist descend the mountain-side,  
 Oh, may my shade behold no sculptured urns  
 To mark the spot where dust to dust returns,  
 No lengthened scroll, no praise-encumbered  
 stone!

My epitaph shall be my name alone.  
 If that with honor fail to crown my clay,  
 Oh, may no other fame my deeds repay!  
 That, only that, shall single out the spot,  
 By that remembered, or by that forgot."

The inscription upon the tablet, after his name and title, designates him as the Author of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," who died while aiding the cause of Liberty in Greece: thus striking the noblest notes in a powerful, eccentric, blotted score, as the fundamental chord of Byron's requiem.

*Feb. '64*  


---

*Spencer.*

82-

### THE LAST CHARGE.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife  
 For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?  
 The giant grows blind in his fury and spite, —  
 One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,  
 And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal!  
 Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,  
 As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!  
 Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted shake!  
 Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,  
 Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield:  
 True honor *to-day* must be sought on the field!  
 Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red, —  
 The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!  
 The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!  
 Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn,  
 Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,  
 As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;  
 Smite, smite the proud parricide down from his throne, —  
 His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

C. C. Hale.

83

## NORTHERN INVASIONS. U

NORTHERN Invasions, when successful, advance the civilization of the world.

It would not be difficult to present from all history a mass of illustrations of this thesis wellnigh sufficient in themselves to establish it. And there is no doubt that the principles of human nature, which appear in those illustrations, can be set in such order as to prove the thesis beyond a question. The softness of Southern climates produces, in the long run, gentleness, effeminacy, and indolence, or passionate rather than persevering effort. It produces, again, the palliatives or disguises of these traits which are found in formal religions, and in institutions of caste or slavery. The rigor of Northern climates produces, on the other hand, in the long run, hardy physical constitutions among men, with determined individuality of character. It produces, therefore, freedom even to democracy in politics, protestantism even to rationalism in religion, and grim perseverance even to the bitter end in war. A certain stern morality, often amounting to asceticism, is imposed on Northern constitutions. So superficial is it, so much a creature of circumstance, that Norman, Scandinavian, Goth, or Icelandic, deserves no sort of credit for it. All history shows that it vanishes before the temptations of any Vinland which the frozen barbarians stumble upon. None the less does it give them vigor of muscle, and power to endure hardship, which, in the end, tells, over the accomplishments of the most warlike Romans, Greeks, Persians, or other Southrons. "Fight us, if you like," said Ariovistus to Cæsar; "but remember that none of us have slept under a roof for fourteen years." That sort of people are apt to succeed in the long run.

When they succeed, as we have said, they advance civilization. To begin with the farthest East, all such strength as the Chinese Empire has to-day is due to the

Tartar cross in its blood; that is, it results from the conquest of imbecile China by Northern Tartar tribes. One or two more such invasions, followed by colonization of Northern emigrants, would have made China a much stronger power this day than she is, and a nation of higher grade. The history of Indian civilization, again, is a history of Northern conquests. They tell us, indeed, that the Indian castes may be resolved into so many beachmarks of the waves of successive invasions from the North, the highest caste representing the last innovation. When Abraham crossed from Ur of the Chaldees into Canaan, when Cambyses broke open the secrets of Egyptian civilization, when Alexander first opened to the world Egyptian science, these were illustrations of the same thing, — Canaan, Egypt, and the world were all improved by those processes. Greece died out, and has never yet reestablished herself, because she never had a complete infusion of Gothic blood in her worn-out system. Italy, on the other hand, had a new birth, and at this moment has a magnificent future, because Goths and Lombards did sweep in upon her with their up-country virtues and wilderness moralities. What the Ostrogoths did for Spain, what the Franks did for Gaul, what the Northmen did for England, are so many more illustrations. What Gustavus Adolphus would have done for Germany, if he had succeeded, would have been another.

What we are to do in the South, when we succeed, will be another. It makes the subject of this paper.

Nobody pretends, of course, that War itself does anything final in the advance of civilization. War itself is, what the poets call it, a terrible piece of ploughing. With us, just now, it is subsoil-ploughing, very deep at that. Stumps and stones have to be heaved out, which



had on them the moss and lichens and superficial soil of centuries, and which had fancied, in that heavy semi-consciousness which belongs to stumps and stones, that they were fixed forever. As the teams and the ploughshares pass over the ground which has lain fallow so long, they leave, God knows, and millions of bleeding hearts know, a very desolate prospect in the upheaved furrows behind them. It is very black, very rough, very desert to the eye, and in spots it is very bloody. This is what war does. So desolate the prospect, that we of the Northern States have certainly a right to thank God that it was not we who called out the ploughmen.

War, in itself, does nothing but plough, —but immediately on the end of the war, in any locality, he who succeeds begins on the harrowing and the planting. And because God is, and directs all such affairs, it is wonderful to see how short is the June which in His world covers all such furrows as His ploughmen make with new beauty. It is to the methods of that new harvest that the President has boldly led our attention in his admirable Proclamation of Amnesty. It is to the details of it that each loyal man has to look already. It is but a few weeks since we heard a sentimental grumbler, at a public meeting, lamenting over the discomforts of the freed slaves in the Southwest, as he compared them with their lost paradise. Men of his type, to whom the present is always worse than the past, succeed in persuading themselves that the incidental hardships of transition are to be taken as the type of a whole future. And so this apostle of discontent really believed that the condition of the fifty thousand freed slaves of the Mississippi, in the hands of such men as Grant, and Eliot, and Yeatman, and Wheelock, and Forman, and Fiske, and Howard, was really going to be worse than it was under the lashes of Legree, or at the auction-block of New Orleans. The more manly, as the more philosophical way of looking at the transition, is to discover the shortest path leading to that

future, which, without such a transition, cannot come.

The President, with courage which does him infinite honor, leads the way to this future. His Proclamation is really a rallying-cry to all true men and women, whether they are living at the North or at the South, to take hold and work for its accomplishment. With an army posted in each of the revolted States, with more than one of them completely under National control, he considers that the time for planting has come. He is no such idealist or sentimentalist as to leave these new-made furrows, so terribly torn up in three years of war, to renew their own verdure by any mere spontaneous vegetation.

Practical as the President always is, he is sublimely practical in the Proclamation. "Let us make good out of this evil as quickly as we can," he says; "let peace bring in plenty as quickly as she can." To bring this about, he promises the strong arm of the nation to protect anything which shall show itself worth protecting, in the way of social institutions of republican liberty. He does not ask, like a conqueror, for the keys of a capital. He does not ask, like a Girondist, for the vote of a majority. He knows, it is true, as all the world knows, that, if the vote of all the men of the South could ever be obtained, the majority would utterly overshadow the handful of gentry who have been lordling it over white trash and black slaves together. But the President has no wish to prolong martial law to that indefinite future when this handful of gentlemen shall let the majority of their own people pronounce upon their claims to rule them. Waiving the requisitions of the theorists, and at the same time relieving himself from the necessity of employing military power a moment longer than is necessary, he announces, in advance, what will be his policy in extending protection to loyal governments formed in Rebel States. If there can be found in any State enough righteous men willing to take the oath of allegiance and to

sustain the nation in its determination for emancipation,—if there can be found only enough to be counted up as the tenth part of those who voted in the election of 1860, though their State should have sinned like Gomorrah, even though its name should be South Carolina, they shall be permitted to reconstruct its government, and that government shall be recognized by the government of the nation.

It is true that this gift is vastly more than any of the Rebel States has any right to claim. When the King of Oude rebels against England, he does not find, at the end of the war, that, because he is utterly defeated, things are to go on upon their old agreeable footing. Rebellion is not, in its nature, one of those pretty plays of little children, which can stop when either party is tired, because he asks for it to stop, so gently that both parties shall walk on hand in hand till either has got breath enough to begin the game again. If the nation were contending against real and permanent enemies, in reducing to order the States of the Confederacy, or if the national feeling towards the people of those States were the bitter feeling which their leaders profess towards our people, the nation would, of course, offer no such easy terms. The nation would say, "When you threw off the Constitution, you did it for better for worse. It guaranteed to you your State governments. You spurned the guaranty. Let it be so. Let the guaranty be withdrawn. You cannot sustain them. Let them go, then. You have destroyed them. And the nation governs you by proconsuls." But the nation has no such desire to deal harshly with these people. The nation knows that more than half of them were never regarded as people at home,—that they had no more to do with the Rebellion than had the oxen with which they labored. The nation knows that of the rest of the Southern people literally only a handful professed power in the State. The nation knows, therefore, that what pretended to be a union of republics

was, really, to take Gouverneur Morris's phrase, a union of republics with oligarchies, — seventeen republics united to fourteen oligarchies, when this thing began. The nation knows that the fourteen will be happier, stronger, more prosperous than ever, when their people have the rights of which they are partly conscious, — when they also become republics. The nation means to carry out the constitutional guaranty, and give them the republican government which under the Constitution belongs to every State in the Union. The nation looks forward to prosperous centuries, in which these States, with these people and the descendants of these people, shall be united in one nation with the republics which have been true to the nation. For all these reasons the nation has no thought of insisting on its rights as against Rebel States. It has no thunders of vengeance except for those who have led in these iniquities. For the people who have been misled it has pardon, protection, encouragement, and hope. It can afford to be generous. And at the President's hands it makes the offer which will be received.

We say this offer will be received. We know very well the difficulty with which an opinion long branded with ignominy makes head in countries where there is no press, where there is no free speech, where there are no large cities. Excepting Louisiana, the Southern States have none of these. And the "peculiar institutions" throw the control of what is called opinion more completely into the hands of a very small class of men, we might almost say a very small knot of men, than in any other oligarchy which we remember in modern history. It is in considering this very difficulty that we recognize the wisdom of the President's Proclamation. He is conscious of the difficulty, and has placed his minimum of loyal inhabitants at a very low point, that, even in the hardest cases, there may be a possibility of meeting his requisition.

It is not true, on the other hand, that

he has placed his minimum so low as to involve the government in any difficulty in sustaining the State governments which will be framed at his call. It must be remembered that this "tenth part" of righteous men will have very strong allies in every Southern State. It is confessed, on all hands, that they will be supported by all the negroes in every State. Just in proportion to what was the strength of the planting interest is its weakness in the new order of things. Given such physical force, given the moral and physical strength which comes with national protection, and given the immense power which belongs to the wish for peace, and the "tenth part" will soon find its fraction becoming larger and more respectable by accretions at home and by emigration from other States. We shall soon learn that there is next to nobody who really favored this thing in the beginning. They will tell us that they all stood for their old State flag, and that they will be glad to stand for it in its new hands.

It will be only the first step that will cost. Everybody sees this. The President sees it. Mr. Davis sees it. He hopes nobody will take it. We hope a good many people will. The merit of the President's plan is that this step can be promptly taken. And so many are the openings by which national feeling now addresses the people of the States in revolt, and national men can call on them to express their real opinions and to act in their real interest, that we hope to see it taken in many places at the same time.

When Constantine made Christianity the religion of the Roman Empire, he supposed that one-thirteenth part of his people were Christians. He was statesman enough to know that a minority of one-thirteenth, united together because they had one cause, would be omnipotent over a majority of twelve-thirteenths, without a cause and disunited. So, if any one asks for an example in our history,—the Territory of Kansas was thrown open to emigration with every facility

given to the Southern emigrant, and every discouragement offered to the Northerner. But forty men, organized together by a cause, settled Lawrence, and it was rumored that there was to be some organization of the other Northern settlers, and at that word the Northern hive emptied itself into Kansas, and the Atchisons and Bufords and Stringfellowes abandoned their new territory, badly stung. These are illustrations, one of them on the largest scale, and the other belonging wholly to our own time and country, of the worth even of a very small minority, in such an initiative as is demanded now. What was done in Kansas can be done again in Florida, in Texas, if Texas do not take care for herself, in either Carolina, in any Southern State where the "righteous men" do not themselves appear to take this first step on which the President relies.

Take, for instance, this magnificent Florida, our own Italy,—if one can conceive of an Italy where till now men have been content to live a half-civilized life, only because the oranges grew to their hands, and there was no necessity for toil. The vote of Florida in 1860 was 14,347. So soon as in Florida one-tenth part of this number, or 1,435 men, take the oath of allegiance to the National Government, so soon, if they have the qualifications of electors under Florida law, shall we have a loyal State in Florida. It will be a Free State, offering the privileges of a Free State to the eager eyes of the North and of Europe. That valley of the St. John's, with its wealth of lumber,—the even climate of the western shore,—the navy-yard to be reëstablished at Pensacola,—the commerce to be resumed at Jacksonville,—the Nice which we will build up for our invalids at St. Augustine,—the orange-groves which are wasting their sweetness at this moment, on the plantations and the islands,—will all be so many temptations to the emigrant, as soon as work is honorable in Florida. If the people who gave 5,437 votes for Bell and 367 for Douglas cannot furnish 1,435 men to



establish this new State government, we here know who can.

"Armies composed of freemen conquer for themselves, not for their leaders." This is the happy phrase of Robertson, as he describes the reestablishment of society in Europe after the great Northern invasions, which gave new life to Roman effeminacy, and new strength to Roman corruption. The phrase is perfectly true. It is as true of the armies of freemen who have been called to the South now to keep the peace as it was of the armies of freemen who were called South then by the imbecility of Roman emperors or their mutual contentions. The lumbermen from Maine and New Hampshire who have seen the virgin riches of the St. John's, like the Massachusetts volunteers who have picked out their farms in the valley of the Shenandoah or established in prospect their forges on the falls of the Potomac, or like the Illinois regiments who have been introduced to the valleys of Tennessee or of Arkansas, will furnish men enough, well skilled in political systems, to start the new republics, in regions which have never known what a true republic was till now.

To carry out the President's plan, and to give us once more working State governments in the States which have rebelled, — to give them, indeed, the first true republican governments they have ever known, — would require for Virginia about 12,000 voters. They can be counted, we suppose, at this moment, in the counties under our military control. Indeed, the loyal State government of Virginia is at this moment organized. In North Carolina it would require 9,500 voters. The loyal North Carolina regiments are an evidence that that number of home-grown men will readily appear. In South Carolina, to give a generous estimate, we need 5,000 voters. It is the only State which we never heard any man wish to emigrate to. It is the hardest region, therefore, of any to redeem. At the worst, till the 5,000 appear, the new Georgia will be glad to gov-

ern all the country south of the Santee, and the new North Carolina what is north thereof. Georgia will need 10,000 loyal voters. There are more than that number now encamped upon her soil, willing to stay there. Of Florida we have spoken. Alabama requires 9,000. They have been hiding away from conscription; they have been fleeing into Kentucky and Ohio: they will not be unwilling to reappear when the inevitable "first step" is taken. For Mississippi we want 7,000. Mr. Reverdy Johnson has told us where they are. For Louisiana, one tenth is 5,000. More than that number voted in the elections which returned the sitting members to Congress. For Texas, the proportion is 6,200; for Arkansas, 5,400. Those States are already giving account of themselves. In Tennessee the fraction required is 14,500. And as the people of Knoxville said, "They could do that in the mountains alone."

We have no suspicion of a want of latent Southern loyalty. But we have brought together these figures to show how inevitable is a reconstruction on the President's plan, even if Southern loyalty were as abject and timid as some men try to persuade us. These figures show us, that, if, of the million Northern men who have "prospected" the Southern country, in the march of victorious armies, only seventy-three thousand determine to take up their future lot there, and to establish there free institutions, they would be enough, without the help of one native, to establish these republican institutions in all the Rebel States. The deserted plantations, the farms offered for sale, almost for nothing, all the attractions of a softer climate, and all the just pride which makes the American fond of founding empires, are so many incentives to the undertaking of the great initiative proposed. In the cases of Virginia and Tennessee, and, as we suppose, of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, the beginning has already been made at home. In Florida a recent meeting at Fernandina gave promise for a like

beginning. If it do not begin there, the Emigrant Aid Company must act at once to give the beginning.\* There will remain the Carolinas and three of the Gulf States. The ploughing is not over there, and it is

\* In the last report of the New-England Emigrant Aid Company we find the following significant passage:—

"There is, undoubtedly, a general desire among the inhabitants of the Northern and Middle States to remove into the States south of them, which will soon welcome the introduction of free labor. This desire manifests itself strongly among soldiers who have seen the beauty and fertility of those States, in their duty of occupation and protection; and it has communicated itself to their friends with whom they have corresponded. Society in those States is, however, still so disturbed, and in such angry temper, that no Northern settler will be welcome or comfortable, as yet, who goes alone. To be saved the animosities and the hardships of lonely settlement, it is desirable that parties of settlers, furnishing to each other their own society, and thus far independent of dissatisfied neighbors, should go out together. The conditions on which only land can be obtained point to the same organization. Lands already under cultivation are now offered for sale in all the Border States, at very

not time therefore to speak of the harvest. For the rest, we hope we have said enough to indicate to the ready and active men of the nation where their great present duty lies.

low rates. If parties of settlers could buy in the large quantities which are offered, it would prove that they could remove and establish themselves, in some instances, upon these lands, almost as cheaply as they have hitherto been able to make the expensive Western journey and take up the cheap wild lands of the Government.

"But such purchases in the Border States are only possible when large tracts of land are sold. To enable the settler of small means to take a farm of a hundred acres, there needs the intervention of the organizers of emigration. Such a company as ours, for instance, can bring together, upon one old plantation, twenty, thirty, or forty families, if necessary: it can arrange for them terms of payment as favorable as those heretofore granted by the Government or the great railroad companies of the West."

Such suggestions apply more strongly to the case of Florida, which has come within our power since this report was published. Florida is, indeed, more easily protected from an enemy's raids than any of the so-called Border States.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Principles of Political Economy, with Some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IF works upon Political Economy, representing the orthodox European doctrine, are to be written, John Stuart Mill is certainly the man to write them. Able, candid, judicial, indefatigable, powerfully poised,—characterized by remarkable mental amplitude, by a rare steadiness of brain, by an admirable sense of logical relation, by a singular ease of command over his intellectual forces, by a clear and discriminating eye that does not wink when a hand is shaken before it,—of a humane and widely related nature, whose heats lie deep, so deep that many may think him cold,—of an understanding as

dry as John Locke's, wanting imagination in all its degrees, from rhetorical imagination, which is the lowest, to epic imagination, which is the highest, and therefore destitute of the sovereign insights which go only with this faculty in its higher degrees, while, on the other hand, freed from the enticements and attractions that are inseparable from it,—Mr. Mill has qualifications unsurpassed, perhaps, by those of any man living for considerate and serviceable thinking upon matters of immediate practical interest and of a somewhat tangible nature. His mental structure exhibits combinations which are by no means frequent. Seldom is seen a conjunction of such cold purity of thinking with such generosity of nature; seldom such considerateness, such industry, patience, and carefulness of deliberation,

Can any woman be such a housekeeper without inspiration? No. In the words of the old church-service, "Her soul must ever have affiance in God." The New Jerusalem of a perfect home cometh down from God out of heaven. But to make such a home is ambition high and worthy enough for *any* woman, be she what she may.

One thing more. Right on the threshold of all perfection lies *the cross* to be

taken up. No one can go over or around that cross in science or in art. Without labor and self-denial neither Raphael nor Michel Angelo nor Newton was made perfect. Nor can man or woman create a true home who is not willing in the outset to embrace life heroically, to encounter labor and sacrifice. Only to such shall this divinest power be given to create on earth that which is the nearest image of heaven.

---

SONG.

We have been lovers now, my dear,  
 It matters nothing to say how long,  
 But still at the coming round o' th' year  
 I make for my pleasure a little song;  
 And thus of my love I sing, my dear, —  
 So much the more by a year, by a year.

And still as I see the day depart,  
 And hear the bat at my window flit,  
 I sing the little song to my heart,  
 With just a change at the close of it;  
 And thus of my love I sing away, —  
 So much the more by a day, by a day.

When in the morning I see the skies  
 Breaking into a gracious glow,  
 I say you are not my sweetheart's eyes,  
 Your brightness cannot mislead me so;  
 And I sing of my love in the rising light, —  
 So much the more by a night, by a night.

Both at the year's sweet dawn and close,  
 When the moon is filling, or fading away,  
 Every day, as it comes and goes,  
 And every hour of every day,  
 My little song I repeat and repeat, —  
 So much the more by an hour, my sweet!



## OUR SOLDIERS. ✓

H. K. Furness.

WE entered gayly on our great contest. At the first sound from Sumter, enthusiasm blazed high and bright. Bells rang out, flags waved, the people rose as one man to cheer on our troops, and the practical American nation, surveying itself with astonishment, pronounced itself — finger on pulse — enthusiastic; and though, in the light of the present steadily burning determination, it has been the fashion gently to smile at that quick upspringing blaze, and at the times when it was gravely noted how the privates of our army took daily baths and wore Colt's revolvers, and pet regiments succumbed under showers of Havelocks, in contrast with the grim official reports of to-day, I cannot but think that enthusiasm healthful, and in itself a lesson, if only that it proves beyond question that our patriotism was not simply a dweller on the American tongue, but a thing of the American heart, so vitalizing us, so woven every day into the most minute ramifications of our living, so inner and recognized a part of our thinking, that there have been found some to doubt its existence, just as we half forget the gracious air, because no labored gasps, in place of our sure and even breathing, ever by any chance announce to us that somewhere there have been error and confusion in its vast workings.

Bitterer texts were ready all too soon. When we heard how one had fallen, bayoneted at the guns, and another was struck, charging on the foe, and a third had died after long lingering in hospital, — when we saw our brave boys, whom we had sent out with huzzas, coming back to us with the blood and grime of battle upon them, maimed, ghastly, dying, dead, — we knew that we, whom God had hitherto so blessed that we were compelled to look into the annals of other nations for misery and strife, had now commenced a record of our own. Henceforth there was for us a new literature,

new grooves of thought, new interests. By all the love of father, brother, husband, and children, we must learn more of this tragic and tender lore; and our soldiers have been a thought not far from the heart and lips of any one of us, and what is done, or doing, or possible for them, held worthiest of our thought and time.

Respecting these, we have had all to learn. True, with us, satisfaction has at all times followed close upon the announcement of a need; but wisdom in planning and administering is not a marketable commodity, and so we are educating ourselves up to the emergency, — the whole mighty nation at school, and learning, we are bound to say, with Yankee quickness. Love has been for us, also, a marvellous brain-prompter. Some of our grandest charities — I mean charities in the broadest and sweetest sense, for it is we who owe, not our soldiers — have been the inspiration of a moment's need, — thoughts of the people, who, in crises and at instance of the heart, think well and swiftly. Take this one example.

When New England's sons seized their arms, the first to answer the trumpet-call that rang out over the land, and went in the spirit of their fathers to the battle, — when these men passed through Philadelphia, hungry and weary, the great heart of the city went out to meet them. Citizens brought them into their houses, the neighboring shops gave gladly what they could, women came running with food snatched from their own tables, and even little squalid children toddled out of by-lanes and alleys with loaves and half-loaves, all that they had to give, so did the whole people yearn over their defenders; and then it was seen how other regiments would come to them, ready for the fray, but dusty and way-worn, and how the ambulances would bring them back parched and fainting,

and — it was hardly known how, only that, as in the old times, “the people were of one mind and one accord,” and brought of such things as they had; but on that sad, yet proud day, that brought back to them those who fell in Baltimore on the memorable nineteenth of April,—the heroes in whom all claim a share, and the right to say, not only Massachusetts’s dead and wounded, but ours — there was ready for them a shelter in the unpretending building famous since as the Cooper Shop. There the people crowded about them, weeping, blessing, consoling; and from that day there has no regiment from New England, New York, or any other State, been suffered to pass through Philadelphia unrefreshed. Water was supplied them, and tables ready spread, by the Volunteer Corps always in attendance, within five minutes after the firing of the gun that announced their arrival. There was shortly added, also, a volunteer hospital for the more dangerously wounded when first brought from the battle-field, and of it is told a story that Americans will like to hear.

It is of a Wisconsin soldier, who, taken prisoner, effected his escape from Richmond. Hiding by day, he forced his way at night through morass and forest, snatched such sleep as he dared on the damp and sodden earth, went without food whole days, reached our lines bruised, torn, shivering, starving, and his wounds, which had never been properly cared for, opened afresh. Let him tell the rest, straight from his heart.

“When I had my rubber blanket to wrap about me, I was comfortable, and, snug and warm in the cars, I thought myself happy; and when I heard them talk of the ‘Cooper Shop,’ I said to myself, ‘A cooper’s shop! that will be the very place of all the earth, for there I shall have a roof over me, and the shavings will be so warm and dry to lie upon!’ but when they carried me in, and I opened my eyes and saw what was the Cooper Shop, and the long tables all loaded for the poor soldiers, and when they took me to the hospital up-stairs, and placed me

in a bed, and real ladies and gentlemen, with tears in their eyes, came and waited on me, my manliness left me.”

A want of manliness, O honest heart, for which there need be no shame! Precious tribute to our country’s great love for her sons! For this is no sectional charity, only one example culled from thousands; for the land must, of a necessity, be overshadowed by the tree that has a root under almost every Northern hearth-stone; and then see how we are all bound together by the heart-strings!

Forty thousand men-at-arms are looking gravely at the height towering above the valley in which they stand. “Impregnable” military science pronounced it; but the men scaling it know nothing of this word “impregnable.” They have heard nothing of an order for retreat,—they are filled with a divine wrath of battle, and each man is as mad as his neighbor, and the officers are powerless to hold them back, and catch the infection and are swept on with them, and climbing, jumping, slipping, toiling on hands and knees, swinging from tree and bush, any way, any how, but always onward, never backward, they surge up over the mountain-top, deadly volleys crashing right in among them, and set on the Rebels with a wild hurrah! and the hearts below beat faster, and rough lips curse the blinding smoke and fog that veil all the crest, and on a sudden a shout,—such a one as the children of Israel gave, when the high-piled walls of water bent and swayed and came waving and thundering down on Pharaoh’s hopeless hosts,—for there, high up in heaven, streaming out through parting smoke, is the flag, torn, blood-stained, ball-riddled, but the dear old red, white, and blue, waving over the enemy’s works; and then the telegraph flashed out the brave news over the exulting country, and the press took up the story, and women said, with kindling faces, “My son, or my brother, or my husband may be dead, but, oh, our boys have done glorious things at Lookout Mountain!”—and History will tell how a grander charge was never made, and

calmly note the loss in dead and wounded, — so many thousands, — and pass on.

But we are not History, and our dead, — well, we will give them graves that shall be ever green with laurels, and their swords shall be our most precious legacy to our children, and their memories shall be a part of our household; but our wounded, for whom there is yet hope, who may yet live, — the cry goes up from Wisconsin, and Maine, and Iowa, and New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, Where are they, and how cared for? We are all, as I said, bound by the heart-strings in a common interest. The Boston woman with her boy in the Army of the Cumberland, and the Maine mother with one in New Orleans or Texas, and the Kansas father with a son in the Army of the Potomac, all clamor, “Is mine among the wounded, and do care and science for him all that care and science should?”

The Field Relief Corps of the Sanitary Commission are prompt on the battle-field, reaching the groaning sufferers even before their own surgeons. Said one man, lying there badly wounded, —

“And what do they pay yez for this? What do you get?”

“Pay! We ask nothing, only the soldier’s ‘God bless you.’”

“And is that all? Then sure here ’s plenty of the coin, fresh minted! God bless you! God bless you! and the good Lord be good to you, and remember yez as you have remembered us, and love yez and your children after you; and sure, if that is all, it ’s plenty of that sort of pay the poor soldier has for you!”

God bless such men! we echo; but after that, what then? Our beloved are taken to the hospitals, and we know, in a general way, that hospitals are buildings containing long rows of beds, and that science is doing its utmost in their behalf; but when our friends write us from across seas, they tell us, not only how they are, but where, — jotting down little pen-and-ink pictures to show us how stands the writing-table, and how hangs the picture, and where is the *fauteuil*, that we may see them as they are daily; so we crave

something more, we feel shut out, we want to get at their daily living, to know something of hospital-life.

Hospitals have sprung up as if sown broadcast, and these, too, of no mean order. True, in our first haste and inexperience, viciously planned hospitals were erected; but these and the Crimean blunders have served us as beacons, and the anxious care of the Government has been untiring, the outlay of money and things more precious unbounded; and those who have had this weighty matter in charge have no reason to fear an account of their stewardship. The Boston Free Hospital in excellence of plan and beauty of design can be excelled by none. Philadelphia boasts the two largest military hospitals in the world. Of the twenty-three in and about Washington many are worthy of all praise. The general hospital at Fort Schuyler is admirable in plan and *locale*, and this latter condition is found to be of vast importance. A Rebel battery, with an incurable habit of using the hospital as a target, would scarcely be so dangerous as a low, water-sogged, clayey soil, with its inevitable results of fever, rheumatism, and bowel-complaints.

Spotless cleanliness is another indispensable characteristic, — not only urged, but enforced; for there is no such notable housewife as the Government. The vast “Mower” Hospital at Chestnut Hill, the largest in the world, is as well kept as a lady’s boudoir should be. It is built around a square of seven acres, in which stand the surgeon’s lecture-room, the chapel, the platform for the band, etc. A long corridor goes about this square, rounded at the corners, and lighted on one side by numerous large windows, which, if removed in summer, must leave it almost wholly open. From the opposite side radiate the sick-wards, fifty in number, one story in height, one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and twenty feet farther apart at the extremity than at the corridor, thus completely isolating them from each other. A railway runs the length of the corridor, on which small cars convey meals to the mess-rooms at-



tached to each of the wards for those who are unable to leave them, stores, and even the sick themselves; and the corridor, closed in winter and warmed by stoves, forms a huge and airy exercise-hall for the convalescent patients. As for the cooking-facilities, they are something prodigious, at least in the sight of ordinary kitchens, leaving nothing to be desired, unless it were that discriminating kettle of the Erse king, that could cook for any given number of men and apportion the share of each to his rank and needs. Such a kettle might make the "extra-diet" kitchen unnecessary; otherwise, I can hardly tell where improvement would be possible.

But though, with the exception of the West Philadelphia, none can compare in hugeness with this Skrymir of hospitals, the hospital-buildings, as a rule, have everywhere a strong family-likeness. The pavilion-system, which isolates each of the sick-wards, allowing it free circulation of air about three of its sides, is conceded to be the only one worthy of attention, and is introduced in all such buildings of modern date. Ridge-ventilation, obtained by means of openings on either side of the ridge, is also very generally used, and advocated even in permanent hospitals of stone and brick. Science and Common Sense at last have fraternized, and work together hand in hand. The good old-fashioned plan of slowly stewing the patient to death, or at least to a fever, in confined air and stale odors, equal parts, is almost abandoned; and to speak after the manner of Charles Reade, "Nature gets now a pat on the back, instead of a kick under the bed." Proper ventilation begins, ends, and forms the gist of almost every chapter in our hospital-manuals; and I think they should be excellent summer-reading, for a pleasant breeze seems to rustle every page, so earnestly is, first, pure air, second, pure air, and third, pure air, impressed upon the student, "line upon line and precept upon precept."

The Mower Hospital, which employs ten hundred and fifty gas-burners, uses

daily one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water, and can receive between five and six thousand patients, is free even from a suspicion of the "hospital-smell." The Campbell and Harewood, at Washington, are models in this respect, and can rank with many a handsome drawing-room. The last-named institution is also delightfully situated on grounds once belonging to the Rebel Corcoran, comprising some two hundred acres, laid out with shaded walks, and adorned with rustic bridges and summer-houses,—a fashion of deriving aid and comfort from the enemy which does n't come under the head of treason.

On hygienic grounds, all possible traps are set to catch sunbeams. One hospital has a theatre in the mess-room, of which the scenery is painted by a convalescent, and the stage, foot-lights, etc., are the work of the soldiers. The performers are amateurs, taken from among the patients; and the poor fellows who can be moved, but are unable to walk, are carried down in the dumb-waiter to share in the entertainment. Another has a library, reading-room, and a printing-press, which strikes off a weekly newspaper, in which are a serial story, poetry, and many profound and moral reflections. The men play cards and backgammon, read, write, smoke, and tell marvellous stories, commencing, "It was n't fairly day, and we were hardly wide enough awake to tell a tree-stump from a gray coat,"—or, "When we saw them coming, we first formed in square, corner towards them you know, and waited till they were close on us, and then, Sir, we opened and gave them our cannon, grape-shot, right slap into them,"—or good-humoredly rally each other, as in the case of that unlucky regiment perfectly cut up in its first battle, and known as "six-weeks' soldiers and six-months' hospital-men."

But these are mere surface-facts. Hospital-life is woven in a different pattern from our own, the shades deeper, the gold brighter, and we find in it very much of heroism in plain colors, and self-sacrifice of rough texture.

One poor fellow, yet dim-eyed and faint from long battling for his ebbing life, will motion away the offered delicacy, pointing to some other bed:—"Give it to him; he needs it more than I"; or sometimes, if money is offered, "I have just been paid off; let that man have it; he has nothing." Then some of the convalescents furnish our best and tenderest nurses. A soldier was brought from Richmond badly wounded in the leg. While in the prison his wounds had received no attention, and he was in such enfeebled condition, that, when amputation became inevitable, it was feared he would die of the operation. Hardly breathing, made over apparently unto death, one of these soldier-nurses took him in charge, for five days and nights kept close by his bed, scarcely leaving him an instant, watching his faltering, flickering breath, as his mother might have done, wresting him by force of vigilance and tenderest care from the very clutch of the Destroyer, rejoicing over his recovery as for that of a dear and only brother. Another, likewise brought from Richmond, won the pity of a lady, a chance visitor. She came to him every day, a distance of five miles, washed his wounds, dressed them, nursed him back into the confines of life, obtained for him a furlough, took him to her own house to complete the cure, and sent him back to his regiment—well.

Over a third, a ruddy-faced New-England boy hardly yet into manhood, hung the shadow of death, and quivering lips and swimming eyes—for they come, there, to love our poor boys most tenderly—had spoken his death-warrant. He was silent a moment. Even a brave soul stops and catches breath, at the unexpected nearness of the Great Revelation; then he asked to be baptized,—“because his mother was a Christian, and he had promised her, if he died, and not on battle-field, to have this rite performed, that she might know that he shared this Holy Faith with her, and was not forgetful of her wishes”; and so he was baptized, and died.

There are cheerier phases. Side by

side lay a New-Yorker, a Pennsylvanian, and a Scotch boy, all terribly wounded. By the by, it is a curious fact that there are few sabre-wounds, and almost literally none from the bayonet; the work of destruction being, in almost all cases, that of the rending Minié ball. The fathers of the New-Yorker and Pennsylvanian had just visited them, and they were chatting cheerily of their homes. The Scotch boy, who had lost a leg, looked up, brightly smiling also.

“My mother will be here on Wednesday, from Scotland. When she knew that I had enlisted, she sent me word that I had done well to take up arms for a country that had been so good to me; and when she heard that I was wounded, she wrote that she should take the next steamer for the United States.”

And, as might have been expected from such a woman, on Wednesday she *was* by his bedside, redeeming her word to the very day.

Sometimes the men grumble a little. One poor fellow, with a bullet through his lungs, took high and strong ground against the meat:—"Oh! God love ye! how could a body eat it, swimming in fat? but the eggs, they was beautiful; and the toast is good; ye'll send me some of that for me supper?" But as a rule they are cheery and contented, grow strongly attached to their nurses and the visitors, and, when back in camp, write letters of fond remembrance to their hospital-homes.

No one has ever suspected ledgers of a latent angelic principle,—and yet, if unpaid benevolence, consolation poured on wounded hearts, hope given to despair, and help to poverty and misery, have in them anything heavenly, then have our soldiers a guardian angel in the Hospital Directory. There has been a battle, and three or four days of maddening suspense, and then the cold, hopeless newspaper-list; and your son, mother, who played about your knee only a little time ago, and went out in his youthful pride to battle, is there, wounded,—or your lover, girl, who has taught you the deeper

meaning of a woman's life,—or your husband, sad woman, whose children stand at your knee scared by your tears.

"The regiment stood like a rock against the enemy's furious onset, and its blood-stained colors are forever glorious"; but it went out nine hundred strong, and it comes back with two hundred, and what do you care now for laurel-wreaths? He is not with them. There are railroads, — you can near the battle-field, but you cannot reach it; you can inquire, but the officers must care for the living, — "let the dead bury their dead"; and while you are frantically asking and searching, he is dying, suffering, calling for you; and then you find that the Hospital Directory has trace of him, and the kindly, patient members of the Sanitary Commission are ready with time, and money, if needed, to put you on it; and if ever you have had that horror of uncertainty strong upon you, you will not think that I have strained the language, when I call this most pitiful and Christian charity a guardian angel. Hear the inquiries: — "By the love you bear your own mother, tell me where my boy is! only give me some tidings!" "I pray you, tell me of these two nephews for whom I am seeking: I have had fourteen nephews in the service, and these two are the only ones left." Words like these put soul and meaning into the following statistics, given by Mr. Brown, Superintendent of the Hospital Directory at Washington.

"The Washington Bureau of the Hospital Directory of the United States Sanitary Commission was opened to the public on the twenty-seventh of November, 1862. In the month of December following I was ordered to Louisville, Ky., to organize a Directory Bureau for the Western Department of the Sanitary Commission, and in January ended my labor in that department. Returning to Washington, and thence proceeding to Philadelphia and New York upon the same duty performed at the West, I completed the entire organization of the four bureaus by the fifth of March, 1863. Since the first of June, at these several

bureaus, the returns from every United States General Hospital of the army, 233 in number, have been regularly received.

"The total number of names on record is 513,437. The total number of inquiries for information has been 12,884, and the number of successful answers rendered 9,203, being seventy-two per cent. on the number received. The remaining twenty-eight per cent., of whom no information could be obtained, are of those who perished in the Peninsula campaign, before Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, etc."

In the Sanitary Commission, mentioned here, our soldiers have yet another friend, for whom even our copious Anglo-Saxon can find no word of description at once strong, wise, tender, and far-reaching; but perhaps a simple story, taken from the Sanitary Commission Bulletin, will speak more clearly, and better to the heart, than pages of dry records.

"Away up in the fourth story of Hospital No. 3, and in a far corner of the ward, was seen, one day, an old lady sitting by the side of a mere lad, who was reduced to the verge of death by chronic diarrhœa. She was a plain, honest-hearted farmer's wife, her face all aglow with motherly love, and who, to judge from appearances, had likely never before travelled beyond the limits of her neighborhood, but now had come many a long mile to do what might be done for her boy. In the course of a conversation she informed her questioner, that, 'if she could only get something that tasted like home,—some good tea, for instance, which she could make herself, and which would be better than that of the hospital,—she thought it might save her son's life.' Of course it was sent to her, and on a subsequent visit she expressed her thanks in a simple, hearty way, quite in keeping with her appearance. Still she seemed sad; something was on her mind that evidently troubled her, and, like Banquo's ghost, 'would not down.' At length it came out in a confiding, innocent way,—more, evidently, because it was uppermost in her thoughts than for



the purpose of receiving sympathy,—that her means were about exhausted. ‘I did n’t think that it would take so much money; it is so much farther away from home than I had thought, and board here is so very high, that I have hardly enough left to take me back; and by another week I will have to leave him. I have been around to the stores to buy some little things that he would eat,—for he can’t eat this strong food,—but the prices are so high that I can’t buy them, and I am afraid, that, if I go away, and if he does n’t get something different to eat, that maybe,’ and the tears trickled down her cheeks, ‘he won’t—be so well.’

“Her listener thought that difficulty might be overcome, and, if she would put on her bonnet, they would go to a store where articles were cheap. Accordingly they arrived in front of the large three-story building which Government has assigned to the Commission, and the old lady was soon running her eyes over the long rows of boxes, bales, and barrels that stretched for a hundred feet down the room, but was most fascinated by the bottles and cans on the shelves. He ordered a supply of sugar, tea, soft crackers, and canned fruit, then chicken and oysters, then jelly and wine, brandy, milk, and under-clothing, till the basket was full. As the earlier articles nestled under its lids, her face was glowing with satisfaction; but as the later lots arrived, she would draw him aside to whisper that ‘it was too much,’—‘really she had n’t enough money’; and when the more expensive items came from the shelves, the shadow of earnestness which gloomed her countenance grew into one of perplexity, her soul vibrating between motherly yearning for the lad on his bed and the scant purse in her pocket, till, slowly, and with great reluctance, she began to return the costliest.

“‘Had n’t you better ask the price?’ said her guide.

“‘How much is it?’

“‘Nothing,’ replied the store-keeper.

“‘Sir!’ queried she, in the utmost amazement, ‘*nothing* for all this?’

“‘My good woman,’ asked the guide, ‘have you a Soldiers’ Aid Society in your neighborhood?’

“Yes, they had; she belonged to it herself.

“‘Well, what do you suppose becomes of the garments you make, and the fruit you put up?’

“She had n’t thought,—she supposed they went to the army,—but was evidently bothered to know what connection there could be between their Aid Society and that basket.

“‘These garments that you see came from your society, or other societies just like yours; so did these boxes and barrels; that milk came from New York; those fruits from Boston; that wine was likely purchased with gold from California; and it is all for sick soldiers, your son as much as for any one else. This is the United States Sanitary Commission storehouse; you must come here whenever you wish, and call for everything you want; and you must stay with your son until he is able to go home: never mind the money’s giving out; you shall have more, which, when you get back, you can refund for the use of other mothers and sons; when you are ready to go, I will put him in a berth where he can lie down, and you shall save his life yet.’

“She did,—God bless her innocent, motherly heart!—when nothing but motherly care could have achieved it; and when last seen, on a dismal, drizzly morning, was, with her face beaming out the radiance of hope, making a cup of tea on the stove of a caboose-car for the convalescent, who was snugly tucked away in the caboose-berth, waiting the final whistle of the locomotive that would speed them both homeward.”

But for many of our soldiers there is yet another phase in store,—that sad time when the clangor and fierce joy and wild, exulting hurrah of the battle are over forever; and so, too, is over tender hospital-nursing, and they are sent out by hundreds, cured of their wounds, but maimed, the sources of life half drained, vigor gone, hope all spent, to limp through

the blind alleys and by-ways of life, dropped out of the remembrance of a country that has used and forgotten them. They have given for her, not life, but all that makes life pleasant, hopeful, or even possible. It seems to me, that, in common decency, if she has no laurels to spare, she should at least give them in return — a daily dinner. Already, however, has the idea been set forth, after a better fashion than I can hope to do, — in wood and stone, and by the aid of a charter.

In Philadelphia stands the first chartered "Home" for disabled soldiers, a cheery old house, dating back to the occupation of the city by the British army in 1777-8, founded and supported by private citizens, open to all, of whatever State, and fully looking its title, a "Home"; and as the want is more widely felt, and presses closer upon us, I cannot but think that everywhere we shall find such "Homes," and as we grow graver, sadder, and wiser, under the hard teaching of our war, and more awake to the thought that we have done with our splendid unclouded youth, and must now take upon us the sterner responsibilities of our manhood, that a new spirit will spring up among us, — the spirit of that woman who, with a bedridden mother,

an ailing sister, and a shop to tend, as their only means of support, yet finds time to visit our sick soldiers, and carry to them the little that she can spare, and that which she has begged of her wealthier neighbors, — the spirit of that poor seamstress who snatches an hour daily from her exhausting toil to sew for the soldiers, — the spirit of that mechanic, who, having nothing to give, makes boxes in his evening leisure, and sells them for the soldiers, — the spirit of the brooks, that never hesitate between up-hill and down, because "all the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is never full," — the spirit of all who do with love and zeal whatever their hands find to do, and sigh, not because it is so little, but because it is not better.

God grant that this spirit may obtain among us, — that our soldiers, and their helpless families, may be to us a national trust, for which we are bound individually, even the very humblest and meanest of us, to care. The field is vast, and white for the harvest. Now, for the love of Christ, in the name of honor, for very shame's sake, where we counted our laborers by tens, let us number them by fifties, — where there were hundreds, let there be thousands.

---

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

THE great master of English prose has left us suddenly, but to himself not unexpectedly. In the maturity of his powers, with his enduring position in literature fairly won and recognized, with the provision which spurred him to constant work secured to those he loved, his death saddens us rather through the sense of our own loss than from the tragic regret which is associated with an unaccomplished destiny. More fortunate than Field-

ing, he was allowed to take the measure of his permanent fame. The niche wherein he shall henceforth stand was chiselled while he lived. One by one the doubters confessed their reluctant faith, unfriendly critics dropped their blunted steel, and no man dared to deny him the place which was his, and his only, by right of genius.

In one sense, however, he was misunderstood by the world, and he has died before that profounder recognition which

he craved had time to mature. All the breadth and certainty of his fame failed to compensate him for the lack of this: the man's heart coveted that justice which was accorded only to the author's brain. Other pens may sum up the literary record he has left behind: I claim the right of a friend who knew and loved him to speak of him as a man. The testimony, which, while living, he was too proud to have desired, may now be laid reverently upon his grave.

There is a delicacy to be observed in describing one's intercourse with a departed great man, since death does not wholly remove that privacy which it is our duty to respect in life. Yet the veil which we charitably drop upon weakness or dishonor may surely be lifted to disclose the opposite qualities. I shall repeat no word of Thackeray's which he would have wished unsaid or suppressed: I shall say no more than he would himself have said of a contemporary to whom the world had not done full justice. During a friendship of nearly seven years, he permitted me to see that one true side of an author's nature which is never so far revealed to the public that the malignant may avail themselves of his candor to assail or the fools to annoy him. He is now beyond the reach of malice, obtrusive sentiment, or vain curiosity; and the "late remorse of love," which a better knowledge of the man may here and there provoke, can atone for past wrong only by that considerate, tender judgment of the living of which he was an example.

I made Thackeray's acquaintance in New York towards the close of the year 1855. With the first grasp of his broad hand, and the first look of his large, serious gray eyes, I received an impression of the essential manliness of his nature,—of his honesty, his proud, almost defiant candor, his ever-present, yet shrinking tenderness, and that sadness of the moral sentiment which the world persisted in regarding as cynicism. This impression deepened with my further acquaintance, and was never modified. Although he

belonged to the sensitive, irritable genus, his only manifestations of impatience which I remember were when that which he had written with a sigh was interpreted as a sneer. When so misunderstood, he scorned to set himself right. "I have no brain above the eyes," he was accustomed to say; "I describe what I see." He was quick and unerring in detecting the weaknesses of his friends, and spoke of them with a tone of disappointment sometimes bordering on exasperation; but he was equally severe upon his own shortcomings. He allowed no friend to think him better than his own deliberate estimate made him. I have never known a man whose nature was so immovably based on truth.

In a conversation upon the United States, shortly after we first met, he said, —

"There is one thing in this country which astonishes me. You have a capacity for culture which contradicts all my experience. There are ——" (mentioning two or three names well known in New York) "who I know have arisen from nothing, yet they are fit for any society in the world. They would be just as self-possessed and entertaining in the presence of stars and garters as they are here to-night. Now, in England, a man who has made his way up, as they have, does n't seem able to feel his social dignity. A little bit of the flunky sticks in him somewhere. I am, perhaps, as independent in this respect as any one I know, yet I'm not entirely sure of myself."

"Do you remember," I asked him, "what Goethe says of the boys in Venice? He explains their cleverness, grace, and self-possession as children by the possibility of any one of them becoming Doge."

"That may be the secret, after all," said Thackeray. "There is no country like yours for a young man who is obliged to work for his own place and fortune. If I had sons, I should send them here."

Afterwards, in London, I visited with



thoughts, and his voice had always a tone of solemn resignation which told that he had conquered its bitterness. He was ready at any moment to answer the call; and when, at last, it was given and answered, — when the dawn of the first Christmas holiday lighted his pale, moveless features, and the large heart throbbed no more forever in its grand scorn and still grander tenderness, — his re-

leased spirit could have chosen no fitter words of farewell than the gentle benediction his own lips have breathed: —

“I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health and love and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still, —  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will!”

*Mich*

85-

## THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

*B. S. Alexander*

It has been said that “the history of war is a magnificent lie,” and from what we know in our times, particularly of the history of the Mexican War and of the present Rebellion, if the despatches from the battle-fields are to be received as history, we are inclined to believe the saying is true; and it is natural that it should be so. A general writes his despatches under the highest mental excitement. His troops have won a great victory, or sustained a crushing defeat; in either event, his mind is riveted to the transactions that have led to the result: in the one case, his ambition will prompt him to aspire to a name in history; in the other, he will try to save himself from disgrace. He describes his battles; he gives an account of his marches and counter-marches, of the hardships he has endured, the disappointments he has experienced, and the difficulties he has had to overcome. The principal events may be truthfully narrated; but his hopes of rising a hero from the field of victory, or of appearing a martyr from one of defeat, will mould his narrative to his wishes.

If it be frequently the misfortune of our generals, in writing their reports, not to content themselves with the materials at hand, but to draw on their imaginations, not for gross falsehoods, but for that coloring which, diffused through their de-

spatches, makes the narrative affecting, while it leaves us in doubt where to draw the line between fiction and fact, it is not always so, particularly when their despatches are not written amidst the excitement of the battle-field, but are deferred until the events which they describe have passed into history.

Such, we may suppose, to be the case in respect to the Reports of Brigadier-Generals Barnard and Barry on the Engineer and Artillery Operations of the Army of the Potomac. Written, as these Reports were, after the organization of that army had been completed and the Peninsular campaign had terminated, by men who, though playing an important part in its organization and throughout this its first campaign, yet never aspired to be its heroes, we may reasonably hope, that, if they have not told the “whole truth,” they have told us “nothing but the truth.”

The points of particular interest in these Reports, so far as relates to organization, are the inauguration of a great system of field-fortifications for the defence of the national capital, and the preparation of engineer-equipments, particularly bridge-equipage for crossing rivers. These are only sketched, but the outline is drawn by an artist who is master of the subject. The professional engineer, when he examines the immense

fortifications of Washington and sees their skilful construction, can appreciate the labor and thought which must have been bestowed on them. He alone could complete the picture. To appreciate these works, they must be seen. No field-works on so extensive a scale have been undertaken in modern times. The nearest approach to them were the lines of Torres Vedras, in Portugal, constructed by the British army in 1809-10; but the works constructed by General Barnard for the defence of Washington are larger, more numerous, more carefully built, and much more heavily armed than were those justly celebrated lines of Wellington.

And it should not be forgotten, that, after the Battle of Bull Run, we were thrown on the defensive, and the fortifications of our capital were called for in a hurry. There were no models, in this country, from which to copy,—and few, if any, in Europe. Luckily, however, the art of fortification is not imitative; it is based on scientific principles; and we found in General Barnard and his assistants the science to comprehend the problem before them, and the experience and skill to grasp its solution.

Only the citizens of Washington and those who happened to be there after the two disastrous defeats at Bull Run can appreciate the value of these fortifications. They have twice saved the capital,—perhaps the nation; yet forts are passive,—they never speak, unless assailed. But let Washington be attacked by a powerful army and successfully defended, and they would proclaim General Barnard one of the heroes of the war.

As has already been said, the engineer-equipage is only sketched; but enough is said to show its value. Speaking of the bridges, General Barnard says,—“They were used by the Quartermaster’s department in discharging transports, were precisely what was needed for the disembarkation of General Franklin’s division, constituted a portion of the numerous bridges that were built over Wormley Creek during the siege of Yorktown, and were of the highest use in the Chicka-

hominy; while over the Lower Chickahominy, some seventy-five thousand men, some three hundred pieces of artillery, and the enormous baggage-trains of the army, passed over a bridge of the extraordinary length of nearly six hundred and fifty yards,—a feat scarcely surpassed in military history.” pontoons, like forts, cannot talk; but every soldier of the Army of the Potomac knows that these same bridges, which were prepared when that army was first organized, have since carried it in safety four times over the Rapahannock, twice at the Battle of Fredericksburg and twice again at the Battle of Chancellorsville, and three times over the Upper Potomac, once after the Battle of Antietam, and again both before and after the Battle of Gettysburg.

Of the Peninsular campaign General Barnard does not profess to give a history. He mentions only the operations which came under his supervision as the Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac. The siege of Yorktown was a matter of engineering skill. General Barnard gives us his report to General Totten, the Chief Engineer of the Army, on the engineering operations of the siege,—also his journal, showing the progress of the siege from day to day. These, with the maps, convey a very clear idea of the place to be taken, and the way it was to have been reduced, had the enemy continued his defence until our batteries were opened; but they do not convey to the mind of any except the professional engineer the magnitude of the works which were constructed. General Barnard says that fifteen batteries and four redoubts were built during the siege, and he gives the armament of each battery. On comparing this armament with that used in other sieges, we find the amount of metal ready to be hurled on Yorktown when the enemy evacuated that place second only to that of the Allies at Sebastopol, the greatest siege of modern times.

But these batteries, with a single exception, never spoke. Like their predecessors around Washington, they con-

quered by their mere presence. After all the skill and labor that had been bestowed on their construction, the enemy evacuated Yorktown just as our batteries were about to open. He was at our mercy. General Barnard says that "the enemy's position had become untenable,—that he could not have endured our fire for six hours." We can readily understand how mortifying it must have been to the Commanding General, and particularly to the officers of engineers and artillery who had planned, built, and armed these siege-works, to hear that the enemy had evacuated his fortifications just at the moment when we were prepared to drive him from them by force; and we can appreciate the regrets of General Barnard, when he says, in reviewing the campaign, and pointing out the mistakes that had been committed, that "we should have opened our batteries on the place as fast as they were completed. The effect on the troops would have been inspiring. It would have lightened the siege and shortened our labors; and, besides, we would have had the credit of driving the enemy from Yorktown by force of arms; whereas, as it was, we only induced him to evacuate for prudential considerations." And General Barry says, in his report of the artillery operations at the siege,— "It will always be a source of great professional disappointment to me, that the enemy, by his premature and hasty abandonment of his defensive line, deprived the artillery of the Army of the Potomac of the opportunity of exhibiting the superior power and efficiency of the unusually heavy metal used in this siege, and of reaping the honor and just reward of their unceasing labors, day and night, for nearly one month."

The next serious obstacle to be overcome, after the siege of Yorktown, was the passage of the Chickahominy. Here, says General Barnard, "if possible, the responsibility and labor of the engineer officers were increased." The difficulties of that river, considered as a military obstacle, are given in a few touches; but

in the sketch of the opposing heights, and of the intermediate valley, filled up with the stream, the heavily timbered swamp, and the overflowed bottom-lands, we have the Chickahominy brought before us so vividly that we can almost *feel* the difficulty of crossing it. Well may General Barnard say that "it was one of the most formidable obstacles that could be opposed to the advance of an army,—an obstacle to which an ordinary *river*, though it be of considerable magnitude, is comparatively slight."

The labors of the engineers in bridging this formidable swamp are detailed with considerable minuteness. Ten bridges, of different characters, were constructed, though some of them were never used, because the enemy held the approaches on his side of the river.

We are glad that General Barnard has elaborated this part of his Report. There is a melancholy interest attaching to the Chickahominy. To it, and to the events connected with it, history will refer the defeat of General McClellan's magnificent army, and the failure of the Peninsular campaign. And what a lesson is here to be learned! The fate of the contending armies was suspended in a balance. The hour when a particular bridge was to be completed, or rendered impassable by the rising floods, was to turn the scales!

That mistakes were committed on the Chickahominy the country is prepared to believe. Our army was placed astride of that stream, and in this situation we fought two battles, each time with only a part of our force; thus violating, not only the maxims of war, but the plainest principles of common sense.

The Battle of Fair Oaks began on the thirty-first of May. At that time our army was divided by the Chickahominy. Of the five corps constituting the Army of the Potomac, two were on its right bank, or on the side nearest to Richmond, while the other three were on the left bank. There had been heavy rains, the river was rising, and the swamps and bottom-lands were fast becoming impass-



able. None of the upper bridges had yet been built. We had then only Bottom's Bridge, the railroad-bridge, and the two bridges built by General Sumner some miles higher up the river. Bottom's Bridge and the railroad-bridge were too distant to be of any service in an emergency such as a battle demands. At the time of the enemy's attack, which was sudden and unexpected, completely overwhelming General Casey's division, our sole reliance to reinforce the left wing was by Sumner's corps, and over his two bridges. It happened to be the fortune of the writer to see "Sumner's upper bridge," — the only one then passable,—at the moment the head of General Sumner's column reached it. The possibility of crossing was doubted by all present, including General Sumner himself.

The bridge was of rough logs, and mostly afloat, held together and kept from drifting off by the stumps of trees to which it was fastened; the portion over the thread of the stream being suspended from the trunks of large trees, which had been felled across it, by ropes which a single blow with a hatchet would have severed. On this bridge and on these ropes hung the fate of the day at Fair Oaks, and, probably, the fate of the Army of the Potomac too; for, if Sumner had not crossed in time to check the movement of the enemy down the river, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes would have been taken in flank, and it is fair to suppose that they must have been driven into an impassable river, or captured.

But Sumner crossed, and saved the day. Forever honored be his name!

As the solid column of infantry entered upon the bridge, it swayed to and fro to the angry flood below or the living freight above, settling down and grasping the solid stumps, by which it was made secure as the line advanced. Once filled with men, it was safe until the corps had crossed. It then soon became impassable, and the "railroad-bridge," says General Barnard, "for several days was the only communication between the two

wings of the army." Never was an army in a more precarious situation. Fortunately, however, whatever mistakes we made in allowing ourselves to be attacked when the two wings of the army were almost separated, the enemy also committed serious blunders, both as to the point of his attack and the time when his blow was delivered. His true point of attack was on the right flank of our left wing. Had the attack which Sumner met and repulsed been made simultaneously with the assault in front, a single battalion, nay, even a single company, could have seized and destroyed "Sumner's upper bridge," the only one, as before remarked, then passable, Sumner would consequently have been unable to take part in the battle, and our left wing would have been taken in flank, and, in all probability, defeated; or, had the attack been deferred until the next day, or even for several days, as the bridges became impassable during the night of the thirty-first, it would probably have been successful.

It is easy to make such criticisms after the events have happened; their mere statement will carry conviction to the minds of all who were in a position, during these memorable days, to know the facts that decided the movements; and it is right that they should be made, for it is only by pointing out the causes of success or failure in military affairs, as, indeed, in every human undertaking, that we can hope to be successful. But, in doing so, we need not confine ourselves to one side of the question; we may look at our enemies as well as at ourselves. Nor need they be made in a spirit of censoriousness; for the importance of individuals, in speaking of such great events, may safely be overlooked without affecting the lesson we would learn. Neither should it be forgotten that the general who has always fought his battles at the right time, in the right place, with the proper arms, and pursued his victories to their utmost attainable results, has yet to appear. He would, indeed, be an intellectual prodigy.

Such we may suppose to be the reflections of General Barnard, when he points out the mistakes which were made in the Army of the Potomac while on the Chickahominy. He does not, indeed, bring to our view the mistakes of the enemy. That would have been travelling outside of the record in the report of the operations falling under his supervision, and such criticism is wisely left for some of the enemy's engineers, or for a more general history. In speaking of the difficulties of crossing the Chickahominy immediately after the battle of the thirty-first of May, General Barnard says,—“There was one way, however, to unite the army on the other side; it was to take advantage of a victory at Fair Oaks, to sweep at once the enemy from his position opposite New Bridge, and, simultaneously, to bring over by the New Bridge our troops of the right wing, which would then have met with little or no resistance”; and again, in a more general criticism of the campaign, he says,—“The repulse of the Rebels at Fair Oaks should have been taken advantage of. It was one of those ‘occasions’ which, if not seized, do not repeat themselves. We now *know* the state of disorganization and dismay in which the Rebel army retreated. We now *know* that it could have been followed into Richmond. Had it been so, there would have been no resistance to overcome to bring over our right wing.”

But the “occasion” which the morning of the first of June presented of uniting the two wings of the army, and thus achieving a great victory, was not seized, because, as General Barnard says, “we did not then know all that we now do.” At the moment when the New Bridge became passable, 8.15, A. M., it is not probable the Commanding General knew it. Nor did he know, that, at this very moment, the enemy was retreating to Richmond in a “state of disorganization and dismay.” Besides, the troops of the left wing had fought a hard battle the preceding afternoon, and they had been up all night, throwing up works

of defence, and making dispositions to resist another assault by the enemy. They were not in a condition to assume the offensive against an enemy who was supposed to be in force and in position, himself preparing to resume the attack of the previous day, however competent they may have been to pursue a demoralized foe flying from the field. The propitious moment was lost, not to return,—for, during the day, the rising flood rendered all the bridges, except the railroad-bridge, impassable.

The necessity for more substantial bridges to connect the two wings of the army had now been made manifest, and two fine structures, available for all arms, were completed by the nineteenth. At the same time two foot-bridges were made, the other bridges repaired, and their approaches made secure, though the enemy still held the approaches of the three upper bridges on the right bank.

While these bridges were being made, mostly by the right wing of the army, the left wing was engaged in constructing a strong line of defence, stretching from the White-Oak Swamp to the Chickahominy, consisting of six redoubts connected by rifle-pits or barricades. General Barnard says,—“The object of these lines (over three miles long) was to hold our position of the left wing against the concentrated force of the enemy, until communications across the Chickahominy could be established; or, if necessary, to maintain our position on this side, while the bulk of the army was thrown upon the other, should occasion require it; or, finally, to hold one part of our line and communication by a small force, while our principal offensive effort was made upon another.” At the same time, several batteries were constructed on the left bank of the river in the neighborhood of the upper bridges, either to operate on the enemy's positions in their front, or to defend these bridges.

All these preparations were made with the understood purpose of driving the enemy from his positions in front of New Bridge; and they appear to have been

about completed, for on the night of the twenty-sixth "an epaulement for putting our guns in position" to effect this object was thrown up. But it was too late. Lee's guns had been heard in the afternoon, in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville, attacking the advance of our right wing, and Jackson was within supporting distance. The battle of the twenty-seventh of June, on which "hinged the fate of the campaign," was to be fought to-morrow. This battle, or rather the policy of fighting it, or suffering it to be fought, has been more criticized than any other battle of the campaign. We fought a battle which was decisive against us with less than one-third of our force.

General Barnard is severe in his criticisms. In his "retrospect, pointing out the mistakes that were made," he says, —

"At last a moment came when action was imperative. The enemy assumed the initiative, and we had warning of when and where he was to strike. Had Porter been withdrawn the night of the twenty-sixth, our army would have been *concentrated* on the right bank, while two corps at least of the enemy's force were on the *left* bank. Whatever course we then took, whether to strike at Richmond and the portion of the enemy on the right bank, or move at once for the James, we would have had a concentrated army, and a fair chance of a brilliant result, in the first place; and in the second, if we accomplished nothing, we would have been in the same case on the morning of the twenty-seventh as we were on that of the twenty-eighth, — *minus* a lost battle and a compulsory retreat; or, had the fortified lines (thrown up *expressly* for the object) been held by twenty thousand men, (as they could have been,) we could have fought on the other side with eighty thousand men instead of twenty-seven thousand; or, finally, had the lines been abandoned, with our hold on the right bank of the Chickahominy, we might have fought and crushed the enemy on the left bank, reopened our communications, and then returned and taken Richmond.

"As it was, the enemy fought with his *whole force*, (except enough left before our lines to keep up an appearance,) and we fought with twenty-seven thousand men, losing the battle and nine thousand men.

"By this defeat we were driven from our position, our advance of conquest turned into a retreat for safety, by a force probably not greatly superior to our own."

It is to be hoped that the forthcoming report of General McClellan will give us the reasons which induced him to risk such a battle with such a force, and modify, to some extent at least, the justice of such outspoken censure.

The services of the engineers in passing the army over White-Oak Swamp, in reconnoitring the line of retreat to James River, in posting troops, and in defending the final position of the army at Harrison's Landing, are detailed with great clearness. Of his officers the General speaks in the highest terms. It appears, that, with a single exception, they were all *lieutenants*, whereas "in a European service the chief engineer serving with an army-corps would be a field-officer, generally a colonel." In this want of rank in the corps of engineers the General says there is a twofold evil.

"*First*, the great hardships and injustice to the officers themselves: for they have, almost without exception, refused or *been* refused high positions in the volunteer service, (to which they have seen their contemporaries of the other branches elevated,) on the ground that their services as *engineers* were absolutely necessary. *Second*, it is an evil to the service: since an adequate rank is almost as necessary to an officer for the efficient discharge of his duties as professional knowledge. The engineer's duty is a responsible one. He is called upon to decide important questions, — to fix the position of defensive works, (and thereby of the *troops* who occupy them,) — to indicate the manner and points of attack of fortified positions. To give him the proper weight with those with whom he is associated,



he should have, as *they* have, adequate rank.

"The campaign on the Peninsula called for great labor on the part of the engineers. The country, notwithstanding its early settlement, was a *terra incognita*. We knew the York River and the James River, and we had heard of the Chickahominy; and this was about the extent of our knowledge. Our maps were so incorrect that they were found to be worthless before we reached Yorktown. New ones had to be prepared, based on reconnaissances made by officers of engineers.

"The siege of Yorktown involved great responsibility, besides exposure and toil. The movements of the whole army were determined by the engineers. The Chickahominy again arrested us, where, if possible, the responsibility and labor of the engineer officers were increased. In fact, everywhere, and on every occasion, even to our last position at Harrison's Landing, this responsibility and labor on the part of the engineers was incessant.

"I have stated above in what manner the officers of engineers performed their duties. Yet thus far their services are ignored and unrecognized, while distinctions have been bestowed upon those who have had the good fortune to command troops. Under such circumstances it can hardly be expected that the few engineer officers yet remaining will willingly continue their services in this unrequited branch of the military profession. We have no sufficient officers of engineers at this time with any of our armies to commence another siege, nor can they be obtained. In another war, if their services are thus neglected in this, we shall have none."

It is to be hoped that the General's appeal for additional rank to the officers of engineers will not be overlooked. The officers of this corps have demonstrated not only their skill as engineers, but also their ability to command troops and even armies. On the side of our country's cause we have McClellan, Halleck, Rosecrans, Meade, Gillmore, and Barnard, besides

a score of others, all generals; and in the ranks of the Rebels we find Lee, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Gilmer, and Smith, all generals, too, and all formerly officers of engineers. Nobly have they all vindicated the scale of proficiency which placed them among the distinguished of their respective classes at their common Alma Mater.

Whatever may have been the services of other men during our present struggle for nationality, and whatever may be their services in the future, to General Barry, the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, from the organization of that army to the close of the Peninsular campaign, more than to any other person, belongs the credit of organizing our admirable system of field-artillery.

We have two reports from General Barry: one, on "The Organization of the Artillery of the Army of the Potomac"; the other, a "Report of the Operations of the Artillery at the Siege of Yorktown." Of the services of the artillery during the remainder of the campaign we have no record from its chief; but they were conspicuous on every battle-field, and will not be forgotten until Malvern Hill shall have passed into oblivion.

After the first Battle of Bull Run, the efforts of the nation were directed to organizing an army for the defence of the national capital. Of men and money we had plenty; but men and money, however necessary they may be, do not make an army. Cannon, muskets, rifles, pistols, sabres, horses, mules, wagons, harness, bridges, tools, food, clothing, and numberless other things, are required; but men and money, with all this added *matériel* of war, still will not make an *efficient* army. Organization, discipline, and instruction are necessary to accomplish this. At the time of which we speak the people of this country did not comprehend what an army consisted of, or, if they did, they comprehended it as children,—by its trappings, its men and horses, its drums and fifes, its "pomp and circumstance."

Few even of our best officers who had

honestly studied their profession had ever seen an army, or fully realized the amount of labor that was necessary, even with our unbounded resources, to organize an efficient army ready for the field. Happily for our country, there were some who in garrison had learned the science and theory of war, and in Mexico, or in expeditions against our Western Indians, had acquired some knowledge of its practice. Of these General McClellan was selected to be the chief. He had seen armies in Europe, and it was believed that he could bring to his aid more of the right kind of experience for organization than any other man. If there is any one thing more than another for which General McClellan is distinguished, it is his ability to *make an army*. Men may have their opinions as to his genius or his courage, his politics or his generalship; they may think he is too slow or too cautious, or they may say he is not equal to great emergencies; but of his ability to organize an army there is a concurrent opinion in his favor.

By himself, however, he would have been helpless. He required assistance. He was obliged to have chiefs of the several arms about him, — a chief of engineers, of artillery, of cavalry, and chiefs of the several divisions of infantry.

General Barry was his chief of artillery. To him was assigned the duty of organizing this arm of the service. We learn from his Report, that, "when Major-General McClellan was appointed to the command of the 'Division of the Potomac,' July 25th, 1861, a few days after the first Battle of Bull Run, the whole field-artillery of his command consisted of no more than parts of nine batteries, or thirty pieces of various, and, in some instances, unusual and unserviceable calibres. Most of these batteries were also of mixed calibres. My calculations were based upon the expected immediate expansion of the 'Division of the Potomac' into the 'Army of the Potomac,' to consist of at least one hundred thousand infantry. Considerations involving the peculiar character and extent of the force

to be employed, the probable field and character of operations, the utmost efficiency of the arm, and the limits imposed by the as yet undeveloped resources of the nation, led to the following general propositions, offered by me to Major-General McClellan, and which received his full approval."

These propositions in brief were, —

1st. "That the proportion of artillery should be in the ratio of at least two and a half pieces to one thousand men."

2d. "That the proportion of rifled guns should be one-third, and of smooth bores two-thirds."

3d. "That each field-battery should, if practicable, be composed of six guns."

4th. "That the field-batteries were to be assigned to 'divisions,' and not to brigades."

5th. "That the artillery reserve of the whole army should consist of one hundred guns."

6th. "That the amount of ammunition to accompany the field-batteries was not to be less than four hundred rounds per gun."

7th. That there should be "a siege-train of fifty pieces."

8th. "That instruction in the theory and practice of gunnery, as well as in the tactics of the arm, was to be given to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the volunteer batteries, by the study of suitable text-books, and by actual recitations in each division, under the direction of the regular officer commanding the divisional artillery."

9th. That inspections should be made.

Such, with trifling modifications, were the propositions upon which the artillery of the Army of the Potomac was organized; and this organization finds its highest recommendation in the fact that it remains unchanged, (except very immaterially,) and has been adopted by all other armies in the field. The sudden and extensive expansion of the artillery of the Army of the Potomac, that occurred from July 25, 1861, to March, 1862, is unparalleled in the history of war. Tabulated, it stands thus: —

	Batteries, parts of	Guns	Men	Horses
July 25, 1861	9	30	650	400
imperfectly equipped.				
March, 1862	92	520	12,500	11,000
fully equipped and in readiness for actual field-service.				

Well may General Barry and the officers of the Ordnance Department, who had, as it were, to create the means of meeting the heavy requisitions upon them, be proud of such a record. It is one of the most striking exponents of the resources of the nation which the war has produced.

Of this force thirty batteries were *regulars* and sixty-two *volunteers*. The latter had to be instructed not only in the duties of a soldier, but in the theory and practice of their special arm. Defective guns and *matériel* furnished by the States had to be withdrawn, and replaced by the more serviceable ordnance with which the regular batteries were being armed. Boards of examination were organized, and the officers thoroughly examined. Incompetency was set aside, zeal and efficiency rewarded by promotion.

"Although," says General Barry, "there was much to be improved," yet "many of the volunteer batteries evinced such zeal and intelligence, and availed themselves so industriously of the instructions of the regular officers, their commanders, and of the example of the regular battery, their associate, that they made rapid progress, and finally attained a degree of proficiency highly creditable."

At the siege of Yorktown, as has already been stated, only one of the fifteen batteries was permitted to open fire on the enemy's works. This was armed with one hundred- and two hundred-pounder rifled guns, and it is remarkable that this is the first time the practicability of placing, handling, and serving these guns in siege-operations, and their value at the long range of two and a half to three miles, were fully demonstrated. These guns, as also the thirteen-inch sea-coast mortars, which were placed in posi-

tion ready for use, were giants when compared with the French and English pigmies which were used at Sebastopol.

General Barry, as well as General Barnard, complains of the want of rank of his officers. With the immense artillery force that accompanied the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula, consisting of sixty batteries of three hundred and forty-three guns, he had only ten field-officers, "a number obviously insufficient, and which impaired to a great degree the efficiency of the arm, in consequence of the want of rank and official influence of the commanders of corps and divisional artillery. As this faulty organization can only be suitably corrected by legislative action, it is earnestly hoped that the attention of the proper authorities may be at an early day invited to it."

When the report of General McClellan is published, the services of the artillery of the Army of the Potomac will doubtless fill a conspicuous place. These services were rendered to the commanders of divisions and corps, giving them an historic name, and in their reports we may expect the artillery to be honorably mentioned. General Barry says, in conclusion,—"Special detailed reports have been made and transmitted by me of the general artillery operations at the siege of Yorktown,—and by their immediate commanders, of the services of the field-batteries at the Battles of Williamsburg, Hanover Court-House, and those severely contested ones comprised in the operations before Richmond. To those several reports I respectfully refer the Commanding General for details of services as creditable to the artillery of the United States as they are honorable to the gallant officers and brave and patient enlisted men, who, (with but few exceptions,) struggling through difficulties, overcoming obstacles, and bearing themselves nobly on the field of battle, stood faithfully to their guns, performing their various duties with a steadiness, a devotion, and a gallantry worthy the highest commendation."



## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Mental Hygiene.* By I. RAY, M. D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

DR. RAY, as many of our readers may know, is a physician eminent in the speciality of mental disorders. He is at present the head of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Providence, Rhode Island. The four first chapters of his book, chiefly relating to matters which may be observed outside of a hospital, come under our notice. The fifth and last division, addressed to the limited number of persons who are conscious of tendencies to insanity, has no place in an unprofessional review.

This little treatise upon "Mental Hygiene" carries its own evidence as the work of a disciplined mind, content to labor patiently among the materials of exact knowledge, and gradually to approximate laws in the spirit of scientific investigation. Mental phenomena are analyzed by Dr. Ray as material substances are analyzed by the chemist,—though, from the nature of the case, with far less certainty in results. Yet there is scarcely anything of practical moment in the book which may not be found in the popular writings of other prominent men,—such, for example, as Brodie, Holland, Moore, Marcel, and Herbert Spencer. We say this in no disparagement; there is no second-hand flavor about these cautious sentences. Dr. Ray has investigated for himself, and his conclusions are all the more valuable from coinciding with those of other accurate observers. It is agreeable to chronicle a contrast to that flux of quasi-medical literature put forth by men who have no title (save, perhaps, a legal one) to affix the M. D. so pertinaciously displayed. For there has lately been no lack of books of quotations, clumsily put together and without inverted commas, designed to puff some patent panacea, the exclusive property of the compiler, or of volumes whose claim to originality lay in the bold attempt to work off a life-stock of irrelevant anecdotes, the miscellaneous accumulations of a country-practitioner. Such authors—by courtesy so called—are possibly well-meaning amateurs, but can never

be mistaken for scientists. We thank Dr. Ray for a book which, as a popular medical treatise, is really creditable to our literature.

Yet, mixed with much admirable counsel hereafter to be noticed, there are impressions given in this volume to which we cannot assent. And our chief objection might be translated into vulgar, but expressive parlance, by saying, that, in generalizing about society, the writer does not always seem able to sink the influences of the shop. We have been faintly reminded of the professional bias of Mr. Bob Sawyer, when he persuaded himself that the company in general would be better for a blood-letting. We respectfully submit that we are not quite so mad as—for the interests of science, no doubt—Dr. Ray would have us. The doctrine, that, do what he will, the spiritual welfare of man is in fearful jeopardy, is held by many religionists: we are loath to believe that his mental soundness is in no less peril. Yet a susceptible person will find it hard to put aside this book without an uncomfortable consciousness, that, if not already beside himself, the chances of his becoming so are desperately against him. For what practicable escape is offered from this impending doom? Shall we leave off work and devote ourselves to health? Idleness is a potent cause of derangement. Shall we engage in the hard and monotonous duties of an active calling? Paralysis and other organic lesions use up professional brains with a frequency which is positively startling. Shall we cultivate our imagination and make statues or verses? The frenzy of artists and poets is proverbial. At least, then, we may give our life-effort to some grand principle which shall redeem society from its misery and sin? Quite impossible! The contemplation of one idea, however noble, is sure to produce a morbid condition of the mind and distort its healthy proportions. Still there is a last refuge. By fresh air and vigorous exercise a man may surely keep his wits. We will labor steadily upon the soil, and never raise our thoughts from the clod we are turning! Even here the Doctor is too quick for us, and cries, "Checkmate!"

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

---

VOL. XIII.—APRIL, 1864.—NO. LXXVIII.

---

FIGHTING FACTS FOR FOGIES.

YOUNG people are often charged with caring little for the past. The charge is just; and the young are right. If they care little for the past, then it is certain that it is in debt to them,—as for them the past cared nothing. It is wonderful, considering how children used to be treated, that the human race ever succeeded in getting established on earth. Humanity should have died out, there was so little that was humane in its bringing up. Because they had contrived to bring a helpless creature into a world that every one wishes he had never known at least twenty-four times a day, a father and mother of the very old school indeed assumed that they had the right to make that creature a slave, and to hold it in everlasting chains. They had much to say about the duty of children, and very little about the love of parents. The sacrificing of children to idols, a not uncommon practice in some renowned countries of antiquity, the highest-born children being the favorite victims,—for Moloch's appetite was delicate,—could never have taken place in any country where the voice of Nature was heeded; and yet

those sacrifices were but so many proofs of the existence of a spirit of pride, which caused men to offer up their offspring on the domestic altar. Son and slave were almost the same word with the Romans; and your genuine old Roman made little ado about cutting off the head of one of his boys, perhaps for doing something of a praiseworthy nature. Old Junius Brutus was doubly favored by Fortune, for he was enabled to kill two of his sons in the name of Patriotism, and thereby to gain a reputation for virtue that endures to this day,—though, after all, he was but the first of the brutes. The Romans kept up the paternal rule for many ages, and theoretically it long survived the Republic. It had existed in the Kingdom, and it was not unknown to the Empire. We have an anecdote that shows how strong was the supremacy of *paterfamilias* at the beginning of the eighth century, when Young Rome had already made more than one audacious display of contempt for the Conscript Fathers. When Pompeius was asked what he would do, if Cæsar should resist the requirements of the Senate, he

answered, — “What if my son should raise his stick against me?” — meaning to imply, that, in his opinion, resistance from Cæsar was something too absurd to be thought of. Yet Cæsar *did* resist, and triumphed; and, judging from their after-lives, we should say that the Young Pompeys would have had small hesitation in raising their sticks against their august governor, had he proved too disobedient. A few years earlier, according to Sallust, a Roman, one Fulvius, had caused his son to be put to death, because he had sought to join Catiline. The old gentleman heard what his son was about, and when Young Hopeful was arrested and brought before him, he availed himself of his fatherly privilege, and had him strangled, or disposed of after some other of those charming fashions which were so common in the model republic of antiquity. “This imitation of the discipline of the ancient republic,” says Merivale, “excited neither applause nor indignation among the languid voluptuaries of the Senate.” They probably voted Fulvius a brute, but they no more thought of questioning the legality of his conduct than they did of imitating it. Law was one thing, opinion another. If he liked to play Lucius Junius, well and good; but they had no taste for the part. They felt much as we used to feel in Fugitive-Slave-Law times: we did not question the law, but we would have nothing to do with its execution.

Modern fathers have had no such powers as were held by those of Rome, and if an Englishman of Red-Rose views had killed his son for setting off to join Edward IV. when he had landed at Ravenspur, no one would think of praising the act. What was all right in a Roman of the year 1 of the Republic would be considered shocking in a Christian of the fifteenth century, a time when Christianity had become much diluted from the intermixture of blood. In the next century, poor Lady Jane Grey spoke of the torments which she had endured at the hands of her parents, who were of the noblest blood of Europe, in terms

that ought to make every young woman thankful that her lot was not cast in the good old times. Roger Ascham was her confidant. He had gone to Brodegate, to take leave of her, and “found her in her chamber alone, reading Phædo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale of Boccace”; and as all the rest of the Greys were hunting in the park, the schoolmaster inquired why she should lose such pastime. The lady answered, that the pleasure they were having in the park was but the shadow of that pleasure she found in Plato. The conversation proceeding, Ascham inquired how it was that she had come to know such true pleasure, and she answered, — “I will tell you, and tell you a truth which perchance ye may marvel at. One of the greatest benefits God ever gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, number, and measure, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, (which I will not name for the honor I bear them,) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else beside learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles to me.” The Duke and Duchess of Suffolk were neither better nor worse than other parents who tormented and tyrannized over



their children *temp.* Edward VI., and nothing but the prominence of the most unfortunate of their unfortunate daughters has preserved the memory of their domestic despotism. Throughout all England it was the same, from palace to castle, and from castle to hovel; and father and tyrant were convertible terms. Youth must have been but a dreary time in those old days. Scott's Sir Henry Lee, according to his son, kept strict rule over his children, and he was a type of the antique knight, not of the debauched cavalier, and would be obeyed, with or without reason. The letters and the literature of the seventeenth century show, that, how loose soever became other ties, parents maintained their hold on their children with iron hands. Even the license of the Restoration left fatherly rule largely triumphant and undisputed. When even "husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives," sons and daughters were not spoiled by a sparing of the rod. Harshness was the rule in every grade of life, and harsh indeed was parental rule, until the reader wonders that there was not a general rebellion of women, children, scholars, and apprentices against the savage ascendancy of husbands, fathers, pedagogues, and masters.

But the fashions of this world, whether good or evil, pass away. In the eighteenth century we find parents becoming more humane, though still keeping their offspring pretty stiffly bitted. They shared in the general melioration of the age. The father was "honored sir," and was not too familiar with his boys. The great outbreak at the close of the century did much for the emancipation of the young; and by the time that the present century had advanced to a third of its years, youth had so far got the best of the conflict, and treated their elders with so little consideration, that it was thought the latter were rather presumptuous in remaining on earth after fifty. Youth began to organize itself. Young Germany, Young France, and Young England became powers in the world. Young Germany was revo-

lutionary and metaphysical, and nourished itself on bad beer and worse tobacco. Young France was full-bearded and decidedly dirty, and so far deferred to the past as to look for models in '93; and it had a strong reverence for that antique sentiment which exhibited itself in the assassination of kings. Young England was gentlemanly and cleanly, its leaders being of the patrician order; and it looked to the Middle Ages for patterns of conduct. Its chiefs wore white waistcoats, gave red cloaks and broken meat to old women, and would have lopped off three hundred years from Old England's life, by pushing her back to the early days of Henry VIII., when the religious houses flourished, and when the gallows was a perennial plant, bearing fruit that was *not* for the healing of the nations. Some of the cleverest of the younger members of the aristocracy belonged to the new organization, and a great genius wrote some delightful novels to show their purpose, and to illustrate their manner of how-not-to-do-it in grappling with the grand social questions of the age. In "Coningsby" they sing canticles and carry about the boar's head; in "Sibyl" they sing hymns to the Holy Virgin and the song of labor, and steal title-deeds, after setting houses on fire to distract attention from their immediate object; and in "Tancred" they go on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, by way of reviving their faith. All this is so well done, that Young England will survive in literature, and be the source of edification, long after there shall be no more left of the dust of its chiefs than there is of the dust of Cheops or Cæsar. For all these youths are already vanished, leaving no more traces than you would find of the flowers that bloomed in the days of their lives. Young Germany went out immediately after the failure of the revolutionists of 1848-9. Young France thought it had triumphed in the fall of the Orléans monarchy, but had only taken the first long step toward making its own fall complete; and now some of its early members are of the firmest sup-

porters of the new phase of imperialism, the only result of the Revolution of February that has given signs of endurance. Young England went out as soberly and steadily as it had lived. The select few who composed it died like gentlemen, and were as polite as Lord Chesterfield in the article of death. Some of them turned Whigs, and have held office under Lord Palmerston; and others are Tories, and expect to hold office under Lord Derby, when he shall form his third ministry. Young America, the worst of these youths, and the latest born, was never above an assassin in courage, or in energy equal to more than the plundering of a hen-roost. The fruits of his exertions are to be seen in some of the incidents of the Secession War, and they were not worth the gathering.

The world had settled down into the belief, that, after all, a man was not much to be blamed for growing old, and liberal-minded people were fast coming to the conclusion, that years, on the whole, were not dishonorable, when the breaking out of a great war led to the return of youth to consideration. The English found themselves at war with Russia, much to their surprise; and, still more to their surprise, their part in that war was made subordinate to that of the French, who acted with them, in the world's estimate of the deeds of the members of the new Grand Alliance. This is not the place to discuss the question whether that estimate was a just one. We have to do only with the facts that England was made to stand in the background and that she seemed at first disposed to accept the general verdict. There was, too, much mismanagement in the conduct of the war, some of which might easily have been avoided; and there was not a little suffering, as the consequence of that mismanagement. John Bull must have his scape-goat, like the rest of us; and, looking over the field, he discovered that all his leaders were old men, and forthwith, though the oldest of old fellows himself, he laid all his mishaps to the account of the years of his upper ser-

vants. Sir Charles Napier, who never got into St. Petersburg, was old, and had been a dashing sailor forty years before. Admiral Dundas, who did not destroy Sweaborg, but only burned a lot of corded wood there in summer time, was another old sailor. Lord Raglan, who never saw the inside of Sebastopol, was well stricken in years, having served in Wellington's military family during the Peninsular War. General Simpson, Sir C. Campbell, General Codrington, Sir G. Brown, Sir G. Cathcart, and others of the leaders of the English army in the Crimea, were of the class of gentlemen who might, upon meeting, furnish matter for a paragraph on "united ages." What more natural than to attribute all that was unpleasant in the war to the stagnated blood of men who had heard the music of that musketry before which Napoleon I.'s empire had gone down? The world went mad on the subject, and it was voted that old generals were nuisances, and that no man had any business in active war who was old enough to have much experience. Age might be venerable, but it was necessarily weak; and the last place in which it should show itself was the field.

It was not strange that the English should have come to the conclusion that the fogies were unfit to lead armies. They were in want of an excuse for their apparent failure in the war, and they took the part that was suggested to them,—therein behaving no worse than ourselves, who have accounted for our many reverses in many foolish and contradictory ways. But it was strange that their view was accepted by others, whose minds were undisturbed, because unmistified,—and accepted, too, in face of the self-evident fact that almost every man who figured in the war was old. *Maréchal Pélissier*,\* to whom the chief

\* There are three accounts as to the time of the birth of "St. Arnaud, formerly Leroy." That which makes him oldest represents him as being fifty-eight at the Battle of the Alma. The second makes him fifty-six, and the third fifty-three. In either case he was

honor of the contest has been conceded, was but six years the junior of Lord Raglan; and if the Englishman's sixty-six years are to count against age in war, why should not the Frenchman's sixty years count for it? Prince Gortschakoff, who defended Sebastopol so heroically, was but four years younger than Lord Raglan; and Prince Paskevitch was more than six years his senior. Muravieff, Menschikoff, Luders, and other Russian commanders opposed to the Allies, were all old men, all past sixty years when the war began. Prince Menschikoff was sixty-four when he went on his famous mission to Constantinople, and he did not grow younger in the eighteen months that followed, and at the end of which he fought and lost the Battle of the Alma. The Russian war was an old man's war, and the stubbornness with which it was waged had in it much of that ugliness which belongs to age.

"The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire,

But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire."

What rendered the attacks that were made on old generals in 1854-6 the more absurd was the fact, that the English called upon an old man to relieve them from bad government, and were backed by other nations. Lord Palmerston, upon whom all thoughts and all eyes were directed, was older than any one of those generals to whose years Englishmen attributed their country's failure. When, with the all but universal approbation of Great Britain and her friends, he became Prime-Minister, he was in his seventy-first year, and his action showed that his natural force was not abated. He was called to play the part of the elder Pitt at a greater age than Pitt reached; and he did not disappoint expectation. It is strange indeed, considering that the Premiership was a more difficult post to fill than that held by any English general, that the English should rely upon the

not a young man; but, though suffering from mortal illness, he showed no want of vigor on almost every occasion when its display was required.

oldest of their active statesmen to retrieve their fortunes, while they were condemning as unfit for service men who were his juniors by several years.

In truth, the position that youth is necessary to success in war is not sustained by military history. It may be no drawback to a soldier's excellence that he is young, but it is equally true that an old man may possess every quality that is necessary in a soldier who would serve his country well and win immortal fame for himself. The best of the Greek commanders were men in advanced life, with a few exceptions. The precise age of Miltiades at Marathon is unproven; but as he had become a noted character almost thirty years before the date of that most memorable of battles, he must have been old when he fought and won it. Even Alcibiades, with whom is associated the idea of youth through his whole career, as if Time had stood still in his behalf, did not have a great command until he was approaching to middle age; and it was not until some years more had expired that he won victories for the Athenians. The date of the birth of Epaminondas — the best public man of all antiquity, and the best soldier of Greece — cannot be fixed; but we find him a middle-aged man when first he appears on that stage on which he performed so pure and brilliant a part through seventeen eventful years. Eight years after he first came forward he won the Battle of Leuctra, which shattered the Spartan supremacy forever, and was the most perfect specimen of scientific fighting that is to be found in classical history, and which some of the greatest of modern commanders have been proud merely to imitate. After that action, but not immediately after it, he invaded the Peloponnesus, and led his forces to the vicinity of Sparta, and then effected a revolution that bridled that power perpetually. Nine years after Leuctra he won the Battle of Mantinea, dying on the field. He must then have been an old man, but the last of his campaigns was a miracle of military skill in



all respects; and the effect of his death was the greatest that ever followed the fall of a general on a victorious field, actually turning victory into defeat. The Spartan king, Agesilaus II., who was a not unworthy antagonist of the great Theban, was an old man, and was over seventy when he saved Sparta solely through his skill as a soldier and his energy as a statesman. As a rule, the Greeks, the most intellectual of all races, were averse to the employment of young men in high offices. The Spartan Brasidas, if it be true that he fell in the flower of his age, as the historian asserts, may have been a young man at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, in which he was eminently distinguished; but it was his good fortune to be singularly favored by circumstances on more than one occasion, and his whole career was eminently exceptional to the general current of Hellenic life.

The Romans, though not braver than the Greeks, were more fortunate in their military career than the stayers of the march of Persia. Like the Greeks, they had but few young generals of much reputation. Most of their conquests, and, indeed, the salvation of their country, were the work of old leaders. The grand crisis of Rome was in the years that followed the arrival of Hannibal in Italy; and the two men who did most to baffle the invader were Fabius and Marcellus, who were called, respectively, Rome's shield and sword. They were both old men, though Marcellus may have been looked upon as young in comparison with Fabius, who was upward of seventy, and who, eight years after his memorable pro-dictatorship, retook Tarentum and baffled Hannibal. The old *Lingerer* was, at eighty, too clever, slow as they thought him at Rome, to be "taken in" by Hannibal, who had prepared a nice trap for him, into which he would not walk. Marcellus was about fifty-two when he was pitted against the victor of Cannæ, and he met him on various occasions, and sometimes with striking success. At the age of fifty-six he took Syracuse, after

one of the most memorable of sieges, in which he had Archimedes for an opponent. At sixty he was killed in a skirmish, leaving the most brilliant military name of the republican times, so highly are valor and energy rated, though in the higher qualities of generalship he was inferior to men whose names are hardly known. Undoubtedly, Mommsen is right when he says that Rome was saved by the Roman system, and not by the labors of this man or that; but it is something for a country to have men who know how to work under its system, and in accordance with its requirements; and such men were Fabius and Marcellus, the latter old enough to be Hannibal's father, while the former was the contemporary of his grandfather.

The turning point in the Second Punic War was the siege of Capua by the Romans. That siege Hannibal sought by all means in his power to raise, well knowing, that, if the Campanian city should fall, he could never hope to become master of Italy. He marched to Rome in the expectation of compelling the besiegers to hasten to its defence; but without effect. Two old Romans commanded the beleaguering army, and while one of them, Q. Fulvius, hastened home with a small force, the other, Appius Claudius, carried on the siege. Hannibal had to retreat, and Capua fell, the effect of the tenacity with which ancient generals held on to their prey. Had they been less firm, the course of history would have been changed. At a later period of the war, Rome was saved from great danger, if not from destruction, by the victory of the Metaurus, won by M. Livius Salinator and C. Claudius Nero. Nero was an elderly man, having been conspicuous for some years, and the consular age being forty. His colleague was a very old man, having been consul before the war began, and having long lived in retirement, because he had been unjustly treated. The Romans now forced him to take office, against his wish, though his actions and his language were of the most insulting character. A great

union of parties had taken place, for Hasdrubal was marching to Italy, for the purpose of effecting a junction with his brother Hannibal, and it was felt that nothing short of perfect union could save the State. The State was saved, the two old consuls acting together, and defeating and slaying Hasdrubal in the last great battle of the war that was fought in Italy. The old fogies were too much for their foe, a much younger man than either of them, and a soldier of high reputation.

It must be admitted, however, that the Second Punic War is fairly quotable by those who insist upon the superiority of youthful generals over old ones, for the two greatest men who appeared in it were young leaders, — Hannibal, and Publius Cornelius Scipio, the first Africanus. No man has ever exceeded Hannibal in genius for war. He was one of the greatest statesmen that ever lived, and he was so because he was the greatest of soldiers. He might have won pitched battles as a mere general, but it was his statesmanship that enabled him to contend for sixteen years against Rome, in Italy, though Rome was aided by Carthaginian copperheads. But, though a young general, Hannibal was an old soldier when he led his army from the Ebro to the Trebia, as the avenging agent of his country's gods. His military as well as his moral training began in childhood; and when his father, Hamilcar Barcas,\* was killed, Hannibal, though but eighteen, was of established reputation in the Carthaginian service. Eight years later he took the place which his father and brother-in-law had held, called to it by the voice of the army. During those eight years he had been

constantly employed, and he brought to the command an amount and variety of experience such as it has seldom been the lot of even old generals to acquire. Years brought no decay to his faculties, and we have the word of his successful foe, that at Zama, when he was forty-five, he showed as much skill as he had displayed at Cannæ, when he was but thirty-one. Long afterward, when an exile in the East, his powers of mind shine as brightly as they did when he crossed the Pyrenees and the Alps to fulfil his oath. Scipio, too, though in a far less degree than Hannibal, was an old soldier. He had been often employed, and was present at Cannæ, before he obtained that proconsular command in Spain which was the worthy foundation of his fortunes. The four years that he served in that country, and his subsequent services in Africa, qualified him to meet Hannibal, whose junior he was by thirteen years. That he was Hannibal's superior, because he defeated him at Zama, with the aid of Masinissa, no more follows than that Wellington was Napoleon's superior, because, with the aid of Blücher, he defeated him at Waterloo. It would not be more difficult to account for the loss of the African field than it is to account for the loss of the Flemish field, by the superior genius. The elder Africanus is the most exceptional character in all history, and it is impossible to place him. He seems never to have been young, and we cannot associate the idea of age with him, even when he is dying at Liternum at upwards of fifty. He was a man at seventeen, when first he steps boldly out on the historic page, and there is no apparent change in him when we find him leading great armies, and creating a new policy for the redemption of Italy from the evils of war. He was intended to be a king, but he was born two centuries too early to be of any use to his country in accordance with his genius, out of the field. Such a man is not to be judged as a mere soldier, and we were inclined not to range him on the side of youthful generals; but we will be generous, and,

\* The advocates of youth in generals have never, that we are aware, claimed Hamilcar Barcas as one of the illustrations of their argument; yet he must have been a very young man when he began his extraordinary career, if, as has been stated on good authority, he was not beyond the middle age when he lost his life in battle. He was a great man, perhaps even as great a man as his son Hannibal, who did but carry out his father's designs.

in consideration of his years, permit him to be claimed by those who insist that war is the business of youth.

At later periods, Rome's greatest generals were men who were old. The younger Africanus was fifty-one at Numantia. Marius did not obtain the consulship until he was fifty; and he was fifty-five when he won his first great victory over the Northern barbarians, and a year older when he completed their destruction. Sulla was past fifty when he set out to meet the armies of Mithridates, which he conquered; and he was fifty-six when he made himself master of his country, after one of the fiercest campaigns on record. Pompeius distinguished himself when very young, but it is thought that the title of "the Great" was conferred upon him by Sulla in a spirit of irony. The late Sir William Napier, who ought to have been a good judge, said that he was a very great general, and in a purely military sense perhaps greater than Cæsar. He was fifty-eight in the campaign of Pharsalia, and if he then failed, his failure must be attributed to the circumstances of his position, which was rather that of a party leader than of a general; and a party leader, it has been truly said, must sometimes obey, in order that at other times he may command. Pompeius delivered battle at Pharsalia against his own judgment. The "Onward to Rome!" cry of the fierce aristocrats was too strong to be resisted; and "their general yielded with a sigh to the importunities of his followers, declaring that he could no longer command, and must submit to obey." Not long before he had beaten Cæsar at Dyrrachium, with much loss to the vanquished, completely spoiling his plans; and the great contest might have had a very different result, had not political and personal considerations been permitted to outweigh those of a military character. Politicians are pests in a camp. Cæsar was in his fifty-first year when he crossed the Rubicon and began his wonderful series of campaigns in the Civil War, — campaigns characterized by an almost superhuman energy. The most

remarkable of his efforts was that which led to his last appearance in the field, at the Battle of Munda, where he fought for existence; he was then approaching fifty-five, and he could not have been more active and energetic, had he been as young as Alexander at Arbela.

In modern days, the number of old generals who have gained great battles is large, far larger than the number of young generals of the highest class. The French claim to be the first of military peoples, and though no other nation has been so badly beaten in battles, or so completely crushed in campaigns, there is a general disposition to admit their claim; and many of their best commanders were old men. Bertrand du Guesclin performed his best deeds against the English after he was fifty, and he was upward of sixty years when the commandant of Randon laid the keys of his fortress on his body, surrendering, not to the living, but to the dead. Turenne was ever great, but it is admitted that his three last campaigns, begun when he was sixty-two, were his greatest performances. Condé's victory at Rocroi was a most brilliant deed, he being then but twenty-two; but it does not so strikingly illustrate his genius as do those operations by which, at fifty-four, he baffled Montecuculi, and prevented him from profiting from the fall of Turenne. Said Condé to one of his officers, "How much I wish that I could have conversed only two hours with the ghost of Monsieur de Turenne, so as to be able to follow the scope of his ideas!" In these days, generals can have as much ghostly talk as they please, but the privilege would not seem to be much used, or it is not useful, for they do nothing that is of consequence sufficient to be attributed to supernatural power. Luxembourg was sixty-two when he defeated Prince Waldeck at Fleurus; and at sixty-four and sixty-five he defeated William III. at Steinkirk and Landen. Vendôme was fifty-one when he defeated Eugène at Cassano; and at fifty-six he won the eventful Battle of Villaviciosa, to which the Spanish Bourbons owe



their throne. Villars, who fought the terrible Battle of Malplaquet against Marlborough and Eugène, was then fifty-six years old; and he had more than once baffled those commanders. At sixty he defeated Eugène, and by his successes enabled France to conclude honorably a most disastrous war. The Comte de Saxe was in his forty-ninth year when he gained the Battle of Fontenoy;\* and later he won other successes. Rochambeau was in his fifty-seventh year when he acted with Washington at Yorktown, in a campaign that established our existence as a nation.

The Spanish army of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, down to the date of the Battle of Rocroi, stood very high. Several of its best generals were old men. Gonsalvo de Córdoba, "the Great Captain," who may be considered the father of the famous Spanish infantry, was fifty when he completed his Italian conquests; and nine years later he was again called to the head of the Spaniards in Italy, but the King of Aragon's jealousy prevented him from going to that country. Alva was about sixty when he went to the Netherlands, on his awful mission; and it must be allowed that he was as great in the field as he was detestably cruel. At seventy-four he conquered Portugal. Readers of Mr. Prescott's work on Peru will remember his lively account of Francisco de Carbajal, who at fourscore was more active than are most men at thirty. Francisco Pizarro was an old man, about sixty, when he effected the conquest of Peru; and his principal associate, Alma-

gro, was his senior. Spinola, who died at sixty-one, in the full possession of his reputation, was, perhaps, the greatest military genius of his time, next to Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein.

The Austrian military service has become a sort of butt with those who shoot their arrows at what is called slowness, and who delight to transfix old generals. Since Bonaparte, in less than a year, tumbled over Beaulieu, Wurmser, and Alvinczy, (whose united ages exceeded two hundred years,) it has been taken for granted that the Austrians never have generals under threescore-and-ten years, and that they are always beaten. There have been many old generals in the Austrian service, it is true, and most of them have been very good leaders. Montecuculi was fifty-six when he defeated the Turks at St. Gothard, which is counted one of the "decisive battles" of the seventeenth century. Daun was fifty-three when he won the victory of Kolin, June 18, 1757, inflicting defeat on the Prussian Frederick, next to Marlborough the greatest commander of modern times who had then appeared. Melas was seventy when he met Bonaparte at Marengo, and beat him, the victory being with the Austrian while he remained on the field; but infirmities having compelled him to leave before he could glean it, the arrival of Desaix and the dash of the younger Kellermann turned the tide of battle in favor of the French. General Zach, Melas's chief of the staff, was in command in the latter part of the battle, and it is supposed, that, if he had not been captured, the Austrians would have kept what they had won. He was fifty-six years old, but was not destined to be the "Old Zach" of his country, as *the* "Old Zach" was always victorious. Marshal Radetzky was eighty-two when, in 1848, he found himself compelled to uphold the Austrian cause in Italy, without the hope of aid from home; and not only did he uphold it, but a year later he restored it completely, and was the virtual ruler of the Peninsula until he had reached the age of ninety. Of all the military men who took part in the

\* At Fontenoy the Duke of Cumberland was but half the age of the Comte de Saxe. In that battle an English soldier was taken prisoner, after fighting with heroic bravery. A French officer complimented him, saying, that, if there had been fifty thousand men like him on the other side, the victory would have been theirs. "No," said the Englishman, "it was not the fifty thousand brave men who were wanting, but a Marshal Saxe." Cumberland was ever unlucky, save at Culloden. Saxe was old beyond his years, being one of the fastest of the fast men of his time, as became the son of Augustus the Strong and Aurora von Königsmark.

wars of 1848-9, he, it is admitted, displayed the most talent and energy. So well was his work done, that it required the united forces of France and Sardinia to undo it, shortly after his death; and he died in the conviction that it could not be undone. Haynau, who certainly displayed eminent ability in 1848-9, was in his sixty-second year when the war began, and stands next to Radetzky as the preserver of the Austrian monarchy; and we should not allow detestation of his cruelties to detract from his military merits. The Devil is entitled to justice, and by consequence so are his imps. Austria has often seen her armies beaten when led by old men, but other old men have won victories for her. Even those of her generals who were so rapidly beaten by young Bonaparte had been good soldiers elsewhere; and when the Archduke Charles, who was two years the junior of Bonaparte, was sent to meet the Frenchman, he had no better luck than had been found by Beaulieu and Wurmser, though his reverses were not on the same extraordinary scale that had marked the fall of his predecessors. Twelve years later, in 1809, Napoleon again met the Archduke Charles, and defeated him repeatedly; and though the Archduke was victorious at Essling, he, the younger commander, had not sufficient boldness so to improve his success as should have given to Austria the credit of the deliverance of Germany, which was to come from Russia. Those who dwell so pertinaciously on the failures of old Austrian generals should in justice to age remember that it was a young Austrian general, and a good soldier too, who showed a most extraordinary want of energy in 1809, immediately after the French under Napoleon had met with the greatest reverse which their arms had then experienced since Bonaparte had been spoiled into a despot. Prince Schwartzberg, who had nominal command of the Allied Armies in 1813-14, was of the same age as the Archduke Charles, but it would be absurd to call him a great soldier. He was

a brave man, and he had seen considerable service; but as a general he did not rank even as second-rate. His appointment to command in 1813 was a political proceeding, meant to conciliate Austria; but though it was a useful appointment in some respects, it was injurious to the Allies in the field; and had the Prince's plan at Leipsic been adhered to, Napoleon would have won decided successes there. The Czar wished for the command, and his zeal might have enabled him to do something; but the entire absence of military talent from the list of his accomplishments would have greatly endangered the Allies' cause. Schwartzberg's merit consisted in this, that he had sufficient influence and tact to "keep things straight" in the councils of a jarring confederacy, until others had gained such victories as placed the final defeat of Napoleon beyond all doubt. His first battle was Dresden, and there Napoleon gave him a drubbing of the severest character; and the loss of that battle would have carried with it the loss of the cause for which it was fought by the Allies, had it not been that at the very same time were fought and won a series of battles, at the Katzbach and elsewhere, which were due to the boldness of Blücher, who was old enough to be Schwartzberg's father, with more than a dozen years to spare. Blücher was also the real hero at Leipsic, where he gained brilliant successes; while on that part of the field where Schwartzberg commanded, the Allies did but little beyond holding their original ground. Had Blücher failed, Leipsic would have been a French victory.

England's best generals mostly have been old men, or men well advanced in life, the chief exceptions being found among her kings and princes.\* The Eng-

\* Henry V. was present, as Prince of Wales, at the Battle of Shrewsbury, before he was sixteen; and there is some reason for supposing that he commanded the royal forces in the Battle of Grosmont, fought and won in his eighteenth year. He was but twenty-eight at Agincourt. Splendid as was his military ca-

lishmen who have exhibited the greatest genius for war, in what may be called their country's modern history, are Oliver Cromwell, Marlborough, and Wellington. Cromwell was in his forty-fourth year when he received the baptism of fire at Edgehill, as a captain; and he was in his fifty-third year when he fought, as lord-general, his last battle, at Worcester, which closed a campaign, as well as an active military career, that had been conducted with great energy. It was as a military man that he subsequently ruled the British islands, and to the day of his death there was no abatement in ability. Marlborough had a good military education, served under Turenne when he was but twenty-two, and attracted his commander's admiration; but he never had an independent command until he was forty, when he led an expedition to Ireland, and captured Cork and Kinsale. He was fifty-two when he assumed command of the armies of the Grand Alliance against Louis XIV., and in his fifty-fifth year when he won the Battle of Blenheim. At fifty-six he gained the victory of Ramillies, and at fifty-eight that of Oudenarde. His last great battle, Malplaquet, was fought when he was in his sixtieth year; and after that the French never durst meet him in the field. He never knew what defeat meant, from experience, and was the most successful even of those commanders who have never failed. He left his command at sixty-two, with no one to dispute his title of the first of living soldiers; and with him victory left the Alliance. Subsequently, it was all over before he had reached to thirty-six years. The Black Prince was but sixteen at Crécy, and in his twenty-seventh year at Poitiers. Edward IV. was not nineteen when he won the great Battle of Towton, and that was not his first battle and victory. He was always successful. Richard III., as Duke of Gloucester, was not nineteen when he showed himself to be an able soldier, at Barnet; and he proved his generalship on other fields. William I., Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., Edward I., Edward III., Henry IV., and William III. were all distinguished soldiers. The last English sovereign who took part in a battle was George II., at Dettingen.

quently he was employed by George I., and to his measures the defeat of the rebels of 1715 was due, he having predicted that they would be overthrown precisely where they were overthrown. The story that he survived by mental powers is without foundation and he continued to perform his official duties to the last, the King having refused to accept his proffered resignation. Wellington had a thorough military training, received his first commission at eighteen, and was a lieutenant-colonel in his twenty-fifth year. After seeing that he was a good soldier in 1791, against the French, he went to Italy, where he distinguished himself inordinate campaigns, and was made a major-general in 1802. At Assaye, that battle in which he commanded, won when he was in his thirty-fifth. He had just entered on his fifth year when he took command at force with which he first defeated French in Portugal. He was in his seventh year when he fought at Waterloo. If he cannot be classed with generals, neither can he be placed in the list of youthful soldiers; and so confidence had he in his military talent that at twenty-six he petitioned transferred to the civil service powers were developed by every day. Some of his Peninsular battles were older than himself. Croas was five years his senior, and a capital soldier. Picton, who had the highest military qualities, was eleven years older than his chief, and was little short of fifty-seven when at Waterloo. Lord Hopetoun was older than Wellington. Lord Caledon (General Sir Thomas) was in his sixty-first year when he defeated Maréchal Victor at Bédouin in his sixty-third when he led the wing of the Allies at Vittoria, was the turning battle of the test between England and France. A few months later he took an, after one of the most terrible known to modern warfare. He to serve



under Wellington until France was invaded. Returning to England, he was sent to Holland, with an independent command; and though his forces were few, so that his fire had been dulled by time, still he carried the great fortress of Berg-op-Zoom by storm, but only to lose it again, with more than two thousand men because of the sense and gallantry of the French General Bezanet, who, with four Rosecrans at Murfreesh-boro', would not accept defeat under any circumstances. When Wellington afterwards saw the place, he remarked that it was very strong, and must have been extremely difficult to enter; "but when once it had been added, "I wonder how the Devil could suffer themselves to be beaten out of it!" Though the old Scotchman was on this particular occasion, his boldness and daring are to be cited in support of the position that energy in war is the exclusive property of youth.

Some of the best of the English second-class generals were old men. Lord Clyde began his memorable Indian campaigns at six and, and certainly showed no want of talent and activity in their course, restored, to all appearance, British supremacy in the East. Sir C. J. Napier was in his sixty-second year when he conquered Sind, winning the great battles of Meanee and Doobah; and six years later he was sent out to India, as commander-in-chief, at the suggestion of Wellington, who said, that, if Napoleon could not go, he should go himself. He reached India too late to fight there, but showed great vigor in governing the Indian army. He died in 1853, and he lived until the next spring, would unquestionably have been placed at the head of that force which had sent first to Turkey and then to northern Russia. Lord Raglan was almost sixty-six when he was appointed his first command, and though his conduct has been severely criticized, and much misrepresented by many writers, his opinion is now becoming common that he discharged well the duties

of a very difficult position. Mr. Kinglake's brilliant work is obtaining justice for the services and memory of his illustrious friend. Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough were old men when they carried on some of the fiercest hostilities ever known to the English in India. Sir Ralph Abercromby was sixty-three when he defeated the French in Egypt, in 1801. Lord Cornwallis was fifty-two when he broke the power of Tippoo Saib, and prepared the way for his ultimate overthrow. Lord Peterborough was forty-seven, and had never before held a command or seen much service, when he set out on that series of extraordinary campaigns which came so near replacing the Austrian house in possession of Spain and the Indies. Peterborough has been called the last of the knights-errant; but, in fact, no book on knight-errantry contains anything half so wonderful as his deeds in the country of Don Quixote. Sir Eyre Coote, who had so boldly supported that bold policy which led to the victory of Plassey, nearly a quarter of a century later supported Hastings in the field with almost as much vigor as he had supported Clive in council, and saved British India, when it was assailed by the ablest of all its foes. His last victories were gained in advanced life, and are ranked with the highest of those actions to which England owes her wonderful Oriental dominion. Lord Keane was verging upon sixty when he led the British forces into Afghanistan, and took Ghuznee. Against all her old and middle-aged generals, her kings and princes apart, England could place but very few young commanders of great worth. Clive's case was clearly exceptional; and Wolfe owed his victory on the Heights of Abraham as much to Montcalm's folly as to his own audacity. The Frenchman should have refused battle, when time and climate would soon have wrought his deliverance and his enemy's ruin.

It is generally held that the wars which grew out of the French Revolution, and which involved the world in their flames, were chiefly the work of young men, and

that their history illustrates the superiority of youth over age in the ancient art of human destruction. But this belief is not well founded, and, indeed, bears a close resemblance to that other error in connection with the French Revolution, namely, that it proceeded from the advent of new opinions, which obtained ascendancy, — whereas those opinions were older than France, and had more than once been aired in France, and there had struggled for supremacy. The opinions before the triumph of which the old monarchy went down were much older than that monarchy; but as they had never before been able definitely to influence the nation's action, it was not strange that they should be considered new, when there was nothing new about them save their application. Young opinions, as they are supposed to have been, are best championed by young men; and hence it is assumed that the French leaders in the field were youthful heroes, as were the civil leaders in many instances, — and a very nice mess the latter made of the business they engaged in, doing little that was well in it beyond getting their own heads cut off. There are some facts that greatly help to sustain the position that France was saved from partition by the exertions of young generals, the new men of the new time. Hoche, Moreau, Bonaparte, Desaix, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and others, who early rose to fame in the Revolutionary wars, were all young men, and their exploits were so great as to throw the deeds of others into the shade; but the salvation of France was effected before any one of their number became conspicuous as a leader. Napoleon once said that it was not the new levies that saved France, but the old soldiers of the Bourbons; and he was right; and he might have added, that they were led by old or elderly generals. Dumouriez was in his fifty-fourth year when, in 1792, he won the Battles of Valmy and Jemmapes; and at Valmy he was aided by the elder Kellermann, who was fifty-seven. Those two battles decided the fate of Europe,

and laid the foundation of that French supremacy which endured for twenty years, until Napoleon himself overthrew it by his mad Moscow expedition. Custine, who also was successful in 1792, on the side of Germany, was fifty-two. Jourdan and Pichegru, though not old men, were old soldiers, when, in 1794 and 1795, they did so much to establish the power of the French Republic, the former winning the Battle of Fleurus. It was in the three years that followed the beginning of the war in 1792, that the French performed those deeds which subsequently enabled Napoleon and his Marshals to chain victory to their chariots, and to become so drunk from success that they fell through their own folly rather than because of the exertions of their enemies. Had the old French generals been beaten at Valmy, the Prussians would have entered Paris in a few days, the monarchy would have been restored, and the name of Bonaparte never would have been heard; and equally unknown would have been the names of a hundred other French leaders, who distinguished themselves in the three-and-twenty years that followed the first successes of Dumouriez and Kellermann. Let honor be given where it is due, and let the fogies have their just share of it. There can be nothing meaner than to insist upon stripping gray heads of green laurels.

After the old generals and old soldiers of France had secured standing-places for the new generation, the representatives of the latter certainly did make their way brilliantly and rapidly. The school was a good one, and the scholars were apt to learn, and did credit to their masters. They carried the tricolor over Europe and into Egypt, and saw it flying over the capital of almost every member of those coalitions which had purposed its degradation at Paris. It was the flag to which men bowed at Madrid and Seville, at Milan and Rome, at Paris and at the Hague, at Warsaw and Wilna, at Dantzic and in Dalmatia, at the same time that it was fast approaching

Moscow; and it was thought of with as much fear as hatred at Vienna and Berlin. No wonder that the world forgot or overlooked the earlier and fewer triumphs of the first Republican commanders, when dazzled by the glories that shone from Arcola, the Pyramids, Zürich, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Eckmühl, Wagram, Borodino, Lützen, Bautzen, and Dresden. But those young generals of the Republic and the Empire were sometimes found unequal to the work of contending against the old generals of the Coalitionists. Suvaroff was in his seventieth year when he defeated Macdonald at the Battle of the Trebbia, the Frenchman being but thirty-four; and a few months later he defeated Joubert, who was thirty, at Novi. Joubert was one of Bonaparte's generals in his first Italian wars, and was so conspicuous and popular that he had been selected to command the Army of Italy by the moderate reactionists, in the hope that he might there win such glory as should enable him to play the part which Bonaparte played but a few months later,—Bonaparte being then in the East, with the English fleets between him and France, so that he was considered a lost man. "The striking similarity of situation between Joubert and Bonaparte," says Madame d'Abrantes, "is most remarkable. They were of equal age, and both, in their early career, suffered a sort of disgrace; they were finally appointed to command, first, the seventeenth military division, and afterward the Army of Italy. There is in all this a curious parity of events; but death soon ended the career of one of the young heroes. That which ought to have constituted the happiness of his life was the cause of Joubert's death,—his marriage. But how could he refrain from loving the woman he espoused? Who can have forgotten Zaphirine de Montholon, her enchanting grace, her playful wit, her good humor, and her beauty?" Like another famous soldier, Joubert loved too well to love wisely. Bonaparte, who never was young, had

received the command of the Army of Italy as the portion of the ex-mistress of Barras, who was seven years his senior, and, being a matter-of-fact man, he reduced his *lune de miel* to three days, and posted off to his work. He knew the value of time in those days, and not Cleopatra herself could have kept him from his men. Joubert, more of a man, but an inferior soldier, took his honeymoon in full measure, passing a month with his bride; and the loss of that month, if so sweet a thirty days could be called a loss, ruined him, and perhaps prevented him from becoming Emperor of the French. The enemy received reinforcements while he was so lovingly employed, and when he at length arrived on the scene of action he found that the Allies had obtained mastery of the situation. It was no longer in the power of the French to say whether they would fight or not. They had to give battle at Novi, where the tough old Russian of seventy years asserted his superiority over the *héros de roman* who had posted from Paris to retrieve the fortune of France, and to make his own. When he left Paris, he said to his wife, "You will see me again, dead or victorious,"—and dead he was, in less than a month. He fell early in the action, on the fifteenth of August, 1799, the very day on which Bonaparte completed his thirtieth year. Moreau took the command, but failed to turn the tide of disaster. The French are unanimous in ascribing their defeat to Joubert's delay at Paris, and it is certain that the enemy did take Alexandria and Mantua during that month's delay, and thus were enabled to add the besieging forces to their main army, so that Joubert was about to retreat to the Apennines, and to assume a defensive position, when Suvaroff forced him to accept battle. But something should be allowed for the genius of the Russian general, who was one of the great master-spirits of war, and who seldom fought without being completely victorious. He had mostly been employed against the Turks, whose military reputation was



then at the lowest, or the Poles, who were too divided and depressed to do themselves and their cause justice, and therefore his character as a soldier did not stand so high as that of more than one man who was his inferior; but when, in his seventieth year, he took command in Italy, there to encounter soldiers who had beaten the armies of almost all other European nations, and who were animated by a fanatical spirit as strong as that which fired his own bosom, he showed himself to be more than equal to his position. He was not at all at fault, though brought face to face with an entirely new state of things, but acted with his accustomed vigor, marching from victory to victory, and reconquering Italy more rapidly than it had been conquered three years before by Bonaparte. When Bonaparte was destroying the Austrian armies in Italy, Suvaroff watched his operations with deep interest, and said that he must go to the West to meet the new genius, or that Bonaparte would march to the East against Russia, — a prediction, it has been said, that was fulfilled to the Frenchman's ruin. Whether, had he encountered Bonaparte, he would have beaten him, is a question for the ingenious to argue, but which never can be settled. But one thing is certain, and that is, that Bonaparte never encountered an opponent of that determined and energetic character which belonged to Suvaroff until his latter days, and then his fall was rapid and his ruin utter. That Suvaroff failed in Switzerland, to which country he had been transferred from Italy, does not at all impeach his character for generalship. His failure was due partly to the faults of others, and partly to circumstances. Switzerland was to him what Russia became to Napoleon in 1812. Massena's victory at Zürich, in which half of Korsakoff's army was destroyed, rendered Russian failure in the campaign inevitable. All the genius in the world, on that field of action, could not have done anything that should have compensated for so terrible a calamity. Zürich saved

France far more than did Marengo, and it is to be noted that it was fought and won by the oldest of all the able men who figure in history as Napoleon's Marshals. There were some of the Marshals who were older than Massena, but they were not men of superior talents. Massena was forty-one when he defeated Korsakoff, and he was a veteran soldier when the Revolutionary wars began.

The three commanders who did most to break down Napoleon's power, and to bring about his overthrow, namely, — Benningsen, and Kutusoff, and Blücher, — were all old men; and the two last-named were very old men. It would be absurd to call either of them a great commander, but it is indisputable that they all had great parts in great wars. Benningsen can scarcely be called a good general of the second class, and he is mostly spoken of as a foolish braggart and boaster; but it is a fact that he did some things at an important time which indicated his possession of qualities that were highly desirable in a general who was bound to act against Napoleon. Having, in 1807, obtained command of the Russian army in Poland, he had what the French considered the consummate impudence to take the offensive against the Emperor, and compelled him to mass his forces, and to fight in the dead of winter, and a Polish winter to boot, in which all that is not ice and snow is mud. True, Napoleon would have made him pay dear for his boldness, had there not occurred one or two of those accidents which often spoil the best-laid plans of war; but as it was, the butcherly Battle of Eylau was fought, both parties, and each with some show of reason, claiming the victory. Had the Russians acted on the night after Eylau as the English acted on the night after Flodden, and remained on the field, the world would have pronounced them victorious, and the French Empire might have been shorn of its proportions, and perhaps have fallen seven years in advance of its time; but they retreated, and thus the French made a fair claim to the honors of the engagement, though virtu-

ally beaten in the fight. Benningsen boasted tremendously, and as there were men enough to believe what he said to be true, because they wished it to be true, and as he had behaved well on some previous occasions, his reputation was vastly raised, and his name was in all mouths and on all pens. If the reader will take the trouble to look over a file of some Federal journal of 1807, he will find Benningsen as frequently and as warmly praised as Lee or Stonewall Jackson is (or was) praised by English journals in 1863,—for the Federalists hated Napoleon as bitterly as the English hate us, and read of Eylau with as much unction as the English of to-day read of the American reverses at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, while Austerlitz and Friedland pleased our Federalists about as well as Donelson and Pulaski please the English of these times. A few months after Eylau, Benningsen repulsed an attack which Napoleon imprudently made on his intrenched camp at Heilsberg, which placed another feather in his cap; nor did the smashing defeat he met with four days later, at Friedland, lessen his reputation. The world is slow to think poorly of a man who has done some clever things. We have seen how it was with the late Stonewall Jackson, concerning whom most men spoke as if he had never known defeat, though it is, or it should be, notorious, that he was as often beaten as successful, that more than once he had to fly with wind-like swiftness to escape personal destruction, and that on one occasion he was saved from ruin only because of an exhibition on our side of more than a usual amount of stupidity. But he had repeatedly showed some of the best qualities of a dashing general, and all else was overlooked in admiration of the skill and the audacity with which he then had done his evil work. So it was with Benningsen, and with more justice. The man who had bearded Napoleon but a few months after Jena, and not much more than a year after Austerlitz, and who had fought an even battle with him, in which fifty thousand men fell, must

have had some high moral qualities that entitled him to respect; and he continued to be much talked of until greater and more fruitful campaigns had obscured his deeds. The pluck which he had exhibited tended to keep alive the spirit of European resistance to Napoleon, as it showed that the conqueror had only to be firmly met to be made to fight hardly for victory; and that was much, in view of the rapidity with which Napoleon had beaten both Austria and Russia in 1805, and Prussia in 1806. Benningsen completed his sixty-second year two days after the Battle of Eylau. He was employed in 1812, '13, '14, but not in the first line, and his name is not of much mention in the histories of those eventful years.

Prince Kutusoff, though a good soldier in the Turkish and Polish wars, did not have a command against the French until he had completed his sixtieth year, in 1805, when he led a Russian army to the aid of Austria. He checked the advance of the French after Ulm, and was in nominal command of the Allies at Austerlitz; but that battle was really fought in accordance with the plans of General Weyrother, for which Kutusoff had a profound contempt. If thorough beating could make good soldiers of men, the vanquished at Austerlitz ought to have become the superiors of the victors. In 1812, when the Russians had become weary of that sound policy which was drawing Napoleon to destruction, Kutusoff assumed command of their army, and fought the Battle of Borodino, which was a defeat in name, but a victory in its consequences, to the invaded party. His conduct while the French were at Moscow had the effect of keeping them in that trap until their fate was sealed; and his action while following them on their memorable retreat was a happy mixture of audacity and prudence, and completed the Russian triumph. Sir Robert Wilson, who was with the Russian general, who must have found him a bore of the first magnitude, is very severe on Kutusoff's proceedings; but all that he says

makes it clear that the stout old Russian knew what he was about, and that he was determined not to be made a mere tool of England. If success is a test of merit, Kutusoff's action deserves the very highest admiration, for the French army was annihilated. He died just after he had brought the greatest of modern campaigns to a triumphant close, at the age of sixty-eight, and before he could hear the world's applause. The Germans, who were to owe so much to his labors, rejoiced at his removal, because he was supposed to belong to the peace party, who were opposed to further action, and who thought that their country was under no obligation to fight for the deliverance of other nations. They feared, too, that, if the war should go on, his "Muscovite hoof" would be too strong for the Fatherland to bear it; and they saw in his death a Providential incident, which encouraged them to move against the French. It is altogether probable, that, if he had lived but three months longer, events would have taken quite a different turn. Baron von Müffling tells us that Kutusoff "would not hear a word of crossing the Elbe; and all Scharnhorst's endeavors to make him more favorably disposed toward Prussia were fruitless. The whole peace party in the Russian army joined with the Field-Marshal, and the Emperor was placed in a difficult position. On my arrival at Altenberg, I found Scharnhorst deeply dejected, for he could not shut his eyes to the consequences of this resistance. Unexpectedly, the death of the obstinate old Marshal occurred on the twenty-eighth of April, and the Emperor was thus left free to pursue his own policy." The first general who had successfully encountered Napoleon, it would have been the strangest of history's strange facts, if the Emperor had owed the continuance of his reign to Kutusoff's influence, and that was the end to which the Russian's policy was directed; for, though he wished to confine French power within proper limits, he had no wish to strengthen either England or any of the German

nations, deeming them likely to become the enemies of Russia, while he might well suppose that the French had had enough of Russian warfare to satisfy them for the rest of the century. Had his astute policy been adopted and acted on, there never would have been a Crimean War, and Sebastopol would not now be a ruin; and Russia would have been greater than she is likely to be in our time, or in the time of our children.

Blücher, who completed the work which Kutusoff began, and in a manner which the Russian would hardly have approved, was an older man than the hero of Borodino. When called to the command of the Prussian army, in March, 1813, he was in his seventy-first year; and he was in his seventy-third year when his energy enabled him, in the face of difficulties that no other commander could have overcome, to bring up more than fifty thousand men to the assistance of Wellington at Waterloo, losing more than an eighth of their number. He had no military talent, as the term is generally used. He could not tell whether a plan was good or bad. He could not understand the maps. He was not a disciplinarian, and he was ignorant of all the details of preparing an army, of clothing and feeding and arming it. In all those things which it is supposed a commander should know, and which such commanders as Napoleon and Wellington did know well, he was so entirely ignorant, that he might have been raised to the head of an army of United States Volunteers amid universal applause. He was vicious to an extent that surprised even the fastest men of that vicious time, — a gambler, a drunkard, and a loose liver every way, indulging in vices that are held by mild moralists to be excusable in youth who are employed in sowing wild oats, but which are universally admitted to be disgusting in those upon whom age has laid its withering hand. Yet this vicious and ignorant old man had more to do with bringing about the fall of Napoleon than all the generals and statesmen of the Allies combined. He had energy, which is the



most valuable of all qualities in a military leader; and he hated Napoleon as heartily as he hated Satan, and a great deal more heartily than he hated sin. Mr. Dickens tells us that the vigorous tenacity of love is always much stronger than hate, and perhaps he is right, so far as concerns private life; but in public life hate is by far the stronger passion. But for Blücher's hatred of Napoleon the campaign of 1813 would have terminated in favor of the Emperor, that of 1814 never would have been undertaken, and that of 1815, if ever attempted, would have had a far different issue. The old German disregarded all orders and suggestions, and set all military and political principles at defiance, in his ardor to accomplish the one purpose which he had in view; and as that purpose was accomplished, he has taken his place in history as one of the greatest of soldiers. Napoleon himself is not more secure of immortality. He was greatly favored by circumstances, but he is a wise man who knows how to profit from circumstances. Take Blücher out of the wars of 1813-15, and there is little left in them on the side of the Allies that is calculated to command admiration. Next to Blücher stands his celebrated chief of the staff, General Count Gneisenau, who was the brains of the Army of Silesia, Blücher being its head. When Blücher was made an LL.D. at Oxford, he facetiously remarked, "If I am a doctor, here is my pill-maker," placing his hand on Gneisenau's head,—which was a frank acknowledgment that few men would have been able to make. Gneisenau was fifty-three when he became associated with Blücher, and he was fifty-five when he acted with him in 1815. In 1831 he was appointed to an important command, being then seventy-one. The celebrated Scharnhorst, Gneisenau's predecessor, and to whom the Prussians owed so much, was in his fifty-seventh year when he died of the wounds he had received at the Battle of Lützen.

There are some European generals whom it is difficult to class, as they showed great capacity and won great victories

as well in age as in youth. Prince Eugène was one of these, and Frederick of Prussia was another. Eugène showed high talent when very young, and won the first of his grand victories over the Turks at thirty-four; but it was not so splendid an affair as that of Belgrade, which he won at fifty-four. He was forty-three when he defeated the French at Turin, under circumstances and with incidents that took attention even from Marlborough, whom he subsequently aided to gain the victories of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, as he had previously aided him at Blenheim. At seventy-one Eugène led an Austrian army against the French; and though no battle was fought, his conduct showed that he had not lost his capacity for command. Frederick began his military life when in his thirtieth year, and was actively engaged until thirty-three, showing striking ability on several occasions, though he began badly, according to his own admission. But it was in the Seven Years' War that his fame as a soldier was won, and that contest began when he was in his forty-fifth year. He was close upon forty-six when he gained the Battles of Rossbach and Leuthen. Whatever opinion others may entertain as to his age, it is certain that he counted himself an old man in those days. Writing to the Marquis d'Argens, a few days before he was forty-eight, he said, "In my old age I have come down almost to be a theatrical king"; and not two years later he wrote to the same friend, "I have sacrificed my youth to my father, and my manhood to my fatherland. I think, therefore, I have acquired the right to my old age." He reckoned by trials and events, and he had gone through enough to have aged any man. Those were the days when he carried poison on his person, in order that, should he be completely beaten, or captured, he might not adorn Maria Theresa's triumph, but end his life "after the high Roman fashion." When the question of the Bavarian succession threatened to lead to another war with Austria, Frederick's action, though he

was in his sixty-seventh year, showed, to use the homely language of the English soldier at St. Helena when Napoleon arrived at that famous watering-place, that he had many campaigns in his belly yet. The youthful Emperor, Joseph II., would have been no match for the old soldier of Liegnitz and Zorndorf.

Some of Frederick's best generals were old men. Schwerin, who was killed in the terrible Battle of Prague, was then seventy-three, and a soldier of great reputation. Sixteen years before he had won the Battle of Mollwitz, one of the most decisive actions of that time, from which Frederick himself is said to have run away in sheer fright. General Zieten, perhaps the best of all modern cavalry-commanders, was in his fifty-eighth year when the Seven Years' War began, and he served through it with eminent distinction, and most usefully to his sovereign. He could not have exhibited more dash, if he had been but eight-and-twenty, instead of eight-and-fifty, or sixty-five, as he was when peace was made. Field-Marshal Keith, an officer of great ability, was sixty when he fell at Hochkirchen, after a brilliant career.

American military history is favorable to old generals. Washington was in his forty-fourth year when he assumed command of the Revolutionary armies, and in his fiftieth when he took Yorktown. Wayne and Greene were the only two of our young generals of the Revolution who showed decided fitness for great commands. Had Hamilton served altogether in the field, his would have been the highest military name of the war. The absurd jealousies that deprived Schuyler of command, in 1777, alone prevented him from standing next to Washington. He was close upon forty-four when he gave way to Gates, who was forty-nine. The military reputation of both Schuyler and Hamilton has been most nobly maintained by their living descendants. Washington was called to the command of the American forces at sixty-six, when it was supposed that the French would attempt

to invade the United States, which shows that the Government of that day had no prejudice against old generals. General Jackson's great Louisiana campaign was conducted when he was nearly forty-eight, and he was, from almost unintermitted illness, older in constitution than in years. Had General Scott had means at his disposal, we should have been able to point to a young American general equal to any who is mentioned in history; but our poverty forbade him an opportunity in war worthy of his genius. It "froze the genial current of his soul." As a veteran leader, he was most brilliantly distinguished. He was in his sixty-first year when he set out on his memorable Mexican campaign, which was an unbroken series of grand operations and splendid victories, such as are seldom to be found in the history of war. The weight of years had no effect on that magnificent mind. Of him, as it was of Carnôt, it can be said that he organized victory, and made it permanent. His deeds were all the greater because of the feeble support he received from his Government. Like Wellington, in some of his campaigns, he had to find within himself the resources which were denied him by bad ministers. General Taylor was in his sixty-second year when the Mexican War began, and in less than a year he won the Battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista. He, too, was badly supported. The Secession War has been conducted by elderly or middle-aged men. General Lee, whom the world holds to have displayed the most ability in it, is about fifty-six. General Rosecrans is forty-four, and General Grant forty-two. Stonewall Jackson died at thirty-seven. General Banks is forty-eight, General Hooker forty-five, General Beauregard forty-six, General Bragg forty-nine, General Burnside forty, General Gillmore thirty-nine, General Franklin forty-one, General Magruder fifty-three, General Meade forty-eight, General Schuyler Hamilton forty-two, General Charles S. Hamilton forty, and General Foster forty. General

Lander, a man of great promise, died in his fortieth year. General Kearney was killed at forty-seven, and General Stevens at forty-five. General Sickles was in his forty-first year when he was wounded at Gettysburg, and General Reno was thirty-seven when he died so bravely at South Mountain. General Pemberton lost Vicksburg at forty-five. General T. W. Sherman is forty-six, and General W. T. Sherman forty-four. General McClellan was in his thirty-fifth year when he assumed command at Washington in 1861. General Lyon had not completed the first month of his forty-third year when he fell at Wilson's Creek. General McDowell was in his forty-third year when he failed at Bull Run, in consequence of the coming up of General Joe Johnston, who was fifty-one. General Keyes is fifty-three, General Kelley fifty-seven, General King forty, and General Pope forty-one. General A. S. Johnston was fifty-nine when he was killed at Shiloh.

General Halleck is forty-eight. General Longstreet is forty. The best of the Southern cavalry-leaders was General Ashby, who was killed at thirty-eight. General Stuart is twenty-nine. On our side, General Stanley is thirty, General Pleasonton forty, and General Averell about thirty. General Phelps is fifty-one, General Polk fifty-eight, General S. Cooper sixty-eight, General J. Cooper fifty-four, and General Blunt thirty-eight. The list might be much extended, but very few young men would be found in it,—or very few old men, either. The best of our leaders are men who have either passed beyond middle life, or who may be said to be in the enjoyment of that stage of existence. It is so, too, with the Rebels. If the war does not afford many facts in support of the position that old generals are very useful, neither does it afford many to be quoted by those who hold that the history of heroism is the history of youth.

---

## THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.\*

[1657.]

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,  
 By dawn or sunset shone across,  
 When the ebb of the sea has left them free  
 To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:  
 For there the river comes winding down  
 From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,  
 And waves on the outer rocks afoam  
 Shout to its waters, "Welcome home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view  
 East of the grisly Head of the Boar,  
 And Agamenticus lifts its blue  
 Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;

\* See *Norfolk County Records*, 1657; *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, No. II. p. 192. The moral lapse of the first minister of Hampton at the age of fourscore is referred to in the third number of the same periodical. Goody Cole, the Hampton witch, was twice imprisoned for the alleged practice of her arts.



its granite bottom visible at the depth of a hundred feet, its banks a celestial garden, lying in a basin thirty-five miles long by ten wide, and nearly seven thousand feet above the Pacific level. Geography has no superior to this glorious sea, this chalice of divine cloud-wine held sublimely

up against the very press whence it was wrung. Here, virtually at the end of our overland journey, since our feet pressed the green borders of the Golden State, we sat down to rest, feeling that one short hour, one little league, had translated us out of the infernal world into heaven.

### ON PICKET DUTY.

*L. W. Johnson.* 87-

WITHIN a green and shadowy wood,  
Circled with spring, alone I stood:  
The nook was peaceful, fair, and good.

The wild-plum blossoms lured the bees,  
The birds sang madly in the trees,  
Magnolia-scents were on the breeze.

All else was silent; but the ear  
Caught sounds of distant bugle clear,  
And heard the bullets whistle near, —

When from the winding river's shore  
The Rebel guns began to roar,  
And ours to answer, thundering o'er;

And echoed from the wooded hill,  
Repeated and repeated still,  
Through all my soul they seemed to thrill.

For, as their rattling storm awoke,  
And loud and fast the discord broke,  
In rude and trenchant words they spoke.

"We hate!" boomed fiercely o'er the tide;  
"We fear not!" from the other side;  
"We strike!" the Rebel guns replied.

Quick roared our answer, "We defend!"  
"Our rights!" the battle-sounds contend;  
"The rights of all!" we answer send.

"We conquer!" rolled across the wave;  
"We persevere!" our answer gave;  
"Our chivalry!" they wildly rave.

" *Ours are the brave !* " " *Be ours the free !* "

" *Be ours the slave, the masters we !* "

" *On us their blood no more shall be !* "

As when some magic word is spoken,  
By which a wizard spell is broken,  
There was a silence at that token.

The wild birds dared once more to sing,  
I heard the pine-bough's whispering,  
And trickling of a silver spring.

Then, crashing forth with smoke and din,  
Once more the rattling sounds begin,  
Our iron lips roll forth, " *We win !* "

And dull and wavering in the gale  
That rushed in gusts across the vale  
Came back the faint reply, " *We fail !* "

And then a word, both stern and sad,  
From throat of huge Columbiad, —  
" *Blind fools and traitors ! ye are mad !* "

Again the Rebel answer came,  
Muffled and slow, as if in shame, —  
" *All, all is lost !* " in smoke and flame.

Now bold and strong and stern as Fate  
The Union guns sound forth, " *We wait !* "  
Faint comes the distant cry, " *Too late !* "

" *Return ! return !* " our cannon said ;  
And, as the smoke rolled overhead,  
" *We dare not !* " was the answer dread.

Then came a sound, both loud and clear,  
A godlike word of hope and cheer, —  
" *Forgiveness !* " echoed far and near ;

As when beside some death-bed still  
We watch, and wait God's solemn will,  
A blue-bird warbles his soft trill.

I clenched my teeth at that blest word,  
And, angry, muttered, " *Not so, Lord !* "  
The only answer is the sword ! "

I thought of Shiloh's tainted air,  
Of Richmond's prisons, foul and bare,  
And murdered heroes, young and fair, —

Of block and lash and overseer,  
And dark, mild faces pale with fear,  
Of baying hell-hounds panting near.

But then the gentle story told  
My childhood, in the days of old,  
Rang out its lessons manifold.

O prodigal, and lost! arise  
And read the welcome blest that lies  
In a kind Father's patient eyes!

Thy elder brother grudges not  
The lost and found should share his lot,  
And wrong in concord be forgot.

Thus mused I, as the hours went by,  
Till the relieving guard drew nigh,  
And then was challenge and reply.

And as I hastened back to line,  
It seemed an omen half divine  
That "Concord" was the countersign.

---

## OUR PROGRESSIVE INDEPENDENCE. *c*

*G. W. Holmes.*

It is among the possibilities of the future, that, in due course of time, the United States of America shall become to England what England has become to Saxony. We cannot be sure, it is true, that the mother-country will live, a prosperous and independent kingdom, to see the full maturity of her gigantic offspring. We have no right to assume it as a matter of course, that the Western Autocracy will fill up, unbroken, the outline traced for it by Nature and history. But England, forced as her civilization must be considered ever since the Conquest, has a reasonable chance for another vigorous century, and the Union, the present storm once weathered, does not ask a longer time than this to become, according to the prediction of the London "Times," the master-power of the planet.

The class that guides the destinies of Great Britain and her dependencies is

far-reaching in its anticipations as it is deep-rooted in its recollections. *Quantum radice in Tartara, tantum vertice ad auras*, — if we may invert the poet's words. An American millionaire may be anxious about the condition of his grandchildren, but a peer whose ancestors came in with the Conqueror looks ahead at least as far as the end of the twentieth century. The royal astrologers have cast the horoscope of the nationality born beneath the evening-star, and report it as being ominous for that which finds its nativity in the House of Leo.

Every dynasty sees a natural enemy in a self-governing state. Its dread of that enemy is in exact proportion to the amount of liberty enjoyed by its own people. Freedom is the ferment of Freedom. The moistened sponge drinks up water greedily; the dry one sheds it. Russia has no popular legislation, and her

88-



Emperor almost, perhaps quite, loves us. England boasts of her freeborn people, and her governing class, to say the least, does not love us.

An unexpected accident of situation startled us by the revelation of a secret which had been, on the whole, very well kept. No play of mirrors in a story, no falling of a screen in a comedy, no flash of stage-lightning in a melodrama, ever betrayed a lover's or a murderer's hidden thought and purpose more strikingly than the over-hasty announcement that the Union was broken into warring fragments, never again to be joined together, unveiled the cherished hope of its Old-World enemies. The whispers of expectant heirs at the opening of a miser's will are decorous and respectful, compared to the chuckle of the leading English social and political organ and its echoes, when the bursting of the Republican "bubble" was proclaimed as an accomplished fact, and the hour was thought to have come when the "Disunited States" could be held up as a spectacle to the people of Europe. A *Te Deum* in Westminster Abbey would hardly have added emphasis to the expression of what appeared to be the prevailing sentiment of the upper classes.

If the comparative prudence of the British Government had not tempered this exultant movement, the hopes of civilization would have been blasted by such a war as it is sickening to think of: England in alliance with an empire trying to spread and perpetuate Slavery as its very principle of life, against a people whose watchwords were freedom, education, and the dignity of labor. If the silent masses of the British people had not felt that our cause was theirs, there would have been no saying how far the passionate desire to see their predictions made facts might have led the proud haters of popular government.

Between these two forces the British Cabinet has found a diagonal which has met with the usual success of compromises. The aristocracy, which very naturally wishes to see the Union divided, is in

a fair way of being disappointed, because, as its partisans may claim, England did not force herself into our quarrel. That portion of the middling classes which could not tolerate the thought of a Slave Empire has been compelled to witness a deliberate exposure in the face of the whole world of the hollowness of those philanthropic pretensions which have been so long the boast of British patriots. The people of the Union, who expected moral support and universal indignant repudiation of the slaveholding Rebel conspiracy, have been disgusted and offended. The Rebels, who supposed Great Britain, and perhaps France also, would join them in a war which was virtually a crusade against free institutions, have been stung into a second paroxysm of madness. Western Europe failed us in the storm; it leaves them in the moment of shipwreck.

The recent action of the British Government, under the persuasive influence of Mr. Seward's polite representation, that instant hostilities would be sure to follow, if England did not keep her iron pirates at home, has improved somewhat the tone of Northern feeling towards her. The late neighborly office of the Canadian Government, in warning us of the conspiracy to free our prisoners, has produced a very favorable impression, so far as the effect of a single act is felt in striking the balance of a long account.

We can, therefore, examine some of our relations with Great Britain in a better temper now than we could do some months ago, when we never went to sleep without thinking that before morning we might be shelled out of our beds by a fleet of British iron-clad steamers. But though we have been soothed, and in some measure conciliated, by the change referred to, there is no such thing possible as returning to the *status quo ante bellum*. We can never feel in all respects to England as we felt of old. This is a fact which finds expression in so many forms that it is natural to wish to see how deep it lies: whether it is an effect of accidental misunderstanding and col-

lision of interests, or whether it is because the events of the last few years have served to bring to light the organic, inherent, and irreconcilable antagonism of the two countries.

We are all of us in the habit of using words so carelessly, that it will help us to limit their vagueness as here employed. We speak of "England" for Great Britain, for the simple reason that Ireland is but a reluctant alien she drags after her, and Scotland only her most thriving province. We are not surprised, for instance, when "Blackwood" echoes the abusive language of the metropolitan journals, for it is only as a village-curious joins the hounds that pass in full cry. So, when we talk of "the attitude of England," we have a tolerably defined idea, made up of the collective aspect of the unsympathetic Government, of the mendacious and insolent press, of the mercenary trading allies of the Rebels, of the hostile armaments which have sailed from British ports, of the undisguised enmity of many of her colonists, neighbors of the North as well as neighbors of the South; all of which shape themselves into an image having very much the look of representing the nation,—certainly much more the look of it than the sum of all those manifestations which indicate sympathy with the cause of the North.

The attitude of England, then, has been such, since the Rebellion began, as to alienate much of the affection still remaining among us for the mother-country. It has gone far towards finishing that process of separation of the child from the parent which two centuries of exile and two long wars had failed to complete. But, looking at the matter more clearly, we shall find that our causes of complaint must be very unequally distributed among the different classes of the British people.

The *Government* has carefully measured out to us, in most cases certainly, strict, technical justice. It could not well do otherwise, for it knows the force of precedents. But we have an unpleasant sense that our due, as an ally and

a Christian nation, striving against an openly proclaimed heathen conspiracy, has been paid us grudgingly, tardily, sparingly, while our debt, as in the case of the Rebel emissaries, has been extorted fiercely, swiftly, and to the last farthing. We have recognized a change, it is true, ever since Earl Russell gave the hint that our cause was more popular in England than that of the South. We have gratefully accepted the friendly acts already alluded to. Better late than not at all. But the past cannot be undone. British "neutrality" has strengthened the arms that have been raised against our national life, and winged the bloody messengers that have desolated our households. Still, every act of justice which has even a show of good-will in it is received only too graciously by a people which has known what it is to be deserted by its friends in the hour of need. Whatever be the motives of the altered course of the British Government,—an awakened conscience, or a series of "Federal" successes,—Mr. Sumner's arguments, or General Gillmore's long-range practice,—a more careful study of the statistics of Slavery, or of the lists of American iron-clad steamers,—we welcome it at once; we take the offered hand, if not with warm pressure, at least with decent courtesy. We only regret that forbearance and good offices, and that moral influence which would have been almost as important as an offensive and defensive alliance, had not come before the flower of our youth was cut down in the battle-field, and mourning and misery had entered half the families of the land.

The British *aristocracy*, with all its dependent followers, cannot help being against us. The bearing which our success would have on its interests is obvious enough, and we cannot wonder that the instinct of self-preservation opens its eyes to the remote consequences which will be likely to flow from the continued and prosperous existence of the regenerated, self-governing Union. The privileged classes feel to our labor- and money-

saving political machinery just as the hand-weavers felt to the inventor and introducers of the power-loom. The simple fact is, that, if a great nation like ours can govern itself, they are not needed, and Nobility has a nightmare of Jews going about the streets with half a dozen coronets on their heads, one over another, like so many old beavers. What can we expect of the law-spinning heir-loom owners, but that they should wish to break this new-fangled machine, and exterminate its contrivers? The right to defend its life is the claim of everything that lives, and we must not lose our temper because the representatives of an hereditary ruling class wish to preserve those privileges which are their very existence, nor because they have foresight enough to know, that, if the Western Continent remains the seat of a vast, thriving, irresistible, united republic, the days of their life, as an order, are numbered.

"The *people*," as Mr. Motley has said, in one of his official letters, "everywhere sympathize with us; for they know that our cause is that of free institutions, — that our struggle is that of the people against an oligarchy." We have evidence that this is partially true of the British people. But we know also how much they are influenced by their political and social superiors, and we know, too, what base influences have been long at work to corrupt their judgment and inflame their prejudices. We have too often had occasion to see that the middle classes had been reached by the passions of their superiors, or infected by the poison instilled by traitorous emissaries. We have been struck with this particularly in some of the British colonies. It is the livid gleam of a reflected hatred they shed upon us; but the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence, and we feel sure that the British inhabitants of an African cape or of a West-India islet would not have presumed to sympathize with the Rebels, unless they had known that it was respectable, if not fashionable, to do so at home. It is one of the most painful illustrations of the influ-

ence of a privileged class that the opinions and prejudices and interests of the English aristocracy should have been so successfully imposed upon a large portion of the people, for whom the North was fighting over again the battles of that long campaign which will never end until the rightful Sovereigns have dispossessed the whole race of Pretenders.

The effect of this course on the part of the mother-country has been like that of harsh treatment upon children generally. It chills their affections, lessens their respect for the parental authority, interrupts their friendly intercourse, and perhaps drives them from the family-mansion. But it cannot destroy the ties of blood and the recollections of the past. It cannot deprive the "old home" of its charm. If there has been but a single member of the family beneath its roof who has remained faithful and kind, all grateful memories will cluster about that one, though the hearts of the rest were hard as the nether millstone.

The soil of England will always be dearer to us of English descent than any except our own. The Englishman will always be more like one of ourselves than any "foreigner" can be. We shall never cease to feel the tenderest regard for those Englishmen who have stood by us like brothers in the day of trial. They have hardly guessed in our old home how sacred to us is the little island from which our fathers were driven into the wilderness, — not saying, with the Separatists, "Farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome!" but "Farewell, dear England!" At that fearful thought of the invasion of her shores, — a thought which rises among the spectral possibilities of the future, — we seem to feel a dull aching in the bones of our forefathers that lie beneath her green turf, as old soldiers feel pain in the limbs they have left long years ago on the battle-field.

But hard treatment often proves the most useful kind of discipline. One good effect, so far as we are concerned, that will arise from the harsh conduct of England, will be the promotion of our in-



tellectual and moral independence. We declared our political independence a good while ago, but this was as a small dividend is declared on a great debt. We owed a great deal more to posterity than to insure its freedom from political shackles. The American republic was to be emancipated from every Old-World prejudice that might stand in the way of its entire fulness of development according to its own law, which is in many ways different from any precedent furnished by the earlier forms of civilization. There were numerous difficulties in the way. The American talked the language of England, and found a literature ready-made to his hands. He brought his religion with him, shaped under English influences, whether he called himself Dissenter or not. He dispensed justice according to the common law of England. His public assemblies were guided by Parliamentary usage. His commerce and industry had been so long in tutelage that both required long exercise before they could know their own capacities.

The mother-country held her American colonies as bound to labor for her profit, not their own, just as an artisan claims the whole time of his apprentice. If we think the policy of England towards America in the year 1863 has been purely selfish, looking solely to her own interest, without any regard to the principles involved in our struggle, let us look back and see whether it was any different in 1763, or in 1663. If her policy has been uniform at these three periods, it is time for us to have learned our lesson.

Two hundred years ago, in the year 1663, an Act of Parliament was passed to monopolize the Colonial trade for England, for the sake, as its preamble stated, "of keeping them [the Colonies] in a firmer dependence upon it, and rendering them yet more beneficial and advantageous unto it, in the further employment and increase of English shipping and seamen, vent of English woollens and other manufactures and commodities," etc. This act had, of course, the

effect of increasing and perpetuating the naturally close dependence of the Colonies on the mother-country for most of the products of industry. But in an infant community the effect of such restrictions would be little felt, and it required another century before an extension of the same system was publicly recognized as being a robbery of the child by the parent. To show how far the system was carried, and what was the effect on the public mind of a course founded in pure, and, as it proved, short-sighted selfishness, it will be necessary to recall some of the details which help to account for the sudden change at last in the disposition of the Colonists.

One hundred years ago, on the tenth of February, 1763, a treaty of peace between England and France, as the leading powers, was signed at Paris. This was no sooner arranged than the Ministry began that system of Colonial taxation which the Massachusetts House of Representatives denounced as tending to give the Crown and Ministers "an absolute and uncontrollable power of raising money upon the people, which by the wise Constitution of Great Britain is and can be only lodged with safety in the legislature." Part and parcel of this system was that comprehensive scheme of tyranny by means of which England attempted to secure the perpetual industrial dependence of the American Colonies, the principle of which we have already seen openly avowed in the Act of Parliament of 1663, a hundred years earlier.

It was her fixed policy, as is well known, to keep her skilled artisans at home, and to discourage as far as possible all manufactures in the Colonies. By different statutes, passed in successive reigns, persons enticing artificers into foreign countries incur the penalty of five hundred pounds and twelve months' imprisonment for the first offence, and of one thousand pounds and two years' imprisonment for the second offence. If the workmen did not return within six

months after warning, they were to be deemed aliens, forfeit all their lands and goods, and be incapable of receiving any legacy or gift. A similar penalty was laid so late as the reign of George III. upon any person contracting with or endeavoring to persuade any artificer concerned in printing calicoes, cottons, muslins, or linens, or preparing any tools for such manufacture, to go out of the kingdom.

The same jealousy of the Colonies, lest they should by their success in the different branches of industry interfere with the home monopoly, shows itself in various other forms. There was, naturally enough, a special sensitiveness to the practice of the art of printing. Sir Edmund Andros, when he came out as Governor of the Northern Colonies, was instructed "to allow of no printing-press"; and Lord Effingham, on his appointment to the government of Virginia, was directed "to allow no person to use a printing-press on any occasion whatever."

The Board of Trade and Plantations made a report, in 1731, to the British Parliament concerning the "trades carried on, and manufactures set up, in the Colonies," in which it is recommended that "some expedient be fallen upon to direct the thoughts of the Colonists from undertakings of this kind; so much the rather, because these manufactures in process of time may be carried on in a greater degree, unless an early stop be put to their progress."

In one of Franklin's papers, published in London in 1768, are enumerated some instances of the way in which the Colonists were actually interfered with by legislation.

"Iron is to be found everywhere in America, and beaver are the natural produce of that country: hats and nails and steel are wanted there as well as here. It is of no importance to the common welfare of the empire whether a subject of the king gets his living by making hats on this or on that side of the water. Yet the hatters of England have prevailed to obtain an act in their

own favor restraining that manufacture in America, in order to oblige the Americans to send their beaver to England to be manufactured, and purchase back the hats, loaded with the charges of a double transportation. In the same manner have a few nail-makers, and a still smaller body of steel-makers, (perhaps there are not half a dozen of these in England,) prevailed totally to forbid, by an Act of Parliament, the erecting of slitting-mills or steel-furnaces in America, that the Americans may be obliged to take all their nails for their buildings, and steel for their tools, from these artificers," etc.

"It is an idle argument in the Americans," said Governor Pownall, "when they talk of setting up manufactures *for trade*; but it would be equally injudicious in Government here to force any measure that may render the manufacturing for *home consumption* an object of prudence, or even of pique, in the Americans."

The maternal Government pressed this matter a little too fast and too far. The Colonists became *piqued* at last, and resolved, in 1764, not to purchase English stuffs for clothing, but to use articles of domestic manufacture as far as possible. Boston, always a ringleader in these mischiefs, diminished her consumption of British merchandise ten thousand pounds and more in this one year. The Harvard-College youth rivalled the neighboring town in their patriotic self-sacrifice, and the whole graduating class of 1770, with the names of Hutchinson, Saltonstall, and Winthrop at the head of the list, appeared at Commencement in black cloth of home-manufacture. This act of defiance only illustrates more forcibly the almost complete dependence of Colonial industry at the time of its occurrence, the effect of a policy which looked upon the Colonies with no reference to any other consideration than the immediate profit to be derived from them.

In spite, however, of the hard measures employed by England to cripple the development of the Colonies in every direction, except such as might be prof-

itable to herself, it was a very difficult matter to root out their affection for the mother-country. Pownall, who was in this country from 1753 to 1761, successively Governor of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey, and Governor of South Carolina, gives us the most ample testimony on this point. His words are so strong that none can fail to be impressed with the picture he draws of a people who ten years later were in open revolt against the home authorities.

"The duty of a colony is affection for the mother-country: here I may affirm, that, in whatever form and temper this affection can lie in the human breast, in that form, by the deepest and most permanent impression, it ever did lie in the breast of the American people. They have no other idea of this country [England] than as their home; they have no other word by which to express it, and, till of late, it has constantly been expressed by the name of home. That powerful affection, the love of our native country, which operates in every heart, operates in this people towards England, which they consider as their native country; nor is this a mere passive impression, a mere opinion in speculation, — it has been wrought up in them to a vigilant and active zeal for the service of this country."

And Franklin's testimony confirms that of the English Governor.

"The true loyalists," he says, "were the people of America against whom the royalists of England acted. No people were ever known more truly loyal, and universally so, to their sovereigns. . . . They were affectionate to the people of England, zealous and forward to assist in her wars, by voluntary contributions of men and money, even beyond their proportion."

Such was the people whose love and obedience the greedy and grasping policy of the British Government threw away, never to be regained. The Revolution came at last, and the people reckoned up the long arrears of oppression.

"In the short space of two years," says a contemporary writer, "nearly three millions of people passed over from the love and duty of loyal subjects to the hatred and resentment of enemies."

We have seen that our cautious parent had taken good care not to let her American children learn the use of her tools any farther or faster than she thought good for them — and herself. They no sooner got their hands free than they set them at work on various new contrivances. One of the first was the nail-cutting machinery which has been in use ever since. All our old houses — the old gambrel-roofed Cambridge mansions, for instance — are built with wrought nails, no doubt every one of them imported from England. Many persons do not know the fact that the screw-auger is another native American invention, having been first manufactured for sale at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1776, or a little earlier. Eli Whitney contrived the cotton-gin in 1792, and some years later the machinery for the manufacture of fire-arms, involving the principle of absolute uniformity in the pattern of each part, so that any injured or missing portion of a gun may be instantly supplied without special fitting.

We claim to have done our full share in the way of industrial inventions since we have become a nation. The four elements have all accepted the American as their master. The great harvests of the earth are gathered by his mowing and reaping machines. The flame that is creeping from its lair to spring at the roofs of the crowded city is betrayed to its watchful guardians by the American telegraphic fire-alarm, and the conflagration that reddens the firmament is subdued by the inundation that flows upon it from an American steam-fire-engine. In the realm of air, the Frenchman who sent a bubble of silk to the clouds must divide his honors with the American who emptied the clouds themselves of their electric fires. Water, the mightiest of all, which devours the earth



and quenches the fire, and rides over the air in vaporous exhalations, has been the chosen field of ingenious labor for our people. The great American invention of ice, — perhaps there is a certain approach to its own coolness in calling it an invention, though Sancho, it may be remembered, considered sleep in that light, — this remarkable invention of ice, as a tropical commodity, could have sprung only from a republican and revolutionary brain. The steamboat has been claimed for various inventors, for one so far back as 1543; but somehow or other it happened, as it has so often happened, that “the chasm from mere attempts to positive achievement was first bridged by an American.” Our wave-splitting clippers have changed the whole model of sailing-vessels. One of them, which was to have been taken in tow by the steam-vessels of the Crimean squadron, spread her wings, and sailed proudly by them all. Our iron water-beetles would send any of the old butterfly three-deckers to the bottom, as quickly as one of these would sink a Roman trireme.

The Yankee whittling a shingle with his jack-knife is commonly accepted as a caricature, but it is an unconscious symbolization of the plastic instinct which rises step by step to the clothes-pin, the apple-parer, the mowing-machine, the wooden truss-bridge, the clipper-ship, the carved figure-head, the Cleopatra of the World's Exhibition.

One American invention, or discovery, has gone far towards paying back all that the new continent owes to the old civilizations. The cradle of artificial *anæsthesia* — man's independence of the tyranny of pain — must be looked for at the side of the Cradle of Liberty. Never was a greater surprise than the announcement of this miraculous revelation to the world. One evening in October, 1846, a professional brother called upon the writer of this paper. He shut the door carefully, and looked nervously around him. Then he spoke, and told of the wondrous results of the experiment which had just been made in the

operating-room. “In one fortnight's time,” he said, “all Europe will be ablaze with this discovery.” He then produced and read a paper that he had just drawn up for a learned society of which we were both members, the first paper ever written on this subject. On that day not a surgeon in the world, out of a little New-England circle, made any profession of knowing how to render a patient quickly, completely, pleasantly, safely insensible to pain for a limited period. In a few weeks every surgeon in the world knew how to do it, and the atmosphere of the planet smelt strong of sulphuric ether. The discovery started from the Massachusetts General Hospital, just as definitely as the cholera started from Jessore, to travel round the globe.

The advance of our civilization is still more strongly marked by the number and excellence of musical instruments, especially pianos, which are made in this country. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the piano keeps pace with the plough, as our population advances. More striking evidence than even this is found in the fact that the highest grade of the highest instruments used for scientific research is produced by our artisans. One of the two largest telescope-lenses in the world is that made by Mr. Clark, of Cambridge, whose reputation is not confined to our own country. The microscopes of Mr. Spencer, which threw those of the Continent into the shade at once, and challenged competition with the work of the three great London opticians, were made in a half-cleared district of Central New York, where, in our pilgrimages to that Mecca of microscopists, Canastota, we found the shrine we sought in the midst of the charred stumps of the primeval forest. While Mr. Quekett was quoting Andrew Ross, the most famous of the three opticians referred to, as calling “135° the largest angular pencil that can be passed through a microscopic object-glass,” Mr. Spencer was actually making twelfths with an angle of more than

170°. Those who remember the manner in which the record of his extraordinary success was deliberately omitted from the second edition of a work which records the minutest contrivance of any English amateur, — the first edition having already mentioned the “young artist living in the backwoods,” — will recognize in it something of the old style in which the mother-country used to treat the Colonists.

It may be fairly claimed that the alert and inventive spirit of the American has lightened the cumbrous awkwardness of Old-World implements, has simplified their traditional complexity, has systematized methods of manufacture, and has shown a certain audacity in its innovations which might be expected from a community where every mechanic is a voter, and a maker of lawgivers, if not of laws. We are deficient principally in patience of detail, and the skill which springs from minute subdivision of labor and from hereditary training. All this will come by-and-by, — all the sooner, if our ports are closed by foreign war. No natural incapacity prevents us from making as good broadcloth, as fine linen, as rich silks, as pure porcelain, as the Old World can send us. If England wishes to hasten our complete industrial independence, she has only to quarrel with us. We should miss many things at first which we owe to her longer training, but they are mostly products of that kind of industry which furnishes whatever the market calls for.

The intellectual development of the Colonists was narrowed and limited by the conditions of their new life. There was no need of legislation to discourage the growth of an American literature. At the period of the Revolution two books had been produced which had a right to live, in virtue of their native force and freshness; hardly more than two; for we need not count in this category the records of events, such as Winthrop's Journal, or Prince's Annals, or even that quaint, garrulous, con-

ceited farrago of pedantry and piety, of fact and gossip, Mather's “Magnalia.” The two real American books were a “Treatise on the Will,” and “Poor Richard's Almanack.” Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin were the only considerable names in American literature in all that period which, beginning with Milton and Dryden, and including the whole lives of Newton and Locke, reached the time of Hume and Gibbon, of Burke and Chatham, of Johnson and Goldsmith, — a period embracing five generations, filled with an unbroken succession of statesmen, philosophers, poets, divines, historians, who wrote for mankind and immortality. The Colonies, in the mean time, had been fighting Nature and the wild men of the forest, getting a kind of education as they went along. Out of their religious freedom, such as it was, they were rough-hewing the ground-sills of a free state: for religion and politics always play into each other's hands, and the constitution is the child of the catechism. Harvard College was dedicated to “Christ and the Church,” but already, in 1742, the question was discussed at Commencement, “Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved,” — Samuel Adams speaking in the affirmative.

Such was the condition of America at the period just preceding the Revolutionary movement. Commercial and industrial dependence maintained by Acts of Parliament, and only beginning to be openly rebelled against under the irritation produced by oppressive enactments. Native development in the fields of letters and science hardly advanced beyond the embryonic stage; a literature consisting of a metaphysical treatise and a popular almanac, with some cart-loads of occasional sermons, some volumes of historical notes, but not yet a single history, such as we should now hold worthy of that name, and an indefinite amount of painful poetry. Not a line, that we can recall, had ever been produced in America which

was fit to sparkle upon the "stretched forefinger" of Time. Berkeley's "Westward the course of Empire" *ought* to have been written here; but the curse of sterility was on the Western Muse, or her offspring were too puny to live.

The outbreak of the Revolution arrested what little growth there was in letters and science. Franklin carried his reputation, the first one born of science in the country, to the French court, and West and Copley sought fame and success, and found them, in England. All the talent we had was absorbed in the production of political essays and state-papers. Patriotic poems, satires, *jeux d'esprit*, with more or less of the *esprit* implied in their name, were produced, not sparingly; but they find it hard work to live, except in the memory of antiquaries. Philip Freneau is known to more readers from the fact that Campbell did him the honor to copy a line from him without acknowledgment than by all his rhymes. It is not gratifying to observe the want, so noticeable in our Revolutionary period, of that inspiration which the passions of such a struggle might have been expected to bring with them.

If we are forced to put this estimate upon our earlier achievements in the domain of letters, it is not surprising that they were held of small account in the mother-country. It is not fair to expect the British critics to understand our political literature, which was until these later years all we had to show. They had to wait until De Lolme, a Swiss exile, explained their own Constitution to them, before they had a very clear idea of it. One British tourist after another visited this country, with his glass at his eye, and his small vocabulary of "Very odd!" for all that was new to him; his "Quite so!" for whatever was noblest in thought or deed; his "Very clever!" for the encouragement of genius; and his "All that sort of thing, you know!" for the less marketable virtues and heroisms not to be found in the Cockney price-current. They came, they saw, they made their books, but no man got from them any correct idea of what the Great

Republic meant in the history of civilization. For this the British people had to wait until De Tocqueville, a Frenchman, made it in some degree palpable to insular comprehension.

The true-born Briton read as far as the first sentence of the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. There he stopped, and there he has stuck ever since. That sentence has been called a "glittering generality,"—as if there were some shallow insincerity about it. But because "all that glitters is not gold," it does not follow that nothing which glitters is gold. Because a statement is general, it does not follow that it is either untrue or unpractical. "Glittering generality" or not, the voice which proclaimed that the birthright of equality belonged to all mankind was the *fiat lux* of the new-born political universe. This, and the terrible series of logical consequences that flowed from it, threatening all the dynasties, menacing all the hierarchies, undermining the seemingly solid foundations of all Old-World abuses,—this parent truth, and all to which it gave birth, made up the literature of Revolutionary America, and dwarfed all the lesser growths of culture for the time, as the pine-tree dwarfs the herbage beneath the circle of its spreading branches.

As English policy had pursued the uniform course of provincializing our industry during the colonial period, discouraging every form of native ingenuity, so English criticism, naturally enough, after industry was set free, discountenanced the growth of a native American literature. That famous question of the "Quarterly Review," "Who reads an American book?" was the key-note of the critical chorus. There were shortcomings enough, no doubt, and all the faults that belong to an imperfectly educated people. But there was something more than the feeling of offended taste or unsatisfied scholarship in the *animus* of British criticism. Mr. Tudor has expressed the effect it produced upon our own writers very clearly in his account of the "North American Review," written in 1820. He



recognizes the undue deference paid to foreign critics, and, as its consequence, "a want, or rather a suppression, of national feeling and independent judgment, that would sooner or later have become highly injurious."

It is not difficult to find examples, of earlier and of later date, which illustrate the tone of British feeling towards this country, as it has existed among leading literary men, and at times betrayed itself in an insolence which amuses us after the first sense of irritation has passed away.

In 1775, Dr. Samuel Johnson, champion of the heavy-weights of English literature, the "Great Moralist," the typical Englishman of his time, wrote the pamphlet called "Taxation no Tyranny." It is what an Englishman calls a "clever" production, smart, epigrammatic, impertinent, the embodiment of all that is odious in British assumption. No part of the Old World, he says, has reason to rejoice that Columbus discovered the New. Its inhabitants—the countrymen of Washington and Franklin, of Adams and Jefferson—multiply, as he tells us, "with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes." Of the fathers of our Revolution he speaks in no more flattering terms:—"Probably in *America*, as in other places, the chiefs are incendiaries, that hope to rob in the tumults of a conflagration, and toss brands among a rabble passively combustible." All these atrocities and follies amuse and interest us now; they are the coprolites of a literary megatherium, once hateful to gods and men, now inoffensive and curious fossilized specimens.

In 1863, a Scotchman, whom Dr. Johnson would have hated for his birth, and have knocked down with his Dictionary for his assaults upon the English language, has usurped the chair of the sturdy old dogmatist. The specious impertinence and shallow assumptions of the English sage find their counterpart in the unworthy platitude of the Scottish seer, not lively enough for "Punch," a mere disgrace to the page which admitted it; whether a proof of a hardening heart or a

softening brain is uncertain, but charity hopes the latter is its melancholy apology.

But in the interval between the cudgel-stroke of Johnson and the mud-throwing of Carlyle, America had grown strong enough to bear the assaults of literary bullies and mountebanks without serious annoyance. The question which had been so superciliously asked was at last answered. *Everybody* reads an American book. The morning-star of our literature rose in the genius of IRVING. There was something in his personal conditions which singularly fitted him to introduce the New World in its holiday-dress to the polite company of the Old World. His father was a Scotchman, his mother was an Englishwoman, and he was born in America. "Diedrich Knickerbocker" is a near relation of some of Scott's characters; "Bracebridge Hall" might have been written by an Englishman; while "Ichabod Crane" and "Rip Van Winkle" are American to their marrow. The English naturally found Irving too much like their own writers in his English subjects, and they could not thoroughly relish his purely American pictures and characters. Cooper, who did not love the English, and showed it, a navy officer, too, who dwelt with delight on the sea-fights of the War of 1812, was too American to please them. Dr. Channing had a limited circle of admirers in Great Britain, but could reach only a few even of the proscribed Dissenting class in any effective way.

Prescott, we believe, did more than any other one man to establish the independence of American authorship. He was the first, so far as we know, who worked with a truly adequate literary apparatus, and at the same time brought the results of his extensive, long-continued, costly researches into picture-like and popular forms. It was not the judgment of England, but of Europe, that settled his claims in the world of letters; and from the day when the verdict of the learned world awarded him a place in the first rank of historians, the hereditary curse of American authorship was re-

moved, and the insolent question of the Quarterly was asked no more.

From that time nearly to this the literary relations between England and America have been growing more and more intimate, until every English writer of repute reckoned upon his great circle of readers in the United States, and every native author of a certain distinction depended upon a welcome, more or less cordial, but still a welcome, from a British reading constituency.

Never had the mutual interchange of literary gifts from the one people to the other been so active as during the years preceding the outbreak of the Great Conspiracy. So close was the communication of thought and feeling, that it seemed as if there were hardly need of a submarine cable to stretch its nervous strands between two national brains that were locked in Siamese union by the swift telegraph of thought. We reprinted each other's books, we made new reputations for each other's authors, we wrote in each other's magazines, and introduced each other's young writers to our own several publics. Thought echoed to thought, voice answered to voice across the Atlantic.

But for one fatal stain upon our institutions, — a stain of which we were constantly reminded, as the one thing that shamed all our pretensions, — it seemed as if the peaceful and prosperous development of the great nation sprung from the loins of England were accepted as a gain to universal civilization. In the fulness of time the heir of Great Britain's world-shadowing empire came among us to receive the wide and cordial welcome which we could afford to give without compromising our republicanism, and he to receive without lessening his dignity. It was the seal upon the *entente cordiale* which seemed to have at last established itself between the thinkers as well as the authorities of the two countries.

A few months afterwards came the great explosion which threatened the eternal rending asunder of the Union. That the British people had but an imperfect understanding of the quarrel, we

are ready to believe. That they were easily misled as to some of the motives and intentions of the North is plain enough. But this one fact remains: Every one of them knew, by public, official statements, that what *the South* meant to do was to build a new social and political order on Slavery, — recognized, proclaimed, boasted of, theoretically justified, and practically incorporated with its very principle of existence. They might have their doubts about the character of the North, but they could have none about the principles or intentions of the South. That ought to have settled the question for civilized Europe. It would have done so, but that jealousy of the great self-governing state swallowed up every other consideration.

We will not be unjust nor ungrateful. We have as true friends, as brave and generous advocates of our sacred cause, in Great Britain as our fathers found in their long struggle for liberty. We have the intelligent coöperation of a few leading thinkers, and the instinctive sympathy of a large portion of the people, — may God be merciful to them and to their children in the day of reckoning, which, sooner or later, awaits a nation that is false to advancing civilization!

But, with all our gratitude to the noble few who have pleaded our cause, we are obliged to own that we have looked in vain for sympathy in many quarters where we should assuredly have expected it. Where is the English Church in this momentous struggle? Has it blasted with its anathema the rising barbarism, threatening, or rather promising, to nationalize itself, which, as a cardinal principle, denies the Word of God and the sanctities of the marriage relation to millions of its subjects? or does it save its indignation for the authors of "Essays and Reviews" and the over-curious Bishop of Natal? Where are the men, whose voices ought to ring like clarions among the hosts of their brethren in the Free States of the North? Where is Lord Brougham, ex-apostle of the Diffu-

sion of Knowledge, while the question is of enforced perpetual ignorance as the cement of that unhallowed structure with which this nineteenth century is to be outraged, if treason has its way? Where is Dickens, the hater of the lesser wrongs of Chancery Courts, the scourge of tyrannical beaules and heartless schoolmasters? Has he no word for those who are striving, bleeding, dying, to keep from spreading itself over a continent a system which legalizes outrages almost too fearful to be told even to those who know all that is darkest in the record of English pauperism and crime? Where is the Laureate, so full of fine indignations and high aspirations? Has he, who holds so cheap those who waste their genius

"To make old baseness picturesque,"

no single stanza for the great strife of this living century? is he too busy with his old knights to remember that

"One great clime . . . .  
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,  
Above the far Atlantic?"

has he a song for the six hundred, and not a line for the six hundred thousand? Where is the London "Times," so long accepted as the true index of English intelligence and enlightened humanity? Where are those grave organs of thought which were always quarrelling with Slavery so long as it was the thorn in the breast of our nation, but almost do homage to it now that it is a poisoned arrow aimed at her life? Where is the little hunchback's journal, whose wit was the dog-vane of fashionable opinion, once pointing towards freedom as the prevailing wind seemed to blow, now veered round to obey the poisoned breath of Slavery? All silent or hostile, subject as they are themselves to the overmastering influence of a class which dreads the existence of a self-governing state, like this majestic Union, worse than falsehood, worse than shame, worse than robbery, worse than complicity with the foulest of rebellions, worse than partnership in the gigantic scheme which was to

blacken half a hemisphere with the night of eternal Slavery!

It is the miserable defection of so many of the thinking clars, in this time of the greatest popular struggle known to history, which impresses us far more than the hostility of a few land-grasping nobles, or the coldness of a Government mainly guided by their counsels. The natural consequence has been the complete destruction of that undue deference to foreign judgments which was so long a characteristic of our literature. The current English talk about the affairs that now chiefly interest us excites us very moderately. The leading organs of thought have lost their hold upon the mind of most thinking people among us. We have learned to distrust the responses of their timeserving oracles, and to laugh at the ignorant pretensions of their literary artisans. These "outsiders" have shown, to our entire satisfaction, that they are thoroughly incompetent to judge our character as a community, and that they have no true estimate of its spirit and its resources. The view they have taken of the strife in which we have been and are engaged is not only devoid of any high moral sympathy, but utterly shallow, and flagrantly falsified by the whole course of events, political, financial, and military.

Perhaps we ought not to be surprised or disappointed. With a congenital difference of organization, with a new theory of human rights involving a virtual reconstruction of society, with larger views of human destiny, with a virgin continent for them to be worked out in, the American should expect to be misunderstood by the civilizations of the past, based on a quagmire of pauperism and ignorance, or overhung by an avalanche of revolution. Other peoples, emerging from a condition of serfdom, retaining many of the instincts of a conquered race, get what liberty they have by extorting it piecemeal from their masters. Magna Charta was forced from a weak monarch by a conspiracy of nobles, acting from purely selfish motives, in behalf



of their own order. The Habeas Corpus Act was unpalatable to the Lords, and was passed only by a trick or a blunder. What is there in common between the states which recognize the rule of any persons who happen to be descended from the bold or artful men who obtained their power by violence or fraud, and a state which starts with the assumption that the government belongs to the governed, subject, we must remember, to the laws which make a people a nation, — laws recognized just as unhesitatingly by the Rebel States as applying to Western Virginia or East Tennessee, as the Union recognizes their application to these same Rebel States?

Of course, it is conceivable that we are all wrong in our theory of human rights and our plan of government. It is possible that the true principle of selecting the rulers of a nation is to take the descendants of the cut-throat, the assassin, the poisoner, the traitor, who got his foot upon a people's neck some centuries ago. It may be that there is an American people which will hold itself fortunate, if it can be ruled over by a descendant of Charles V., — though Philip II. was the son of that personage, and an American historian has made us familiar with his doings, and those of his vicegerent, the Duke of Alva. If this is the way that people should be governed, then we are wrong, and have no right to look for sympathy from Old-World dynasties. The only question is, How soon it will be safe to send a Grand Duke over to govern us.

But if our theory of human rights and our plan of government are the true ones, then our success is the inevitable downfall of every dynasty on the face of the earth. It is not our fault that this must be so; the blameless fact of our existence, prosperity, power, civilization, culture, as they will show themselves on the supposition that we are working in the divine parallels, will necessarily revolutionize all the empirical and accidental systems which have come down to us from the splendid semi-barbarism of the

Middle Ages. What all good men desire, here and everywhere, is that this necessary change may be effected gradually and peaceably. We do not find fault with men for being born in positions that confer powers upon them incommensurate with their rights. We do not wish to cut a man's head off because he comes of a dull race that has been taught for generations to think itself better than the rest of mankind, and has learned to believe it and practise on it. But if nations are fast becoming educated to a state in which they are competent to manage their own interests, we wish these privileged personages to recognize it, for their own sake, as well as for that of the people.

The spirit of republican America is not that of a wild propagandism. It is not by war that we have sought or should ever seek to convert the Old World to our theories and practice in government. If this young nation is permitted, in the Providence of God, to unfold all its possibilities into powers, the great lesson it will teach will be that of peaceful development. Where the public wealth is mainly for the governing class, the splendid machinery of war is as necessary as the jewels which a province would hardly buy are to the golden circle that is the mark of sovereignty. Where the wealth of a country is for the people, this particular form of pyrotechnics is too costly to be indulged in for amusement. American civilization hates war, as such. It values life, because it honors humanity. It values property, because property is for the comfort and good of all, and not merely plunder, to be wasted by a few irresponsible lawgivers. It wants all the forces of its population to subdue Nature to its service. It demands all the intellect of its children for construction, not for destruction. Its business is to build the world's great temple of concord and justice; and for this it is not Dahlgren and Parrott that are the architects, but men of thought, of peace, of love.

Let us not, therefore, waste our strength

in threats of vengeance against those misguided governments who mistook their true interest in the prospect of our calamity. We can conquer them by peace better than by war. When the Union emerges from the battle-smoke,—her crest towering over the ruins of traitorous cities and the wrecks of Rebel armies, her eye flashing defiance to all her evil-wishers, her breast heaving under its corselet of iron, her arm wielding the mightiest enginery that was ever forged into the thunderbolts of war,—her triumph will be grand enough without her setting fire to the stubble with which the folly of the Old World has girt its thrones. No deeper humiliation could be asked for our foreign enemies than the spectacle of our triumph. If we have any legal claims against the accomplices of pirates, they will be presented, and they will be paid. If there are any uncomfortable precedents which have been introduced into international law, the jealous “Mistress of the Seas” must be prepared to face them in her own hour of trouble. Had her failings but leaned to Freedom’s side,—had she but been true to her traditions, to her professions, to her pretended principles,—where could she have found a truer ally than her own offspring, in the time of trial which is too probably preparing for her? “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!” No tardy repentance can efface the record of the past. We may forgive, but history is inexorable.

England was startled the other day by an earthquake. The fast-anchored isle was astonished at such a tropical phenomenon. It was all very well for Jamaica or Manila, but who would have thought of solid, constitutional England shaking like a jelly? The London “Times” moralized about it in these words:—“We see, afar off, a great empire, that had threatened to predominate over all mankind, suddenly broken up by moral agencies, and shattered, into no one knows how many fragments. We are safe from that fate, at least so

we deem ourselves, for never were we so united.” “*A great empire that had threatened to predominate over all mankind.*” That was the trouble. That was the reason the “Times” was so pleased to say, a few months ago, “The bubble has burst.” How, if the great empire should prove not to have been shattered? how, if the bubble has not burst?—nay, if that great system of intelligent self-government which was taken for a bubble prove to be a sphere of adamant, rounded in the mould of Divine Law, and filled with the pure light of Heaven?

England is happy in a virtuous queen; but what if another profligate like George IV. should, by the accident of birth, become the heir of her sovereignty? France is as strong as one man’s life can make her; but what if that man should run against some fanatic’s idea which had taken shape in a bullet-mould, or receive a sudden call from that pale visitor who heeds no challenge from the guards at the gate of the Tuileries, and stalks unannounced through antechambers and halls of audience?

The “Times” might have found a moral for the earthquake nearer home. The flame that sweeps our prairies is terrible, but it only scorches the surface. What all the governments based on smothered pauperism, tolerated ignorance, and organized degradation have to fear is the subterranean fire, which finds its vent in blazing craters, or breaks up all the ancient landmarks in earth-shattering convulsions. God forbid that we should invoke any such catastrophe even for those who have been hardest upon us in our bitter trial! Yet so surely as American society founds itself upon the rights of civilized man, there is no permanent safety for any nation but in the progressive recognition of the American principle. The right of governing a nation belongs to the people of the nation; and the urgent duty of those provisional governments which we call monarchies, empires, aristocracies is to educate their people with a view to the final surrender of all power into their hands. A little

longer patience, a little more sacrifice, a little more vigorous, united action, on the part of the Loyal States, and the Union will behold herself mirrored in the Atlantic and the Pacific, the stateliest of earthly empires,—not in her own aspiring language, but by the confession of her most envious rival, *predominating over all mankind*. No Tartar hordes pouring from the depths of Asia, no Northern barbarians swarming out of the hive of nations, no Saracens sweeping from their deserts to plant the Crescent over the symbol of Christendom, were more terrible to the principalities and powers that stood in their way, than the Great Republic, by the bare fact of its existence, will become to every government which does not hold its authority from the people. However our present conflict may seem at first sight to do violence, in certain respects, to the principles of self-government, everybody knows that it is a strife of democracy against oligarchic institutions, of a progressive against a stationary civilization, of the rights of manhood against the claims of a class, of a national order representing the will of a people against a conspiracy organized by a sectional minority.

Just so far as *the people* of Europe understand the nature of our armed controversy, they will understand that we are pleading their cause. Nay, if the mass of our Southern brethren did but know

it, we are pleading theirs just as much. The emancipation of industry has never taken effect in the South, and never could until labor ceased to be degrading.

We should be unreasonable to demand the sympathy of those classes which have everything to lose from the extension of the self-governing principle. What we have to thank them for is the frankness with which they have betrayed their hostility to us and our cause, under circumstances which showed that they would ruin us, if it could be done safely and decently. We shall never be good friends again, it may be feared, until we change our eagles into sovereigns, or they change their sovereigns for a coin which bears the head of Liberty. But in the mean time it is a great step in our education to find out that a new order of civilization requires new modes of thought, which must, of necessity, shape themselves out of our conditions. Thus it seems probable, that, as the first revolution brought about our industrial independence of the mother-country, not preventing us in any way from still availing ourselves of the skill of her trained artisans, so this second civil convulsion will complete that intellectual independence towards which we have been growing, without cutting us off from whatever in knowledge or art is the common property of Republics and Despotisms.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Heat considered as a Mode of Motion*; being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by JOHN TYNDALL, F. R. S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE readers of the "Glaciers of the Alps" have made the acquaintance of Professor Tyndall as an Alpine adventurer,

with a passion for frost and philosophy, and a remarkable ability both in describing his mountain-experiences and in explaining the interesting phenomena which he there encountered. All who have read this inimitable volume will testify to its rare attractions. It is at once dramatic and philosophic, poetic and scientific; and the author wins our admiration alike as a daring and intrepid explorer, a keen ob-



And monstrous limbs, that might uphold  
The weight that Atlas bore, of old ;  
Like shapes that our troubled dreams distress,  
Ghost-like and grim in their ugliness ;  
A huge and hideous human form,  
Born of the howling wind and storm :  
And yet those boyish sculptors glow  
With the pride of a Phidias or Angelo.

Come hither and listen to me, my son,  
And a lesson of life I 'll read thereon.  
You have made a man of the snow-bank there ;  
He stands up yet in the frosty air :  
Go out from your home, so bright and warm,  
And throw yourself on his frozen form ;  
Wind him around with your soft caress ;  
Tenderly up to his bosom press ;  
Ask him for sympathy, love, and cheer ;  
Plead for yourself with prayer and tear ;  
Tell him you hope and dream and grieve ;  
Beg him to comfort and relieve :  
The form that you press will be icy cold ;  
A frozen heart to your breast you hold,  
That turns into stone the tears you weep ;  
And the chill of his touch through your soul will creep.  
So over the field of life are spread  
Men who have hearts as cold and dead, —  
Who nothing of sympathy know, nor love, —  
To whom your prayers would as fruitless prove  
As those that you now might go and say  
To the grim snow-man that you made to-day.

But soon the soft and gentle spring  
The balmy southern breeze will bring ;  
The snow, that shrouds the landscape o'er,  
Will melt away, and be seen no more ;  
The gladsome brook shall rippling run,  
'Neath the alders greenening in the sun ;  
The grass shall spring, and the birds shall come,  
In the verdant woodlands to find a home ;  
And the softened heart of your man of snow  
Shall bid the blue violets blossom below.  
Oh, let us hope that time may bring  
To earth some sweet and gentle spring,  
When human hearts shall thaw, and when  
The ice shall melt away from men ;  
And where the hearts now frozen stand,  
Love then shall blossom o'er all the land !

Arthur Richmond

## THE GOLD-FIELDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.C

It will probably be thought a startling statement, by the good people of our staid Northern metropolis, — certainly by those of them whose attention has not been called to the recent developments on this subject, — that within thirty-six hours' travel from their own doors, by conveyance as safe and even luxurious as any in the world, there exist veins of auriferous quartz, practically inexhaustible in extent, teeming throughout with virgin gold of a standard of almost absolute purity, and yielding a return to the labors of the scientific miner, rivalling, if not fairly surpassing, in their comparative results, the richest deposits of California, Colorado, and Australia.

But then, if one has a startling fact to tell, why is it not best to tell it out, all at once, and in a startling manner? If the house-maid of our modest *menage* should on a sudden discover that Aladdin's lamp had come home from the auction-room among some chance purchases of her mistress, and that the slave or genie thereof was actually standing in the middle of our own kitchen-floor at the moment, and grumbling audibly at lack of employment in fetching home diamonds and such like delicacies by the bale for the whole household, could we reasonably expect the girl to announce the fact, in the parlor above, in the same tone in which she ordinarily states that the butcher has called for his orders? *Æsop*, in his very first fable, (as arranged by good Archdeacon Croxall,) has inculcated but a mean opinion of the cock who forbore to crow lustily when he turned up a jewel of surpassing richness, in the course of his ordinary scratching, and under his own very beak; why, then, should we render ourselves liable to the same depreciatory moral? Something, at least, must be pardoned to the *certaminis gaudia* of this new-found contest with the secrets of Nature, — and though the fact we have stated be a startling one, the statements and authorities

which go to support it will, perhaps, in the end, surprise us still more. We shall give them, at any rate, in such a form as "to challenge investigation and to defy scrutiny." How far they will bear out our sensational opening paragraph, then, the readers of the "Atlantic" cannot choose but judge.

But let us hasten, in the very outset, to warn the individual gold-hunter that he, at least, will get no crumb of comfort from these pages. That the precious metal is there, — to use Dr. Johnson's expression, "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," — no one, we think, after reading what we have now to offer, will be inclined to deny. But it is to be sought successfully, as we shall show, only by the expenditure of capital, and under the direction of science and the most experienced skill. The solitary adventurer may tickle the stern ribs of Acadia with his paltry hoe and pick in vain, — she will laugh for him and such as he with no sign of a golden harvest. Failure and vexation, disappointment, loss, and ruin, will be again, as they have already been, his only reward. With this full disclaimer, therefore, at the commencement of our remarks, we trust that we shall, at least, have no sin of enticement laid at our door. If any one chooses to go there and try it on his own individual responsibility, and in the face of this energetic protest and solemn warning, it must surely be no further affair of ours.

The authorities, official, statistical, and scientific, from which our knowledge of the Gold-Fields of Nova Scotia is mainly derived, are as follows: —

1. Report of a Personal Inspection of the Gold-Fields of Nova Scotia, in the Consecutive Order in which they were visited. Made by Lord Mulgrave to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, and dated at Government House, Halifax, N. S., 21st June, 1862.

2. Report of the Chief Gold-Commissioner for the Province of Nova Scotia for the Year 1862. Made to the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, and dated at Halifax, January 23, 1863.

3. Report of the Provincial Geologist, Mr. Campbell. Made to the Honorable Joseph Howe, Provincial Secretary, at Halifax, N. S., 25th February, 1863. Accompanied by a Section across the Gold-bearing Rocks of the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia.

4. Report on the Gold-Districts of the Province of Nova Scotia. Made to the President and Directors of the Oldham Gold-Mining Company, December 28, 1863, by George I. Chace, Professor of Chemistry in Brown University, Providence, R. I. *Manuscript.*

5. Introductory Remarks on the Gold-Region of Nova Scotia. Prefixed to a Report made to the President and Directors of the Atlantic Mining Company, December 31, 1863. By Benjamin Silliman, Jr., Professor of General and Applied Chemistry in Yale College, New Haven, Ct. *Manuscript.*

6. Report on the Montague Gold-Field, near Halifax, N. S., by the Same, and on the Gold-Fields of the Waverley District, by the Same. *Manuscript.*

7. Quarterly Report of the Chief Gold-Commissioner of the Province of Nova Scotia. Made to the Provincial Secretary at Halifax, October 1, 1863.

8. The Royal Gazette, issued by the Chief Gold-Commissioner, Halifax, January 20, 1863. Published by Authority.

In confirmation of these documents, we shall only need to add the "testimony of the rocks" themselves, as shown in more than sixty specimens of the gold-bearing quartz of these remarkable mines. Some of these were brought to Boston by Professors Chace and Silliman, on their return a few weeks since from exploring the rich leads of the Provinces, — but by far the larger number were forwarded by some of the resident superintendents of the mines, by the Cunard steamer *Africa*, arriving in Boston, Sunday, January

10, 1864, to the care of Captain Field, then residing at the Tremont House. We may add that the eight finest of these specimens are now lying on the table before us, their mottled sides thickly crusted with arsenical pyrites and streaked through and through with veins and splashes of twenty-two-carat gold. Incredible, when raised to its highest pitch, might perhaps discredit all written testimony, whether official or scientific; but we have as yet seen no case so confirmed that the sight of these extraordinary fragments did not *compel* belief.

In drawing our narrative from the authorities above cited, we shall prefer to follow as closely as possible the precise statements of the documents themselves, — interspersed only with such remarks of our own as may be necessary best to preserve an intelligible connection between the different portions. The agreement between all the authorities is so substantial, and in fact entire, that we shall experience none of the usual difficulties in the reconciling of contradictions or the balancing of conflicting theories or statements.

The gold-fields of Nova Scotia consist of some ten or twelve districts of quite limited area in themselves, but lying scattered along almost the whole southeastern coast of the Province. The whole of this coast, from Cape Sable on the west to Cape Canso on the east, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, is bordered by a fringe of hard, slaty rocks, — slate and sandstone in irregular alternations, — sometimes argillaceous, and occasionally granitic. These rocks, originally deposited on the grandest scale of Nature, are always, when stratified, found standing at a high angle, — sometimes almost vertical, — and with a course, in the main, very nearly due east and west. They seldom rise to any great elevation, — the promontory of Aspatogon, about five hundred feet high, being the highest land on the Atlantic coast of the Province. The general aspect of the shore is low, rocky, and



desolate, strewn often with huge boulders of granite or quartzite, — and where not bleak and rocky, it is covered with thick forests of spruce and white birch.

The picture is not enticing, — but this is, nevertheless, the true *arida nutrix* of the splendid masses before us. The zone of metamorphic rocks which lines this inhospitable coast varies in width from six or eight miles at its eastern extremity to forty or fifty at its widest points, — presenting in its northern boundary only a rude parallelism with its southern margin, — and comprising, over about six thousand square miles of surface, the general outline of what may, geologically speaking, be called the Gold-Region of Nova Scotia.

It will be most interesting hereafter to mark the gradual changes already beginning to take place in this rich, but limited district. It is destined throughout, we may be sure, to very thorough and systematic exploration. For, although it is true that gold is not to be found in all parts of it, still it is not unreasonable to search for the precious metal throughout this whole region, wherever the occurrence of true quartz veins — the almost sole *matrix* of the gold — is shown by boulders on the surface. Back from the coast-line, a large part of the district named is now little better than an unexplored wilderness; and the fact that the remarkable discoveries which have been made are in a majority of cases almost on the sea-shore, and where the country is open and the search easy, by no means diminishes the probabilities that continued exploration in the less frequented parts of the district will be rewarded with new discoveries as important as any which have yet been made.

The earliest discovery of gold in the Province, yet made known to the public, occurred during the summer of 1860, at a spot about twelve miles north from the head of Tangier Harbor, on the north-east branch of the Tangier River, — shown on McKinley's excellent map of Nova Scotia as about fifty-eight miles east from Halifax. Subsequent discoveries at Wine

Harbor, Sherbrooke, Ovens, Oldham, Waverley, Hammond's Plains, and at Lake Loon, — a small lake only five miles distant from Halifax, — have fully determined the auriferous character of particular and defined localities throughout the district already described, and abundantly justify the early opinion of Lord Mulgrave, that "there is now little or no doubt that this Colony will soon rank as one of the gold-producing countries of the world."

As a specimen of one of the most interesting mineral veins of this region, it may answer to select the Montague lode at Lake Loon for a specific description. The course of this vein is E. 10° N., that being the *strike* of the rocks by the compass in that particular district. It has been traced by surface-digging a long distance, — not less, probably, than half a mile. At one point on this line there is a *shift* or *fault* in the rocks which has heaved the most productive portion of the vein about thirty-five feet to the north; but for the rest of the distance, so far as yet open, the whole lead remains true and undisturbed.

Its dip, with the rocks around it, is almost vertical, — say from 85° to 80° south. The vein is contained between walls of slate on both sides, and is a double or composite vein, being formed, 1st, of the main *leader*; 2d, of a smaller vein on the other side, with a thin slate partition-wall between the two; and, 3d, of a strongly mineralized slate *foot-wall*, which is in itself really a most valuable portion of the ore-channel.

The quartz which composes these interposed sheets, thus separated, yet combined, is crystallized throughout, and highly mineralized, — belonging, in fact, to the first class of quartz lodes recognized in all the general descriptions of the veins of this region. The associated minerals are, here, *cuprite* or yellow copper, green *malachite* or carbonate of copper, *mispickel* or arsenical pyrites, *zinc blende*, *sesquioxide of iron*, rich in gold, and also frequent "sights" or visible masses of gold itself. The gold

is also often visible to the naked eye in all the associated minerals, and particularly in the mispickel and blende.

The main quartz vein of this interesting lead varies from three to ten inches in thickness at different points on the surface-level, but is reported as increasing to twenty inches thick at the bottom of the shaft, already carried down to a depth of forty feet. This very considerable variation in thickness will be found to be owing to the folds or plications of the vein, to which we shall hereafter make more particular allusion.

The minerals associated with the quartz in this vein, especially the cuprite and mispickel, are found most abundantly upon the foot-wall side, or under-side of the quartz itself. The smaller accompanying vein before alluded to appears to be but a repetition of the larger one in all its essential characteristics, and is believed by the scientific examiners to be fully as well charged with gold. That this is likely to come up to a very remarkable standard of productiveness, perhaps more so than any known vein in the world, is to be inferred from the official statement in the "Royal Gazette" of Wednesday, January 20, 1864, published by authority, at the Chief Gold-Commissioner's office in Halifax, in which the average yield of the Montague vein for the month of October, 1863, is given as 3 oz. 3 dwt. 4 gr., for November as 3 oz. 10 dwt. 13 gr., and for December as 5 oz. 9 dwt. 8 gr., to the ton of quartz crushed during those months respectively. Nor is the quartz of this vein the only trustworthy source of yield. The underlying slate is filled with bunches of mispickel, not distributed in a sheet, or in any particular order, so far as yet observed, but developed throughout the slate, and varying in size from that of small nuts to many pounds in weight, masses of over fifty pounds having been frequently taken out. This peculiar mineral has always proved highly auriferous in this locality, and a careful search will rarely fail to detect

"sights" of the precious metal imbedded in its folds, or lying hidden between its crystalline plates.

Nor is the surrounding mass of slate in which this vein is inclosed without abundant evidences of a highly auriferous character. Scales of gold are everywhere to be seen between its laminae, and, when removed and subjected to the processes of "dressing," there can be little doubt of its also yielding a very handsome return. In fact, the entire mass of material which is known to be auriferous is not less than twelve to fifteen inches at the surface, and will doubtless be found, as all experience and analogy in the district have hitherto shown to be the case, to increase very considerably with the increased depth to which the shafts will soon be carried. No difficulties whatever are apprehended here in going to a very considerable depth, as the slate is not hard, and easily permits the miner in his progress to bear in upon it without drilling upon the closer and more tenacious quartz.

The open cut, made by the original owners of the Montague property, and by which the veins have been in some degree exposed, absurd and culpable as it is as a mode of mining, has yet served a good purpose in showing in a very distinct manner the structure of these veins, — a structure which is found to be on the whole very general in the Province. The quartz is not found, as might naturally be supposed from its position among sedimentary rocks, lying in anything like a plain, even sheet of equal thickness. On the contrary, it is seen to be marked by *folds* or plications, occurring at tolerably regular intervals, and crossing the vein at an angle of 40° or 45° to the west. Similar folds may be produced in a sheet which is hung on a line and then drawn at one of the lower corners. The cross-section of the vein is thus made to resemble somewhat the appearance of a chain of long links, the rolls or swells alternating with plain spaces through its whole extent. Perhaps a better comparison is that of ripples or gentle waves,

as seen following each other on the ebb-tide in a still time, on the beach.

The distribution of the gold in the mass of the quartz appears to be highly influenced by this peculiar wavy or folded structure. All the miners are agreed in the statement that the gold abounds most at the swells, or highest points of the waves of rock, and that the scarcely less valuable mispickel appears to follow the same law. The spaces between are not found to be so rich as these points of undulation; and this structure must explain the signal contrast in thickness and productiveness which is everywhere seen in sinking a shaft in this district. As the cutting passes through one of these original swells, the thickness of the vein at once increases, and again diminishes with equal certainty as the work proceeds, — below this point destined again to go through with similar alternations in its mass.

"There can be no fear, however," says Mr. Silliman, (Report, p. 10,) "that there will be any failure in depth" (*i. e.* at an increased depth of excavation) "on these veins, either in gold product or in strength. The formation of the country is on too grand a scale, geologically, to admit of a doubt on this point, so vital to mining success." Mr. Campbell, whose masterly survey and analysis of the whole gold-region forms, with the colored section accompanying it, the basis for a general and thorough understanding of the whole subject, adds (Report, p. 5) that "the yield per ton of such quartz when crushed cannot fail to prove highly satisfactory." And Mr. Chace, in the Preface to his Report on the Oldham District, (p. 6,) remarks, that, "if, as there are reasons for believing, the gold-bearing quartz of Nova Scotia is of sedimentary origin, in that case I see no reason why depth should cause any decline in the richness of the ore. As yet, none of the shafts have been carried down sufficiently far to test this question practically," — he must, we think, mean to its fullest extent, since he adds immediately after, that, "as far as they have gone, the ore is

very generally believed to have improved with increase of depth."

Such, then, is a brief and imperfect description of the general character of one of the representative veins or "leads" of the gold-fields of Nova Scotia. Of the extent and number of similar deposits it is scarcely possible at present to give any definite idea. The line along which Mr. Campbell's section is made out extends from the sea-shore at the south-east entrance of Halifax Harbor to the Renfrew Gold-Field, a distance a little over thirty miles to the northeast, intersecting in that distance no less than six great anticlinal folds. The points at which the east and west anticlinal lines are intersected by north and south lines of upheaval form the localities in which the quartzite group of gold-bearing rocks are brought to the surface, and it is here that their outcroppings form the surface of the country. The official "Gazette" for January, 1864, enumerates nine of these districts as already under a course of active exploration, namely, Stormont, Wine Harbor, Sherbrooke, Tangier, Montague, Waverley, Oldham, Renfrew, and Ovens. When we add, in the words of Mr. Silliman's second conclusion to his Report on the Atlantic Gold-Field at Tangier, "that the gold-bearing veins already explored on this estate alone are in number not less than thirty, and that there is every reason to expect more discoveries of importance, as the results of future explorations, already foreshadowed by facts which have been stated," enough, we think, will have been deduced, on the highest kind of scientific testimony, to bear out our opening statement, that there exist in Nova Scotia veins of auriferous quartz practically inexhaustible, by any known methods of mining, at least for the next two hundred years.

One very remarkable characteristic of all the gold hitherto produced in Nova Scotia is its exceeding purity, it being on the average twenty-two carats fine, as shown by repeated assay. In this respect it possesses an advantage of about twenty-five per cent. of superior fineness, and con-



sequently of value, over most of the yield of California, much of which latter reaches a standard of only sixteen or seventeen carats' fineness, and is therefore inferior by five or six carats in twenty-four to the standard of the gold of Nova Scotia. The gold from all the districts named is sold commonly in Halifax in bars or ingots, at about \$20 the ounce. Professor Silliman states the value of some of this gold, assayed under his direction at the Sheffield Laboratory in New Haven, Connecticut, at \$19.97 per ounce, while the standard of another lot, from the Atlantic Mine in the Tangier District, is fixed by him as high as \$20.25 per ounce. The Official Report of the Provincial Gold-Commissioner for the year 1862 assumes the sum of \$19.50, Nova-Scotia currency, as the basis upon which his calculations of gold-value of the yield of all the mines is made up. A quantity of gold from the "Boston and Nova-Scotia" mines in the Waverley District, just coined into eagles at the United - States Mint, and the results of which process are officially returned to the President of that Company, required a considerable amount of alloy to the ore as received from the mines, in order to bring it down to the standard fineness of the United - States gold - currency. All the Nova - Scotia gold is uncommonly bright and beautiful to the eye, and it has often been remarked by jewellers and other experts to whom it has been shown, that it more nearly resembles the appearance of the gold of the old Venetian ducats — coined mostly, it is supposed, from the sands of Guinea — than any other bullion for many years brought into the gold-market.

In regard to the most important point of the whole subject, namely, the average yield per ton of quartz crushed at the various mills, we are fortunately enabled to give the official returns of the Deputy Gold - Commissioners for the several districts, as made to the Chief Commissioner at Halifax. A few words of explanation as to the definite and statistical character of these returns may be of value here, in order to prevent or to correct much mis-

conception and want of knowledge with regard to their absolute reliability.

In the first place, then, every miner, or the agent or chief superintendent of each mine, is required by law to make a quarterly return of the amount of days' labor expended at his mine, the number of tons of quartz raised and crushed, and the quantity of gold obtained from the whole, — neglecting to do which, he forfeits his entire claim, and the Gold-Commissioner is then empowered to grant it to another purchaser.

These returns are therefore made with the utmost regularity and with the greatest care. But as the royalty of three per cent. to the Government is exacted on the amount of this return, whatever it may be, it is obvious that there exists no motive on the part of the miner to exaggerate the amount in making his statement. We may be as sure that his exhibit of the gold admitted to have been extracted by him does not, at any rate, *exceed* the amount obtained, as that the invoices of importations entered at the Custom-House in Boston do not overstate the value of the goods to which they refer. The practice is generally suspected, at least, to tend in quite the opposite direction.

As the next step for ascertaining the yield of the mines, there comes in a form of scrutiny which it would be still more difficult to evade. All owners of quartz-mills are also required to render official returns under oath, and in a form minutely prescribed by the Provincial law, of all quartz crushed by them during the month, stating particularly from what mine it was raised, for whose account it has been crushed, and what was the exact quantity in ounces, pennyweights, and grains. And this is designed also as a check on the miner, as the two statements, if correct, will be found, of course, to balance each other.

The Chief Gold-Commissioner resides in Halifax, and has his deputy in each gold-district, whose duty it is, as a sworn officer of the Government, to see that the provisions of the law are carried out; and the returns, as collected, are duly

made by him each month, accompanied by a general report on the industrial condition of the district represented. It is from these returns, thus collected, that the Gold-Commissioner-in-Chief prepares a quarterly exhibit, which he issues on a broad sheet in a so-called "Royal Gazette." The last of these documents issued was published by authority at Halifax, Wednesday, January 20th, 1864, and a copy thereof, ornamented at the head with the familiar lion and unicorn, is now lying with several of its predecessors on the table before us. If skeptics desire any better authority than this for the average yield of these mines, they must seek it elsewhere for themselves. By the majority of persons capable of judging of the value and weight of testimony, we presume it will be regarded as amply sufficient.

After this explanation of the official character of these returns, a transcript of the figures given in the last exhibit as the average yield of gold per ton of quartz crushed will be all we think necessary in answer to the inquiry we have proposed. We give them just as they stand in the returns for December, 1863, only premising that the relative yield of the several mines is found to vary very considerably from month to month, being at one time higher, and at other times again somewhat lower, and this from natural causes which have already been explained, while the total amounts, when taken together, exhibit a steady increase in the general yield of the whole. The figures stand as follows:—

## DECEMBER, 1863.

District.	Yield of Gold per Ton of Quartz.
Stormont (Isaac's Harbor)	2 oz. 10 dwt. 0 gr.
Wine Harbor	10 " 6 "
Sherbrooke	1 " 7 " 0 "
Tangier	14 " 12 "
Montague	5 " 9 " 8 "
Waverley	9 " 11 "
Oldham	15 " 12 "
Renfrew	1 " 2 " 0 "
Ovens *	18 " 9 "

\* Returns incomplete.

The difference in yield between the districts is here very considerable, as it happens,—yet in the month of October the average yield at Oldham was 1 oz. 16 dwt. 20 gr., and at Renfrew 2 oz.; while for November it was at Stormont 3 oz. 2 dwt. 12 gr., at Tangier 1 oz. 10 dwt., at Waverley 1 oz. 3 dwt. 12 gr., and at Oldham 1 oz. 8 dwt. The *maximum* yield per ton was 50 oz. at Wine Harbor, 12 oz. at Sherbrooke, 11 oz. 12 dwt. at Oldham, and 5 oz. 15 dwt. at Stormont, for the same period.

"The average yield," says Professor Chace, "per ton of quartz, of the gold-fields of Nova Scotia will, it is believed, compare favorably with that of either Australia or California, while some of the maximum yields indicate ores of unsurpassed richness."

In regard to the best and most effectual methods of dressing and amalgamating these rich ores, it seems to be conceded that the modes hitherto in use in Nova Scotia have been very defective. Much larger returns of gold are to be expected from the introduction of the new processes, which scientific research is every day bringing to a greater degree of efficiency in Colorado and California. The promoters of the Nova-Scotia mining-enterprises, thanks to the skill and pains of their scientific advisers, are fully awake to the importance of this vital point. Pyrites—the mineral mixture so universally found with the gold of this region—is well known to escape, or rather to resist, the attraction of the mercury used in the amalgamating process, and it has hitherto been allowed to pass away with the "tailings," or refuse from the mills. When we state that it has been repeatedly shown to be from ten to twelve per cent. of the components of the ore, and that by test of the United-States Assay-Office its average yield is one hundred and twenty-eight dollars to the ton,—and by the careful experiments of Professor Siliman, at the Sheffield Laboratory in New Haven, it has yielded even as high as two hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-nine cents to the ton,—the over-

sight and bad economy of its waste will be sufficiently apparent. It may safely be estimated, therefore, that the process of Dr. Keith, or some other equally simple and efficacious method of extracting this hitherto wasted portion of the precious metal from the accompanying sulphurets, will produce an amount quite equal, at least, to the previous minimum yield. The effect of such an increase in the returns will readily be appreciated by others besides the merely scientific reader.

In regard to the capacity of the various mines for the regular supply of quartz to the mills, it may be stated that ten tons daily is the average amount fixed upon, by the different experts, as a reasonable quantity to be expected from either of the well-conducted properties. Works of exploration and of "construction," such as will hereafter be pointed out, must, it is true, always precede those of extraction; but a very moderate quartz-mill will easily "dress" ten tons of quartz daily, or three thousand tons per annum, requiring the constant labor of thirty men, as shown by the large experience already gained throughout the Province. And this, says Professor Siliman, "is not a very formidable force for a profitable mine,"—particularly when we consider that the price of miners' labor in Nova Scotia rarely rises above the moderate sum of ninety cents per day.

If the quartz cost, to turn its product into gold bars, as high as twenty dollars a ton, there would be, says the same eminent authority, "a deduction of one-fourth [as expense] from the gross gold-product. The gold is about nine-hundred-and-sixty thousandths fine, and is worth, as already shown, over twenty dollars per ounce. But the cost of the quartz cannot be so much by one-half as that named above; and there is the additional value of gold from the pyrites and mispickel, as well as probably fifteen per cent. saving on the total amount of gold produced by improved methods of working."

The reason why so little *alluvial* gold is to be found throughout this district may be very simply and concisely stated. It will be observed, that the length of the gold-field lies mainly from east to west, while its width from north to south is over a much less distance, and therefore lies almost at right angles to the scouring and grinding action of the glacial period. No long Sacramento Valley, stretching away to the south and west of the quartzite upheavals, has here retained and preserved the spoils of those long ages of attrition and denudation. The alluvial gold has mostly been carried, by the action alluded to, into the sands and beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean; and it is only at the bottom of the numerous little lakes which dot the surface of the country, that the precious metal, in this, its most obvious and attractive form, has ever been found in any remunerative quantity in Nova Scotia.

This statement brings us naturally to the consideration of another of our opening positions, namely, that the gold of Nova Scotia is to be successfully sought only under the application of the most scientific and systematic methods of deep quartz-mining. That no pains nor expense has been spared by the present promoters of these important enterprises, in the very commencement of their mining-works, will perhaps be sufficiently evident from the fact that no step has been taken without the full advice and concurrence of the eminent mining authorities already cited. A summary of the methods now employed for developing the rich yield of these deposits may not be out of place in this connection.

The ill-considered system of allotting small individual claims, at first adopted by the Colonial Government, was founded, probably, on a want of exact knowledge of the peculiar nature of the gold-district, and the consequent expectation that the experiences of California and Australia, in panning and washing, were to be repeated here. This totally inapplicable system in a manner compelled



the early single adventurers to abandon their claims, as soon as the surface-water began to accumulate in their little open pits or shallow levels, beyond the control of a single bucket, or other such primitive contrivance for bailing. Even the more active and industrious digger soon found his own difficulties to accumulate just in proportion to his own superior measure of activity; since, as soon as he carried his own excavation a foot or two deeper than his neighbor's, he found that it only gave him the privilege of draining for the whole of the less enterprising diggers, whose pits had not been sunk to the same level as his own. Thus the adventurers who should ordinarily have been the most successful were soon drowned out by the accumulated waters from the adjacent, and sometimes abandoned, claims. Nearly all of these early efforts at individual mining are now discontinued, and the claims, thus shown to be worthless in single hands, have been consolidated in the large companies, who alone possess the means to work them with unity and success.

The present methods of working the lodes, as now practised in Nova Scotia, proceed on a very different plan. Shafts are sunk at intervals of about three hundred feet on the course of the lodes which it is proposed to work,—as these are distinctly traced on the surface of the ground. When these shafts have been carried down to the depth of sixty feet,—or, in miners' language, ten fathoms,—horizontal *drifts* or *levels* are pushed out from them, below the ground, and in either direction, still keeping on the course of the lode. Whilst these subterranean levels are being thus extended, the shafts are again to be continued downwards, until the depth of twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet, has been attained. A second and lower set of levels are then pushed out beneath and parallel to the first named. At the depth of thirty fathoms, a third and still lower set of levels will extend beneath and parallel to the second. This work of sinking vertical shafts, and excavat-

ing horizontal levels to connect them, belongs to what is denominated the "construction of the mine," and it is only after this has been completed that the work of mining proper can be said to begin.

The removal of the ore, as conducted from the levels by which access to it has thus been gained, may be carried on either by "direct" or by "inverted grades,"—that is, either by breaking it up from underneath, or down from overhead, in each of the levels which have now been described,—or, as it is more commonly called in mining language, by "understopping" or by "overstopping." When the breadth of the lode is equal to that of the level, it is perhaps not very material which plan be adopted. But when, as at Oldham, Montague, or Tangier, the lodes are only of moderate width, and much barren rock, however soft and yielding, has, of necessity, to be removed along with the ore, so as to give a free passage for the miner through the whole extent of the drifts, we shall easily understand that the working by inverted grades, or "overstopping," is the only proper or feasible method. In this case, the blasts being all made from the roof, or "back," as it is called, of the drift, the barren or "dead" rock containing no gold is left on the floor of the drift, and there is then only the labor and expense of bringing the valuable quartz itself, a much less amount in bulk, to the surface of the ground. The accumulating mass of the dead rock underfoot will then be constantly raising the floor of the drift, and as constantly bringing the miners within convenient working-distance of the receding roof. In the case of "understopping," however, in which the blasts are made from the floor of the drift, it will be perceived that all the rock which is moved, of whatever kind, must equally be brought to the surface, which entails a much greater labor and expense in the hoisting; and gravity, moreover, instead of coöperating with, counteracts, it will easily be understood, the effective force of the powder.

Such is a necessarily brief and condensed account of the novel and interesting branch of industry which has thus been opened almost at our very doors. The enterprise is as yet merely in its infancy, and will doubtless for some time be regarded with incredulity and even distrust. But if there be any weight to be attached to the clearest, most explicit scientific and practical testimony, we must henceforth learn to look upon Nova Scotia with an increased interest, and, perhaps, a somewhat heightened respect. The spies that came out of Canaan were not, at any rate, more completely unanimous in their reports of the richness of the land than the eminent persons who have been sent to examine the auriferous lodes of our Acadian neighbors. If gold does not really exist there, and in very remunerative quantities, it will be hard for us henceforth to believe in the calculations of even a spring-tide, a comet, or an eclipse.

"Up to the present time," (June, 1862,) says Lord Mulgrave, "there has been no great influx of persons from abroad; and the gradual development of the richness of the gold-fields is chiefly due to the inhabitants of the country. Some few have arrived from the United States, and from the neighboring Provinces; but they are chiefly persons destitute of capital, and without any practical knowledge of mining-operations. This, I fear, is likely to produce some discouragement, as many of them will undoubtedly prove unsuccessful, and, returning to their homes, will spread unfavorable reports of the gold-fields, while their failure should more properly be ascribed to their own want of capital and skill."

In contrast with this sensible prediction, and to show the very different results of associated capital and labor noticed in the outset of our remarks, we give the following on the authority of the "Commercial Bulletin" of February 13, 1864:—

"At a meeting of the Directors of the St. Croix Mining Company, held on the 14th ult., a dividend of *sixty per cent.*,

payable in gold, was declared, and, in addition to this, a sum sufficient to work the claim during the winter was reserved for that purpose."

The latest information from this highly interesting region is contained in the Annual Report of the Chief Gold-Commissioner for the year 1863, issued at Halifax on the 26th of January, 1864. The present incumbent of this responsible office is Mr. P. S. Hamilton, of Halifax,—the former Commissioner, Mr. Creelman, having gone out of service in consequence of the change of Ministry which occurred in the early part of last year. Mr. Hamilton's Report is singularly clear and concise, and exhibits throughout a highly flattering prospect in all the Districts now being worked, except that of Ovens,—the reasons for this exception being, however, fully explained by the Commissioner. "Taking the average yield at what it appears by these [official] tables," says Mr. Hamilton, "*these mines show a higher average productiveness than those of almost any other gold-producing country, if, indeed, they are not, in this respect, the very first now being worked in the world.* I may here mention one fact affording increased hopes for the future, which although unquestionably a fact, the exact measure of its importance cannot well be shown, as yet, by any statistical returns. Excavations have not yet, it is true, been carried to any great depth. Few mining-shafts upon any of the gold-fields exceed one hundred feet in depth; but, as a general rule,—indeed, in nearly every instance,—the quartz seams actually worked have been found to increase in richness as they descend." "The yield of gold to each man engaged during the year is very much higher than has yet been attained in quartz-mining in any other country."

Wine Harbor, almost at the eastern extremity of the peninsula, has, it appears from this official statement, "the distinction of having produced a larger amount of gold during 1863 than any other district in the Province. During

each one of five out of the last six months of the year, it showed the highest maximum yield of gold per ton of quartz; \* and on the whole year's operations it ranks next to Sherbrooke in the average amount produced per man engaged in mining." In the table giving the entire returns of gold for the year, the whole yield of the Wine-Harbor mines is set down as 3,718 oz. 2 dwt. 19 gr., — equal, at the present price of gold in New York and Boston, to about \$125,000 for the twelve months, — certainly a very hopeful return for a first year's operations. It is evident that the Commissioner regards this district and the neighboring one of Sherbrooke, as specially entitled to his consideration, for he continues, — "Here, as at Sherbrooke, gold-mining has become a settled business; and the prospects of the district are of a highly satisfactory character." But he adds, (p. 7,) — "From every one of the gold-districts, without exception, the accounts received from the most reliable sources represent the mining-prospects to be good, and the men engaged in mining to be in good spirits, — content with their present success and future prospects." To those who consider the accounts of Nova-Scotia gold as mere myths we commend the attentive study of these Government returns. "Miners' stories" are one thing, — but a certified royalty from a staff of British officials, in ounces, penny-weights, and grains, on the first day of each month, is, in our modest opinion, quite another. They "have a way

of putting things," as Sydney Smith expressed it, which is apt to be rather convincing.

It would not be surprising, if so marked an addition to the resources of a small, and not an eminently wealthy Province, had been productive, in some degree, of excitement, idleness, and disorder. But we have reason to believe that hitherto this has not been found to be the case. Lord Mulgrave bears willing testimony to "the exemplary conduct of the miners," and Mr. Creelman, the late Chief-Commissioner, is still more explicit. "It affords me the highest satisfaction," he concludes, "to be able to bear testimony to the orderly conduct and good behavior of those who have hitherto undertaken to develop the resources of our gold-fields. I have visited every gold-district in the Province twice, and, with one or two exceptions, oftener, during the past season; I have seen the miners at work in the shafts and trenches; I have noticed them in going to and returning from their work, at morning, noon, and night; I have witnessed their sports after the labors of the day were over; and I have never heard an uncivil word nor observed an unseemly action amongst them. And although the 'Act relating to the Gold-Fields' authorized the appointment of a bailiff in every gold-district, it has not been deemed necessary to make more than three such appointments, and, with one single exception, no service from any of these officers has been required. . . . It may be said, in general, that the respect for law and order, the honest condition, and the moral sentiment which pervade our gold-district, are not surpassed in many of the rural villages of the country."

\* In the Quarterly Tables of Mr. Hamilton's office, as quoted by Professor Chace, the maximum yield at Wine Harbor during the month of September, 1863, reached the almost incredible figure of *sixty-six* ounces to the ton.



## LIFE ON THE SEA ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY." — The following graceful and picturesque description of the new condition of things on the Sea Islands of South Carolina, originally written for private perusal, seems to me worthy of a place in the "Atlantic." Its young author — herself akin to the long-suffering race whose Exodus she so pleasantly describes — is still engaged in her labor of love on St. Helena Island.—J. G. W.]

## PART I.

It was on the afternoon of a warm, murky day late in October that our steamer, the *United States*, touched the landing at Hilton Head. A motley assemblage had collected on the wharf, — officers, soldiers, and "contrabands" of every size and hue: black was, however, the prevailing color. The first view of Hilton Head is desolate enough, — a long, low, sandy point, stretching out into the sea, with no visible dwellings upon it, except the rows of small white-roofed houses which have lately been built for the freed people.

After signing a paper wherein we declared ourselves loyal to the Government, and wherein, also, were set forth fearful penalties, should we ever be found guilty of treason, we were allowed to land, and immediately took General Saxton's boat, the *Flora*, for Beaufort. The General was on board, and we were presented to him. He is handsome, courteous, and affable, and looks — as he is — the gentleman and the soldier.

From Hilton Head to Beaufort the same long, low line of sandy coast, bordered by trees; formidable gunboats in the distance, and the gray ruins of an old fort, said to have been built by the Huguenots more than two hundred years ago. Arrived at Beaufort, we found that we had not yet reached our journey's end. While waiting for the boat which was to take us to our island of St. Helena, we had a little time to observe the ancient town. The houses in the main street, which fronts the "Bay," are large and handsome, built of wood, in the usual Southern style, with spacious piazzas, and surrounded by fine trees. We no-

ticed in one yard a magnolia, as high as some of our largest shade-maples, with rich, dark, shining foliage. A large building which was once the Public Library is now a shelter for freed people from Fernandina. Did the Rebels know it, they would doubtless upturn their aristocratic noses, and exclaim in disgust, "To what base uses," etc. We confess that it was highly satisfactory to us to see how the tables are turned, now that "the whirligig of time has brought about its revenges." We saw the market-place, in which slaves were sometimes sold; but we were told that the buying and selling at auction were usually done in Charleston. The arsenal, a large stone structure, was guarded by cannon and sentinels. The houses in the smaller streets had, mostly, a dismantled, desolate look. We saw no one in the streets but soldiers and freed people. There were indications that already Northern improvements had reached this Southern town. Among them was a wharf, a convenience that one wonders how the Southerners could so long have existed without. The more we know of their mode of life, the more are we inclined to marvel at its utter shiftlessness.

Little colored children of every hue were playing about the streets, looking as merry and happy as children ought to look, — now that the evil shadow of Slavery no longer hangs over them. Some of the officers we met did not impress us favorably. They talked flippantly, and sneeringly of the negroes, whom they found we had come down to teach, using an epithet more offensive than gentlemanly. They assured us that there was

great danger of Rebel attacks, that the yellow fever prevailed to an alarming extent, and that, indeed, the manufacture of coffins was the only business that was at all flourishing at present. Although by no means daunted by these alarming stories, we were glad when the announcement of our boat relieved us from their edifying conversation.

We rowed across to Ladies Island, which adjoins St. Helena, through the splendors of a grand Southern sunset. The gorgeous clouds of crimson and gold were reflected as in a mirror in the smooth, clear waters below. As we glided along, the rich tones of the negro boatmen broke upon the evening stillness,—sweet, strange, and solemn:—

“Jesus make de blind to see,  
Jesus make de cripple walk,  
Jesus make de deaf to hear.

Walk in, kind Jesus!

No man can hender me.”

It was nearly dark when we reached the island, and then we had a three-miles’ drive through the lonely roads to the house of the superintendent. We thought how easy it would be for a band of guerrillas, had they chanced that way, to seize and hang us; but we were in that excited, jubilant state of mind which makes fear impossible, and sang “John Brown” with a will, as we drove through the pines and palmettos. Oh, it was good to sing that song in the very heart of Rebeldom! Harry, our driver, amused us much. He was surprised to find that we had not heard of him before. “Why, I thought eberybody at de Nort had heard o’ me!” he said, very innocently. We learned afterward that Mrs. F., who made the tour of the islands last summer, had publicly mentioned Harry. Some one had told him of it, and he of course imagined that he had become quite famous. Notwithstanding this little touch of vanity, Harry is one of the best and smartest men on the island.

Gates occurred, it seemed to us, at every few yards’ distance, made in the oddest fashion,—opening in the middle, like folding-doors, for the accommodation

of horsemen. The little boy who accompanied us as gate-opener answered to the name of Cupid. Arrived at the headquarters of the general superintendent, Mr. S., we were kindly received by him and the ladies, and shown into a large parlor, where a cheerful wood-fire glowed in the grate. It had a home-like look; but still there was a sense of unreality about everything, and I felt that nothing less than a vigorous “shaking-up,” such as Grandfather Smallweed daily experienced, would arouse me thoroughly to the fact that I was in South Carolina.

The next morning L. and I were awakened by the cheerful voices of men and women, children and chickens, in the yard below. We ran to the window, and looked out. Women in bright-colored handkerchiefs, some carrying pails on their heads, were crossing the yard, busy with their morning work; children were playing and tumbling around them. On every face there was a look of serenity and cheerfulness. My heart gave a great throb of happiness as I looked at them, and thought, “They are free! so long down-trodden, so long crushed to the earth, but now in their old homes, forever free!” And I thanked God that I had lived to see this day.

After breakfast Miss T. drove us to Oaklands, our future home. The road leading to the house was nearly choked with weeds. The house itself was in a dilapidated condition, and the yard and garden had a sadly neglected look. But there were roses in bloom; we plucked handfuls of feathery, fragrant acacia-blossoms; ivy crept along the ground and under the house. The freed people on the place seemed glad to see us. After talking with them, and giving some directions for cleaning the house, we drove to the school, in which I was to teach. It is kept in the Baptist Church,—a brick building, beautifully situated in a grove of live-oaks. These trees are the first objects that attract one’s attention here: not that they are finer than our Northern oaks, but because of the singular gray moss with which every branch is heavily

draped. This hanging moss grows on nearly all the trees, but on none so luxuriantly as on the live-oak. The pendants are often four or five feet long, very graceful and beautiful, but giving the trees a solemn, almost funereal look. The school was opened in September. Many of the children had, however, received instruction during the summer. It was evident that they had made very rapid improvement, and we noticed with pleasure how bright and eager to learn many of them seemed. They sang in rich, sweet tones, and with a peculiar swaying motion of the body, which made their singing the more effective. They sang "Marching Along," with great spirit, and then one of their own hymns, the air of which is beautiful and touching : —

"My sister, you want to git religion,  
Go down in de Lonesome Valley;  
My brudder, you want to git religion,  
Go down in de Lonesome Valley.

CHORUS.

"Go down in de Lonesome Valley,  
Go down in de Lonesome Valley, my Lord,  
Go down in de Lonesome Valley,  
To meet my Jesus dere!

"Oh, feed on milk and honey,  
Oh, feed on milk and honey, my Lord,  
Oh, feed on milk and honey,  
Meet my Jesus dere!  
Oh, John he brought a letter,  
Oh, John he brought a letter, my Lord,  
Oh, Mary and Marta read 'em,  
Meet my Jesus dere!

CHORUS.

"Go down in de Lonesome Valley," etc.

They repeat their hymns several times, and while singing keep perfect time with their hands and feet.

On our way homeward we noticed that a few of the trees were beginning to turn, but we looked in vain for the glowing autumnal hues of our Northern forests. Some brilliant scarlet berries—the cassena—were growing along the roadside, and on every hand we saw the live-oak with its moss-drapery. The palmettos disappointed me; stiff and ungraceful, they have a bristling, defiant look, suggestive of Rebels starting up

and defying everybody. The land is low and level,—not the slightest approach to a hill, not a rock, nor even a stone to be seen. It would have a desolate look, were it not for the trees, and the hanging moss and numberless vines which festoon them. These vines overrun the hedges, form graceful arches between the trees, encircle their trunks, and sometimes climb to the topmost branches. In February they begin to bloom, and then throughout the spring and summer we have a succession of beautiful flowers. First comes the yellow jessamine, with its perfect, gold-colored, and deliciously fragrant blossoms. It lights up the hedges, and completely canopies some of the trees. Of all the wild-flowers this seems to me the most beautiful and fragrant. Then we have the snow-white, but scentless Cherokee rose, with its lovely, shining leaves. Later in the season come the brilliant trumpet-flower, the passion-flower, and innumerable others.

The Sunday after our arrival we attended service at the Baptist Church. The people came in slowly; for they have no way of knowing the hour, except by the sun. By eleven they had all assembled, and the church was well filled. They were neatly dressed in their Sunday attire, the women mostly wearing clean, dark frocks, with white aprons and bright-colored head-handkerchiefs. Some had attained to the dignity of straw hats with gay feathers, but these were not nearly as becoming nor as picturesque as the handkerchiefs. The day was warm, and the windows were thrown open as if it were summer, although it was the second day of November. It was very pleasant to listen to the beautiful hymns, and look from the crowd of dark, earnest faces within, upon the grove of noble oaks without. The people sang, "Roll, Jordan, roll," the grandest of all their hymns. There is a great, rolling wave of sound through it all.

"Mr. Fuller settin' on de Tree ob Life,  
Fur to hear de ven Jordan roll.  
Oh, roll, Jordan! roll, Jordan! roll, Jordan  
roll!



## CHORUS.

"Oh, roll, Jordan, roll! oh, roll, Jordan, roll!  
My soul arise in heab'n, Lord,  
Fur to hear de ven Jordan roll!

"Little chil'en, learn to fear de Lord,  
And let your days be long.  
Oh, roll, Jordan! roll, Jordan! roll, Jordan,  
roll!

## CHORUS.

"Oh, march, de angel, march! oh, march, de  
angel, march!  
My soul arise in heab'n, Lord,  
Fur to hear de ven Jordan roll!"

The "Mr. Fuller" referred to was their former minister, to whom they seem to have been much attached. He is a Southerner, but loyal, and is now, I believe, living in Baltimore. After the sermon the minister called upon one of the elders, a gray-headed old man, to pray. His manner was very fervent and impressive, but his language was so broken that to our unaccustomed ears it was quite unintelligible. After the services the people gathered in groups outside, talking among themselves, and exchanging kindly greetings with the superintendents and teachers. In their bright handkerchiefs and white aprons they made a striking picture under the gray-mossed trees. We drove afterward a mile farther, to the Episcopal Church, in which the aristocracy of the island used to worship. It is a small white building, situated in a fine grove of live-oaks, at the junction of several roads. On one of the tombstones in the yard is the touching inscription in memory of two children,—  
"Blessed little lambs, and *art thou* gathered into the fold of the only true shepherd? Sweet *lillies* of the valley, and *art thou* removed to a more congenial soil?" The floor of the church is of stone, the pews of polished oak. It has an organ, which is not so entirely out of tune as are the pianos on the island. One of the ladies played, while the gentlemen sang,—old-fashioned New-England church-music, which it was pleasant to hear, but it did not thrill us as the singing of the people had done.

During the week we moved to Oak-

lands, our future home. The house was of one story, with a low-roofed piazza running the whole length. The interior had been thoroughly scrubbed and whitewashed; the exterior was guiltless of white-wash or paint. There were five rooms, all quite small, and several dark little entries, in one of which we found shelves lined with old medicine-bottles. These were a part of the possessions of the former owner, a Rebel physician, Dr. Sams by name. Some of them were still filled with his nostrums. Our furniture consisted of a bedstead, two bureaux, three small pine tables, and two chairs, one of which had a broken back. These were lent to us by the people. The masters, in their hasty flight from the islands, left nearly all their furniture; but much of it was destroyed or taken by the soldiers who came first, and what they left was removed by the people to their own houses. Certainly, they have the best right to it. We had made up our minds to dispense with all luxuries and even many conveniences; but it was rather distressing to have no fire, and nothing to eat. Mr. H. had already appropriated a room for the store which he was going to open for the benefit of the freed people, and was superintending the removal of his goods. So L. and I were left to our own resources. But Cupid the elder came to the rescue,—Cupid, who, we were told, was to be our right-hand man, and who very graciously informed us that he would take care of us; which he at once proceeded to do by bringing in some wood, and busying himself in making a fire in the open fireplace. While he is thus engaged, I will try to describe him. A small, wiry figure, stockingless, shoeless, out at the knees and elbows, and wearing the remnant of an old straw hat, which looked as if it might have done good service in scaring the crows from a cornfield. The face nearly black, very ugly, but with the shrewdest expression I ever saw, and the brightest, most humorous twinkle in the eyes. One glance at Cupid's face showed that he was not a person to be imposed

upon, and that he was abundantly able to take care of himself, as well as of us. The chimney obstinately refused to draw, in spite of the original and very uncomplimentary epithets which Cupid heaped upon it,—while we stood by, listening to him in amusement, although nearly suffocated by the smoke. At last, perseverance conquered, and the fire began to burn cheerily. Then Amaretta, our cook,—a neat-looking black woman, adorned with the gayest of head-handkerchiefs,—made her appearance with some eggs and hominy, after partaking of which we proceeded to arrange our scanty furniture, which was soon done. In a few days we began to look civilized, having made a table-cover of some red and yellow handkerchiefs which we found among the store-goods,—a carpet of red and black woollen plaid, originally intended for frocks and shirts,—a cushion, stuffed with corn-husks and covered with calico, for a lounge, which Ben, the carpenter, had made for us of pine boards,—and lastly some corn-husk beds, which were an unspeakable luxury, after having endured agonies for several nights, sleeping on the slats of a bedstead. It is true, the said siats were covered with blankets, but these might as well have been sheets of paper for all the good they did us. What a resting-place it was! Compared to it, the gridiron of St. Lawrence—fire excepted—was as a bed of roses.

The first day at school was rather trying. Most of my children were very small, and consequently restless. Some were too young to learn the alphabet. These little ones were brought to school because the older children—in whose care their parents leave them while at work—could not come without them. We were therefore willing to have them come, although they seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and tried one's patience sadly. But after some days of positive, though not severe treatment, order was brought out of chaos, and I found but little difficulty in managing and quieting the tiniest and most restless spirits. I never before

saw children so eager to learn, although I had had several years' experience in New-England schools. Coming to school is a constant delight and recreation to them. They come here as other children go to play. The older ones, during the summer, work in the fields from early morning until eleven or twelve o'clock, and then come into school, after their hard toil in the hot sun, as bright and as anxious to learn as ever.

Of course there are some stupid ones, but these are the minority. The majority learn with wonderful rapidity. Many of the grown people are desirous of learning to read. It is wonderful how a people who have been so long crushed to the earth, so imbruted as these have been,—and they are said to be among the most degraded negroes of the South,—can have so great a desire for knowledge, and such a capability for attaining it. One cannot believe that the haughty Anglo-Saxon race, after centuries of such an experience as these people have had, would be very much superior to them. And one's indignation increases against those who, North as well as South, taunt the colored race with inferiority while they themselves use every means in their power to crush and degrade them, denying them every right and privilege, closing against them every avenue of elevation and improvement. Were they, under such circumstances, intellectual and refined, they would certainly be vastly superior to any other race that ever existed.

After the lessons, we used to talk freely to the children, often giving them slight sketches of some of the great and good men. Before teaching them the "John Brown" song, which they learned to sing with great spirit, Miss T. told them the story of the brave old man who had died for them. I told them about Toussaint, thinking it well they should know what one of their own color had done for his race. They listened attentively, and seemed to understand. We found it rather hard to keep their attention in school. It is not strange, as they have

been so entirely unused to intellectual concentration. It is necessary to interest them every moment, in order to keep their thoughts from wandering. Teaching here is consequently far more fatiguing than at the North. In the church, we had of course but one room in which to hear all the children; and to make one's self heard, when there were often as many as a hundred and forty reciting at once, it was necessary to tax the lungs very severely.

My walk to school, of about a mile, was part of the way through a road lined with trees, — on one side stately pines, on the other noble live-oaks, hung with moss and canopied with vines. The ground was carpeted with brown, fragrant pine-leaves; and as I passed through in the morning, the woods were enlivened by the delicious songs of mocking-birds, which abound here, making one realize the truthful felicity of the description in "Evangeline," —

"The mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen."

The hedges were all aglow with the brilliant scarlet berries of the cassena, and on some of the oaks we observed the mistletoe, laden with its pure white, pearl-like berries. Out of the woods the roads are generally bad, and we found it hard work plodding through the deep sand.

Mr. H.'s store was usually crowded, and Cupid was his most valuable assistant. Gay handkerchiefs for turbans, pots and kettles, and molasses, were principally in demand, especially the last. It was necessary to keep the molasses-barrel in the yard, where Cupid presided over it, and harangued and scolded the eager, noisy crowd, collected around, to his heart's content; while up the road leading to the house came constantly processions of men, women, and children, carrying on their heads cans, jugs, pitchers, and even bottles, — anything, indeed, that was capable of con-

taining molasses. It is wonderful with what ease they carry all sorts of things on their heads, — heavy bundles of wood, hoes and rakes, everything, heavy or light, that can be carried in the hands; and I have seen a woman, with a bucketful of water on her head, stoop down and take up another in her hand, without spilling a drop from either.

We noticed that the people had much better taste in selecting materials for dresses than we had supposed. They do not generally like gaudy colors, but prefer neat, quiet patterns. They are, however, very fond of all kinds of jewelry. I once asked the children in school what their ears were for. "To put ring in," promptly replied one of the little girls.

These people are exceedingly polite in their manner towards each other, each new arrival bowing, scraping his feet, and shaking hands with the others, while there are constant greetings, such as, "Huddy? How's yer lady?" ("How d' ye do? How's your wife?") The hand-shaking is performed with the greatest possible solemnity. There is never the faintest shadow of a smile on anybody's face during this performance. The children, too, are taught to be very polite to their elders, and it is the rarest thing to hear a disrespectful word from a child to his parent, or to any grown person. They have really what the New-Englanders call "beautiful manners."

We made daily visits to the "quarters," which were a few rods from the house. The negro-houses, on this as on most of the other plantations, were miserable little huts, with nothing comfortable or home-like about them, consisting generally of but two very small rooms, — the only way of lighting them, no matter what the state of the weather, being to leave the doors and windows open. The windows, of course, have no glass in them. In such a place, a father and mother with a large family of children are often obliged to live. It is almost impossible to teach them habits of neat-



ness and order, when they are so crowded. We look forward anxiously to the day when better houses shall increase their comfort and pride of appearance.

Oaklands is a very small plantation. There were not more than eight or nine families living on it. Some of the people interested us much. Celia, one of the best, is a cripple. Her master, she told us, was too mean to give his slaves clothes enough to protect them, and her feet and legs were so badly frozen that they required amputation. She has a lovely face,—well-featured and singularly gentle. In every household where there was illness or trouble, Celia's kind, sympathizing face was the first to be seen, and her services were always the most acceptable.

Harry, the foreman on the plantation, a man of a good deal of natural intelligence, was most desirous of learning to read. He came in at night to be taught, and learned very rapidly. I never saw any one more determined to learn. We enjoyed hearing him talk about the "gun-shoot,"—so the people call the capture of Bay Point and Hilton Head. They never weary of telling you "how Massa run when he hear de fust gun."

"Why did n't you go with him, Harry?" I asked.

"Oh, Miss, 't was n't 'cause Massa did n't try to 'suade me. He tell we dat de Yankees would shoot we, or would sell we to Cuba, an' do all de wust tings to we, when dey come. 'Bery well, Sar,' says I. 'If I go wid you, I be good as dead. If I stay here, I can't be no wust; so if I got to dead, I might 's well dead here as anywhere. So I'll stay here an' wait for de "dam Yankees." 'Lor', Miss, I knowed he was n't tellin' de truth all de time."

"But why did n't you believe him, Harry?"

"Dunno, Miss; somehow we hear de Yankees was our friends, an' dat we 'd be free when dey come, an' 'pears like we believe dat."

I found this to be true of nearly all the people I talked with, and I thought it

strange they should have had so much faith in the Northerners. Truly, for years past, they had had but little cause to think them very friendly. Cupid told us that his master was so daring as to come back, after he had fled from the island, at the risk of being taken prisoner by our soldiers; and that he ordered the people to get all the furniture together and take it to a plantation on the opposite side of the creek, and to stay on that side themselves. "So," said Cupid, "dey could jus' sweep us all up in a heap, an' put us in de boat. An' he telled me to take Patience—dat's my wife—an' de chil'en down to a certain pint, an' den I could come back, if I choose. Jus' as if I was gwine to be sich a goat!" added he, with a look and gesture of ineffable contempt. He and the rest of the people, instead of obeying their master, left the place and hid themselves in the woods; and when he came to look for them, not one of all his "faithful servants" was to be found. A few, principally house-servants, had previously been carried away.

In the evenings, the children frequently came in to sing and shout for us. These "shouts" are very strange,—in truth, almost indescribable. It is necessary to hear and see in order to have any clear idea of them. The children form a ring, and move around in a kind of shuffling dance, singing all the time. Four or five stand apart, and sing very energetically, clapping their hands, stamping their feet, and rocking their bodies to and fro. These are the musicians, to whose performance the shouters keep perfect time. The grown people on this plantation did not shout, but they do on some of the other plantations. It is very comical to see little children, not more than three or four years old, entering into the performance with all their might. But the shouting of the grown people is rather solemn and impressive than otherwise. We cannot determine whether it has a religious character or not. Some of the people tell us that it has, others that it has not. But as the shouts of the grown

people are always in connection with their religious meetings, it is probable that they are the barbarous expression of religion, handed down to them from their African ancestors, and destined to pass away under the influence of Christian teachings. The people on this island have no songs. They sing only hymns, and most of these are sad. Prince, a large black boy from a neighboring plantation, was the principal shouter among the children. It seemed impossible for him to keep still for a moment. His performances were most amusing specimens of Ethiopian gymnastics. Amaretta the younger, a cunning, kittenish little creature of only six years old, had a remarkably sweet voice. Her favorite hymn, which we used to hear her singing to herself as she walked through the yard, is one of the oddest we have heard:—

"What makes ole Satan follow me so?  
Satan got nuttin' 't all fur to do wid me.

CHORUS.

"Tiddy Rosa, hold your light!  
Brudder Tony, hold your light!  
All de member, hold bright light  
On Canaan's shore!"

This is one of the most spirited shouting-tunes. "Tiddy" is their word for sister.

A very queer-looking old man came into the store one day. He was dressed in a complete suit of brilliant Brussels carpeting. Probably it had been taken from his master's house after the "gun-shoot"; but he looked so very dignified that we did not like to question him about it. The people called him Doctor Crofts, —which was, I believe, his master's name, his own being Scipio. He was very jubilant over the new state of things, and said to Mr. H., — "Don't hab me feelins hurt now. Used to hab me feelins hurt all de time. But don't hab 'em hurt now no more." Poor old soul! We rejoiced with him that he and his brethren no longer have their "feelins" hurt, as in the old time.

On the Sunday before Thanksgiving, General Saxton's noble Proclamation was read at church. We could not listen to

it without emotion. The people listened with the deepest attention, and seemed to understand and appreciate it. Whittier has said of it and its writer, — "It is the most beautiful and touching official document I ever read. God bless him! 'The bravest are the tenderest.'"

General Saxton is truly worthy of the gratitude and admiration with which the people regard him. His unfailing kindness and consideration for them — so different from the treatment they have sometimes received at the hands of other officers — have caused them to have unbounded confidence in General "*Saxby*," as they call him.

After the service, there were six couples married. Some of the dresses were unique. One was particularly fine, — doubtless a cast-off dress of the bride's former mistress. The silk and lace, ribbons, feathers and flowers, were in a rather faded and decayed condition. But, comical as the costumes were, we were not disposed to laugh at them. We were too glad to see the poor creatures trying to lead right and virtuous lives. The legal ceremony, which was formerly scarcely known among them, is now everywhere consecrated. The constant and earnest advice of the minister and teachers has not been given in vain; nearly every Sunday there are several couples married in church. Some of them are people who have grown old together.

Thanksgiving-Day was observed as a general holiday. According to General Saxton's orders, an ox had been killed on each plantation, that the people might that day have fresh meat, which was a great luxury to them, and, indeed, to all of us. In the morning, a large number — superintendents, teachers, and freed people — assembled in the Baptist Church. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten, — that crowd of eager, happy black faces, from which the shadow of Slavery had forever passed. "Forever free! forever free!" those magical words of the Proclamation were constantly singing themselves in my soul. After an appropriate prayer and sermon by Mr. P., and sing-

ing by the people, General Saxton made a short, but spirited speech, urging the young men to enlist in the regiment then forming under Colonel Higginson. Mrs. Gage told the people how the slaves in Santa Cruz had secured their liberty. It was something entirely new and strange to them to hear a woman speak in public; but they listened with great attention, and seemed much interested. Before dispersing, they sang "Marching Along," which is an especial favorite with them. It was a very happy Thanksgiving-Day for all of us. The weather was delightful; oranges and figs were hanging on the trees; roses, oleanders, and japonicas were blooming out-of-doors; the sun was warm and bright; and over all shone gloriously the blessed light of Freedom,—Freedom forevermore!

One night, L. and I were roused from our slumbers by what seemed to us loud and most distressing shrieks, proceeding from the direction of the negro-houses. Having heard of one or two attempts which the Rebels had recently made to land on the island, our first thought was, naturally, that they had forced a landing, and were trying to carry off some of the people. Every moment we expected to hear them at our doors; and knowing that they had sworn vengeance against all the superintendents and teachers, we prepared ourselves for the worst. After a little reflection, we persuaded ourselves that it could not be the Rebels; for the people had always assured us, that, in case of a Rebel attack, they would come to us at once,—evidently thinking that we should be able to protect them. But what could the shrieks mean? They ceased; then, a few moments afterwards, began again, louder, more fearful than before; then again they ceased, and all was silent. I am ashamed to confess that we had not the courage to go out and inquire into the cause of the alarm. Mr. H.'s room was in another part of the house, too far for him to give us any aid. We hailed the dawn of day gladly enough, and eagerly sought Cupid,—who was sure

to know everything,—to obtain from him a solution of the mystery. "Why, you was n't scared at *dat*?" he exclaimed, in great amusement; "'t was n't nuttin' but de black sogers dat comed up to see der folks on t'oder side ob de creek. Dar was n't no boat fur 'em on dis side, so dey jus' blowed de whistle dey hab, so de folks might bring one ober fur 'em. Dat was all 't was." And Cupid laughed so heartily that we felt not a little ashamed of our fears. Nevertheless, we both maintained that *we* had never seen a whistle from which could be produced sounds so startling, so distressing, so perfectly like the shrieks of a human being.

Another night, while staying at a house some miles distant from ours, I was awakened by hearing, as I thought, some one trying to open the door from without. The door was locked; I lay perfectly still, and listened intently. A few moments elapsed, and the sound was repeated; whereupon I rose, and woke Miss W., who slept in the adjoining room. We lighted a candle, took our revolvers, and seated ourselves on the bed, keeping our weapons, so formidable in practised male hands, steadily pointed towards the door, and uttering dire threats against the intruders,—presumed to be Rebels, of course. Having maintained this tragical position for some time, and hearing no further noise, we began to grow sleepy, and extinguished our candle, returned to bed, and slept soundly till morning. But that mystery remained unexplained. I was sure that the door had been tried,—there could be no mistaking it. There was not the least probability that any of the people had entered the house, burglars are unknown on these islands, and there is nobody to be feared but the Rebels.

The last and greatest alarm we had was after we had removed from Oaklands to another plantation. I woke about two o'clock in the morning, hearing the tramp of many feet in the yard below,—the steady tramp of soldiers' feet. "The Rebels! they have come at last! all is over with us now!" I thought at once, with a desperate kind of resignation. And I lay



still, waiting and listening. Soon I heard footsteps on the piazza; then the hall-door was opened, and steps were heard distinctly in the hall beneath; finally, I heard some one coming up the stairs. Then I grasped my revolver, rose, and woke the other ladies.

"There are soldiers in the yard! Somebody has opened the hall-door, and is coming up-stairs!"

Poor L., but half awakened, stared at me in speechless terror. The same thought filled our minds. But Mrs. B., after listening for a moment, exclaimed,—

"Why, that is my husband! I know his footsteps. He is coming up-stairs to call me."

And so it proved. Her husband, who was a lieutenant in Colonel Montgomery's regiment, had come up from camp with some of his men to look after deserters. The door had been unfastened by a servant who on that night happened to sleep in the house. I shall never forget the delightful sensation of relief that came over me when the whole matter was explained. It was almost overpowering; for, although I had made up my mind to bear the worst, and bear it bravely, the thought of falling into the hands of the Rebels was horrible in the extreme. A year of intense mental suffering seemed to have been compressed into those few moments.

## GOLD HAIR.

### A LEGEND OF PORNIC.

OH, the beautiful girl, too white,  
 Who lived at Pornic, down by the sea,  
 Just where the sea and the Loire unite!  
 And a boasted name in Brittany  
 She bore, which I will not write.

Too white, for the flower of life is red;  
 Her flesh was the soft, seraphic screen  
 Of a soul that is meant (her' parents said)  
 To just see earth, and hardly be seen,  
 And blossom in heaven instead.

Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair!  
 One grace that grew to its full on earth:  
 Smiles might be sparse on her cheek so spare,  
 And her waist want half a girdle's girth,  
 But she had her great gold hair:

Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss,  
 Freshness and fragrance, — floods of it, too!  
 Gold did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross.  
 Here Life smiled, "Think what I meant to do!"  
 And Love sighed, "Fancy my loss!"

So, when she died, it was scarce more strange  
 Than that, when some delicate evening dies,

our burdens, which, in spite of common sense, we dare not throw off. For instance, we have company,—a friend from afar, (perhaps wealthy,) or a minister, or some other man of note. What do we do? Sit down and receive our visitor with all good-will and the freedom of a home? No; we (the lady of the house) flutter about to clear up things, apologizing about this, that, and the other condition of unpreparedness, and, having settled the visitor in the parlor, set about marshalling the elements of a grand dinner or supper, such as no person but a gourmand wants to sit down to, when at home and comfortable; and in getting up this meal, clearing away, and washing the dishes, we use up a good half of the time which our guest spends with us. We have spread ourselves, and shown him what we could do; but what a paltry, heart-sickening achievement! Now, good Mr. Crowfield, thou friend of the robbed and despairing, wilt thou not descend into our purgatorial circle, and tell the world what thou hast seen there of doleful remembrance? Tell us how we, who must do and desire to do our own work, can show forth in our homes a homely, yet genial hospitality, and entertain our guests without making a fuss and hurly-burly, and seeming to be anx-

ious for their sake about many things, and spending too much time getting meals, as if eating were the chief social pleasure. *Won't* you do this, Mr. Crowfield?

“‘Yours beseechingly,

“‘R. H. A.’”

“That’s a good letter,” said Jennie.

“To be sure it is,” said I.

“And shall you answer it, papa?”

“In the very next ‘Atlantic,’ you may be sure I shall. The class that do their own work are the strongest, the most numerous, and, taking one thing with another, quite as well cultivated a class as any other. They are the anomaly of our country,—the distinctive feature of the new society that we are building up here; and if we are to accomplish our national destiny, that class must increase rather than diminish. I shall certainly do my best to answer the very sensible and pregnant questions of that letter.”

Here Marianne shivered and drew up a shawl, and Jennie gaped; my wife folded up the garment in which she had set the last stitch, and the clock struck twelve.

Bob gave a low whistle. “Who knew it was so late?”

“We have talked the fire fairly out,” said Jennie.

### REENLISTED.

Oh, did you see him in the street, dressed up in army-blue,  
When drums and trumpets into town their storm of music threw, —  
A louder tune than all the winds could muster in the air,  
The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in strips to tear?

You did n’t mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him, then, perhaps,  
To see the mounted officers rigged out with trooper-caps,  
And shiny clothes, and sashes red, and epaulets and all; —  
It was n’t for such things as these he heard his country call.

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty Sam, —  
“I’ll die for the dear old Union, if she’ll take me as I am.”  
And if a better man than he there’s mother that can show,  
From Maine to Minnesota, then let the nation know.

You would not pick him from the rest by eagles or by stars,  
By straps upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver bars,  
Nor a corporal's strip of worsted, but there 's something in his face,  
And something in his even step, a-marching in his place,

That could n't be improved by all the badges in the land :  
A patriot, and a good, strong man ; are generals much more grand ?  
We rest our pride on that big heart wrapped up in army-blue,  
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love him too.

He 's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks he 's run,  
Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of 'sixty-one ;  
Through blood and storm he 's held out firm, nor fretted once, my Sam,  
At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of Antietam :

Though many a time, he 's told us, when he saw them lying dead,  
The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn, and Marblehead,  
Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and wept on by the sky,  
It seemed to him the Commonwealth had drained her life-blood dry.

"But then," he said, "the more 's the need the country has of me :  
To live and fight the war all through, what glory it would be !  
The Rebel balls don't hit me, and, mother, if they should,  
You 'll know I 've fallen in my place, where I have always stood."

He 's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed :  
I often tell Mehitabel he 'll think he only dreamed  
Of walking with her nights so bright you could n't see a star,  
And hearing the swift tide come in across the harbor-bar.

The stars that shine above the stripes, they light him southward now ;  
The tide of war has swept him back ; he 's made a solemn vow  
To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is done :  
God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son !

And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be ;  
An orchard-road that leads your eye straight out upon the sea :—  
The boy not work his father's farm ? it seems almost a shame ;  
But any selfish plan for him he 'd never let me name.

He 's reënlisted for the war, for victory or for death ;  
A soldier's grave, perhaps,—the thought has half-way stopped my breath,  
And driven a cloud across the sun ;—my boy, it will not be !  
The war will soon be over ; home again you 'll come to me !

He 's reënlisted ; and I smiled to see him going, too :  
There 's nothing that becomes him half so well as army-blue.  
Only a private in the ranks ; but sure I am, indeed,  
If all the privates were like him, they 'd scarcely captains need !

And I and Massachusetts share the honor of his birth, —  
The grand old State ! to me the best in all the peopled earth !  
I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son who can ;  
And I 'm proud for Freedom's sake to be the mother of a man !



## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

For the first time since the American Presidency was created, the American people have entered upon a Presidential election in time of great war. Even the election of 1812 forms no exception to this assertion, as the second contest with England did not begin until the summer of that year, when the conditions of the political contest were already understood, and it was known that Mr. Madison would be reelected, in spite of the opposition of the Federalists, and notwithstanding the disaffection of those Democrats who took De Witt Clinton for their leader. Mr. Madison, indeed, is supposed to have turned "war man," against his own convictions, in order to conciliate the "Young Democracy" of 1812, who had resolved upon having a fight with England,—and in that way to have secured for supporters men who would have prevented his reelection, had he defied them. The trouble that we had with France at the close of the last century undoubtedly had some effect in deciding the fourth Presidential contest adversely to the Federalists; but though it was illustrated by some excellent naval fighting, it can hardly be spoken of as a war: certainly, it was not a great war. The Mexican War had been brought to a triumphant close before the election of 1848 was opened. Of the nineteen Presidential elections which the country has known, sixteen were held in times of profound peace,—as Indian wars went for nothing; and the other three were not affected as to their decision by the contests we had had with France or Mexico, or by that with England, which was in its first stage when Mr. Madison was reelected. Every Presidential election, from that of 1788 to that of 1860, found us a united people, with every State taking some part in the canvass. Even South Carolina in 1860 was not clearly counted out of the fight until after Mr. Lincoln's success had been an-

nounced, and rebellion had been resolved upon.

But all is now changed. The twentieth Presidential election finds us not only at war, but engaged in a civil war of such magnitude that even the most martial nations of Europe are surprised at the numbers who take part in it, and at its cost. The election is to be carried, and perhaps decided, amid the din of arms, with a million of voters in the land and sea forces of the two parties. This is so new to us, that it would seem more like a dream than a reality, but that losses of life and high prices render the matter most painfully real. How to act under such circumstances might well puzzle us, were it not that the path of duty is pointed out by the spirit of patriotism. The election will have much effect on the operations of war, and those operations in their turn will have no light effect on the election. Our political action should be such as to strengthen the arm of Government; and the military action of Government should be such as to strengthen those who shall be engaged in affording it political support. Failure in the field would not lead to defeat at the polls, but it might so lessen the loyal majority that the public sentiment of the country would be but feebly represented by the country's political action. What happened in 1862 might happen again in 1864, and with much more disastrous effect on the fortunes of the Republic. In 1862 there was much discontent, because of the belief that Government had not done all it could have done to bring about the overthrow of the Rebels. Irritated by the reverses which had befallen our arms in Virginia, and knowing that nothing had been withheld that was necessary to the effective waging of the war, thousands of men refrained from voting, half-inclined as they were to see if the Democrats could not do that which others had failed to

do. We are not discussing the justice of the opinion which then prevailed, but simply state a fact; and the consequence of the discontent that existed was that the Democrats came very near obtaining control of the popular branch of Congress. They made heavy gains in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States; but that this result was not the effect of hostility to the national cause was made clearly apparent a year later, when the supporters of that cause won a series of brilliant political victories in the very States which had either pronounced for the Democrats in '62, or had given but small Republican majorities. The loyal majority in Ohio in 1863 was something that approached to the fabulous, because then the violent members of the Opposition, encouraged by what had taken place a year earlier, had the audacity to place Mr. Vallandigham in nomination for the office of Governor. Had that individual been elevated to the post for which he was nominated, Ohio must have been arrayed in open opposition to the Federal Government, almost as decisively so as South Carolina or Virginia. Had he been defeated by a small majority, his party would have taken arms against the State Government, and Ohio, compelled to fight for the maintenance of social order at home, would have done nothing for the national cause. But the majority against Mr. Vallandigham was upward of one hundred thousand; and to attempt resistance to a Government so potently supported as that of which Mr. Brough was the head was something that surpassed even the audacity of the men who had had the bad courage to select Mr. Vallandigham for their leader, in the hope of being able to make him the head of the State. That which was done in Ohio, not seven months since, should be done in the nation not seven months hence, if we would have peace preserved at home, and all our available means directed to the work of destroying the armies of the Southern Confederacy, and to the seizure of its ports and principal towns. The na-

tional popular majority should be so great in support of the war as to prevent any faction from thinking of resistance to the people's will as a possibility. The moral effect of a mighty political victory in November would be almost incalculable, both at home and in Europe; and in the Confederacy it would put an end to all such hopes of ultimate success as may rest upon the belief that we are a divided people.

The Democratic party should not be restored to power, happen what may in the course of the present campaign. This we say, not because we believe the Democratic masses wanting in loyalty or patriotism, but because we are of opinion that there should be no change either in the position of parties or in the *personnel* of the Government. There ought to be no doubt as to the soundness of the views that are held by most Democrats. They love their country, and they desire to see the Rebels subdued. They have the same interest, considered as citizens, in the triumph of the Federal cause that we all have. They have contributed their share of men to the fleets and armies of the Republic, and to the rolls on which are inscribed the names of the gallant dead. Many of our best generals formerly belonged to the Democratic organization, and they may still hold Democratic opinions on common politics. Why, then, object to the Democratic party being replaced in power? Because that would be a restoration, and it is a truism that a restoration is of all things the worst thing that can befall a country in times of civil commotion. If it could be settled beyond controversy that the Democratic party, should it be restored, would be governed by those of its members who have done their duty to their country in every way, no objection could be made to its coming again into possession of the National Government. But we know that nothing of the kind would take place. The most violent members of the Democratic party would govern that party, and dictate its policy and course of action, were it to triumph in the pending politi-

cal contest. We wish for no better proof of this than is afforded by the conduct of Democratic conventions for some time past. The last convention of the New-Hampshire Democracy gave utterance to sentiments not essentially differing from those which were proclaimed by the supporters of Mr. Vallandigham in Ohio. Unwarned by the fate of the Ohio Democrats, the representatives of the New-Hampshire Democracy assumed a position that virtually pledged their State to make war on the Federal Government, should they succeed in electing Mr. Harrington, their candidate for Governor. The issue was distinctly made, and the people of New Hampshire, by a much larger majority than has usually marked the result of their State elections since the Civil War began, reelected Mr. Gillmore, who owed his first term of office to the Legislature's action: so great was the change wrought in one year. This shows that some of the Democratic voters are not prepared to follow their leaders to destruction. So was it in Connecticut. The Democratic convention in that State exhibited a very strong feeling of disloyalty, but the people rebuked its members by reelecting Governor Buckingham by a majority twice as large as that which he received last year. Here we have proofs, that, while the men who manage the Democratic party are prepared to go all lengths in opposition to the Federal Government, they cannot carry all their ordinary followers with them, when they unhesitatingly avow their principles and purpose. If they are so rabid, when engaged in action that is simply preliminary to local elections, what might not be expected from them, should they find themselves intrusted with the charge of the National Government? They would then behave in the most intolerant manner, and would introduce into this country a system of proscription quite as bad as anything of the kind that was known to the Romans as one of the most frightful consequences of their great civil contests. This would lead to reaction, and every Presidential election might be fol-

lowed by deeds that would make our country a by-word, a hissing, and a reproach among the nations. There would be an end to all those fine hopes that are entertained that we shall speedily recover from the effects of the war, let peace once be restored. Prosperity would never return to the land, or would return only under the rule of some military despot, whose ascendancy would gladly be seen and supported by a people weary of uncertainty and danger, and craving order above all things,—as the French people submitted to the rule of Napoleon III., because they believed him to be the man best qualified to protect themselves and their property against the designs of the Socialists. Our constitutional polity would give way to a cannonarchy, as every quietly disposed person would prefer the arbitrary government of one man to the organization of anarchy. If we should escape from both despotism and anarchy, it would be at the price of national destruction. Every great State would “set up for itself,” while smaller States that are neighbors would form themselves into confederacies. There would come to exist a dozen nations where but one now exists,—for we leave the Southern Confederacy aside in this consideration. That Confederacy, however, would become the greatest power in North America. Not only would it hold together, but it would at once acquire the Border States, where slavery would be more than restored, for there it would be made as powerful an interest as it was in South Carolina and Mississippi but four years ago. War has welded the Southern Confederacy together, and in face of our breaking-up its rulers would have the strongest possible inducement to keep their Republic united, because they would then hope to conquer most of the Free States, and to confer upon them the “blessings” of the servile system of labor.

It is sometimes said, that, if the Democratic party should resume the rule of this nation, the Confederates, or Rebels, would signify their readiness to return



into the Union, on the simple condition that things should be allowed to assume the forms they bore prior to Mr. Lincoln's election. They rebelled against the men who came into power through the political decision that was made in 1860; and, the American people having reversed that decision by restoring the Democracy, the cause of their rebellion having been removed, rebellion itself would cease as of course. Were this view of the subject indisputably sound, it would ill become the American to surrender to the men who assume that the decision of an election, this way or that, affords sufficient reason for a resort to arms. We should hold our existence as a nation by the basest of tenures, were we to admit the monstrous doctrine that only one party is competent to govern the Republic, and that there is an appeal from the decision of the ballot to that of the bayonet. There never existed a great people so craven as to make such an admission; and were we to set the example of making it, we should justify all that has been said adversely to us by domestic traitors and foreign foes. We should prove that we were unfit to enjoy that greatest of all public blessings, constitutional freedom, by surrendering it at the demand of a faction, merely that we might live in security, and enjoy the property we had accumulated. Ancient history mentions a people who were so fond of their ease that they placed all power in the hands of their slaves, on condition that the latter should not meddle with those pleasures to the unbroken pursuit of which they purposed devoting all their means and time. The slaves soon became masters, and the masters slaves. We should fare as badly as the Volsinians, were we to place all power in the hands of slaveholders, who then would own some millions of white bondmen, far inferior in every manly quality to those dark-faced chattels from among whom the Union has recruited some of its bravest and most unselfish champions. But there is no ground, none whatever, for believing that the Rebels would cease to be

Rebels, if there should be a Democratic restoration effected. Not even the election of Mr. Buchanan to a second Presidential term would lead them to abandon their purpose: and he was their most useful tool in 1860, and without his assistance they could not have made one step in the road to rebellion, or ruin. Their purpose is to found a new nation, as they have never hesitated to avow, with a frankness that is as commendable as the cause in which it is evinced is abominable. They would be glad to see a Democrat chosen our next President, because they would expect from him an acknowledgment of their "independence"; but they would no more lay down their arms at his entreaty than they would at the command of a President of Republican opinions. Their arms can be forced from their hands, but there exists no man who could, from any position, induce them to surrender, or come back into the Union on any terms. They mean to abide the wager of battle, and are more likely to be moved from their purpose by the bold actions of General Grant than by the blandest words of the smoothest-tongued Democrat in America. To any mere persuader, no matter what his place or his opinions, they would turn an ear as deaf as that of the adder, — refusing to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

As there should be no change made in the political character of the Government, so there should be none in the men who compose it. To place power in new hands, at a time like the present, would be as unwise as it would be to raise a new army for the purpose of fighting the numerous, well-trained, and zealous force which the Rebels have organized with the intention of making a desperate effort to reestablish their affairs. There is no reason for supposing that a change would give us wiser or better men, and it is certain that they would be inexperienced men, should they all be as many Solomons or Solons. As we are situated, it is men of experience that we require to administer the Government; and out of the present Ad-

ministration it is impossible to find men of the kind of experience that is needed at this crisis of the nation's career. The errors into which we fell in the early days of the contest were the effect of want of experience; and it would be but to provide for their repetition, were we to call a new Administration into existence. The people understand this, and hence the very general expression of opinion in favor of the reëlection of President Lincoln, whose training through four most terrible years — years such as no other President ever knew — will have qualified him to carry on the Government during a second term to the satisfaction of all unselfish men. Mr. Lincoln's honesty is beyond question, and we need an honest man at the head of the nation now more than ever. That the Rebels object to him is a recommendation in the eyes of loyal men. The substitution of a new man would not dispose them to submission, and they would expect to profit from that inevitable change of policy which would follow from a change of men. As to "the one-term principle," we never held it in much regard; and we are less disposed to approve it now than we should have been, had peace been maintained. Were the President elected for six or eight years, it might be wise to amend the Constitution so as to prevent the reëlection of any man; but while the present arrangement shall exist, it would not be wise to insist upon a complete change of Government every four years. To hold out the Presidency

as a prize to be struggled for by new men at every national election is to increase the troubles of the country. Among the causes of the Civil War the ambition to be made President must be reckoned. Every politician has carried a term at the White House in his portfolio, as every French conscript carries a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack; and the disappointments of so many aspirants swelled the number of the disaffected to the proportions of an army, counting all who expected office as the consequence of this man's or that man's elevation to the Presidency. Were there no other reason for desiring the reëlection of President Lincoln, the fact that it would be the first step toward a return to the rule that obtained during the first half-century of our national existence under the existing Constitution should suffice to make us all advocates of his nomination for a second term. That the Baltimore Convention will meet next month, and that it will place Mr. Lincoln once more before the American people as a candidate for their suffrages, are facts now as fully established as anything well can be that depends upon the future; and that he will be reëlected admits of no doubt. The popular voice designates him as the man of the time and the occasion, and the action of the Convention will be nothing beyond a formal process, that shall give regular expression to a public sentiment which is too strong to be denied, and which will be found of irresistible force.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Industrial Biography: Iron-Workers and Tool-Makers.* By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "Self-Help," "Brief Biographies," and "Life of George Stephenson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE history of iron is the history of civilization. The rough, shapeless ore that lies hidden in the earth folds in its unlovely bosom such fate and fortune as the haughtier sheen of silver, gleam of gold, and sparkle of diamond may illustrate, but are wholly impotent to create. Rising from his undisturbed repose of ages, the giant, unwieldy, swart, and huge of limb, bends slowly his brawny neck to the yoke of man, and at his bidding becomes a nimble servitor to do his will. Subtle as thought, rejoicing in power, no touch is too delicate for his perception, no service too mighty for his strength. Tales of *faërie*, feats of magic, pale before the simple story of his every-day labor, or find in his deeds the facts which they but faintly shadowed forth. And waiting upon his transformation, a tribe becomes a nation, a race of savages rises up philosophers, artists, gentlemen.

Commerce, science, warfare have their progress and their vicissitudes; but underneath them all, unnoted, it may be, or treated to a superficial and perhaps supercilious glance, yet mainspring and regulator of all, runs an iron thread, true thread of Fate, coiling around the limbs of man, and impeding all progress, till he shall have untwisted its Gordian knot, but bidding him forward from strength to strength with each successive release. No romance of court or camp surpasses the romance of the forge. A blacksmith at his anvil seems to us a respectable, but not an eminently heroic person; yet, walking backward along the past by the light which he strikes from the glowing metal beneath his hand, we shall fancy ourselves to be walking in the true heroic age. Kings and warriors have brandished their swords right royally, and such splendor has flashed from Excalibur and Morglay that our dazzled eyes have scarcely discerned the brawny smith who not only stood in the twilight of the background and fashioned with skilful hand

the blade which radiates such light, but passed through all the land, changing huts into houses, houses into homes, and transforming into a garden by his skill the wilderness which had been rescued by the sword. Vigorous brains, clear eyes, sturdy arms have wrought out, not without blood, victories more potent, more permanent, more heroic, than those of the battle-field.

Such books as this under consideration give us only materials for the great epic of iron, but with such materials we can make our own rhythm and harmony. From the feeble beginning of the savage, rejoicing in the fortunate possession of two old nails, and deriving a sufficient income from letting them out to his neighbors for the purpose of boring holes, down to the true Thor's hammer, so tractable to the marter's hand that it can chip without breaking the end of an egg in a glass on the anvil, crack a nut without touching the kernel, or strike a blow of ten tons eighty times in a minute, we have a steady onward movement. Prejudice builds its solid breakwaters; ignorance, inability, clumsiness, and awkwardness raise such obstacles as they can; but the delay of a century is but a moment. Slowly and surely the waters rise till they sweep away all obstacles, overtop all barriers, and plunge forward again with ever accelerating force. The record of iron is at once a record of our glory and of our humiliation,—a record of marvellous, inborn, God-given genius, reaching forth in manifold directions to compass most beneficent ends, but baffled, thwarted, fiercely and persistently resisted by obstinacy, blindness, and stupidity, and gaining its ends, if it gain them at all, only by address the most sagacious, courage the most invincible, and perseverance the most untiring. Every great advance in mechanical skill has been met by the determined hostility of men who fancied their craft to be in danger. An invention which enabled a hand of iron to do the work of fifty hands of flesh and blood was considered guilty of taking the bread from the thrice fifty mouths that depended on those hands' labor, and was not unfrequently visited with the punishment due to such guilt. No de-



Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love :  
 We read, we reverence on this human soul, —  
 Earth's clearest mirror of the light above, —  
 Plain as the record on Thy prophet's scroll,  
 When o'er his page the effluent splendors poured,  
 Thine own, " Thus saith the Lord ! "

This player was a prophet from on high,  
 Thine own elected. Statesman, poet, sage,  
 For him Thy sovereign pleasure passed them by, —  
 Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened age,  
 Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind  
 Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' *Te Deum* rise,  
 Nor fear to make Thy worship less divine,  
 And hear the shouted choral shake the skies,  
 Counting all glory, power, and wisdom Thine, —  
 For Thy great gift Thy greater name adore,  
 And praise Thee evermore !

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost need,  
 Thanks for these unstained drops of freshening dew !  
 Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,  
 Keep us to every sweet remembrance true,  
 Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-born  
 Our Nation's second morn !

*Done*

## HOW TO USE VICTORY. ✓

*E. E. Hale.*

THE policy of the nation, since the war began, has been eminently the Anglo-Saxon policy. That is to say, we have not adapted our actions to any preconceived theory, nor to any central idea. From the President downward, every one has done as well as he could in every single day, doubtful, and perhaps indifferent, as to what he should do the next day. This is the method dear to the Anglo-Saxon mind. The English writers acknowledge this; they call it the "practical system," and make an especial boast that it is the method of their theology, their philosophy, their physical science, their manufactures, and their trade. In the language of philosophy, it directs us

"to do the duty that comes next us"; in a figure drawn from the card-table, it bids us "follow our hand." The only branch of the Keltic race which adopts it expresses it in the warlike direction, "When you see a head, hit it."

We have no objection to make to this so-called practical system in the present case, if it only be broadly and generously adopted. If it reduce us to a war of posts, to hand-to-mouth finance, and to that wretched bureau-administration which thinks the day's work is done when the day's letters have been opened, docketed, and answered, it becomes, it is true, a very unpractical system, and soon reduces a great state to be a very little

*91-*

one. But if the men who direct any country will, in good faith, enlarge their view every day, from their impressions of yesterday to the new realities of to-day, — if they will rise at once to the new demands of to-day, and meet those demands under the new light of to-day, — all the better is it, undoubtedly, if they are not hampered by traditionary theories, if they are even indifferent as to the consistency of their record, and are, thus, as able as they are willing to work out God's present will with all their power. For it must be that the present light of noon-day will guide us better at noonday than any prophecies which we could make at midnight or at dawn.

The country, at this moment, demands this broad and generous use of its great present advantages. In three years of sacrifice we have won extraordinary victories. We have driven back the beach-line of rebellion so that its territory is now two islands, both together of not half the size of the continent which it boasted when it began. We have seen such demonstrations of loyalty and the love of liberty that we dare say that this is to be one free nation, as we never dared say it before the war began. We are on the edge, as we firmly believe, of yet greater victories, both in the field and in the conscience of the nation. The especial demand, then, made on our statesmen, and on that intelligent people which, as it appears, leads the statesmen, instead of being led by them, is, "How shall we use our victories?" We have no longer the right to say that the difficult questions will settle themselves. We must not say that Providence will take care of them. We must not say that we are trying experiments. The time for all this has gone by. We have won victories. We are going to win more. We must show we know how to use them.

As our armies advance, for instance, very considerable regions of territory come, for the time, under the military government of the United States. If we painted a map of the country, giving to the Loyal States each its individual

chosen color, and to the Rebel States their favorite Red or Black, we should find that the latter were surrounded by a strip of that circumambient and eternal Blue which indicates the love and the strength of the National Government. The strip is here broad, and there narrow. It is broad in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana. It stretches up in a narrow line along the Sea Islands and the Atlantic coast. What do we mean to do with this strip, while it is in the special charge of the nation? Do we mean to leave it to the chapter of accidents, as we have done? A few charitable organizations have kept the Sea Islands along, so that they are a range of flourishing plantations, as they used to be. A masterly inactivity, on the other hand, leaves the northern counties of Virginia, this summer, within the very sight of the Capitol, to be the desert and disgrace which they were when they were the scenes of actual war. A handful of banditti rides through them when it chooses, and even insults the communications of our largest army. The people of that State are permitted to point at this desolation, and to say that such are the consequences of Federal victories. For another instance, take the "Four-Million question." These four million negroes, from whose position the war has sprung, are now almost all set free, in law. A very large number of them — possibly a quarter part of them — are free in fact. One hundred and thirty thousand of them are in the national army. With regard to these men the question is not, "What are you going to do with them when the war is done?" but, "What will you do with them to-day and to-morrow?" Your duty is to use victory in the moment of victory. You are not to wait for its last ramification before you lead in peace and plenty, which ought to follow close in its first footsteps.

To an observing and sensitive nation it seems as if all these questions, and many others like them, were not yet fully regarded. Yet they are now the questions of the hour, because they are

a part of the great central question, "How will you break down the armed power of the Rebel States?" To maintain the conquered belt between us and our "wayward sisters" as a land of plenty, and not as a desert,—to establish on system the blacks whose masters desert them, or who take refuge within our lines,—and also to maintain in that border-strip a resident peasantry, armed and loyal,—these are not matters of sentiment, which may be postponed to a more convenient season, but they are essential to the stiff, steady, and successful prosecution of our campaigns. It is not, therefore, simply for charity Boards of Education to discuss such subjects. It is for the Government to determine its policy, and for the people, who make that Government, to compel it so to determine. The Government may not shake off questions of confiscated lands, pay of negro troops, superintendence of fugitives, and the like, as if they were the unimportant details of a halcyon future. Because this is the moment of impending victory, because that victory should be used on the instant, the Government is bound to attend to such provisions now. It is said, that, when General McClellan landed below Yorktown, now two years ago, the Washington Post-Office had made the complete arrangements for resuming the mail-service to Richmond. Undoubtedly the Post-Office Department was right in such foresight. At the present moment, it is equally right for the Government to be prepared for the immediate use of the victories for which, as we write, we are all hoping.

The experiments which we have had to try, in the care and treatment of liberated blacks, have been tried under very different conditions. When the masters on the Sea Islands escaped from their slaves, leaving but one white man behind them, in the midst of fifteen thousand negroes, those negroes were, in general, in their old familiar homes. They had, indeed, trusted themselves to the tender mercies of the "Yankees" because they would not abandon home. The islands

on which they lived were easily protected, and, thanks to the generous foresight of those who early had the charge of them, a body of humane and intelligent superintendents soon appeared, to watch over all their interests. In the District of Columbia, on the other hand, the blacks whom the war first liberated had themselves fled from their masters. They found themselves in cities where every condition of life was different from their old home. It was hardly to be expected that in one of these cases the results should be as cheerful or as favorable as in the other. Nor was it to be supposed that the policy to be pursued, in two such cases, should be in outward form the same.

But the country has, on the whole, in the various different conditions of these questions, had the advantage of great administrative ability. General Butler, General Banks, and General Saxton are three men who may well be satisfied with their military record, if it shall bear the test of time as well as their administrative successes in this department bid fair to do. We can be reconciled, in a measure, to gross failure and want of system in other places, when we observe the successes which have been wrought out for the blacks, in different ways, under the policy of these three statesmen. For we believe that in that policy the principles are to be found by which the Government ought at once to direct all its policy in the use of its victories. We believe those principles are most adequately stated in General Butler's General Order No. 46, issued at Fort Monroe on the fifth of December last. For General Banks has had his hands tied, from the beginning, by the unfortunate exemption from the Emancipation Proclamation of the first two districts in Louisiana. Considering the difficulties by which he was thus entangled, we have never seen but he used to the best his opportunities. General Saxton's island-district has been so small, and in a measure so peculiar, that it may be urged that the result learned there would not be applicable on the mainland, on a



large scale. But General Butler has had all the negroes of the seaboard of Virginia and North Carolina to look after. He has given us a census of them, — and we have already official returns of their *status*. There seems no reason why what has been done there may not be done anywhere.

In General Butler's department, there were, in the beginning of April, sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and forty-seven negroes. Of these, eight thousand three hundred and forty-four were soldiers, who had voluntarily enlisted into the service of the United States. These men enlisted with no bounty but what the General so well named as the "great boon awarded to each of them, the result of the war, — Freedom for himself and his race forever." They enlisted, knowing that at that time the Government promised them but ten dollars a month. In view of these facts, we consider the proportion of soldiers, nearly one in eight, extraordinary, — though we are aware that the number includes many who had not lived in those counties, who came into our lines with the purpose of enlisting. These simple figures involve the first feature of the true policy in the "Four-Million question." The war offers the negroes this priceless bounty. Let them fight for it. Let us enlist them, to the last man we can persuade to serve.

"If you do that," says Brazen-Face, "you have left on your hands a horde of starving imbeciles, women, and orphans, to support, from whom you have cruelly separated their able-bodied men." No, Brazen-Face, we have no such thing. In the month of March the Government had to supply rations in the district we have named to only seven thousand eight hundred and fifty persons who were members of the families of these soldiers, — the cost being about one dollar a month for each of them. Now the State of Massachusetts, dear Brazen-Face, supplies "State-aid" to the families of its soldiers; and for this support, in this very city of yours, it pays on the

average five times as much in proportion as the United States has to pay for the families of these colored soldiers. Nay, you may even take all the persons relieved by Government in General Butler's district, — the number is sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixteen, — count them all as the families of soldiers, which not one-half of them are, and the whole support which they all receive from Government is not half as much as the families of the same number of soldiers are costing the State of Massachusetts. So much for the expense of this system. There is no money-bounty, and the "family-aid" is but one-fifth of that we pay in the case of our own brothers. The figures in General Saxton's district are as gratifying. We have not the Louisiana statistics at hand. And we have not learned that anybody has attempted any statistics in the District of Columbia, or on the Mississippi River. But this illustration, in two districts where the enlistment of colored troops has been pushed to the very edge of its development, is enough to make out another point in the policy of victory, which is, that the colored soldier is the cheapest soldier whom we have in our lines, though we pay him, as of course we should do, full pay.

How is this cheapness of administration gained? The answer is in the second great principle which belongs to the policy of using our victories. Change the homes of the people as little as possible. The families of negroes in the Virginia district are put upon separate farms as far as possible, — on land, and for crops, as nearly as possible, the same as they were used to. These people are conservative. They are fond of home. They are used to work; and they can take care of themselves. Every inducement is given them, therefore, to establish themselves. Farms of eight or ten acres each from abandoned property are allotted them. Where the Government employs any of them, it employs them only at the same rate as the soldier is paid, — so that, if the negro can earn more than that, he does so, and is

urged, as well as permitted to do so. He is not bound to the soil, except by merely temporary agreement. What follows is that he uses the gift of freedom to his own best advantage. "Political freedom," says the philosophical General, "rightly defined, is liberty to work." The negroes in his command show that they understand the definition. And this is the reason why, as we have explained, the "family-relief" costs but one-fifth what it does here in Boston.

"But," says Grunio, at this point, "how will you protect your ten-acre farms from invidious neighbors, from wandering guerrillas?" We will advise them, dear grumbler, to protect themselves. That is one of the responsibilities which freemen have to take as the price of freedom. In the department of Norfolk, where seventeen thousand blacks are supporting themselves on scattered farms, we believe not a pig has been stolen nor a fence broken down on their little plantations by semi-loyal neighbors, who had, perhaps, none too much sympathy, at the first, with their prosperity. These amiable neighbors were taught, from the first, that the rights of the colored farmers were just the same as their own, and that they would be very apt to retaliate in kind for injuries. Of such a system one result is that no guerrilla-warfare has yet been known in the counties of Virginia where such a peasantry is establishing itself. It is near our posts, it is true,—not nearer, however, than some of the regions where Mosby has won his laurels. We believe that this system deserves to be pressed much farther. We can see that the farmers on such farms may have to be supplied in part with arms for their defence. They may have to be taught to use them. Without providing depots of supplies for an enemy, however, we believe there might be a regular system of establishing the negro in his own home, on or near the plantation where he was born, which would give us from the beginning the advantages of a settled country, instead of a desert in the regions in the rear of our lines.

These three suggestions are enough to determine a general policy which shall give us, in all instances, the immediate use of our victories. Let us enlist all the able-bodied men we can from the negroes. Let us establish the rest as near their old homes as we can,—not in poor-houses or phalansteries, but on their own farms. Let us appoint for each proper district a small staff of officers sufficient to see that their rights are respected by their neighbors, and that they have means to defend themselves against reckless or unorganized aggression. There seems to be no need of sending them as fugitives to our rear. There seems to be no need of leaving the country we pass a desert. There seems to be no need of waiting a year or two before we find for them their places. God has found for them their places. Let them stay where they were born. We have made them freemen. Let them understand that they must maintain their freedom.

More simply stated, such a policy amounts merely to this: "Treat them as you would treat white people."

"What would you do with the blacks?" said a Commission of Inquiry to an intelligent jurist who had made some very brilliant decisions at New Orleans.

"I would not do anything with them," was his very happy and suggestive reply.

He would let them alone. If we could free ourselves of the notion that we must huddle them together, or that we must carry them to some strange land,—in short, that they have no rights of home and fireside,—we should find that we had a much smaller problem to deal with. Keep them where you find them, unless they will go on and fight with you. Whether they go or stay, let them understand that they are your friends and you are theirs, and that they must defend themselves, if they expect you to defend them.

The education and the civilization will follow. "The church and the school," as John Adams says, "belong with the town and the militia." The statistics of General Butler's department begin to show that a larger proportion of blacks are at school

there than of whites. As we write these words, we receive General Banks's Order No. 38, issued March 22, providing for a board of education, and a tax upon property to establish schools for black and for white children. We have no fears that such results will be slow, if the enfranchised peasantry, one million or four million, have the right to work on their own land, or to accept the highest wage that offers,—if they find they are not arbitrarily removed from their old homes,—and if the protection of those homes is, in the first instance, intrusted to themselves.

These are the first-fruits of freedom for

them. For us they are the legitimate use of victory. It only remains that we shall mildly, but firmly, instruct all officers of the Government that it is time for some policy to be adopted which shall involve such uses of victory. The country will be encouraged, the moment it sees that the freedmen are finding their proper places in the new civilization. The country expects its rulers not to wait for chapters of accidents or for volunteer boards to work out such policy, but themselves to provide the system of administration, and the intelligent men who shall promptly and skilfully avail themselves of every victory.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. From the Fourth London Edition. With a Copious Analytical Index. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. Vols. I. & II.

PEOPLE of the last century had a very easy time with their Roman history, and any gentleman could pick up enough of it "in course of his morning's reading" to answer the demands of a lifetime. Men read and believed. They had no more doubt of the existence of Romulus and Remus than of the existence of Fairfax and Cromwell. As to the story of those dropped children being nursed by a she-wolf, had it not been established that wolves did sometimes suckle humanity's young? and why should it be supposed that no lupine nursery had ever existed at the foot of the Palatine Hill? After swallowing the wolf-story, everything else was easy; and the history of the Roman Kings was as gravely received as the history of the Roman Emperors. The Brutus who upset the Tarquins was as much an historical character as the Brutus who assassinated Cæsar and killed himself. Tullia had lived and sinned, just like Messallina. The Horatii were of flesh and blood, like the

Triumvirs. So was it with regard to the Empire. The same short work that was made with Regal Rome and the early Republican period was applied to the Imperial age. Julius Cæsar was the destroyer of Roman liberty, and Pompeius was the unlucky champion of his country's constitution. With few exceptions, the Emperors were the greatest moral monsters that ever had lived and reigned. It is true that two or three critical writers had so handled historical subjects as to create some doubts as to the exact correctness of the popular view of Roman history; but those doubts were monopolized by a few scholars, and by no means tended to shake the faith which even the educated classes had in the vulgar view of the actions of the mighty conquering race of antiquity.

But all has been changed. For half a century, learned men have been busily employed in pulling down the edifice of Roman history, until they have unsettled everybody's faith in that history. No one now pretends, seriously, to believe anything that is told of the Romans farther back than the time of Pyrrhus. Clouds and darkness rest over the earlier centuries, and defy penetration. What Sir Thomas Browne says of Egypt is not inapplicable to early Rome. History mum-



thick, insensible glove absorbed the kindly pressure and the warmth. When little Pansie was the companion of his walk, her childish gayety and freedom did not avail to bring him into closer relationship with men, but seemed to follow him into that region of indefinable remoteness, that dismal Fairy-Land of aged fancy, into which old Grandsir Dolliver had so strangely crept away.

Yet there were moments, as many persons had noticed, when the great-grandpapa would suddenly take stronger hues of life. It was as if his faded figure had been colored over anew, or at least, as he and Pansie moved along the street, as if a sunbeam had fallen across him, instead of the gray gloom of an instant before. His chilled sensibilities had probably been touched and quickened by the warm contiguity of his little companion through the medium of her hand, as it stirred within his own, or some inflection of her voice that set his memory ringing and chiming with forgotten sounds. While that music lasted, the old man was alive and happy. And there were seasons, it might be, happier than even

these, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, and Grandsir Dolliver sat by his fireside gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in by-gone years. Over our friend's face, in the rosy flicker of the fire-gleam, stole an expression of repose and perfect trust that made him as beautiful to look at, in his high-backed chair, as the child Pansie on her pillow; and sometimes the spirits that were watching him beheld a calm surprise draw slowly over his features and brighten into joy, yet not so vividly as to break his evening quietude. The gate of heaven had been kindly left ajar, that this forlorn old creature might catch a glimpse within. All the night afterwards, he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would awake, at early dawn, with a faint thrilling of the heart-strings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them.

## CURRENCY. 0

*E. S. Lang.*

It is not only for gold that men labor, fight, and die. One labors long to perfect an invention; another, to illustrate a theory; a third, to express a sentiment; a fourth, to acquire real estate. With success, the first has a machine; the second, a treatise; the third, a poem; the fourth, a deed. Perhaps no other four persons would willingly expend the same amount of labor on the same objects; yet this difference of estimate effects no difference in the objects. Estimation, therefore, or value, is not a quality of those objects, but a state of mind in relation to them; accordingly, the poem has value as well as the machine,—the deed, as well as the wealth it defines. The value of the deed

is, however, widely different from that of the wealth. The value of the wealth is based on desire, that of the deed on right, though in neither case exclusively, as, in a general sense, value always involves both desire and right, and is, therefore, a commercial relation, resulting from a state of society.

Men have the sense of right, and the intellect to define it, the will to defend, and the power to enforce it; and, for the more perfect development of these capabilities, they have instituted government. The functions of government are, therefore, the definition, the defence, and the enforcement of right.

The exercise of the function of defini-

tion led to the invention of two classes of commercial instrumentalities, — the real, consisting of weights and measures, and the ideal or representative, consisting of writing and notation. The exercise of the remaining functions of government secures the wealth these serve to define. It may, indeed, be true, in a rude sense, that possession is nine points of the law; but it is equally true, in a proper sense, that the remaining point is worth more than the nine; the defence and enforcement of right being an absolute and well-defined rule of government. In a state of barbarism men prefer fact to right, for an obvious reason; but as they advance in science and civilization, as their conceptions become more distinct, their definitions more exact, their defences more complete, and their enforcements more powerful, their faith in right increases, and their esteem increases with their faith, until right becomes of more value than possession.

Exchange, whether by barter or sale, is the result of differences of estimate or value. By barter, the articles exchanged are themselves the mediums; if, therefore, a given article be generally accepted to that use, it becomes a common medium; and if it be divided by government into well-defined quantities, suited and intended for that use, it becomes money. Money, therefore, in its original form, is a common medium of barter, that is accepted to that use by authority of law, — a medium which, considered distinctly from that authority, is simply an article of merchandise possessing qualities that make it preferable as a means of barter, and which, for convenience of use, bears the stamp of the government-inspector, defining the exact quantity contained in each piece, but which, inasmuch as it is authorized, and partakes of the nature of law, has ideal qualities that make it the means of sale: these are, right of use, nomination, and numeration. The ideal qualities of money serve to establish price, to create money of account, to make credits possible, and ultimately to produce credit-mediums of exchange, or

bills, which, in a given form, though mere declarations of right to the wealth they are said to represent, become, in the hands of a civilized people, a species of currency that, with all its defects, has proved itself to be the most effectual means both of commerce and of government.

Wealth is that which may be used. Value is that by means of which wealth may be exchanged. A currency, therefore, should consist of representatives of value, — of representatives, because value, being ideal, is known only by that means, — of value, because it is only by differences of estimate or value that exchanges are possible. But, as these representatives are wholly nominal, and may, therefore, be issued in any quantity, and as their increase or decrease affects the value of credits, their issue requires regulation. The quantity of the currency may be well regulated by finding the rate per head of population during a favorable state of trade, and by adhering to that invariably.

That the people of the United States have reached the degree of science and civilization proper to the creation of such a currency is not yet evident; but there is reason to believe that they will take the lead in this as they have in some other actions indicative of advance, — that they will ere long understand the impropriety of attempting to measure value by means of merchandise, that is, by a means that is subject to variations of quantity, — a conclusion that may not appear obvious in this aspect, but it will be readily understood that in commerce a variable measure is absurd in theory and intolerable in practice. Yet this is precisely parallel with using gold, or any other article of merchandise, as a measure of value.

The elements of currency are value, a commercial relation derived from persons, and quantity, a property of things derived heretofore from the precious metals or their representatives. But this quantity is inconstant, and to use an inconstant quantity as a measure is absurd. The quantity of the currency may, how-

ever, be rendered constant, both positively and relatively, by deriving it wholly from persons,—that is, by giving it an invariable quantitative relation to the population: a rule that is both simple and easy of practice, because value is already nominated and numerated, and the population is already sufficiently well known. The divisions of the currency should be the simplest possible, that is, binary, and the definitions of the parts should be as simple as those of coins.

With regard to the legal-tender currency, so called, it serves well for temporary use,—much better, indeed, than any of its predecessors; and as long as its promises are ignored, and as long as its quantity is not increased faster than the increase of the population, it is practically a value-currency, resting on its own inherent right of use, with the exception of the limitation defined by the law of legal tender.

One of the duties of the National Government is to supply the people with a currency. That this is to be used is sufficiently obvious; and that, being intended for use, and authorized by law, it has the right of use, is equally obvious; there is, therefore, little need of a law of legal tender to give it that right. Accordingly, however affirmative such laws may be in form, their intention is not so much to bestow as to withhold.

That the currencies of the world have great defects is so well known that the statement of the fact would be superfluous, except as introductory to an attempt to ascertain the nature of those defects, and to propose an adequate remedy,—an attempt suggested by the rapidity with which the people, profiting by their present tuition, are learning wisdom by the things which they suffer in the defence and enforcement of right.

Of a specie-currency the defect is want of constancy. This defect, derived from its material element, has a particular and a general aspect. The particular is the reduction of the quantity of metal in coins. The Roman money-unit—the *as*—consisted originally of a pound of bronze;

that of England—the pound sterling—and that of France—the *livre*—consisted each of a pound of silver. The first Punic war caused the pound of bronze to be reduced to two ounces; the second caused its further reduction to half an ounce; and what now is the weight of the pound sterling? where now is the *livre*? and what of coins generally? Like these individuals, types of the class, they depreciate. The general aspect is, the occasional reduction of the quantity of coin in circulation. The merchant, believing it to be more immediately profitable, exports the coin,—that is, finding the currency to consist of an article of merchandise that suits his immediate purpose, he treats it accordingly,—though by so doing he causes a rise of prices where he buys and a fall where he sells, and to that extent nullifies his own business-intentions, and deranges those of others. If this derangement be sufficient, hoarding commences; and as this action multiplies itself, the currency is soon reduced to its minimum quantity, and business of every kind with it, until the industry of the country is reduced to a state of atrophy, until a mere commercial derangement is converted into an immense loss; because the rise in the value of the currency, due to its scarcity, causes a corresponding fall in the value of all the wealth of the country, and thus checks industry and stays production.

These defects are not pointed out for the purpose of preventing the adoption of a specie-currency. There is no probability of such a currency ever prevailing in this country, except in the neighborhood of the mines, and there only for a time. Much is said about it, as is usually the case with subjects that are little understood; but the dribblets of specie that may be seen occasionally are not a currency; neither are those larger quantities held by banks and brokers. Indeed, a specie-currency in the presence of bank-notes is an impossibility, because the notes proclaim their own inferiority; consequently, the specie is retained and the notes circulated. Yet, the opera-



tions of the mint are continued, with the avowed object of creating a specie currency. This practice is, however, of some use. It serves to show that mind and matter are governed by the same general laws,—that either being put in motion will continue to move in the given direction, though the original intention may have ceased. That the original intention of coining has ceased when the use of the precious metals is confined almost exclusively to ornamentation and security is a plain case.

The National Government issues coin for currency, and the States create banks, with the privilege of using the coin as security, and of issuing in its stead a larger quantity of notes. These, diluted in value to the extent of the difference, form, with the authority derived from State laws, a species of currency that, because of its great convenience, derived from its representative character, has become, notwithstanding its defects, one of the greatest powers known to man. The defects of a bank-note currency are, that, being based on specie, it is necessarily inconstant, and being insufficiently based, it is necessarily insecure.

The precious metals are desired for three distinct uses,—ornamentation, security, and currency; they have, therefore, three distinct elements of value. By the creation of banks a portion of the currency is converted into security, and another portion undergoes the same change by reason of the insecurity of bank-notes. Thus, by the influence of banks, the precious metals are deprived of most of the value they had as currency, the specie and the notes depreciating together, and maintaining an equilibrium of value, until the exportation of the former to countries where its value is not thus impaired becomes profitable. Then, if the notes continue to depreciate, as is sometimes the case, the equilibrium is destroyed, and specie commands a premium. This causes the remainder to be hoarded, so that it then commands an additional premium as security, in view of the increasing insecurity of bank-notes.

A result of the inconstancy of a bank-note currency is exhibited in each of its several states,—as a diluted, as a depreciated, and as an irredeemable currency; but more especially in this its third state. But as it is not intended to be redeemed, except to a very limited extent, and as these several states are proper to it, and differ only in degree, it will be sufficient to point out the final result or climax. This is depreciation in relation to specie, because of the demand for that article, first for exportation, and then for security; and, at the same time, appreciation in relation to every other article of merchandise, because of the reduction of its own quantity, necessary to the restoration of the lost equilibrium,—necessary to the reestablishment of its essential element, credit. Thus it appears that the results of a bank-note currency are similar to those of a specie-currency, but as much more disastrous as its expansions and contractions are greater and more sudden.

To avoid these disasters, it is proposed to issue a national currency that is constant, and that is therefore a standard measure of value,—an instrumentality that commerce has never yet been furnished with, though it is the only one capable of affording to the industry of the country proper, that is, invariable, encouragement. Not being empirical, it will make no pretence of furnishing the precious metals at less than the market-rate, either for exportation or hoarding; but it will have the effect of reducing them to their true position, that of merchandise, so that they may be exchanged for the products of other countries with profit. For the same reason it will not be redeemable. To redeem a currency is to replace it by another. What other? Specie? That is out of the question. However desirable specie may be as wealth, as a currency, except for change, it is a nuisance. Accordingly, merchants prefer a representative currency, even though its representative character be somewhat problematical. A *id* government failing to supply a bet-

ter, this becomes the currency of the country by a species of necessity. In short, because of its inconveniences and risks, specie is not used as a currency, and will not be, because, in addition to these obstacles, the representative currency in use, being without proper regulation, has increased to such an extent that there is not sufficient coin to replace it, — a fact that practically settles in the negative the question of the sufficiency of the precious metals for currency, in addition to their other use, in a country where civilization has established credit as a means of trade. Nevertheless, a specie-currency is advocated even by those who carefully avoid handling it, and who would be the last to consent to such a reduction of the currency as its exclusive use would require, — a confusion of mind due to the fact that the difference between value and wealth is not always distinctly recognized. Moreover, it is not the function of a currency to be replaced, but to be a means of payment. This the proposed currency will be by right of use, — a right inherent in a national currency, and respected as long as the government respects itself, that is, as long as the people govern wisely.

A dollar, value-currency, will always buy a dollar's worth of gold, but it may not always buy the quantity of gold contained in the gold dollar. How much it will buy depends on the quantitative relation of the currency to the population, — a relation which, though entirely optional, should never be changed, because, with whatever change, provided the proper relation of the parts to the whole be preserved, with little there will be no lack, and with much, there will be nothing over, — and because any change of that relation is injurious to commerce, inasmuch as it produces a corresponding change in the value of credits. And assuming a change to have been made, a return to the former rate, instead of being a mitigation, will be a repetition of the injury, except in regard to credits so extended that they

embrace both changes. If, however, a reduction be insisted on, a suitable mode may be proposed. Twenty dollars per head gives six hundred millions. Assuming this quantity to be superabundant, if it be adhered to until the population reaches forty millions, the rate will be fifteen dollars per head, which may be assumed to be abundant. If it be adhered to until the population reaches sixty millions, which it will probably do in one generation, the rate will be ten dollars per head, which may be assumed to be convenient; and any attained rate may be continued, or made constant, by increasing the currency proportionately with the increase of the population. This mode of reduction, however, is possible with a national value-currency only. A specie-currency is incapable of regulation. The same may be said of any currency based on specie. Indeed, a credit-currency will necessarily collapse under a superabundant issue, unless its promises be ignored, or unless it be sustained at the expense of the nation, — an expense which the nation itself cannot sustain permanently.

The rate of the currency governs the value of wealth. It is important, therefore, that government have time to pay its debts before any great decrease of currency takes place; otherwise, that decrease will be equivalent to an increase of taxes, without producing a corresponding decrease of the public debt. For the portion payable in gold it will be better economy to pay the premium than to reduce the currency sufficiently to avoid it; because such a reduction will work a corresponding reduction of the value of all the wealth of the country, a sum much greater than the debt. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that the more currency the less taxes, and the greater the ability to pay them; or that, when the war is over, government will cease to spend several hundred millions per annum, and the industry this money supports will require time to rearrange and adapt itself to pacific demands; or that, if the currency be suddenly and

largely reduced at such a time, an accumulation of distress will follow, such as is rarely seen. With the proposed currency, however, and the proposed mode of reduction, if a reduction be agreed on, the change from the condition of war to that of peace may take place without producing the prostration of business so justly anticipated, because so fully warranted by experience of a credit-currency, and so earnestly to be deprecated, because so evidently and so easily avoidable by the adoption of a national currency that is capable of regulation, and that, being properly regulated, cannot fail.

Though this currency, like that of bank-notes, is wholly nominal, the words of which it consists are those of a nation, and represent power. Accordingly, they give to the currency power to perform its allotted function; but they give it no other power. Has any other currency any other power? A specie-currency may be converted into ear-rings, but it is no longer a currency; it may be buried in iron pots, or locked in iron safes, but it is not then a currency; it may be exported to foreign lands, but it is not there a currency until reauthorized. Currencies, properly speaking, are ideas clothed in words,—the words of a nation, otherwise called laws. The merchandise attached to a specie-currency is an evidence of former barbarism,—a remain of the primitive practice of barter,—an incongruous element, tending to impede rather than to assist circulation, to destroy rather than to create a currency.

But is a value-currency possible? It is, to a people enjoying universal equality before the law, and knowing that every individual has a direct and immediate interest in it,—knowing that it is a part of the business-policy of each. And it is only such a people that will dare to inaugurate, and persevere to sustain it. Nevertheless, as it cannot but appear problematical to minds that have not given to the subject the most earnest attention, its adoption will doubtless be most strenuously opposed, by habits of thought, by modes of action, and by interests, as ancient, as universal, and apparently as fixed as the race itself. Yet, as M. Arago justly remarks in one of his biographies addressed to the French Academy,—“The moral transformations of society are subject to the laws of continuity; they rise and grow, like the productions of the earth, by imperceptible gradations. Each century develops, discusses, and adapts to itself, in some degree, truths—or, if you prefer it, principles—of which the conception belonged to the preceding century; this work of the mind usually goes on without being perceived by the vulgar; but when the day of application arrives, when principles claim their part in practice, when they aim at penetrating into political life, the ancient interests, if they have only this same antiquity to invoke in their favor, become excited, resist, and struggle, and society is shaken to its foundations. The tableau will be complete, Gentlemen, when I add, that, in these obstinate conflicts, it is never the principles that succumb.”



"Prophète," the bust of the composer was crowned with laurel by the performers.

The family, in accordance with the curious European custom, sent around to their friends a circular worded as follows:—

"SIR,—Madame Meyerbeer (widow); Mlles. Cécile and Cornélie Meyerbeer; the Baron and Baroness De Korf, and Son; M. and Madame Georges Beer; M. and Madame Jules Beer and Children; M. and Madame Alexandre Oppenheim; M. and Madame S. de Haber, Madlle. Laure de Haber; and Madlle. Anna Eberty, have the honor to announce to you the sad loss they have just suffered by the death of M. Giacomo Meyerbeer, their husband, father, father-in-law, grandfather, uncle, and great-uncle, who died at Paris on the 2nd May, 1864, aged seventy-two."

Meyerbeer was, up to the last, full of plans for the future, and while getting "*L'Africaine*" ready was looking for the *libretto* of a comic opera to compose "for amusement," as a repose between grander works. It is said that he has left another completed opera, on the Biblical story of Judith and Holofernes; and he also had a vague idea of writing a grand historical opera on an English subject, the idea having been suggested by a visit to the Princess Theatre, London, when Charles Kean was playing, with unusual scenic accessories, Shakspeare's "*Henry VIII.*" The proposed opera was to have been equally as grand a work as the "*Huguenots*," and the peculiarities of old English music—the style of melody of Locke, Purcell, and Arne—were to have been imitated with that skill of which Meyerbeer was so eminently a master. He never would write an oratorio, because he had no hope of excel-

ling Mendelssohn in that branch of musical art. His last composition was an aria written to Italian words for a Spanish lady-friend, the *Señorita Zapater*; and he was about to arrange the accompaniment for the orchestra when his last illness came on.

Personally, Giacomo Meyerbeer had many characteristics which were not inviting. He was fond of money, yet willing to lavish it whenever Art demanded the sacrifice. He took snuff, and wore green spectacles, was careless, often shabby in his dress, and would stroll through the streets of Paris wearing a wretched hat, inwardly composing music as he walked along; on grand occasions, however, he would go to the opposite extreme in matters of toilet, and appear radiant with the numerous decorations presented to him by the different sovereigns of Europe. He knew the power of the press, and was not too delicate to invite the leading critics to elaborate dinners at the *Trois Frères* the night before a first performance.

It is not intended here to enter into a critical or scientific analysis of Meyerbeer as a composer. As far as the present development of Art would indicate, his name seems to us destined to go down to posterity encircled by a fadeless halo of glory; and at the same time we must remember that there have been other composers who, though now forgotten, yet in their time and at their death have similarly impressed their contemporaries. But certain it is, that, in our day and generation, and at least during the life of every one now existing, the fame of Meyerbeer will be brilliant indeed, and the music of the "*Robert*," the "*Huguenots*," and the "*Prophète*" will challenge the admiration and love of all susceptible to the influence of the grandest and noblest strains that musical science has yet evoked.

## THE MAY CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

THERE are few months in the calendar of centuries that will have a more conspicuous place in history than the month of May, 1864. It will be remembered on account of the momentous events which have taken place during the present military operations. It inaugurates one of the greatest campaigns of history. We who are in it are amazed, not by its magnitude merely, for there have been larger armies, heavier trains of artillery, greater preparations, in European warfare,—but we are overwhelmed by a succession of events unparalleled for rapidity. We cannot fully comprehend the amount of endurance, the persistency, the hard marching, the harder fighting, the unwearied, cheerful energy and effort which have carried the Army of the Potomac from the Rappahannock to the Chickahominy in thirty days, against the stubborn opposition of an army of almost equal numbers. There has not been a day of rest, scarcely an hour of quiet. Morning, noon, and midnight, the booming of cannon and the rattling of musketry have echoed unceasingly through the Wilderness, around the hillocks of Spottsylvania, along the banks of the North Anna, and among the groves of Bethesda Church and Coal Harbor.

A brief *résumé* of the campaign, thus far developed, is all that can be attempted in the space assigned me. I must pass by the efforts of individuals, as heroic and soul-stirring as those of the old Cavaliers renowned in story and song, where all the energies of life are centred in one moment,—the spirited advance of regiments, the onset of brigades, and the resistless charges of divisions. I can speak only of the movements of corps, without dwelling upon those scenes which stir the blood and fire the soul,—the hardihood, the endurance, the cool, collected, reserved force, abiding the time, the calm facing of death, the swift advance, the rush, the plunge into the thickest

of the fight, where hundreds of cannon, where fifty thousand muskets, fill the air with iron hail and leaden rain!

### THE GENERAL PLAN.

THE army wintered between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. There had been a reduction and reconstruction of its corps,—an incorporation of the First and Third with the Fifth and Sixth, with reinforcements added to the Second. The Second was commanded by Major-General Hancock, the Fifth by Major-General Warren, the Sixth by Major-General Sedgwick. No definite statement of the number of men composing the army can be given, for the campaign is not yet ended; and no aid or comfort, no information of value to the enemy, can be tendered through the columns of the loyal “Atlantic.”

These three corps, with three divisions of cavalry commanded by General Sheridan, composed the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Major-General Meade. The Ninth Corps, commanded by Major-General Burnside, was added when the army took up its line of march.

There was concentration everywhere. General Gillmore, with what troops could be spared from the department of the South, joined his forces to those already on the Peninsula and at Suffolk; Sigel had several thousand in the Shenandoah; Crook and Averell had a small army in Western Virginia; while at Chattanooga, under Sherman and Thomas, was gathered a large army of Western troops.

The *dramatis personæ* were known to the public, but the part assigned to each was kept profoundly secret. There was discussion and speculation whether Burnside, from his encampment at Annapolis, would suddenly take transports and go to Wilmington, or up the Rappahannock, or the James, or the York, uniting his forces with Butler's. Would

Meade move directly across the Rapidan and attack Lee in front, with every passage, every hill and ravine enfiladed by Rebel cannon? Or would he move his right flank along the Blue Ridge, crowding Lee to the seaboard? Would he not make, rather, a sudden change of base to Fredericksburg? None of the wise men, military or civil, in their speculations, indicated the line which General Grant adopted. The public accepted the disaster at Chancellorsville and the failure at Mine Run as conclusive evidence that a successful advance across the Rapidan by the middle fords was impossible, or at least improbable. So well was the secret kept, that, aside from the corps commanders, none in or out of the army, except the President and Secretary of War, had information of the line of march intended.

We know now how General Burnside marched to Washington, contrary to the expectations of the public; how his troops passed in review before the President,—a few veterans, with Roanoke, Newbern, all the seven days before Richmond, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, and Knoxville on their tattered ensigns; how they were cheered by the crowd; how, following them, came a division for the first time shouldering a musket for their country,—who till a year ago never had a country,—who even now, although Americans, are not citizens,—disfranchised, yet fighting for the flag,—beholding now for the first time the careworn, yet benevolent face of their benefactor, and rending the air with their hurrahs. There was swinging of hats, waving of handkerchiefs and banners. They marched to victory or certain death. For them there was no surrender, after the massacres of Milliken's Bend, Plymouth, and Fort Pillow.

We know how Butler went up to White House, and then suddenly down the York and up the James to Bermuda Hundred. We know of the movements of Sigel and Crook and Averell,—minor, yet important in the general plan. We have had the victorious march of

Sherman, flanking and defeating Johnston. All these movements were parts of the well-considered plan of operations.

The expedition of General Banks up the Red River was in process of execution when General Grant was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in the field. He sent a messenger recalling it; but, through some miscarriage or misconception of orders, or from some cause yet unexplained, the expedition kept on its way, resulting in disaster. The withdrawal of the gunboats which had been demonstrating off Mobile, and the departure of troops from the Mississippi, enabled General Johnston to gather all the forces of the Southwest in front of Sherman. General Grant designed that General Banks, with troops and flotilla, should suddenly fall upon Mobile, front and rear. If the works were carried by assault, then gunboats and transports could appear at Montgomery, flanking Johnston. It would be the thrusting of a probe deep into the tenderest and sorest parts of the Confederate body-politic. It would sever Alabama and Mississippi from the other Rebel States. Or, if failing in the assault, it would at least compel Johnston to send back the troops withdrawn, thus making it easy work for Sherman.

The failure of any part in a concerted movement affects all other parts. General Banks not appearing at Mobile has retarded Sherman. The failure of Butler to close the Southern portal, and the defeat of Sigel, who, instead of knocking loudly at the back-door of the Rebel capital, was himself knocked back, have enabled Lee to concentrate all his troops against the Army of the Potomac. Finnegan's troops from Florida, Beauregard's from Charleston, Pickett's from North Carolina, Buckner's from Western Virginia, and Breckenridge's from the Shenandoah, at the close of the month, are fighting against General Grant at Coal Harbor.

These are the general features of the campaign as a whole; but, separate and distinct from the movements of all other armies and bodies of men, are the operations of the Army of the Potomac,



which has a campaign of its own, — forever memorable!

#### LEFT-FLANK MOVEMENTS.

THERE have been four movements by the left flank: —

From Culpepper to Wilderness.

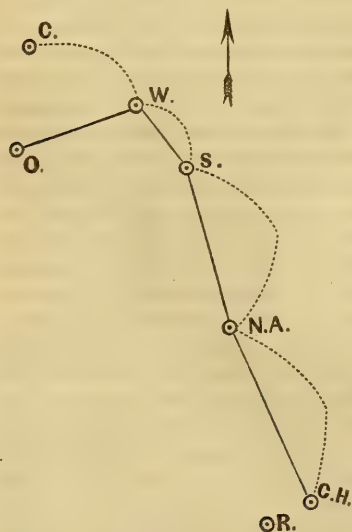
From Wilderness to Spottsylvania.

From Spottsylvania to the North Anna.

From the North Anna to the Chickahominy.

It has been a month of marching and fighting, — fighting and marching, — day and night, — night and day, — winning no great, decisive victory, nor suffering defeat, yet getting nearer the while to Richmond, and compelling the enemy to choose new positions or be cut off from his capital.

The accompanying diagram will convey to the eye the relative movements of the two armies, — General Grant moving on the arcs of the circles, as represented by the dotted lines, and Lee upon the chords of the arcs, as indicated by the continuous lines.



- C. Culpepper.
- O. Orange Court-House.
- W. Wilderness.
- S. Spottsylvania.
- N. A. North Anna.
- C. H. Coal Harbor.
- R. Richmond.

#### FROM CULPEPPER TO WILDERNESS.

ON Tuesday afternoon, May 3d, the cavalry broke camp on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and moved eastward, — General Gregg's division towards Ely's Ford, and General Wilson's division towards Germanna Ford, each having pontoons. At midnight the Second Corps, which had been encamped east of Culpepper, followed General Gregg. At daylight on the morning of the 4th of May, the Fifth and Sixth Corps and the reserve artillery were moving towards Germanna Ford. The supply-train — sixty miles in length, eight thousand wagons — followed the Second Corps. There were but these two available roads.

The enemy was at Orange Court-House, watching, from his elevated lookout on Clark's Mountain, for the first sign of change. In the light of the early dawn he saw that the encampments at Culpepper were broken up, while the dust-cloud hanging over the forest toward the east was the sure indication of the movement.

General Lee put his army in instant motion to strike the advancing columns as they crossed the Rapidan. The movement of Grant was southeast, that of Lee northeast, — lines of advance which must produce collision, unless Grant was far enough forward to slip by the angle. There is reason to believe that General Grant did not intend to fight Lee at Wilderness, but that it was his design to slip past that point and swing round by Spottsylvania, and, if possible, get between Lee and Richmond. He boldly cut loose his connection with Washington, and sailed out into the unknown and untried, relying upon the ability of his soldiers to open a new base for supplies whenever needed.

In this first day's movement he did not uncover Washington. Burnside was still lying on the north bank of the Rappahannock. It was understood in the army that the Ninth Corps was to be a reserve to protect the capital. So, perhaps, Lee understood it. But at nightfall, on the 4th, the shelter-tents are folded, and the

men of the Ninth, with six days' rations in their haversacks, are on the march along the forest-road, lighted only by the stars, joining the main army at Germanna Ford on the morning of the 5th.

Although the movement of the troops was well timed, and the march made with great rapidity, the trains were delayed, and it was not possible for General Grant to swing past the enemy advancing upon his flank.

Early in the morning of the 5th, Generals Meade and Grant, with their staffs, after riding five miles from Germanna Ford, halted near the old mill in the Wilderness. General Sheridan's cavalry had been pushing out south and west. Aids came back with despatches.

"They say that Lee intends to fight us here," said General Meade, as he read them.

"Very well," was the quiet reply of General Grant.

The two commanders retire a little from the crowd, and stand by the roadside in earnest conversation. Grant is of medium stature, yet has a well-developed *physique*, sandy whiskers and moustache, blue eyes, earnest, thoughtful, and far-seeing, a cigar in his mouth, a knife in one hand, and a stick in the other, which he is whittling to a point. He whittles slowly towards him. His thoughts are not yet crystallized. His words are few. Suddenly he commences upon the other end of the stick, and whittles energetically from him. His mind is made up, — his plan matured. He is less reticent, — talks freely. He is dressed in plain blue; and were it not for the three stars upon his shoulder, few would select him as the Lieutenant-General commanding all the armies of the Union in the field.

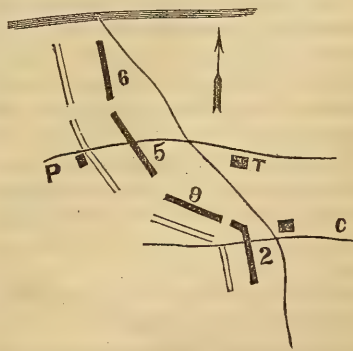
Meade is tall, thin, a little stooping in the shoulders, quick, comprehending the situation of affairs in an instant, energetic, — an officer of excellent executive ability.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

At the old Wilderness tavern the Ste-

vensburg plank-road leading southeast from Germanna Ford crosses the Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike. Five miles beyond the tavern is Wilderness Church, at the junction of the Stevensburg with the Orange and Fredericksburg plank-road. Near by is the Brock road, which leads south to Spottsylvania Court-House. West of the old tavern, four miles on the turnpike, is Parker's store. In the early morning, General Ewell's brigades appeared in line of battle at the store, on both sides of the turnpike, while General A. P. Hill's corps was found to be pushing rapidly eastward along the Orange plank-road, to gain the junction of the roads at Old Church. Longstreet was following Hill.

The Second Corps, which had crossed at Ely's Ford, was already on the move towards Spottsylvania. A recall was sent, also orders directing Hancock to hold the junction of the roads. The Fifth Corps was thrown out upon the turnpike towards Parker's store. The Sixth was moved up from the Germanna road, west, into the woods, and placed in position to cover all approaches to the ford. The Ninth arrived during the day, and moved into the gap between the Fifth and Second. Divisions were moved to the right, to the left, and to the centre, during the two days' fight, but the positions of the corps remained unchanged.



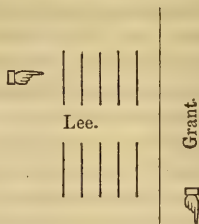
- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 2. Second Corps. | T. Old Tavern.     |
| 5. Fifth Corps.  | C. Old Church.     |
| 6. Sixth Corps.  | P. Parker's Store. |
| 9. Ninth Corps.  | == Rebel Lines.    |

Standing by the old tavern and looking west, you see the line of battle. At your feet is a brook flowing from the southwest to the northeast, and there is another smaller stream joining its waters at the crossing of the roads. Beyond the bridge the turnpike crosses a ridge of land. On the southern slope is the house of Major Lucy, with a smooth lawn, and meadows green with the verdure of spring. Beyond the meadows are hills wooded with oaks, pines, and cedar-thickets. At the right hand of the turnpike the ridge is closely set with pines and cedars. Farther out it breaks down into a ravine. Ewell has the western slope, and Warren with the Fifth Corps the eastern, with the Sixth on his right.

It is a mixture of tall trees and small underbrush,—dense, almost impenetrable. There are hills, knolls, dells, dark ravines. It is a battle-ground for Indians, but one not admitting of the military movements,—of advance by columns, or lines, as laid down in the books.

The battle commenced on Thursday afternoon and closed Saturday morning. It was fierce, terrible, bloody, and yet indecisive. It was one unbroken roll of musketry. There was a hostile meeting of two hundred thousand men. There were bayonet-charges, surging to and fro of the opposing lines, a meeting and commingling, like waves of the ocean, sudden upspringings from the underbrush of divisions stealthily advanced. There was the continuous rattle, the roll deepening into long heavy swells, the crescendo and the diminuendo of a terrible symphony, rising to thunder-tones, to crash and uproar indescribable, then dying away to a ripple, to silence at last!

Lee hastened from his intrenchments beyond Mine Run to strike Grant a damaging blow,—to fall upon him while his line was thin and attenuated. Grant was in column, moving southeast,—Lee in two columns, moving northeast. These lines show it to the eye :—



The advance of Lee has its parallel in naval warfare,—in Nelson's lines of battle at Trafalgar. But there the comparison fails. The advance is the same,—the result, instead of a victory, a defeat. He fell upon the Fifth Corps, first at Parker's store, then on the right centre, then on the left, then upon the Sixth, then upon the Second,—then upon the whole line, renewing and repeating the assaults. Grant stood throughout upon the line selected at the beginning of the battle. Lee began the attack on the 5th, and renewed it at daybreak on the 6th.

Through all those long hours of conflict, there was patient endurance in front of the enemy. There were temporary successes and reverses on both sides. In only a single instance was there permanent advantage to the enemy, and that he had not the power to improve. It was at the close of the contest on the 6th. The sun had gone down, and twilight was deepening into night. The wearied men of Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps, in the front line of battle on the right, had thrown themselves upon the ground. Suddenly there was a rush upon their flank. There was musketry, blinding flashes from cannon, and explosions of shells. The line which had stood firmly through the day gave way, not because it was overpowered, but because it was surprised. General Seymour and a portion of his brigade were taken prisoners. There was a partial panic, which soon subsided. The second line remained firm, the enemy was driven back, and the disaster repaired by swinging the Sixth Corps round to a new position, covered by the reserve artillery. It was the only substantial advantage gained by Lee during the battle.



There were indications in the forenoon of Saturday, the 7th, that Lee was withdrawing his army. A reconnaissance in force made it more apparent. Orders were issued for the removal of the wounded to Fredericksburg. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Ninth Corps was on the march to Spottsylvania. The first step towards Richmond had been successfully taken. If Grant had not gained what he desired, a position between Lee and Richmond, Lee on the other hand had utterly failed in his attempt to crush Grant by a sudden blow upon his flank. He had not been able, in the language of the President, even to "jostle him from his chosen line of march."

#### SPOTTSYLVANIA.

At sunrise on the 8th, the Fifth Corps was at Todd's Tavern, four miles from Spottsylvania, where Gregg had just de-

feated Fitz Hugh Lee, in a hard-fought contest on Saturday. The Sixth and Second Corps arrived during the day. The Ninth moved with the teams through Chancellorsville farther to the east.

The natural defences of Spottsylvania are two small streams, — the Po and the Ny, affluents of the Mattaponi. The advance of the Fifth Corps was checked, three miles west of the Court-House, by Longstreet's and Ewell's corps, which had left Wilderness on the night of the 6th. The Sixth came up at five o'clock and joined in the conflict, driving the enemy from the position he had taken on the north bank of the Ny.

On Monday morning, the 9th, it was apparent that Lee, having failed on Grant's flank, had now placed himself squarely in front, with his entire army.

One of the great battles of the campaign was fought on Tuesday, the corps occupying positions as in the diagram:—



- A. Catharpen Road.
- B. Brock Road.
- C. Pine-Grove Road.
- D. Fredericksburg Road.
- E. Bowling-Green Road.

- F. Richmond Road.
- L. Longstreet.
- E. Ewell.
- H. Hill.

2, 5, 6, 9. Corps positions, 9th May.

..... Position of Grant, 17th May.

The line of battle was formed with the Second Corps on the right, the Fifth on the right-centre, the Sixth on the left-centre, with the Ninth nine miles distant, approaching by the Fredericksburg road. There was a severe engagement in the afternoon, brought on by the advance of the Second Corps, which pushed across an affluent of the Po, west of the Court-House. On the left, the Rebels made an attack upon Wilcox's division of the Ninth, but were repulsed.

The battle was fought in the forest, — in the marshes along the Ny, — in ravines, — in pine-thickets, densely shaded with the dark evergreens that shut out the rays of the noonday sun, — in open fields, where Rebel batteries had full sweep and play with shell and grape and canister from intrenched positions on the hills.

It began in the morning. There was an hour of calm at noon, but at one o'clock artillery and infantry became engaged all along the line. Grant was the attacking party. There was no cessation or diminution of effort during the afternoon. The Rebel outer line of works in the centre was carried by Upton's brigade of the first division, and Russell's brigade of the third division of the Sixth Corps. The men of these brigades, (and among them were the stalwart sons of Vermont,) without firing a shot, moved steadily to the charge with fixed bayonets; they were cut through by solid shot, their ranks torn by shells, thinned by constant volleys of musketry, but, with matchless ardor and unconquerable will, they went up to the line of earthworks, leaped over them, and gathered a thousand prisoners; they held the ground, but their valor had carried them so far beyond their supports that it was deemed prudent to withdraw them.

There was some fighting on the 11th. General Lee sent in a flag of truce for a cessation of hostilities to bury the dead; but the request was not acceded to by General Grant.

The early dawn of Thursday, the 12th, beholds the Second Corps in motion, — not to flank the enemy, but moving,

with fixed bayonets, straight on towards his intrenchments. Barlow's and Birney's divisions in columns of battalions, doubled on the centre, to give strength and firmness, lead in the assault. They move silently through the forest, — through the ravine in front of them, — up to their own skirmish-line, — past it, — no longer marching, but running now, dashing on with life and energy and enthusiasm thrilling every nerve. They sweep away the Rebel picket-line as if it were a cobweb. On, — into the intrenchments with a hurrah which startles the soldiers of both armies from their morning slumbers. Major-General Johnson and Brigadier-General Stewart and three thousand men of Ewell's division are taken prisoners, eighteen cannon and twenty-two standards captured.

It is the work of five minutes, — as sudden as the swoop of an eagle. The uproar of the day began. The second line of the enemy's works was assaulted; but, exasperated by their losses, the Rebels fought with great stubbornness. The Ninth Corps was moved up from the left to support the Second. Longstreet, on the other hand, was brought over to help Ewell. The Fifth and Sixth became partially engaged. There were charges and counter-charges. Positions were gained and lost. From morning till night the contest raged on the right, in the centre, and on the left, swaying to and fro over the undulations and through the ravines. It was a battle of fourteen hours' duration, — in severity, in unflinching determination, in obstinacy and persistency, not exceeded by any during the war. Between forty and fifty pieces of artillery were at one time in the hands of General Hancock; but, owing to the difficulties of removal, and the efforts of the enemy, he could secure only eighteen. During the day, Grant advanced his lines a mile towards the Court-House, and repulsed Lee in all his counter-attacks.

By this success Lee was compelled on Thursday night to withdraw his troops from the line he had held so tenaciously, and concentrate them in a smaller semi-

circle. Lee had the advantage of Johnston. It was Gettysburg reversed.

There was constant skirmishing and continuous artillery-firing through the 13th, and a moving of the army from the north to the east of the Court-House. A rain-storm set in. The roads became heavy, and a contemplated movement—a sudden flank-attack—was necessarily abandoned.

There was a severe skirmish on the 14th, constant picket-firing on the 15th, and on the 16th another engagement all along the line,—not fought with the fierceness of that of the 12th, but lasting through the forenoon, and resulting in the taking of a line of rifle-pits from the enemy.

On Wednesday, the 18th, there was an assault upon Lee's outer line of works. Two lines of rifle-pits were carried; but an impassable abatis prevented farther advance, and after a six hours' struggle the troops were withdrawn.

On the afternoon of the 19th Ewell gained the rear of Grant's right flank, came suddenly upon Tyler's division of heavy artillery, armed as infantry, just arrived upon the field. Though surprised, they held the enemy in check, forced him back, and with aid from the Second Corps compelled him to retreat

with great loss. This attack was made to cover Lee's withdrawal to the North Anna. His troops were already on the march.

Grant was swift to follow.

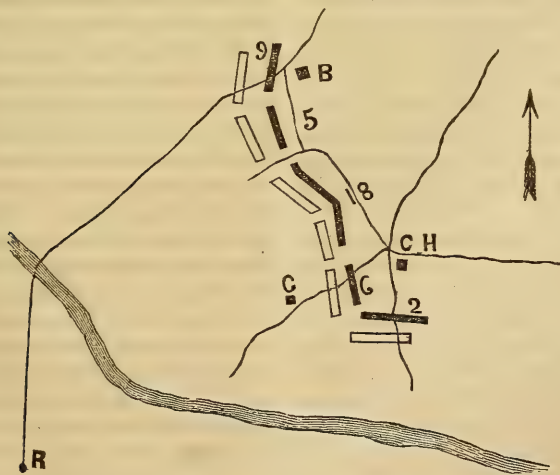
#### THE NORTH ANNA.

It is a two days' march from Spottsylvania to the North Anna. The crossings of the Mattapony were held by Rebel cavalry, which were quickly driven. For want of space I am forced to pass over the operations on that natural line of defence,—the gallant crossing of the Fifth Corps at Jericho Ford, the irresistible charge of Birney and Barlow at Taylor's Bridge, the sweeping-in of five hundred prisoners, the severe engagements lasting three days,—all memorable events, worthy of prominence in the full history of the campaign.

Instead of walking over the obstacle, Grant decided to go round it. Stealing a march upon Lee, he moved suddenly southeast, and crossed the Pamunky at Hanover Town, opened a new base of supplies at White House, forcing Lee to fall back on the Chickahominy.

#### ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

On Sunday, the 29th, there was one



2, 5, 6, 9, 13. Corps.  
B. Bethesda Church.  
C. H. Coal Harbor.

G. Gaines's Mill.  
R. Richmond.



of the severest cavalry - engagements of the war, at Hawes's shop, west of Hanover Town, where Sheridan drove the Rebels back upon Bethesda Church. The army came into position on the 30th, its right towards Hanover Court-House. Lee was already in position, and during the day there was firing all along the line. Each corps was engaged. The Second Corps by the Shelton House with a bayonet-charge pushed the enemy from the outer line of works which he had thrown up, while the Fifth Corps rolled back, with terrible slaughter, the mass of men which came upon its flank and front at Bethesda Church. At Coal Harbor, the Sixth, joined by the Eighteenth Army Corps, under Major-General W. F. Smith, from Bermuda Hundred, met Longstreet and Breckenridge and troops from Beauregard. Sheridan had seized this important point, — important because of the junction of roads,—and held it against cavalry and infantry till the arrival of the Fifth and Eighteenth. The point secured, a new line of battle was formed on the 1st of June. The Ninth held the right at Bethesda Church; the Fifth was south of the church, joining the Eighteenth; the Sixth held the road from Coal Harbor to Gaines's Mill; while the Second was thrown out on the left, on the road leading to Despatch Station and the Chickahominy, as indicated by the diagram (p. 131).

Such was the position of the army within ten miles of Richmond,—the line of battle crossing the ground occupied by Stonewall Jackson at the Battle of Gaines's Mill.

Sanguinary conflicts have since taken place,—bayonet-charges, desperate encounters with varying success and reverse,—but the record of the month has closed. There, face to face, cannon fronting cannon, with less than two hundred feet between, are the two armies on the 31st of May, at midnight. Without losing a train of supplies, cutting loose from one

base after another,—from Washington, Belle Plain, and Port Royal successively,—establishing new depots at pleasure, General Grant has moved from the Rapahannock to the Chickahominy, against the utmost efforts of General Lee to turn him back. General Grant believes that the military power of the Rebels must be broken before the Rebellion can be crushed. Continued hammering produces abrasion at last, in the toughest iron. Break the iron pillars, and the edifice tumbles. There is a manifest weakening of the Rebel army. Longstreet's veterans have lost their fire; and since the Battles of the Wilderness, the Rebel troops have had no heart for a bayonet-charge.

The line of advance taken by General Grant turned the Rebels from Washington. The country over which the two armies marched is a desolation. There is no subsistence remaining. The railroads are destroyed. Lee has no longer the power to invade the North. On the other hand, General Grant can swing upon the James and isolate the Rebel army from direct connection with the South. That accomplished, and, sooner or later,—with Hunter in the Shenandoah, with Union cavalry sweeping down to Wilmington, Weldon, and Danville, and up to the Blue Ridge, cutting railroads, burning bridges, destroying supplies of ammunition and provisions,—the question with Lee must be, not one of earthworks and cannon and powder and ball, but of subsistence. Plainly, the day is approaching when the Army of the Potomac, unfortunate at times in the past, derided, ridiculed, but now triumphant through unparalleled hardship, endurance, courage, persistency, will plant its banners on the defences of Richmond, crumble the Rebel army beyond the possibility of future cohesion, and, in conjunction with the forces in other departments, crush out the last vestige of the Rebellion.

mains, and Smith's fifty dollars' worth of oysters and canned fruit to-morrow will be gone forever. Of all modes of spending money, the swallowing of expensive dainties brings the least return. There is one step lower than this,—the consuming of luxuries that are injurious to the health. If all the money spent on tobacco and liquors could be spent in books and pictures, I predict that nobody's health would be a whit less sound, and houses would be vastly more attractive. There is enough money spent in smoking, drinking, and over-eating to give every family in the community a good library, to hang everybody's parlor-walls with lovely pictures, to set up in every house a conservatory which should bloom all winter with choice flowers, to furnish every dwelling with ample bathing and warming accommodations, even down to the dwellings of the poor; and in the Millennium I believe this is the way things are to be.

"In these times of peril and suffering, if the inquiry arises, How shall there be retrenchment? I answer, First and foremost retrench things needless, doubtful, and positively hurtful, as rum, tobacco, and all the meerschauts of divers colors that do accompany the same. Second, retrench all eating not necessary to health and comfort. A French family would live in luxury on the leavings that are constantly coming from the tables of those who call themselves in middling circumstances. There are superstitions of the table that ought to be broken through. Why must you always have cake in your closet? why need you feel undone to entertain a guest with no cake on your tea-table? Do without it a year, and ask yourselves if you or your children, or any one else, have suffered materially in consequence.

"Why is it imperative that you should have two or three courses at every meal? Try the experiment of having but one, and that a very good one, and see if any great amount of suffering ensues. Why must social intercourse so largely consist in eating? In Paris there is a very pretty

custom. Each family has one evening in the week when it stays at home and receives friends. Tea, with a little bread and butter and cake, served in the most informal way, is the only refreshment. The rooms are full, busy, bright,—everything as easy and joyous as if a monstrous supper, with piles of jelly and mountains of cake, were waiting to give the company a nightmare at the close.

"Said a lady, pointing to a gentleman and his wife in a social circle of this kind, 'I ought to know them well,—I have seen them every week for twenty years.' It is certainly pleasant and confirmative of social enjoyment for friends to eat together; but a little enjoyed in this way answers the purpose as well as a great deal, and better too."

"Well, papa," said Marianne, "in the matter of dress now,—how much ought one to spend just to look as others do?"

"I will tell you what I saw the other night, girls, in the parlor of one of our hotels. Two middle-aged Quaker ladies came gliding in, with calm, cheerful faces, and lustrous dove-colored silks. By their conversation I found that they belonged to that class of women among the Friends who devote themselves to travelling on missions of benevolence. They had just completed a tour of all the hospitals for wounded soldiers in the country, where they had been carrying comforts, arranging, advising, and soothing by their cheerful, gentle presence. They were now engaged on another mission, to the lost and erring of their own sex; night after night, guarded by a policeman, they had ventured after midnight into the dance-houses where girls are being led to ruin, and with gentle words of tender, motherly counsel sought to win them from their fatal ways,—telling them where they might go the next day to find friends who would open to them an asylum and aid them to seek a better life.

"As I looked upon these women, dressed with such modest purity, I began secretly to think that the Apostle was not wrong, when he spoke of women

adorning themselves with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; for the habitual gentleness of their expression, the calmness and purity of the lines in their faces, the delicacy and simplicity of their apparel, seemed of themselves a rare and peculiar beauty. I could not help thinking that fashionable bonnets, flowing lace sleeves, and dresses elaborately trimmed could not have improved even their outward appearance. Doubtless, their simple wardrobe needed but a small trunk in travelling from place to place, and hindered but little their prayers and ministrations.

"Now, it is true, all women are not called to such a life as this; but might not all women take a leaf at least from their book? I submit the inquiry humbly. It seems to me that there are many who go monthly to the sacrament, and receive it with sincere devotion, and who give thanks each time sincerely that they are thus made 'members incorporate in the mystical body of Christ,' who have never

thought of this membership as meaning that they should share Christ's sacrifices for lost souls, or abridge themselves of one ornament or encounter one inconvenience for the sake of those wandering sheep for whom he died. Certainly there is a higher economy which we need to learn,—that which makes all things subservient to the spiritual and immortal, and that not merely to the good of our own souls and those of our family, but of all who are knit with us in the great bonds of human brotherhood.

"The Sisters of Charity and the Friends, each with their different costume of plainness and self-denial, and other noble-hearted women of no particular outward order, but kindred in spirit, have shown to womanhood, on the battle-field and in the hospital, a more excellent way,—a beauty and nobility before which all the common graces and ornaments of the sex fade, appear like dim candles by the pure, eternal stars."

---

### THE HEART OF THE WAR.

*J. G. Holland.*

PEACE in the clover-scented air,  
And stars within the dome;  
And underneath, in dim repose,  
A plain, New-England home.  
Within, a murmur of low tones  
And sighs from hearts oppressed,  
Merging in prayer, at last, that brings  
The balm of silent rest.

---

I've closed a hard day's work, Marty, —  
The evening chores are done;  
And you are weary with the house,  
And with the little one.  
But he is sleeping sweetly now,  
With all our pretty brood;  
So come and sit upon my knee,  
And it will do me good.



Oh, Marty ! I must tell you all  
The trouble in my heart,  
And you must do the best you can  
To take and bear your part.  
You've seen the shadow on my face,  
You've felt it day and night ;  
For it has filled our little home,  
And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,  
And yet I might have known  
That hearts that live as close as ours  
Can never keep their own.  
But we are fallen on evil times,  
And, do whate'er I may,  
My heart grows sad about the war,  
And sadder every day.

I think about it when I work,  
And when I try to rest,  
And never more than when your head  
Is pillowed on my breast ;  
For then I see the camp-fires blaze,  
And sleeping men around,  
Who turn their faces toward their homes,  
And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,  
My mates in other years,  
Who pine for home and those they love,  
Till I am choked with tears.  
With shouts and cheers they marched away  
On glory's shining track,  
But, ah ! how long, how long they stay !  
How few of them come back !

One sleeps beside the Tennessee,  
And one beside the James,  
And one fought on a gallant ship  
And perished in its flames.  
And some, struck down by fell disease,  
Are breathing out their life ;  
And others, maimed by cruel wounds,  
Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty ! Marty ! only think  
Of all the boys have done  
And suffered in this weary war !  
Brave heroes, every one !  
Oh ! often, often in the night,  
I hear their voices call :  
" Come on and help us ! Is it right  
That we should bear it all ? "

And when I kneel and try to pray,  
My thoughts are never free,  
But cling to those who toil and fight  
And die for you and me.  
And when I pray for victory,  
It seems almost a sin  
To fold my hands and ask for what  
I will not help to win.

Oh! do not cling to me and cry,  
For it will break my heart;  
I'm sure you'd rather have me die  
Than not to bear my part.  
You think that some should stay at home  
To care for those away;  
But still I'm helpless to decide  
If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love,  
And all are loved again;  
And I am loved, and love, perhaps,  
No more than other men.  
I cannot tell — I do not know —  
Which way my duty lies,  
Or where the Lord would have me build  
My fire of sacrifice.

I feel — I know — I am not mean;  
And though I seem to boast,  
I'm sure that I would give my life  
To those who need it most.  
Perhaps the Spirit will reveal  
That which is fair and right;  
So, Marty, let us humbly kneel  
And pray to Heaven for light.

---

Peace in the clover-scented air,  
And stars within the dome;  
And underneath, in dim repose,  
A plain, New-England home.  
Within, a widow in her weeds,  
From whom all joy is flown,  
Who kneels among her sleeping babes,  
And weeps and prays alone!

## OUR RECENT FOREIGN RELATIONS.

*Aug.*  
*G. M. J. J. J.*  
 THE founders of the American Republic were wise alike in their grasp of temporary difficulties and in the forethought they bestowed upon the period of construction which was to come. Before a government was formed, its necessary elements had attained something of order, much of efficacy. In the very inception of revolution, the beginning was made of that elaborate diplomatic system which became the medium by which we have asserted rights, elicited respect, and received amenities from the great powers of the earth.

In the early days of our Revolution, the conduct of the foreign correspondence was intrusted to the care of a Committee, composed of men of established reputation for capacity and patriotism. Through their labors, not only did we receive substantial sympathy from those unselfish men in the mother-country who discountenanced the hateful oppression of the crown: France, guided by the generous Vergennes, was also attracted to our active defence; the independent spirit of the Low Countries cheered and helped us; Tuscany, inheriting the sentiment of liberty from Dante and Macchiavelli, extended loans with a liberal hand; Spain and Portugal rose superior to their traditional bigotry, and sent us money, ships, and stores. So efficient was our infant system of diplomacy, that, long before the war had ended, England stood absolutely without the countenance of a single Continental power, and confronted boldly by her most ancient and most dreaded enemy. Proudly as she entered into the conflict with her colonies, she became humbled as well by the skill with which they attracted monarchies and empires to their aid as by the valor with which they met her armies. It is hardly to be doubted that our final success is to be in a great degree attributed to the excellent diplomacy of Franklin, Lee, and Izard. Certain it is that their labors

vastly accelerated that success. How gigantic those labors must have been, to bring the representatives and supporters of mediæval systems of state-craft to countenance not only rebellion, but the sentiment of republican liberty which rebellion matured, and which successful revolution was to lay at the foundation of a new government!

The Confederation, established for the more easy transition to a permanent system, included almost as its corner-stone a Department of Foreign Affairs. The duties of the Secretary were confined to the performance of the specific acts authorized by Congress, at that time at once the executive and the legislative power, — and consisted chiefly in the preservation of the papers and records of the office, and conducting the correspondence with ministers and agents abroad; he had likewise a seat, but without a vote, in Congress, to give information and answer inquiries. He was powerless to perform any executive act; he could not negotiate a treaty; he could not give positive instructions to ministers; and he was removable at the pleasure of Congress. Under the Constitution, the duties of the Secretary of State became more responsible; and the office was recognized as the highest in dignity, next to the Executive.

We may attribute our present rank among nations in no little degree to the conspicuous fitness of our envoys at foreign courts for the peculiar mission which it was their duty to fulfil, in the first quarter of a century of our national existence. As soon as the British ministry recognized the nationality of the United States, it was clear, that, on the new footing, our relations with the mother-country must of necessity be more intimate than those with any other nation. To pave the way for the establishment of such an intercourse, no man could have been more aptly chosen than John Ad-



ams. While his high-toned manners opened the way to favor, his nervous logic followed up the advantage so gracefully won, and drove home his purpose to its end. Franklin was equally felicitous in attaching to himself the good-will of the court of Versailles. Their successors well sustained the respect which they had inspired; and it was a matter of surprise among the best educated Europeans that such cultivated and capable men should proceed from a country which they had thought to be a wilderness, and from a people of whom they expected only the most flagrant barbarisms.

That the elevated standard thus set up by our early diplomacy has been preserved with but little exception is a simple matter of history. We have been almost uniformly fortunate in the choice of our ministers abroad, especially those to Great Britain. It is rightly regarded as a distinction hardly inferior to any in the State, to occupy the post of Plenipotentiary to St. James's or Versailles,—and this no less because the incumbent has generally been one of our most honored statesmen than because of the essential dignity and importance of the office.

If we consider, in connection with this fact, the persistency with which the Government has asserted the rights of an equal power, the promptness with which it has resented every indignity offered to our flag, and the vigor with which it has enforced in our favor the principles of international law, it can be no matter of surprise that we should stand, as we assuredly have stood, second to none in the estimate of our physical and moral power.

Starting on a totally new system,—a system which, if successful, would disprove the universally received dogmas of the political philosophers of Europe,—running counter to every prejudice and every conclusion of the Old-World statesmen,—the United States had to work their way through difficulties innumerable to their present rank, and were forced to prove their institutions by experience, before they could assume the dignity of a first-class power.

When the present Rebellion arose, America had thus far proved the success of democratic institutions. In military and naval power, in education, in the administration of justice, in commercial thrift, in mechanical and agricultural enterprise, in the development of the national resources, the progress had been steady and rapid. The politicians of Europe had been amazed to find that their unanimous prediction of the frailty of our political system had totally failed. The idea of a political centre combined with separate State organizations was as firmly fixed as ever. The General Government wielded an undiminished power in aid of the general good; the local Legislatures controlled, within the original limits, local interests. The people had suffered no curtailment of their liberties from the delegation of political power; the executive had not been weakened either by the accession of new States or the disaffection of old ones. The most philosophic of the English statesmen had predicted again and again that one of these alternatives must occur,—but they had begun to doubt their own theories, and wellnigh confessed that our institutions were a success. It was difficult for them to conceive that an entirely novel frame of government, deriving its genius from an idea, and regardless of precedent, could live to shame a system which had received the sanction of centuries of success, which was seemingly Providential in its stability, which had everywhere superseded every other form, which had absorbed into itself the elements of all other systems. Our Government was an anomaly; as such, there were ten chances to one against it. And now, the Englishman who, above all others, is, on both sides of the Atlantic, regarded as the ablest of modern political theorists, has in a series of papers triumphantly vindicated the wisdom of the founders of this Republic, and placed in the clearest logical sequence the origin and tendency of our institutions. Every American feels gratitude and reverence toward John Stuart Mill, who, in the disinterestedness and

courage of a great mind, has led the honest opinion of England to appreciate at its value the system in which our reason and our feelings are alike bound up.

The confident belief, that an unusual strain on the supposed weak points of the Federal Constitution would involve it in the fate of the Cromwell dynasty and the French Revolution had begun to sleep, at the time of the Secession movement, and but one ray of hope yet remained to the enemies of republican government. They watched Slavery with an anxious eye. There was their only chance. In that they saw the apple of discord which might destroy our Union. They observed with exultation the increasing influence of those who warred upon slavery in the North, and the increasing insolence of those who would nationalize it in the South. On this ground State and Federal authority must, they thought, come in conflict. And as far as foresight could avail them, they had some reason to be encouraged. That question has always been, without doubt, our greatest, almost our only danger.

There is reason to believe, then, that, when the Rebellion broke out, the theorists of Europe deemed the test to have come, and that the final success or failure of the Federal Constitution was staked on the result. The people of the United States have been willing to accept that issue. We have been ready to test the doctrines of Democracy by the practicability of maintaining the Union, and to demonstrate, that, if need be, the General Government may receive at the hands of the people greater strength without endangering either their liberties or the order of law.

The diplomatic correspondence between the State Department and our ministers to foreign powers during the present contest is contained in two large volumes, published by the Government, which are full of valuable matter. In the limited space permitted us, but little more than a general survey of this cor-

respondence can be attempted; and as our relations with England far exceed all others in closeness and interest, — a striking proof of which is found in the fact that the room occupied in these volumes by communications with that country is greater than that given to all the world besides, — we mainly confine ourselves to the portion which regards her.

England stands in the somewhat anomalous attitude of being to us the champion of the old monarchical principle, and to Europe the champion of Anglo-Saxon progress; so that the *dicta* of her thinkers (those who have opposed our Republic) may be regarded as the best thought of the most enlightened monarchists in the world. As the ministry are obliged, however unwillingly, to represent as well the popular as the aristocratic ideas, through them there comes to us a pretty correct exposition of the different opinions entertained by all classes. We may regard two facts as well established, one leading out of the other, — that England has ever been, and is, the most selfish of nationalities, and that she does not desire the prosperity of any power which may become a rival. With her politicians and her philosophers, Tory and Whig, Churchmen and Dissenters, the ascendancy of Great Britain has lain at the bottom of every policy, and has been the postulate of every theory. Her history is that of a nationality eager to attain the distinction of the first of powers. This fact, and this alone, can reconcile the apparent inconsistencies of her record. At one time the bold accuser of Despotism, she has with marvellous celerity turned to the inthralment of oppressed races. Maxim has superseded maxim, until her code of international law is a bewildering complication of anomaly and contradiction. To humble her rivals by every means, and to encourage the efforts of a people striving for freedom only when decided advantage would accrue to herself, has been her constant policy. This is true of the general tone of her successive cabinets, of

the press, and of those politicians who have by comfortable doctrines most successfully gained the public ear.

The classes who look at questions of policy with an eye to expediency are, the leading statesmen of both parties, who regard as the proper end of their labors the interests of Great Britain, and the business-community, who judge of every political event by the manner in which it affects their pockets. There are two other classes, who take a higher view, — those who are conservative and fearful of innovation, and those who believe in the progressive tendency of the Anglo-Saxon. Within the last quarter of a century, the public opinion of England has been undergoing a great change, especially that part of it which is influenced by the lower-middle class. The people have been growing up to the adoption of liberal principles of government. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a great stride in that direction; and the measures which have followed upon it have widened the observation of the masses, made the sense of political wrong quicker, and the appreciation of a free system much more vivid. As a natural result, the attention of this class has been drawn toward America, as the exponent of a government before which all men are equal, — and so it is, that, as the Rebellion goes on, we receive weekly evidence that the sober, honest thought of English opinion is with us of the North. The class to which we refer, if it is not now, will very shortly be, the governing element. The tendency is irresistibly that way; the signs of its growing power are daily more and more manifest. That it should be deeply interested in the perpetuity of American institutions, as affecting its own position, is natural. In the failure of man's self-governing capacity here, where every circumstance has been favorable to its exercise, the rising spirit of a broader liberty in England must foresee the death-blow to its own hopes. Our failure will not be fatal to us alone; it will involve the fate of the millions who are now seek-

ing to plant themselves against the tremendous force of kingly and patrician prestige. They have hitherto derived from our example all the inspiration with which they have struggled upward. They have been able to accomplish, step by step, important alterations in the unwritten constitution, by the apt comparisons their leaders have been able to make between American and British civilization. So that, in considering the forces at work to influence those at the head of affairs, it is necessary to consider that force which is imperceptibly, but subtly, brought to bear upon them by the working-class. Mr. Beecher, and other eminent Americans who have lately visited England, tell us that this class are almost to a man sympathizers with us; and that this sympathy has in many cases worked favorably to us cannot be doubted. Even the operatives and manufacturers of Manchester and Leeds, at first a little morose because of the effect of the war on their industry, seem to have come to a better second-thought, and are now outspoken for the North.

The different elements of English feeling toward us may be, we think, stated thus. The aristocracy would view with complacency the disruption of the Union, because we are a rival power, and they are thoroughly pledged to British aggrandizement; because the success of the Union would belie the principle whence they derive their prerogative, and encourage the opposing element of popular rights to greater exertions for ascendancy; because hatred of democracy is a sentiment inherited, as well as a principle of self-preservation; and because they have not forgotten the former dependence of America on England. The ministry feel toward us as the servants of a jealous power would naturally feel toward a rival. The theorists are eager for events to crown them with the flattery of verified prediction. The commercial classes are ill pleased that their thrift should be curtailed; the manufacturers grumble about the scarcity of cotton. The timid minds of some honest



thinkers did not see the real issue, until the regular developments of the war satisfied them; the lower orders had to be told before they could comprehend that in our destiny they must read the counterpart of their own. Those pretentious philanthropists who have assumed to direct the anti-slavery party in England have mostly espoused the Southern side of the quarrel; thus demonstrating that their moral scruples have no higher source than their own political advantage, and no more lofty end than to divide and distract a sister-nation. Of these we may instance the most conspicuous of all, Lord Brougham,—who, after having for half a century derived all the benefit he could from the striking and pathetic points in slavery to vivify his eloquence, turns the bitter vial of his dotage against those who stake everything upon its extinction. But everybody knows that Lord Brougham is a type of those statesmen who stand by the people in the Commons and grind the people in the Lords; who, after crying down public wrongs, upon finding the responsibility of a coronet on their shoulders, suddenly become arrant sticklers for hereditary rights. We are amused to notice, among those peers who have risen above the selfishness by which they are surrounded, and have given us a well-timed sympathy, but few who are of new creations: for the Duke of Argyll and the Earls of Carlisle and Clarendon are descendants of the oldest and proudest houses in the realm.

It is gratifying to observe that those forces which are operating against us are those which are rapidly losing that control in public affairs which belonged to past phases of society; while those forces which are proper to the present, and are inevitably to assume the preponderance in the future, appear as they develop to be more and more sympathetic with the cause of our national integrity. Aristocratic prestige is shrinking back before an advancing enlightenment which elevates all to equal dignity.

The present ministry is a fair type of the selfishness of British statesmanship.

The antecedents of its principal members are those of timeserving politicians. Lord Palmerston, starting on his career as a Tory of the Wellington stamp, has veered round as the tide has turned against his former associates, and is the still distrusted representative of the Liberal party. Lord Russell, in the youth of his public service a Radical reformer, and the eager disciple of Sir Francis Burdett when Sir Francis Burdett could not lead a corporal's guard, once the prop and hope of those who sought a wider suffrage, has again and again eaten his own words, and the history of his political life is a ludicrous illustration of the perplexities of politicians. His invariable course as a diplomatist has been to leave the way open to prevarication, to keep his opinions in a cloud, and to confound sense with ambiguity. It would be pure credulity to place much confidence in the expressions of a statesman who within two months boldly censured and then as boldly favored the designs of Victor Emmanuel on Venice, officially and unblushingly before all Europe. Both these noble lords, however, are fortunate in a keen appreciation of the national prejudices, and know how to make use of the existing tone of public feeling. A long vicissitude of successes and failures has taught both a lesson which is every day a practical benefit; and after finding that they were powerless when mutually opposed, they have succeeded in swallowing the hatred of half a century, that they may join and divide the power. The fact that there has been for some time a Tory majority in the House of Commons shows the cunning with which Palmerston manœuvres his machinery. If we could conclude at all from his acts what his sentiments are toward America, there is little love wasted on us from that quarter; and Lord Russell, even while addressing the House of Lords in terms favorable to us, never lets the occasion pass without slipping in a sneer between his praises.

Selfishness, national or individual, is ever cautious and ever suspicious. It

seldom rashly grasps the thing coveted: it oftener lets the apt occasion pass without improvement. The diplomatic intercourse between Lord Palmerston's government and our own for the last year or two amply illustrates this. He had in the first place no prepossession in favor of the United States. We believe that he was not at all unwilling to see the Union dissolved. It was natural for a statesman hardened by fifty years of intrigue and devotion to politics to look with absolute gratification upon what seemed the dissolution of a great, and, because a near, a hated rival. We do not think it too much to assume, that, as far as Palmerston's personal feelings were concerned, he was ready for the chance of Southern recognition at the outset. In such a sentiment, he had the sympathy of the aristocracy, and of all others who take the low standard of self-aggrandizement in determining opinions. Two circumstances, however, were a restraint upon him, and appealed with controlling force to his caution. He was not only an aristocrat and a hater of republics, he was also the Prime - Minister of *all* England. He was absolutely dependent to a great degree upon the lower orders for the permanence of his present dignity. Was it wise in him to disregard the sentiments of those who were advancing to the predominance, and resort for support to those whose power was rapidly waning, whose opinions were yielding to the newer intelligence? Would it not be fatally inconsistent in a Liberal statesman to override every Liberal maxim and belie every Liberal profession? Was not the popular current too strong to be safely defied? There were Liberal statesmen enough of conspicuous merit to take his place at the helm, should he make the misstep: Gladstone, Gibson, Herbert, Granville, would fully answer the popular demand: his downfall, if it came, would doubtless be final. His private feelings, therefore, even his political wishes, must yield to policy. His love of place is too strong to succumb either to personal prejudice or national jealousy; and

the long habit has made the self-denial more easy.

The other reason why Lord Palmerston has withheld open comfort from the Rebels is doubtless to be found in the steady adherence of our Government to the position which it assumed at the beginning,—in the promptness with which we have insisted upon our rights throughout the world,—the grace with which we have disavowed the evident errors of public servants,—the steadiness of our military progress,—the ease with which we have borne the strain upon our resources in respect both of men and money,—the possible, if not probable, success of the war,—the certainty that that success would strengthen our system, and render us capable of resenting foreign insult. For while Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell are very apt to stalk about and threaten and talk very loudly at nations whose weakness causes them not to be feared, and by bullying whom some power or money may slide into British hands, they are slow to provoke nations whose resentment either is or may become formidable to British weal. The British lion roars over the impotence of Brazil: he lies still and watches before the might of Napoleon. In the one case he stands forth the lordly king of beasts; in the other he seems metamorphosed into the fox. The hope that America would descend incontinently to the rank of an inferior power was quickly dispelled; so the lion crouched and the foxy head appeared. The everlasting caution came in and said,—“Wait your chance; a hasty judgment is always a poor judgment; let events take their course, and if occasion offers, strike the right blow at the right time; but do not decree away the stability of the Union either by the illusion of hope or by an expectation as yet ill-founded.” It was the wisdom of the serpent, eager, and conquering eagerness.

Under the cloak of a pretended neutrality, the ministry have had opportunity to watch the course of events, to connive at aid to the Rebellion, and to leave themselves unembarrassed when the success

of one side or the other should make it expedient to declare in its favor. It has been with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Adams has been able to bring the Foreign Office to exert its authority against violations of that neutrality. Vessels, known well enough to be in the service of the Confederates, or intended for their use, have been allowed to escape from the Clyde, and to put into British ports to refit. Frequent conflicts on questions of international law have arisen, in which our Government has invariably insisted upon the known precedents set by Great Britain, and which that power has generally deemed it prudent to follow. In the case of the Trent, if we lost the possession of two valuable prisoners of war, we at all events, by promptly disavowing the act of Commodore Wilkes, set England an example of fairness which she has been loath to follow, but which it would have been folly totally to disregard. Yet it has been apparent that the British ministers have borne us no goodwill. Whatever justice has been done us has been done grudgingly,—with the moroseness of an enemy who is compelled to yield. While Lord Russell has been cautious how he offended our Government in acts, his repeated sneers in Parliament, at dinners, and on the hustings have exhibited the rancor of a jealous mind. There has been no hearty will to do justice, no word other than of discouragement. Even the amicable assurances which customarily pass between the statesmen of two nations seem to have been dropped. We believe that any American would rather bear the manly and outspoken denunciations of the Earl of Derby, consistent and honest in his hostility, than the sly, covert insinuations to which the Foreign Secretary gives utterance, at the very time he is advocating a favorable course toward us.

The ministry have constantly been met with the fact that our Government has assumed throughout that the Union was to be preserved, and both the act and the possibility of secession forever crushed. They cannot have failed to observe, that,

while the inevitable fortune of war has at times brought momentary depression to our arms, the field of the Rebellion has steadily contracted,—that those great conflicts which have seemed drawn games have contributed in every instance to the general end,—that repulse has been invariably followed by overbalancing success. They must have been aware that the contrast between the feeling of the North and that of the South has tended to foreshadow the issue. Upon grounds of political economy, a life-long study to them, they must have viewed with vast suspicion the ability of a people to attain independence, who are trammelled by a blockade which they are themselves fain to acknowledge effectual, prevented from the usual methods of subsistence by inferiority of population, and under dreadful apprehensions from the existence in their midst of millions of malcontent slaves. They have not needed a subtle knowledge of political philosophy to teach them that during the progress of the war the Federal idea has received new strength, which its success will make permanent, and which only total failure can diminish. Their favorite doctrine, that governments within a government cannot exist, and that our Constitution is weakened by the accession of every new State and the rise of every new disagreement, is meeting its refutation every day. A concentration of extraordinary power at the centre does not seem to shatter every bond of union, as they have predicted,—and the States hold together and work together with amazing zeal for so feeble a tie as that they have represented. In their intercourse with our Government, they have illustrated the effect which events have had on their policy.

The course pursued by our Government seems to us to present a favorable contrast to that pursued by Great Britain. The United States has always manifested an anxiety to preserve amity. But the effort to preserve amity has been dignified. We have claimed to be treated as a friendly sovereign State. We have



urged that the war should be regarded by foreign powers as the rightful exercise of a complete nationality to suppress insurrection. That the insurgents should be put upon a par with the Government, that they should enjoy the benefits of an established system, that they should have every right and every immunity as if the quarrel were between equal powers, has seemed to us a fallacy tinctured with deep prejudice. That feeling has been courteously, but firmly represented by our ministers. Since it pleased the European courts to proclaim their neutrality, we have borne the injustice temperately, and have confined our demands to our rights under that *status*. When the conduct of Great Britain has been of so irritating a nature as to produce universal indignation throughout the community, our statesmen have moderated the popular anger, and have remonstrated patiently as well as firmly. They have discerned more accurately than the multitude could do the evils of a twofold war, and yet have not avoided the danger, when to avoid it would have been disgraceful. Whatever may be the opinion of any as to Mr. Seward's political career, it is generally admitted that as Secretary of State he has accomplished the better thought of the nation. In his hands our foreign relations have been administered with prudence, with minute attention, and with great dignity. He has constantly maintained the idea of our national integrity, the full expectation of our final success, the continued efficacy of the Federal system, and our right to be considered none the less a compact nationality because the insurrection has taken the form of State secession. Our diplomatic intercourse has been confined to strictly diplomatic etiquette. No attempt has been made to justify, for the satisfaction of foreign courts, either the origin of the war, or the modes which have been adopted in its prosecution. It has not been deemed necessary to retaliate upon the Confederate agents who fill Europe with their tale of woe, by retorting upon them a reference to the unchristian

practices of their soldiery. There has been no appeal to the moral sympathies of the Old World, by harping upon the enormities of slavery, and by announcing a crusade against it. Foreign communities have been left to the ordinary modes of information, to the press and the accounts of American and European orators, for the events which have been passing. It has contented us to let the record speak for itself, to attach infamy where it is due, to extort praise where praise is merited. We have not shown an ungenerous exultation at the embroilments of European politics, as diverting the hostile attention of enemies from our own affairs. "We are content," says Mr. Seward, in a despatch to Mr. Adams, "to rely upon the justice of our cause, and our own resources and ability to maintain it." We have not sought the aid of any power; we have only desired to sustain our admitted rights, and to be free from external interference.

It is surprising that Earl Russell should intimate his dissatisfaction that we have been less quick to offence from France than from England. The reason why we should not, in his opinion, feel so is the very reason why we should. He thinks, because our relations have been more intimate with England, because we speak the same language and inherit the same Anglo-Saxon genius, that therefore we should be more patient with her. But these circumstances seem to us to aggravate the treatment we have received at her hands. It has appeared to us unnatural that a nation so identified with us should mistrust us, and embrace every occasion to slight us where they could safely do so. The closer the tie, the deeper the wound. Besides, despite the common ground upon which England and America have stood, the past bequeaths us little grudge against France, much against England. France was the patron, England the bitter enemy, of our national infancy. Our arms have never closed with those of France; we have fought England twice, and virulently. Our diplomatic intercourse with England has been

a series of misunderstandings; that with France has been, in general, harmonious. In later times, French essayists and journalists have been tolerant of our faults, and eloquent over our virtues; and not a little good feeling has been produced among our educated classes by the fairness and acuteness with which one of the greatest of modern Frenchmen, De Tocqueville, has considered our institutions. On the other hand, the English press and the English Parliament have been outspoken in their contempt of America; and the offence has been enhanced by the peculiarly insulting terms in which the feeling has been expressed. Such facts cannot but intensify our chagrin at finding that power which we had always regarded as our companion in the march of modern progress ill-disposed to sympathy now in the time of our trouble.

Mr. Seward has well expressed our attitude towards England in a few words: — "The whole case may be summed up in this. The United States claim, and they must continually claim, that in this war they are a whole sovereign nation, and entitled to the same respect, as such, that they accord to Great Britain. Great Britain does not treat them as such a sovereign, and hence all the evils that disturb their intercourse and endanger their friendship. Great Britain justifies her course, and perseveres. The United States do not admit the justification, and so they are obliged to complain and stand upon their guard. Those in either country who desire to see the two nations remain in this relation are not well-advised friends of either of them."

Our relations with France during the war have not been dissimilar to those with England, but have been less grating and more courteous. The same difficulties in regard to neutral rights have arisen; and the Imperial cabinet have seemed throughout favorable to the South. But the popular feeling, as far as it is patent, is decidedly more favorable to us than that of England; whatever has been said against us has been said considerably

and temperately; and there has been at no period any imminent danger of war. The design of Napoleon to mediate was interpreted by the community as hostile and aggressive in its object. The President, we think justly, took what appears a more simple view, — that the Emperor miscalculated the actual condition of the country, and a mistaken desire to advise induced him to take the course he did. But those who know France best tell us that the Imperial opinion is far from being the index of the popular opinion, on any subject; and every evidence induces the conclusion that there is a strong undercurrent of sympathy for America throughout France.

Of all the foreign powers, Russia has been the only one which has given us cordial, unstinted encouragement. The sovereign, the most liberal and enlightened Czar who ever ascended the Muscovite throne, has expressed himself again and again the constant friend of the Union. It is agreeable to reflect that that vast empire, now far on its way to a liberal constitution, and hastened, instead of retarded by its august head, should lend the moral force of its unqualified good-will to the cause of American liberty. The noble words of Prince Gortschakoff to our envoy will be grateful to every loyal American heart: — "We desire above all things the maintenance of the American Union, as one indivisible nation. Russia has declared her position, and will maintain it. There will be proposals for intervention. Russia will refuse any invitation of the kind. She will occupy the same ground as at the beginning of the struggle. You may rely upon it, she will not change."

Our relations with other nations have not been important, and are quite similar to those with England and France. But, generally, the belief and hope in the final success of the Union have been steadily strengthening throughout Europe. The idea of our centralization has become more vivid; and far juster estimates of our character and institutions have been formed. When the war shall have been brought

to a successful issue, we shall have afforded a noble proof of the full efficiency of a republican system over an intelligent people. Our own sinews will be compact, and our spirit will be infused into the aspirations of distant peoples. It may not be presumptuous to feel that our efforts are not for ourselves alone, but that they tell upon the fate of the earnest and hopeful millions who are striving for disenfranchisement in the Old World. Let us, then, expand our just ambition beyond the object of our national integrity; let us embrace within our own hopes the dawning fortunes of a free Italy and a free Hungary, of Poland liberated, of Greece regenerated. While nerving ourselves for the final

struggle, let the sublime thought that our success will reach in its vast results the limits of the Christian world bring us redoubled strength. For if we should fall, the thrones of despots are fixed for centuries; if we triumph, in due time they will vanish and crumble to the dust. Those sovereigns who are wise will appear in the van, leading their people to the blessings of the liberty they have so long yearned for; those who throw themselves in the way will be overwhelmed by the resistless tide. To such an end we fight, and suffer, and wait; the greater the stake, the more fearful the ordeal; but Providence smiles upon those whose aim is freedom, and through danger guides to consummation.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Roman and the Teuton: A Series of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M. A., Professor of Modern History. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. KINGSLEY is a vivid and entertaining mediator between Carlyle and commonplace. In his younger days and writings he mediated between his master and commonplace radicalism,—representing the great Scot's antagonism to existing institutions, his sympathy with man as man, and his hope of a more human society, but representing it with sufficient admixture of vague fancy, Chartist catchword, weak passionateness, and spasmodic audacity, based, as such ever is, on moral cowardice. Of late he has gone to the other side of his master, and now mediates between him and the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Hanover family,—representing Carlyle's passionate craving for supereminent persons, his passionate abhorrence of democracy, his admiration of strong character, his disposition to work from historical bases rather than from absolute

principles, but representing them at once with a prudence of common sense and a prudence of self-seeking and timidity which are alike foreign to his master's spirit.

We prefer the second phase of the man. It belongs more properly to him. He is ambitious; and the rôle which he first assumed is one which ambition can only spoil. He has but a weak faith in principles, and flinches and flies off to "Prester John," or somewhere into the clouds, when at last principle and sentiment must either fly off or fairly take the stubborn British *taurus* by the horns. And in truth, his early creed was in part merely passionate and foolish, and with courage and disinterestedness to do more he would have professed less. His present position is better,—that is, sounder and sincerer. Better for *him*, because more limited and British, leaving him room still to toil at good work, and not calling upon him to break with Church and State, which he really has not the heart to do. As head of the hierarchy of beadles, he is an effective and even admirable man, pious, zealous, and reformatory; but institutions



farm-practice over all the fields below me rests upon the cumulated authorship of so long a line of teachers. Yon open furrow, over which the herbage has closed, carries trace of the ridging in the "Works and Days"; the brown field of half-broken clods is the fallow (*Neós*) of Xenophon; the drills belong to Worlidge; their culture with the horse-hoe is at the order of Master Tull. Young and Cobbett are full of their suggestions; Lancelot Brown has ordered away a great straggling hedge-row; and Sir Uvedale Price has urged me to spare a hoary maple which lords it over a half-acre of flat land. Cato gives orders for the asparagus, and Switzer for the hot-beds. Crescenzi directs the walling, and Smith of Deanston the ploughing. Burns embalms all my field-mice, and Cowper drapes an urn for me in a tangled wilderness. Knight names my cherries, and Walton, the kind master, goes with me over the hill to a wee brook that bounds down under hemlocks and soft maples, for "a contemplative man's recreation." Davy long ago caught all the fermentation of my manure-heap in his retort, and Thomson painted for me the scene which is under my window to-day. Mowbray cures the pip in my poultry, and all the songs of all the birds are caught and repeated to the echo in the pages of the poets which lie here under my hand; through the prism of their verse, Patrick the cattle-tender changes to a lithe milkmaid, against whose ankles the buttercups nod rejoicingly, and Rosamund (which is the nurse) wakes all Arden (which is Edgewood) with a rich burst of laughter.

And shall I not be grateful to these my patrons? And shall I count it unworthy to pass these few in-door hours of rain in the emblazonment of their titles?

Nor must I forget here to express my

indebtedness to those kind friends who have from time to time favored me with suggestions or corrections, in the course of these papers, and to those others—not a few—who have lent me rare old books of husbandry, which are not easily laid hold of.

I have discussed no works of living authors, whether of practical or pastoral intent: at some future day I may possibly pay my compliments to them. Meantime I cannot help interpolating in the interest of my readers a little fragment of a letter addressed to me within the year by the lamented Hawthorne:—"I remember long ago your speaking prospectively of a farm; but I never dreamed of your being really much more of a farmer than myself, whose efforts in that line only make me the father of a progeny of weeds in a garden-patch. I have about twenty-five acres of land, seventeen of which are a hill of sand and gravel, wooded with birches, locusts, and pitch-pines, and apparently incapable of any other growth; so that I have great comfort in that part of my territory. The other eight acres are said to be the best land in Concord, and they have made me miserable, and would soon have ruined me, if I had not determined nevermore to attempt raising anything from them. So there they lie along the roadside, within their broken fence, an eyesore to me, and a laughing-stock to all the neighbors. If it were not for the difficulty of transportation by express or otherwise, I would thankfully give you those eight acres."

And now the fine, nervous hand, which wrought with such strange power and beauty, is stilled forever! The eight acres can well lie neglected; for upon a broader field, as large as humanity, and at the hands of thousands of reapers who worked for love, he has gathered in a great harvest of *immortelles*.

## REGULAR AND VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

J. W. Higginson. C

It is pleasant to see how much the present war has done towards effacing the traditional jealousy between regular officers and volunteers. The two classes have been so thoroughly intermingled, on staff-duties and in the field,—so many regular officers now hold in the volunteer service a rank higher than their permanent standing,—the whole previous military experience of most regulars was so trifling, compared with that which they and the volunteers have now shared in common,—and so many young men have lately been appointed to commissions, in both branches, not only without a West-Point education, but with almost none at all,—that it really cannot be said that there is much feeling of conscious separation left. For treating the two as antagonistic the time has clearly gone by. For judiciously weighing their respective services in the field the epoch has not come, since the reign of history begins only when that of telegrams and special correspondents has ended. It is better, therefore, to limit the comparison, as yet, to that minor routine of military duty upon which the daily existence of an army depends, and of which the great deeds of daring are merely exciting episodes.

At the beginning of the war, and before the distinction was thus partially effaced, the comparison involved very different elements. In our general military inexperience, the majority were not disposed to underrate the value of specific professional training. Education holds in this country much of the prestige held by hereditary rank in Europe, modified only by the condition that the possessor shall take no undue airs upon himself. Even then the penalty consists only in a few outbreaks of superficial jealousy, and the substantial respect for any real acquirements remains the same. So there was a time when the faintest aroma of West Point lent a charm to the most unattractive candidate for a commission.

Any Governor felt a certain relief in intrusting a regiment to any man who had ever eaten clandestine oysters at Benny Haven's, or had once heard the whiz of an Indian arrow on the frontier, however mediocre might have been all his other claims to confidence. If he failed, the regular army might bear the shame; if he succeeded, to the State-House be the glory.

Yet there was always another party of critics, not less intelligent, who urged the value of general preparations for any duty, as compared with special,—who held that it was always easier for a man of brains to acquire technical skill than for a person of mere technicality to superadd brains, and that the antecedents of a frontier lieutenant were, on the whole, a poorer training for large responsibilities than those of many a civilian, who had lived in the midst of men, though out of uniform. Let us have a fair statement of this position, for it was very sincere and had much temporary influence. The main thing, it was argued, was the knowledge of human nature and the habit of dealing with mankind in masses,—the very thing from which the younger regular officers at least had been rigidly excluded. From a monastic life at West Point they had usually been transferred to a yet more isolated condition, in some obscure outpost,—or if otherwise, then they had seen no service at all, and were mere clerks in shoulder-straps. But a lawyer who could manœuvre fifty witnesses as if they were one,—a teacher used to governing young men by the hundred,—an orator trained to sway thousands,—a master-mechanic,—a railway-superintendent,—a factory-agent,—a broker who could harness Wall Street and drive it,—a financier who could rule a sovereign State with a rod of (railway) iron,—such men as these, it was plausibly reasoned, could give an average army-officer all the advantage of his special training, at the

start, and yet beat him at his own trade in a year.

These theories were naturally strengthened, moreover, by occasional instances of conspicuous failure, when volunteer troops were intrusted to regular officers. These disappointments could usually be traced to very plain causes. The men selected were sometimes men whose West-Point career would hardly bear minute investigation, — or who had in civil pursuits forgotten all they had learned at the Academy, except self-esteem, — or who had been confined to the duties of some special department, as quartermasters or paymasters, and were really fitted for nothing else, — or who had served their country by resigning their commissions, if not by holding them, — or who had contrived, first or last, to lose hopelessly their tempers or their digestions, or their faith, hope, and charity. Beyond all this lay the trouble, that the best regular officer from the very fact of his superior training was puzzled to know how much to demand of volunteer troops, or what standard to enforce upon them. It was a problem in the Differential Calculus, with the Army Regulations for a constant, and a raw volunteer regiment for a variable, and not a formula in Davies which suited the purpose. Unfortunately, these perplexities were quite as apt to end in relaxation as in rigor, so that the regiments thus commanded sometimes slid into a looseness of which a resolute volunteer officer would have been ashamed.

These were among the earlier results. Against them was to be set the fact, that, on the whole, no regiments in the field made progress so rapid, or held their own so well, as those placed under regular officers. And now that three years have abolished many surmises, and turned many others into established facts, it must be owned that the total value of the professional training has proved far greater, and that of the general preparation far less, than many intelligent observers predicted. The relation between officer and soldier is something so different in kind

from anything which civil life has to offer, that it has proved almost impossible to transfer methods or maxims from the one to the other. If a regiment is merely a caucus, and the colonel the chairman, — or merely a fire-company, and the colonel the foreman, — or merely a prayer-meeting, and the colonel the moderator, — or merely a bar-room, and the colonel the landlord, — then the failure of the whole thing is a foregone conclusion. War is not the highest of human pursuits, certainly; but an army comes very near to being the completest of human organizations, and he alone succeeds in it who readily accepts its inevitable laws, and applies them. An army is an aristocracy, on a three-years' lease, supposing that the period of enlistment. No mortal skill can make military power effective on democratic principles. A democratic people can perhaps carry on a war longer and better than any other; because no other can so well comprehend the object, raise the means, or bear the sacrifices. But these sacrifices include the surrender, for the time being, of the essential principle of the government. Personal independence in the soldier, like personal liberty in the civilian, must be waived for the preservation of the nation. With shipwreck staring men in the face, the choice lies between despotism and anarchy, trusting to the common sense of those concerned, when the danger is over, to revert to the old safeguards. It is precisely because democracy is an advanced stage in human society, that war, which belongs to a less advanced stage, is peculiarly inconsistent with its habits. Thus the undemocratic character, so often lamented in West Point and Annapolis, is in reality their strong point. Granted that they are no more appropriate to our stage of society than are revolvers and bowie-knives, that is precisely what makes them all serviceable in time of war. War being exceptional, the institutions which train its officers must be exceptional likewise.

The first essential for military authority lies in the power of command, — a



power which it is useless to analyze, for it is felt instinctively, and it is seen in its results. It is hardly too much to say, that, in military service, if one has this power, all else becomes secondary; and it is perfectly safe to say that without it all other gifts are useless. Now for the exercise of power there is no preparation like power, and nowhere is this preparation to be found, in this community, except in regular army-training. Nothing but great personal qualities can give a man by nature what is easily acquired by young men of very average ability who are systematically trained to command.

The criticism habitually made upon our army by foreign observers at the beginning of the war continues still to be made, though in a rather less degree, — that the soldiers are relatively superior to the officers, so that the officers lead, perhaps, but do not command them. The reason is plain. Three years are not long enough to overcome the settled habits of twenty years. The weak point of our volunteer service invariably lies here, that the soldier, in nine cases out of ten, utterly detests being commanded, while the officer, in his turn, equally shrinks from commanding. War, to both, is an episode in life, not a profession, and therefore military subordination, which needs for its efficiency to be fixed and absolute, is, by common consent, reduced to a minimum. The white American soldier, being, doubtless, the most intelligent in the world, is more ready than any other to comply with a reasonable order, but he does it because it is reasonable, not because it is an order. With advancing experience his compliance increases, but it is still because he better and better comprehends the reason. Give him an order that looks utterly unreasonable, — and this is sometimes necessary, — or give him one which looks trifling, under which head all sanitary precautions are yet too apt to rank, and you may, perhaps, find that you still have a free and independent citizen to deal with, not a sol-

dier. *Implicit* obedience must be admitted still to be a rare quality in our army; nor can we wonder at it. In many cases there is really no more difference between officers and men, in education or in breeding, than if the one class were chosen by lot from the other; all are from the same neighborhood, all will return to the same civil pursuits side by side; every officer knows that in a little while each soldier will again become his client or his customer, his constituent or his rival. Shall he risk offending him for life in order to carry out some hobby of stricter discipline? If this difficulty exist in the case of commissioned officers, it is still more the case with the non-commissioned, those essential intermediate links in the chain of authority. Hence the discipline of our soldiers has been generally that of a town-meeting or of an engine-company, rather than that of an army; and it shows the extraordinary quality of the individual men, that so much has been accomplished with such a formidable defect in the organization. Even granting that there has been a great and constant improvement, the evil is still vast enough. And every young man trained at West Point enters the service with at least this advantage, that he has been brought up to command, and has not that task to learn.

He has this further advantage, that he is brought up with some respect for the army-organization as it is, with its existing rules, methods, and proprieties, and is not, like the newly commissioned civilian, disposed in his secret soul to set aside all its proprieties as mere "pipe-clay," its methods as "old-fogyism," and its rules as "red-tape." How many good volunteer officers will admit, if they speak candidly, that on entering the service they half believed the "Army Regulations" to be a mass of old-time rubbish, which they would gladly reëdit, under contract, with immense improvements, in a month or two, — and that they finally left the service with the conviction that the same book was a mine of wisdom, as yet but half explored!

Certainly, when one thinks for what a handful of an army our present military system was devised, and with what an admirable elasticity it has borne this sudden and stupendous expansion, it must be admitted to have most admirably stood the test. Of course, there has been much amendment and alteration needed, nor is the work done yet; but it has mainly touched the details, not the general principles. The system is wonderfully complete for its own ends, and the more one studies it the less one sneers. Many a form which at first seems to the volunteer officer merely cumbrous and trivial he learns to prize at last as almost essential to good discipline; he seldom attempts a short cut without finding it the longest way, and rarely enters on that heroic measure of cutting red-tape without finding at last that he has entangled his own fingers in the process.

More thorough training tells in another way. It is hard to appreciate, without the actual experience, how much of military life is a matter of mere detail. The maiden at home fancies her lover charging at the head of his company, when in reality he is at that precise moment endeavoring to convince his company-cooks that salt-junk needs five hours' boiling, or is anxiously deciding which pair of worn-out trousers shall be ejected from a drummer-boy's knapsack. Courage is, no doubt, a good quality in a soldier, and luckily not often wanting; but, in the long run, courage depends largely on the haversack. Men are naturally brave, and when the crisis comes, almost all men will fight well, if well commanded. As Sir Philip Sidney said, an army of stags led by a lion is more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag. Courage is cheap; the main duty of an officer is to take good care of his men, so that every one of them shall be ready, at a moment's notice, for any reasonable demand. A soldier's life usually implies weeks and months of waiting, and then one glorious hour; and if the interval of leisure has been wasted, there is nothing but a wasted heroism at the

end, and perhaps not even that. The penalty for misused weeks, the reward for laborious months, may be determined within ten minutes. Without discipline an army is a mob, and the larger the worse; without rations the men are empty uniforms; without ammunition they might as well have no guns; without shoes they might almost as well have no legs. And it is in the practical appreciation of all these matters that the superiority of the regular officer is apt to be shown.

Almost any honest volunteer officer will admit, that, although the tactics were easily learned, yet, in dealing with all other practical details of army-life, he was obliged to gain his knowledge through many blunders. There were a thousand points on which the light of Nature, even aided by "Army Regulations," did not sufficiently instruct him; and his best hints were probably obtained by frankly consulting regular officers, even if inferior in rank. The advantage of a West-Point training is precisely that of any other professional education. There is nothing in it which any intelligent man cannot learn for himself in later life; nevertheless, the intelligent man would have fared a good deal better, had he learned it all in advance. Test it by shifting the positions. No lawyer would trust his case to a West-Point graduate, without evidence of thorough special preparation. Yet he himself enters on a career equally new to him, where his clients may be counted by thousands, and every case is capital. The army is a foreign country to civilians; of course you can learn the language after your arrival, but how you envy your companion, who, having spoken it from childhood, can proceed at once to matters more important!

Yet the great advantage of the regular army does not, after all, consist merely in any superiority of knowledge, or in the trained habit of command. Granting that patience and labor can readily supply these to the volunteer, the trouble remains, that even in labor and patience the regular officer is apt to have

the advantage, by reason of a stronger stimulus. The difference is not merely in the start, but in the pace. No man can be often thrown into the society of regular officers, especially among the younger ones, without noticing a higher standard of professional earnestness than that found among average volunteers; and in this respect a West-Point training makes little or no difference. The reason of the superiority is obvious. To the volunteer, the service is still an episode; to the regular, a permanent career. No doubt, if a man is thoroughly conscientious, or thoroughly ambitious, or thoroughly enthusiastic, a temporary pursuit may prove as absorbing as if it were taken up for life; but the majority of men, however well-meaning, are not thorough at all. How often one hears the apology made by volunteer officers, even those of high rank,—“Military life is not my profession; I entered the army from patriotism, willing to serve my country faithfully for three years, but of course not pretending to perfection in every trivial detail of a pursuit which I shall soon quit forever.” But it is patriotism to think the details *not* trivial. If one gives one’s self to one’s country, let the gift be total and noble. These details are worthy to absorb the whole daily thought, and they should absorb it, until more thorough comprehension and more matured executive power leave room for larger studies, still in the line of the adopted occupation. If a man leaves his office or his study to be a soldier, let him be a soldier in earnest. Let those three years bound the horizon of his plans, and let him study his new duty as if earth offered no other conceivable career. The scholar must forswear his pen, the lawyer his books, the politician his arts. An officer of whatever rank, who does not find occupation enough for every day, amid the quietest winter-quarters, in the prescribed duties of his position and the studies to which they should lead, is fitted only for civil pursuits, and had better return to them.

Without this thoroughness, life in the

army affords no solid contentment. What is called military glory is a fitful and uncertain thing. Time and the newspapers play strange tricks with reputations, and of a hundred officers whose names appear with honor in this morning’s despatches ninety may never be mentioned again till it is time to write their epitaphs. Who, for instance, can recite the names of the successive cavalry-commanders who have ridden on their bold forays through Virginia, since the war began? All must give place to the latest Kautz or Sheridan, who has eclipsed without excelling them all. Yet each is as brave and as faithful to-day, no doubt, as when he too glittered for his hour before all men’s gaze, and the obscurer duty may be the more substantial honor. So when I lift my eyes to look on yonder level ocean-floor, the fitful sunshine now glimmers white on one far-off sail, now on another; and yet I know that all canvas looks snowy while those casual rays are on it, and that the best vessel is that which, sunlit or shaded, best accomplishes its destined course. The officer is almost as powerless as the soldier to choose his opportunity or his place. Military glory may depend on a thousand things,—the accident of local position, the jealousy of a rival, the whim of a superior. But the merit of having done one’s whole duty to the men whose lives are in one’s keeping, and to the nation whose life is staked with theirs,—of having held one’s command in such a state, that, if at any given moment it was not performing the most brilliant achievement, it might have been,—this is the substantial triumph which every faithful officer has always within reach.

Now will any one but a newspaper flatterer venture to say that this is the habitual standard in our volunteer service? Take as a test the manner in which official inspections are usually regarded by a regimental commander. These occasions are to him what examinations by the School Committee are to a public-school teacher. He may either deprecate and dodge them, or he may



manfully welcome them as the very best means of improvement for all under his care. Which is the more common view? What sight more pitiable than to behold an officer begging off from inspection because he has just come in from picket, or is just going out on picket, or has just removed camp, or was a day too late with his last requisition for cartridges? No doubt it is a trying ordeal to have some young regular-army lieutenant ride up to your tent at an hour's notice, and leisurely devote a day to probing every weak spot in your command,—to stand by while he smells at every camp-kettle, detects every delinquent gun-sling, ferrets out old shoes from behind the mess-bunks, spies out every tent-pole not labelled with the sergeant's name, asks to see the cash-balance of each company-fund, and perplexes your best captain on forming from two ranks into one by the left flank. Yet it is just such unpleasant processes as these which are the salvation of an army; these petty mortifications are the fulcrum by which you can lift your whole regiment to a first-class rank, if you have only the sense to use them. So long as no inspecting officer needs twice to remind you of the same thing, you have no need to blush. But though you be the bravest of the brave, though you know a thousand things of which he is utterly ignorant, yet so long as he can tell you one thing which you ought to know, he is master of the situation. He may be the most conceited little popinjay who ever strutted in uniform; no matter; it is more for your interest to learn than for his to teach. Let our volunteer officers, as a body, once resolve to act on this principle, and we shall have such an army as the world never saw. But nothing costs the nation a price so fearful, in money or in men, as the false pride which shrinks from these necessary surgical operations, or regards the surgeon as a foe.

It is not being an officer to wear uniform for three years, to draw one's pay periodically, and to acquit one's self without shame during a few hours or days

of actual battle. History will never record what fine regiments have been wasted and ruined, since this war began, by the negligence in camp of commanders who were brave as Bayard in the field. Unless a man is willing to concentrate his whole soul upon learning and performing the humblest as well as the most brilliant functions of his new profession, a true officer he will never become. More time will not help him; for time seldom does much for one who enters, especially in middle life, on an employment for which he is essentially unfitted. It is amusing to see the weight attached to the name of veteran, in military matters, by persons who in civil life are very ready to exchange a veteran doctor or minister for his younger rival. Military seniority, though the only practicable rule of precedence, is liable to many notorious inconveniences. It is especially without meaning in the volunteer service, where the Governor of Maine may happen to date a set of commissions on the first day of January, and His Excellency of Minnesota may doom his contemporary regiment to life-long subordination by accidentally postponing theirs to the second day. But it has sufficient drawbacks even where all the appointments pass through one channel. The dignity it gives is a merely chronological distinction,—an oldest-inhabitant renown,—much like the university-degree of A. M., which simply implies that a man has got decently through college, and then survived three years. But if a man was originally placed in a position beyond his deserts, the mere lapse of time may have only made him the more dangerous charlatan. If he showed no sign of military aptitude in six months, a probation of three years may have been more costly, but not more conclusive. Add to this the fact that each successive year of the war has seen all officers more carefully selected, if only because there has been more choice of material; so that there is sometimes a temptation in actual service, were it practicable, to become Scriptural in our treatment, and put the

last first and the first last. In those unfortunate early days, when it seemed to most of our Governors to make little difference whom they commissioned, since all were alike untried, and of two evils it was natural to choose that which would produce the more agreeable consequences at the next election-time,—in those days of darkness many very poor officers saw the light. Many of these have since been happily discharged or judiciously shelved. The trouble is, that those who remain are among the senior officers in our volunteer army, in their respective grades. They command posts, brigades, divisions. They preside at court-martials. Beneath the shadow of their notorious incompetency all minor evils may lurk undetected. To crown all, they are, in many cases, sincere and well-meaning men, utterly obtuse as to their own deficiencies, and manifesting (to employ a witticism coeval with themselves) all the Christian virtues except that of resignation.

The present writer has beheld the spectacle of an officer of high rank, previously eminent in civil life, who could only vindicate himself before a court-martial from the ruinous charge of false muster by summoning a staff-officer to prove that it was his custom to sign all military papers without looking at them. He has seen a lieutenant tried for neglect of duty in allowing a soldier under his command, at an important picket-post, to be found by the field-officer of the day with two inches of sand in the bottom of his gun,—and pleading, in mitigation of sentence, that it had never been the practice in his regiment to make any inspection of men detailed for such duty. That such instances of negligence should be tolerated for six months in any regiment of regulars is a thing almost inconceivable, and yet in these cases the regiments and the officers had been nearly three years in service.

It is to be remembered that even the command of a regiment of a thousand men is a first-class administrative position, and that there is no employer of

men in civil life who assumes the responsibility of those under his command so absolutely and thoroughly. The life, the health, the efficiency, the finances, the families of his soldiers, are staked not so much on the courage of a regimental commander as upon his decision, his foresight, and his business-habits. As Richter's worldly old statesman tells his son, "War trains a man to business." If he takes his training slowly, he must grow perfect through suffering,—commonly the suffering of other people. The varied and elaborate returns, for instance, now required of officers,—daily, monthly, quarterly, annually,—are not one too many as regards the interests of Government and of the soldiers, but are enough to daunt any but an accurate and methodical man. A single error in an ordnance requisition may send a body of troops into action with only twenty rounds of ammunition to a man. One mistake in a property-voucher may involve an officer in stoppages exceeding his yearly pay. One wrong spelling in a muster-roll may beggar a soldier's children ten years after the father has been killed in battle. Under such circumstances no standard of accuracy can be too high. And yet even the degree of regularity that now exists is due more to the constant pressure from headquarters than to any individual zeal. For a large part of this pressure the influence of the regular army is responsible,—those officers usually occupying the more important staff-positions, and having in some departments of service, especially in the ordnance, moulded and remoulded the whole machinery until it has become almost a model. It would be difficult to name anything in civil life which is in its way so perfect as the present system of business and of papers in this department. Every ordnance blank now contains a schedule of instructions for its own use, so simple and so minute that it seems as if, henceforward, the most negligent volunteer officer could never make another error. And yet in the very last set of returns which the

writer had occasion to revise, — returns made by a very meritorious captain, — there were eight different papers, and a mistake in every one.

The glaring defect of most of our volunteer regiments, from the beginning to this day, has lain in slovenliness and remissness as to every department of military duty, except the actual fighting and dying. When it comes to that ultimate test, our men usually endure it so magnificently that one is tempted to overlook all deficiencies on intermediate points. But they must not be overlooked, because they create a fearful discount on the usefulness of our troops, when tried by the standard of regular armies. I do not now refer to the niceties of dress-parade or the courtesies of salutation: it has long since been tacitly admitted that a white American soldier will not present arms to any number of rows of buttons, if he can by any ingenuity evade it; and to shoulder arms on passing an officer is something to which only Ethiopia or the regular army can attain. Grant, if you please, (though I do not grant,) that these are merely points of foolish punctilio. But there are many things which are more than punctilio, though they may be less than fighting. The efficiency of a body of troops depends, after all, not so much on its bravery as on the condition of its sick-list. A regiment which does picket-duty faithfully will often avoid the need of duties more terrible. Yet I have ridden by night along a chain of ten sentinels, every one of whom should have taken my life rather than permit me to give the countersign without dismounting, and have been required to dismount by only four, while two did not ask me for the countersign at all, and two others were asleep. I have ridden through a regimental camp whose utterly filthy condition seemed enough to send malaria through a whole military department, and have been asked by the colonel, almost with tears in his eyes, to explain to him why his men were dying at the rate of one a day. The latter was a regiment nearly a year old, and the for-

mer one of almost two years' service, and just from the old Army of the Potomac.

The fault was, of course, in the officers. The officer makes the command, as surely as, in educational matters, the teacher makes the school. There is not a regiment in the army so good that it could not be utterly spoiled in three months by a poor commander, nor so poor that it could not be altogether transformed in six by a good one. The difference in material is nothing, — white or black, German or Irish; so potent is military machinery that an officer who knows his business can make good soldiers out of almost anything, give him but a fair chance. The difference between the present Army of the Potomac and any previous one, — the reason why we do not daily hear, as in the early campaigns, of irresistible surprises, overwhelming numbers, and masked batteries, — the reason why the present movements are a tide and not a wave, — is not that the men are veterans, but that the officers are. There is an immense amount of perfectly raw material in General Grant's force, besides the colored regiments, which in that army are all raw, but in which the Copperhead critics have such faith they would gladly select them for dangers fit for Napoleon's Old Guard. But the newest recruit soon grows steady with a steady corporal at his elbow, a well-trained sergeant behind him, and a captain or a colonel whose voice means something to give commands.

This reference to the colored troops suggests the false impression, still held by many, that special opposition to this important military organization has been made by regular officers. There is no justice in this. While it is very probable that regular officers, as a class, may have had stronger prejudices on this point than others have held, yet it is to be remembered that the chief obstacles have not come from them, nor from military men of any kind, but from civilians at home. Nothing has been more remarkable than the facility with which the expected aversion of the army everywhere



vanished before the admirable behavior of the colored troops, and the substantial value of the reinforcements they brought. When it comes to the simple question whether a soldier shall go on duty every night or every other night, he is not critical as to beauty of complexion in the soldier who relieves him.

Some regular officers may have been virulently opposed to the employment of negroes as soldiers, though the few instances which I have known have been far more than compensated by repeated acts of the most substantial kindness from many others. But I never have met one who did not express contempt for the fraud thus far practised by Government on a portion of these troops, by refusing to pay them the wages which the Secretary of War had guaranteed. This is a wrong which, but for good discipline, would have long since converted our older colored regiments into a mob of mutineers, and which, while dishonestly saving the Government a few thousand dollars, has virtually sacrificed hundreds of thousands in its discouraging effect upon enlistments, at a time when the fate of the nation may depend upon a few regiments more or less. It is in vain for national conventions to make capital by denouncing massacres like that of Fort Pillow, and yet ignore this more deliberate injustice for which some of their own members are in part responsible. The colored soldiers will take their own risk of capture and maltreatment very readily, (since they must take it on themselves at any rate,) if the Government will let its justice begin at home, and pay them their honest earnings. It is of little consequence to a dying man whether any one else is to die by retaliation, but it is of momentous consequence whether his wife and family are to be cheated of half his scanty earnings by the nation for which he dies. The Rebels may be induced to concede the negro the rights of war, when we grant him the ordinary rights of peace, namely, to be paid the price agreed upon. Jefferson Davis and the London "Times"—one-half whose stock-

in-trade is "the inveterate meanness of the Yankee"—will hardly be converted to sound morals by the rebukes of an administration which allows its Secretary of War to promise a black soldier thirteen dollars a month, pay him seven, and shoot him if he grumbles. From this crowning injustice the regular army, and, indeed, the whole army, is clear; to civilians alone belongs this carnival of fraud.

If, in some instances, terrible injustice has been done to the black soldiers in their military treatment also, it has not been only, or chiefly, under regular officers. Against the cruel fatigue-duty imposed upon them last summer, in the Department of the South, for instance, must be set the more disastrous mismanagements of the Department of the Gulf,—the only place from which we now hear the old stories of disease and desertion,—all dating back to the astonishing blunder of organizing the colored regiments of half-size at the outset, with a full complement of officers. This measure, however agreeable it might have been to the horde of aspirants for commissions, was in itself calculated to destroy all self-respect in the soldiers, being based on the utterly baseless assumption that they required twice as many officers as whites, and was foredoomed to failure, because no *esprit de corps* can be created in a regiment which is from the first insignificant in respect to size. It is scarcely conceivable that any regular officer should have honestly fallen into such an error as this; and it is very certain that the wisest suggestions and the most efficient action have proceeded, since the beginning, from them. It will be sufficient to mention the names of Major-General Hunter, Brigadier-General Phelps, and Adjutant-General Thomas; and one there is whose crowning merits deserve a tribute distinct even from these.

When some future Bancroft or Motley writes with philosophic brain and poet's hand the story of the Great Civil War, he will find the transition to a new era in our nation's history to have been fitly marked by one festal day,—that of the

announcement of the President's Proclamation, upon Port-Royal Island, on the first of January, 1863. That New-Year's time was our second contribution to the great series of historic days, beads upon the rosary of the human race, permanent festivals of freedom. Its celebration was one beside whose simple pageant the superb festivals of other lands might seem but glittering counterfeits. Beneath a majestic grove of the great live-oaks which glorify the South-Carolina soil a liberated people met to celebrate their own peaceful emancipation. They came thronging, by land and water, from plantations which their own self-imposed and exemplary industry was beginning already to redeem. The military escort which surrounded them had been organized out of their own numbers, and had furnished to the nation the first proof of the capacity of their race to bear arms. The key-note of the meeting was given by spontaneous voices, whose unexpected anthem took the day from the management of well-meaning patrons, and swept all away into the great currents of simple feeling. It was a scene never to be forgotten: the moss-hung trees, with their hundred-feet diameter of shade; the eager faces of women and children in the foreground; the many-colored head-dresses; the upraised hands; the neat uniforms of the soldiers; the outer row of

mounted officers and ladies; and beyond all the blue river, with its swift, free tide. And at the centre of all this great and joyous circle stood modestly the man on whose personal integrity and energy, more than on any President or Cabinet, the hopes of all that multitude appeared to rest,—who commanded then among his subjects, and still commands, an allegiance more absolute than any European potentate can claim,—whose name will be forever illustrious as having first made a practical reality out of that Proclamation which then was to the President only an autograph, and to the Cabinet only a dream,—who, when the whole fate of the slaves and of the Government hung trembling in the balance, decided it forever by throwing into the scale the weight of one resolute man,—who personally mustered in the first black regiment, and personally governed the first community where emancipation was a success,—who taught the relieved nation, in fine, that there was strength and safety in those dusky millions who till then had been an incubus and a terror,—Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, Military Governor of South Carolina. The single career of this one man more than atones for all the traitors whom West Point ever nurtured, and awards the highest place on the roll of our practical statesmanship to the regular army.

---

## THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS.

I AM confident, that, at the announcement of my theme, Andover, Princeton, and Cambridge will skip like rams, and the little hills of East Windsor, Medville, and Fairfax, like lambs. However divinity-schools may refuse to "skip" in unison, and may butt and batter each other about the doctrine and origin of *human* depravity, all will join devoutly in the *credo*, I believe in the total depravity of inanimate things.

The whole subject lies in a nutshell, or rather an apple-skin. We have clerical authority for affirming that all its miseries were let loose upon the human race by "them greenins" tempting our mother to curious pomological speculations; and from that time till now—Longfellow, thou reasonest well!—"things are not what they seem," but are diabolically otherwise,—masked-batteries, nets, gins, and snares of evil.

(In this connection I am reminded of — can I ever cease to remember? — the unlucky lecturer at our lyceum a few winters ago, who, on rising to address his audience, applauding him all the while most vehemently, pulled out his handkerchief, for oratorical purposes only, and inadvertently flung from his pocket three “Baldwins” that a friend had given to him on his way to the hall, straight into the front row of giggling girls.)

My zeal on this subject received new impetus recently from an exclamation which pierced the thin partitions of the country-parsonage, once my home, where I chanced to be a guest.

From the adjoining dressing-room issued a prolonged “Y-ah!” — not the howl of a spoiled child, nor the protest of a captive gorilla, but the whole-souled utterance of a mighty son of Anak, whose amiability is invulnerable to weapons of human aggravation.

I paused in the midst of toilet-exigencies, and listened sympathetically, for I recognized the probable presence of the old enemy to whom the bravest and sweetest succumb.

Confirmation and explanation followed speedily in the half apologetic, wholly wrathful declaration, — “The pitcher was made foolish in the first place.” I dare affirm, that, if the spirit of Lindley Murray himself were at that moment hovering over that scene of trial, he dropped a tear, or, better still, an adverbial *ly* upon the false grammar, and blotted it out forever.

I comprehended the scene at once. I had been there. I felt again the remorseless swash of the water over neat boots and immaculate hose; I saw the perverse intricacies of its meanderings over the carpet, upon which the “foolish” pitcher had been confidently deposited; I knew, beyond the necessity of ocular demonstration, that, as sure as there were “pipe-hole” or crack in the ceiling of the study below, those inanimate things would inevitably put their evil heads together, and bring to

grief the long-suffering Dominie, with whom, during my day, such inundations had been of at least bi-weekly occurrence, instigated by crinoline. The inherent wickedness of that “thing of beauty” will be acknowledged by all mankind, and by every female not reduced to the deplorable poverty of the heroine of the following veracious anecdote.

A certain good bishop, on making a tour of inspection through a mission-school of his diocese, was so impressed by the aspect of all its beneficiaries that his heart overflowed with joy, and he exclaimed to a little maiden whose appearance was particularly suggestive of creature-comforts, — “Why, my little girl! you have everything that heart can wish, have n’t you?” Imagine the bewilderment and horror of the prelate, when the miniature Flora McFlimsey drew down the corners of her mouth lugubriously, and sought to accommodate the puffs and dimples of her fat little body to an expression of abject misery, as she replied, — “No, indeed, Sir! I have n’t got any — skeleton!”

We who have suffered know the disposition of graceless “skeletons” to hang themselves on “foolish” pitchers, bureau-knobs, rockers, cobble-stones, splinters, nails, and, indeed, any projection a tenth of a line beyond a dead level.

The mention of nails is suggestive of voluminous distresses. Country-parsonages, from some inexplicable reason, are wont to bristle all over with these impish assailants of human comfort.

I never ventured to leave my masculine relatives to their own devices for more than twenty-four consecutive hours, that I did not return to find that they had seemingly manifested their grief at my absence after the old Hebraic method, (“more honored in the breach than the observance,”) by rending their garments. When summoned to their account, the invariable defence has been a vehement denunciation of some particular *nail* as the guilty cause of my woes.

By the way, O Christian woman of the nineteenth century, did it ever enter



## BEFORE VICKSBURG.

MAY 19, 1863.

*G. H. Baker.*

97-

WHILE Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire  
 That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,  
 And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,  
 And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed;  
 Back from the front there came,  
 Weeping and sorely lame,  
 The merest child, the youngest face  
 Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stiffing his tears, he limped his chief to meet;  
 But when he paused, and tottering stood,  
 Around the circle of his little feet  
 There spread a pool of bright, young blood.  
 Shocked at his doleful case,  
 Sherman cried, "Halt! front face!  
 Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"  
 "A drummer, Sir: — Fifty-Fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send  
 Some cartridges: our men are out;  
 And the foe press us." "But, my little friend" —  
 "Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?  
 What if our men be driven?  
 Oh, for the love of Heaven,  
 Send to my Colonel, General dear!"  
 "But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop  
 Angels might envy dimmed his eye,  
 As the boy, toiling towards the hill's hard top,  
 Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry  
 Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!  
 We'll win the battle yet!  
 But let our soldiers have some more,  
 More cartridges, Sir, — calibre fifty-four!"

## OUR VISIT TO RICHMOND.

J. R. Gilmore.

## WHY WE WENT THERE.

WHY my companion, the Rev. Dr. Jaquess, Colonel of the Seventy-Third Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, recently went to Richmond, and the circumstances attending his previous visit within the Rebel lines, — when he wore his uniform, and mixed openly with scores of leading Confederates, — I shall shortly make known to the public in a volume called “Down in Tennessee.” It may now, however, be asked why I, a “civil” individual, and not in the pay of Government, became his travelling-companion, and, at a time when all the world was rushing North to the mountains and the watering-places, journeyed South for a conference with the arch-Rebel, in the hot and dangerous latitude of Virginia.

Did it never occur to you, reader, when you have undertaken to account for some of the simplest of your own actions, how many good reasons have arisen in your mind, every one of which has justified you in concluding that you were of “sound and disposing understanding”? So, now, in looking inward for the why and the wherefore which I know will be demanded of me at the threshold of this article, I find half a dozen reasons for my visit to Richmond, any one of which ought to prove that I am a sensible man, altogether too sensible to go on so long a journey, in the heat of midsummer, for the mere pleasure of the thing. Some of these reasons I will enumerate.

First: Very many honest people at the North sincerely believe that the revolted States will return to the Union, if assured of protection to their peculiar institution. The Government having declared that no State shall be readmitted which has not first abolished Slavery, these people hold it responsible for the continuance of the war. It is, therefore, important to know whether the Rebel States will or will not return, if allowed to retain

Slavery. Mr. Jefferson Davis could, undoubtedly, answer that question; and that may have been a reason why I went to see him.

Second: On the second of July last, C. C. Clay, of Alabama, J. P. Holcombe, of Virginia, and G. N. Sanders, of nowhere in particular, appeared at Niagara Falls, and publicly announced that they were there to confer with the Democratic leaders in reference to the Chicago nomination. Very soon thereafter, a few friends of the Administration received intimations from those gentlemen that they were Commissioners from the Rebel Government, with authority to negotiate preliminaries of peace on something like the following basis, namely: A restoration of the Union as it was; all negroes actually freed by the war to be declared free, and all negroes not actually freed by the war to be declared slaves.

These overtures were not considered sincere. They seemed concocted to embarrass the Government, to throw upon it the odium of continuing the war, and thus to secure the triumph of the peace-traitors at the November election. The scheme, if well managed, threatened to be dangerous, by uniting the Peace-men, the Copperheads, and such of the Republicans as love peace better than principle, in one opposition, willing to make a peace that would be inconsistent with the safety and dignity of the country. It was, therefore, important to discover — what was then in doubt — whether the Rebel envoys really had, or had not, any official authority.

Within fifteen days of the appearance of these “Peace Commissioners,” Jefferson Davis had said to an eminent Secession divine, who, late in June, came through the Union lines by the Maryland back-door, that he would make peace on no other terms than a recognition of Southern Independence. (He might, however, agree to two govern-

ments, bound together by a league offensive and defensive, — for all external purposes *one*, for all internal purposes *two*; but he would agree to nothing better.)

There was reason to consider this information trustworthy, and to believe Mr Davis (who was supposed to be a clear-minded man) altogether ignorant of the doings of his Niagara satellites. If this were true, and were proven to be true, — if the *great* Rebel should reiterate this declaration in the presence of a trustworthy witness, at the very time when the *small* Rebels were opening their Quaker guns on the country, — would not the Niagara negotiators be stripped of their false colors, and their low schemes be exposed to the scorn of all honest men, North and South?

I may have thought so; and that may have been another reason why I went to Richmond.

Third: I had been acquainted with Colonel Jaquess's peace-movements from their inception. Early in June last he wrote me from a battle-field in Georgia, announcing his intention of again visiting the Rebels, and asking an interview with me at a designated place. We met, and went to Washington together. Arriving there, I became aware that obstacles were in the way of his further progress. Those obstacles could be removed by my accompanying him; and that, to those who know the man and his "mission," which is to preach peace on earth and good-will among men, would seem a very good reason why I went to Richmond.

Fourth, — and this to very many may appear as potent as any of the preceding reasons, — I had in my boyhood a strange fancy for church-belfries and liberty-poles. This fancy led me, in school-vacations, to perch my small self for hours on the cross-beams in the old belfry, and to climb to the very top of the tall pole which still surmounts the little village-green. In my youth, this feeling was simply a spirit of adventure; but as I grew older it deepened into a reverence

for what those old bells said, and a love for the principle of which that old liberty-pole is now only a crumbling symbol.

Had not events shown that Jeff. Davis had never seen that old liberty-pole, and never heard the chimes which still ring out from that old belfry? Who knew, in these days when every wood-sawyer has a "mission," but I had a "mission," and it was to tell the Rebel President that Northern liberty-poles still stand for Freedom, and that Northern church-bells still peal out, "Liberty throughout the land, to *all* the inhabitants thereof?"

If that *was* my mission, will anybody blame me for fanning Mr. Davis with a "blast" of cool Northern "wind" in this hot weather?

But enough of mystification. The straightforward reader wants a straightforward reason, and he shall have it.

We went to Richmond because we hoped to pave the way for negotiations that would result in peace.

If we should succeed, the consciousness of having served the country would, we thought, pay our expenses. If we should fail, but return safely, we might still serve the country by making public the cause of our failure. If we should fail, and *not* return safely, but be shot or hanged as spies, — as we might be, for we could have no protection from our Government, and no safe-conduct from the Rebels, — two lives would be added to the thousands already sacrificed to this Rebellion, but they would as effectually serve the country as if lost on the battle-field.

These are the reasons, and the only reasons, why we went to Richmond.

#### HOW WE WENT THERE.

We went there in an ambulance, and we went together, — the Colonel and I; and though two men were never more unlike, we worked together like two brothers, or like two halves of a pair of shears. That we got *in* was owing, perhaps, to me; that we got *out* was due altogether



to him; and a man more cool, more brave, more self-reliant, and more self-devoted than that quiet "Western parson" it never was my fortune to encounter.

When the far-away Boston bells were sounding nine, on the morning of Saturday, the sixteenth of July, we took our glorious Massachusetts General by the hand, and said to him, —

"Good bye. If you do not see us within ten days, you will know we have 'gone up.'"

"If I do not see you within that time," he replied, "I'll demand you; and if they don't produce you, body and soul, I'll take two for one, — better men than you are, — and hang them higher than Haman. My hand on that. Good bye."

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the same day, mounted on two raw-boned relics of Sheridan's great raid, and armed with a letter to Jeff. Davis, a white cambric handkerchief tied to a short stick, and an honest face, — this last was the Colonel's, — we rode up to the Rebel lines. A ragged, yellow-faced boy, with a carbine in one hand, and another white handkerchief tied to another short stick in the other, came out to meet us.

"Can you tell us, my man, where to find Judge Ould, the Exchange Commissioner?"

"Yas. Him and t'other 'Change officers is over ter the plantation beyont Miss Grover's. Ye 'll know it by its hevin' nary door nur winder [the mansion, he meant]. They's all busted in. Foller the bridle-path through the timber, and keep your rag a-flyin', fur our boys is thicker 'n huckleberries in them woods, and they mought pop ye, ef they did n't seed it."

Thanking him, we turned our horses into the "timber," and, galloping rapidly on, soon came in sight of the deserted plantation. Lolling on the grass, in the shade of the windowless mansion, we found the Confederate officials. They rose as we approached; and one of us said to the Judge, — a courteous, middle-aged gentleman, in a Panama hat, and a suit of spotless white drillings, —

"We are late, but it's your fault. Your people fired at us down the river, and we had to turn back and come over-land."

"You don't suppose they saw your flag?"

"No. It was hidden by the trees; but a shot came uncomfortably near us. It struck the water, and ricocheted not three yards off. A little nearer, and it would have shortened me by a head, and the Colonel by two feet."

"That would have been a sad thing for you; but a miss, you know, is as good as a mile," said the Judge, evidently enjoying the "joke."

"We hear Grant was in the boat that followed yours, and was struck while at dinner," remarked Captain Hatch, the Judge's Adjutant, — a gentleman, and about the best-looking man in the Confederacy.

"Indeed! Do you believe it?"

"I don't know, of course"; and his looks asked for an answer. We gave none, for all such information is contraband. We might have told him that Grant, Butler, and Foster examined their position from Mrs. Grover's house, — about four hundred yards distant, — two hours after the Rebel cannon-ball danced a break-down on the Lieutenant-General's dinner-table.

We were then introduced to the other officials, — Major Henniken of the War Department, a young man formerly of New York, but now scorning the imputation of being a Yankee, and Mr. Charles Javins, of the Provost-Guard of Richmond. This latter individual was our shadow in Dixie. He was of medium height, stoutly built, with a short, thick neck, and arms and shoulders denoting great strength. He looked a natural-born jailer, and much such a character as a timid man would not care to encounter, except at long range of a rifle warranted to fire twenty shots a minute, and to hit every time.

To give us a *moonlight view* of the Richmond fortifications, the Judge proposed to start after sundown; and as it

wanted some hours of that time, we seated ourselves on the ground, and entered into conversation. The treatment of our prisoners, the *status* of black troops, and non-combatants, and all the questions which have led to the suspension of exchanges, had been good-naturedly discussed, when the Captain, looking up from one of the Northern papers we had brought him, said, —

“Do you know, it mortifies me that you don’t hate us as we hate you? You kill us as Agassiz kills a fly, — because you love us.”

“Of course we do. The North is being crucified for love of the South.”

“If you love us so, why don’t you let us go?” asked the Judge, rather curtly.

“For that very reason, — because we love you. If we let you go, with slavery, and your notions of ‘empire,’ you’d run straight to barbarism and the Devil.”

“We’d take the risk of that. But let me tell you, if you are going to Mr. Davis with any such ideas, you might as well turn back at once. He can make peace on no other basis than Independence. Recognition must be the beginning, middle, and ending of all negotiations. Our people will accept peace on no other terms.”

“I think you are wrong there,” said the Colonel. “When I was here a year ago, I met many of your leading men, and they all assured me they wanted peace and reunion, even at the sacrifice of slavery. Within a week, a man you venerate and love has met me at Baltimore, and besought me to come here, and offer Mr. Davis peace on such conditions.”

“That may be. Some of our old men, who are weak in the knees, may want peace on any terms; but the Southern people will not have it without Independence. Mr. Davis knows them, and you will find he will insist upon that. Concede that, and we’ll not quarrel about minor matters.”

“We’ll not quarrel at all. But it’s sundown, and time we were ‘on to Richmond.’”

“That’s the ‘Tribune’ cry,” said the Captain, rising; “and I hurrah for the ‘Tribune,’ for it’s honest, and — I want my supper.”

We all laughed, and the Judge ordered the horses. As we were about to start, I said to him, —

“You’ve forgotten our parole.”

“Oh, never mind that. We’ll attend to that at Richmond.”

Stepping into his carriage, and unfurling the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a “short cut,” across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high-road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow — Mr. Javins — sitting between us and the twilight, and Jack, a “likely ducky,” almost the sole survivor of his master’s twelve hundred slaves, (“De ress all stole, Massa, — stole by you Yankees,”) occupying the front-seat, and with a stout whip “working our passage” to Richmond.

Much that was amusing and interesting occurred during our three-hours’ journey, but regard for our word forbids my relating it. Suffice it to say, we saw the “frowning fortifications,” we “flanked” the “invincible army,” and, at ten o’clock that night, planted our flag (against a lamp-post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel, —

“Button your outside-coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here.”

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 60. It was a large, square room in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare, white walls, smeared with soot and tobacco-juice. Several chairs, a marble-top table, and a pine wash-stand and clothes-press straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown gray with longing for soapsuds and a

wash-tub. The plainer and humbler of these beds was designed for the burly Mr. Javins; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the "law of nations," had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantel-piece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that Jane Jackson had run up a washing-score of fifty dollars!

I was congratulating 'myself' on not having to pay that woman's laundry-bills, when the Judge said, —

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked, —

"The landlord swears you 're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper-things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks, and Georgia mosquitoes, in a way that showed we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a quiet smoke over, our entertainers rose to go. As the Judge bade us good-night, he said to us, —

"In the morning you had better address a note to Mr. Benjamin, asking the interview with the President. I will call at ten o'clock, and take it to him."

"Very well. But will Mr. Davis see us on Sunday?"

"Oh, that will make no difference."

#### WHAT WE DID THERE.

THE next morning, after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. Javins, we indited a note — of which the

following is a copy — to the Confederate Secretary of State.

"Spotswood House, Richmond, Va.

"July 17th, 1864.

"Hon. J. P. Benjamin,

"Secretary of State, etc.

"DEAR SIR, — The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President Davis.

"They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States Government, and with the sentiments of the Northern people relative to an adjustment of the differences existing between the North and the South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President Davis and themselves may open the way to such *official* negotiations as will result in restoring PEACE to the two sections of our distracted country.

"They, therefore, ask an interview with the President, and awaiting your reply, are

"Truly and respectfully yours."

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called, as he had appointed, we sent it — together with a commendatory letter I had received, on setting out, from a near relative of Mr. Davis — to the Rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge Ould returned, saying, — "Mr. Benjamin sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

¶ We found the Secretary — a short, plump, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain — in the northwest room of the "United States" Custom-House. Over the door of this room were the words, "State Department," and round its walls were hung a few maps and battle-plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books, — among which I noticed Headley's "History," Loss-



ing's "Pictorial," Parton's "Butler," Greeley's "American Conflict," a complete set of the "Rebellion Record," and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of the "Atlantic Monthly,"—and in the centre of the apartment was a black-walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "state-papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge Ould introduced us, took our hands, and said,—

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you, Gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the open letter you bring from——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated."

As we took the proffered seats, the Colonel, drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said,—

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. Benjamin. We trust you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is, indeed; and for that reason we are here to see Mr. Davis. Can we see him, Sir?"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your Government?"

"No, Sir. We bring no overtures and have no authority from our Government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms will be acceptable to Mr. Davis. If they at all harmonize with Mr. Lincoln's views, we will report them to him, and so open the door for official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. Lincoln, in any way, authorize you to come here?"

"No, Sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say, distinctly, we have no official, or unofficial, authority. We come as men and Christians, not as diplomatists, hoping, in a frank

talk with Mr. Davis, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, Gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advice,—and I think he will,—he will meet you. He will be at church this afternoon; so, suppose you call here at nine this evening. If anything should occur in the mean time to prevent his seeing you, I will let you know through Judge Ould."

Throughout this interview the manner of the Secretary was cordial; but with this cordiality was a strange constraint and diffidence, almost amounting to timidity, which struck both my companion and myself. Contrasting his manner with the quiet dignity of the Colonel, I almost fancied our positions reversed,—that, instead of our being in his power, the Secretary was in ours, and momentarily expecting to hear some unwelcome sentence from our lips. There is something, after all, in moral power. Mr. Benjamin does not possess it, nor is he a great man. He has a keen, shrewd, ready intellect, but not the *stamina* to originate, or even to execute, any great good or great wickedness.

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street,—I should like to tell who they were and how they looked, but such information is just now contraband,—we called again, at nine o'clock, at the State Department.

Mr. Benjamin occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare, thin-featured man, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a clear, gray eye full of life and vigor. He had a broad, massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated, and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes,—though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of grayish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and, as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His man-

ners were simple, easy, and quite fascinating; and he threw an indescribable charm into his voice, as he extended his hand, and said to us, —

"I am glad to see you, Gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States under Franklin Pierce, and who is now the heart, soul, and brains of the Southern Confederacy!

His manner put me entirely at my ease, — the Colonel would be at his, if he stood before Cæsar, — and I replied, —

"We thank you, Mr. Davis. It is not often you meet men of our clothes, and our principles, in Richmond."

"Not often, — not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. Benjamin tells me you have asked to see me, to" —

And he paused, as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied, —

"Yes, Sir. We have asked this interview in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war can be stopped. Our people want peace, — your people do, and your Congress has recently said that *you* do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive, — that is, so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone, and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves, — the right of self-government."

"No, Sir," I remarked. "We would

deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and, Mr. Davis, *could* two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly, — with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but *we* cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, Sir," said the Colonel, "does not really exist. *We* meet and talk here as friends; our soldiers meet and fraternize with each other; and I feel sure, that, if the Union were restored, a more friendly feeling would arise between us than has ever existed. The war has made us know and respect each other better than before. This is the view of very many Southern men; I have had it from many of them, — your leading citizens."

"They are mistaken," replied Mr. Davis. "They do not understand Southern sentiment. How can we feel anything but bitterness towards men who deny us our rights? If you enter my house and drive me out of it, am I not your natural enemy?"

"You put the case too strongly. But we cannot fight forever; the war must end at some time; we must finally agree upon something; can we not agree now, and stop this frightful carnage? We are both Christian men, Mr. Davis. Can *you*, as a Christian man, leave untried any means that may lead to peace?"

"No, I cannot. I desire peace as much as you do. I deplore bloodshed as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on *my* hands, — I can look up to my God and say this. I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it, but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us gov-

ern ourselves; and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight his battle, *unless you acknowledge our right to self-government*. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for Independence,—and that, or extermination, we *will* have.”

“And there are, at least, four and a half millions of us left; so you see you have a work before you,” said Mr. Benjamin, with a decided sneer.

“We have no wish to exterminate you,” answered the Colonel. “I believe what I have said,—that there is no bitterness between the Northern and Southern *people*. The North, I know, loves the South. When peace comes, it will pour money and means into your hands to repair the waste caused by the war; and it would now welcome you back, and forgive you all the loss and bloodshed you have caused. But we *must* crush your armies, and exterminate your Government. And is not that already nearly done? You are wholly without money, and at the end of your resources. Grant has shut you up in Richmond. Sherman is before Atlanta. Had you not, then, better accept honorable terms while you can retain your prestige, and save the pride of the Southern people?”

Mr. Davis smiled.

“I respect your earnestness, Colonel, but you do not seem to understand the situation. We are not exactly shut up in Richmond. If your papers tell the truth, it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. Some weeks ago, Grant crossed the Rapidan to whip Lee, and take Richmond. Lee drove him in the first battle, and then Grant executed what your people call a ‘brilliant flank-movement,’ and fought Lee again. Lee drove him a second time, and then Grant made another ‘flank-movement’; and so they kept on,—Lee whipping, and Grant flanking,—until Grant got where he is now. And what is the net result? Grant has lost seventy-five or eighty thousand men, — *more than Lee had at the outset,*

—and is no nearer taking Richmond than at first; and Lee, whose front has never been broken, holds him completely in check, and has men enough to spare to invade Maryland, and threaten Washington! Sherman, to be sure, *is* before Atlanta; but suppose he is, and suppose he takes it? You know, that, the farther he goes from his base of supplies, the weaker he grows, and the more disastrous defeat will be to him. And defeat *may* come. So, in a military view, I should certainly say our position was better than yours.

“As to money: we are richer than you are. You smile; but admit that our paper is worth nothing,—it answers as a circulating-medium; and we hold it all ourselves. If every dollar of it were lost, we should, as we have no foreign debt, be none the poorer. But it is worth something; it has the solid basis of a large cotton-crop, while yours rests on nothing, and you owe all the world. As to resources: we do not lack for arms or ammunition, and we have still a wide territory from which to gather supplies. So, you see, we are not in extremities. But if we were,—if we were without money, without food, without weapons,—if our whole country were devastated, and our armies crushed and disbanded,—could we, without giving up our manhood, give up our right to govern ourselves? Would *you* not rather die, and feel yourself a man, than live, and be subject to a foreign power?”

“From your stand-point there is force in what you say,” replied the Colonel. “But we did not come here to argue with you, Mr. Davis. We came, hoping to find some honorable way to peace; and I am grieved to hear you say what you do. When I have seen your young men dying on the battle-field, and your old men, women, and children starving in their homes, I have felt I could risk my life to save them. For that reason I am here; and I am grieved, grieved, that there is no hope.”

“I know your motives, Colonel Jaquess, and I honor you for them; but what can



I do more than I am doing? I would give my poor life, gladly, if it would bring peace and good-will to the two countries; but it would not. It is with your own people you should labor. It is they who desolate our homes, burn our wheat-fields, break the wheels of wagons carrying away our women and children, and destroy supplies meant for our sick and wounded. At your door lies all the misery and the crime of this war,—and it is a fearful, fearful account."

"Not all of it, Mr. Davis. I admit a fearful account, but it is not *all* at our door. The passions of both sides are aroused. Unarmed men are hanged, prisoners are shot down in cold blood, by yourselves. Elements of barbarism are entering the war on both sides, that should make us—you and me, as Christian men—shudder to think of. In God's name, then, let us stop it. Let us do something, concede something, to bring about peace. You cannot expect, with only four and a half millions, as Mr. Benjamin says you have, to hold out forever against twenty millions."

Again Mr. Davis smiled.

"Do you suppose there are twenty millions at the North determined to crush us?"

"I do,—to crush your *government*. A small number of our people, a very small number, are your friends,—Secessionists. The rest differ about measures and candidates, but are united in the determination to sustain the Union. Whoever is elected in November, he *must be* committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Davis still looking incredulous, I remarked, —

"It is so, Sir. Whoever tells you otherwise deceives you. I think I know Northern sentiment, and I assure you it is so. You know we have a system of lyceum-lecturing in our large towns. At the close of these lectures, it is the custom of the people to come upon the platform and talk with the lecturer. This gives him an excellent opportunity

of learning public sentiment. Last winter I lectured before nearly a hundred of such associations, all over the North,—from Dubuque to Bangor,—and I took pains to ascertain the feeling of the people. I found a unanimous determination to crush the Rebellion and save the Union at every sacrifice. The majority are in favor of Mr. Lincoln, and nearly all of those opposed to him are opposed to him because they think he does not fight you with enough vigor. The radical Republicans, who go for slave-suffrage and thorough confiscation, are those who will defeat him, if he is defeated. But if he is defeated before the people, the House will elect a worse man,—I mean, worse for you. It is more radical than he is,—you can see that from Mr. Ashley's Reconstruction Bill,—and the people are more radical than the House. Mr. Lincoln, I know, is about to call out five hundred thousand more men, and I can't see how you *can* resist much longer; but if you do, you will only deepen the radical feeling of the Northern people. They will now give you fair, honorable, *generous* terms; but let them suffer much more, let there be a dead man in every house, as there is now in every village, and they will give you *no* terms,—they will insist on hanging every Rebel south of — Pardon my terms. I mean no offence."

"You give no offence," he replied, smiling very pleasantly. "I would n't have you pick your words. This is a frank, free talk, and I like you the better for saying what you think. Go on."

"I was merely going to say, that, let the Northern people once really feel the war,—they do not feel it yet,—and they will insist on hanging every one of your leaders."

"Well, admitting all you say, I can't see how it affects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up the right of self-government one of those things."

"By self-government you mean disunion, — Southern Independence?"

"Yes."

"And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest."

"No, it is not, it never was an *essential* element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and never observed those differences?"

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, Sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your government and ours is narrowed down to this: Union or Disunion."

"Yes; or to put it in other words: Independence or Subjugation."

"Then the two governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no alternative but to fight it out. But it is not so with the people. They are tired of fighting, and want peace; and as they bear all the burden and suffering of the war, is it not right they should have peace, and have it on such terms as they like?"

"I don't understand you. Be a little more explicit."

"Well, suppose the two governments should agree to something like this: To go to the people with two propositions: say, Peace, with Disunion and Southern Independence, as your proposition,—and Peace, with Union, Emancipation, No Confiscation, and Universal Amnesty, as ours. Let the citizens of all the United States (as they existed before the war) vote 'Yes,' or 'No,' on these two propositions, at a special election within sixty days. If a majority votes Disunion, our government to be bound by it, and to let you go in peace. If a majority votes Union, yours to be bound by it, and

to stay in peace. The two governments can contract in this way, and the people, though constitutionally unable to decide on peace or war, can elect which of the two propositions shall govern their rulers. Let Lee and Grant, meanwhile, agree to an armistice. This would sheathe the sword; and if once sheathed, it would never again be drawn by this generation."

"The plan is altogether impracticable. If the South were only one State, it might work; but as it is, if one Southern State objected to emancipation, it would nullify the whole thing; for you are aware the people of Virginia cannot vote slavery out of South Carolina, nor the people of South Carolina vote it out of Virginia."

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the Constitution. Let it be done in that way,—in any way, so that it be done by the people. I am not a statesman or a politician, and I do not know just how such a plan could be carried out; but you get the idea,—that the PEOPLE shall decide the question."

"That the *majority* shall decide it, you mean. We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

"But the majority must rule finally, either with bullets or ballots."

"I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules, or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, Sir, the man who should go before the Southern people with such a proposition, with *any* proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the domestic relations of the South, could not live here a day. He would be hanged to the first tree, without judge or jury."

"Allow me to doubt that. I think it more likely he would be hanged, if he let the Southern people know the majority could not rule," I replied, smiling.

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good-humoredly. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South."

"But, seriously, Sir, you let the majority rule in a single State; why not let it rule in the whole country?"

"Because the States are independent and sovereign. The country is not. It is only a confederation of States; or rather it *was*: it is now *two* confederations."

"Then we are not a *people*, — we are only a political partnership?"

"That is all."

"Your very name, Sir, '*United States*,' implies that," said Mr. Benjamin. "But, tell me, are the terms you have named—Emancipation, No Confiscation, and Universal Amnesty—the terms which Mr. Lincoln authorized you to offer us?"

"No, Sir, Mr. Lincoln did not authorize me to offer you any terms. But I *think* both he and the Northern people, for the sake of peace, would assent to some such conditions."

"They are *very* generous," replied Mr. Davis, for the first time during the interview showing some angry feeling.

"But Amnesty, Sir, applies to criminals. We have committed no crime. Confiscation is of no account, unless you can enforce it. And Emancipation! You have already emancipated nearly two millions of our slaves, — and if you will take care of them, you may emancipate the rest. I had a few when the war began. I was of some use to them; they never were of any to me. Against their will you 'emancipated' them; and you may 'emancipate' every negro in the Confederacy, but *we will be free!* We will govern ourselves. We *will* do it, if we have to see every Southern plantation sacked, and every Southern city in flames."

"I see, Mr. Davis, it is useless to continue this conversation," I replied; "and you will pardon us, if we have seemed to press our views with too much pertinacity. We love the old flag, and that must be our apology for intruding upon you at all."

"You have not intruded upon me," he replied, resuming his usual manner. "I am glad to have met you, both. I

once loved the old flag as well as you do; I would have died for it; but now it is to me only the emblem of oppression."

"I hope the day may never come, Mr. Davis, when I say that," said the Colonel.

A half-hour's conversation on other topics — not of public interest — ensued, and then we rose to go. As we did so, the Rebel President gave me his hand, and, bidding me a kindly good-bye, expressed the hope of seeing me again in Richmond in happier times, — when peace should have returned; but with the Colonel his parting was particularly cordial. Taking his hand in both of his, he said to him, —

"Colonel, I respect your character and your motives, and I wish you well, — I wish you every good I can wish you consistently with the interests of the Confederacy."

The quiet, straightforward bearing and magnificent moral courage of our "fighting parson" had evidently impressed Mr. Davis very favorably.

As we were leaving the room, he added, —

"Say to Mr. Lincoln from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our Independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other."

When we went out, Mr. Benjamin called Judge Ould, who had been waiting during the whole interview — two hours — at the other end of the hall, and we passed down the stairway together. As I put my arm within that of the Judge, he said to me, —

"Well, what is the result?"

"Nothing but war, — war to the knife."

"Ephraim is joined to his idols, — let him alone," added the Colonel, solemnly.

I should like to relate the incidents of the next day, when we visited Castle Thunder, Libby Prison, and the hospitals occupied by our wounded; but the limits of a magazine-article will not permit. I can only say that at sundown we passed out of the Rebel lines, and at ten



o'clock that night stretched our tired limbs on the "downy" cots in General Butler's tent, thankful, devoutly thankful, that we were once again under the folds of the old flag.

Thus ended our visit to Richmond. I have endeavored to sketch it faithfully. The conversation with Mr. Davis I took down shortly after entering the Union lines, and I have tried to report his exact language, extenuating nothing, and coloring nothing that he said. Some of his sentences, as I read them over, appear stilted and high-flown, but they did not sound so when uttered. As listened to, they seemed the simple, natural language of his thought. He spoke deliberately, apparently weighing every word, and knowing well that all he said would be given to the public.

He is a man of peculiar ability. Our interview with him explained to me why, with no money and no commerce, with nearly every one of their important cities

in our hands, and with an army greatly inferior in numbers and equipment to ours, the Rebels have held out so long. It is because of the sagacity, energy, and indomitable will of Jefferson Davis. Without him the Rebellion would crumble to pieces in a day; with him it may continue to be, even in disaster, a power that will tax the whole energy and resources of the nation.

The Southern masses want peace. Many of the Southern leaders want it, — both my companion and I, by correspondence and intercourse with them, know this; but there can be no peace so long as Mr. Davis controls the South. Ignoring slavery, he himself states the issue, — the only issue with him, — Union, or Disunion. That is it. We must conquer, or be conquered. We can negotiate only with the bayonet. We can have peace and union only by putting forth all our strength, crushing the Southern armies, and overthrowing the Southern government.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin.* By JAMES PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. Two Volumes. 8vo.

To appreciate the importance of this work, we must remember that it covers more than three-fourths of a century full of great events, if not of great men; that it begins with Boston and Philadelphia as small provincial towns, and leaves them the thriving capitals of independent States; that it finds colonial energy struggling with metropolitan jealousy and ignorance; that it follows the struggle through all its phases, until the restrictions of the mother became oppression, and the love of the children was converted into hatred; that it traces the growth and expansion of American industry, — the dawn of American invention, so full of promise, — the development of the principle of self-government, so full of power, — the bitter contest, so full

of lessons which, used aright, might have spared us more than half the blood and treasure of the present war.

To appreciate the difficulty of this work, we must remember that the inner and the outer life of the subject of it are equally full of marvels; that, beginning by cutting off candle-wicks in a tallow-chandler's shop in Boston, he ended as the greatest scientific discoverer among those men renowned for science who composed the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Sciences of Paris; that, with the aid of an odd volume of the "Spectator," used according to his own conception of the best way of using it, he made himself master of a pure, simple, graceful, and effective English style; that the opinions and maxims which he drew from his own observation and reflection have passed into the daily life of millions, warning, strengthening, cheering, and guiding; that he succeeded in

the most difficult negotiations, was a leader of public opinion on the most important questions, and, holding his way cheerfully, resolutely, and lovingly to the end, left the world wiser in many things, and in some better, for the eighty-four years that he had passed in it.

Nor must we forget, that, among the many things which this wonderful old man did, was to tell us half the story of his own life, and with such unaffected simplicity, such evident sincerity, and such attractive grace, as to make it — as far as it goes — the most perfect production of its class. Then why attempt to do it over again? is the question that naturally springs to every lip, on reading the title of Mr. Parton's book.

Mr. Parton has anticipated this question, and answered it. "Autobiography is one of the most interesting and valuable kinds of composition; but autobiography can never be accepted *in lieu* of biography, because to no man is the gift given of seeing himself as others see him. Rousseau's Confessions are a miracle of candor: they reveal much concerning a certain weak, wandering, diseased, miserable, wicked Jean Jacques; but of that marvellous Rousseau whose writings thrilled Europe they contain how much? Not one word. Madame D'Arblay's Diary relates a thousand pleasant things, but it does not tell us what manner of person Madame D'Arblay was. Franklin's Autobiography gives agreeable information respecting a sagacious shopkeeper of Philadelphia, but has little to impart to us respecting the grand Franklin, the world's Franklin, the philosopher, the statesman, the philanthropist. A man cannot reveal his best self, nor, unless he is a Rousseau, his worst. Perhaps he never knows either."

The basis of Mr. Parton's work is, as the basis of every satisfactory biography must be, the writings of its subject. "After all," he says, "Dr. Jared Sparks's excellent edition of the 'Life and Works of Franklin,' is the source of the greater part of the information we possess concerning him. . . . The libraries, the public records, and the private collections of England, France, and the United States, were so diligently searched by Dr. Sparks, that, though seven previous editions of the works of Franklin had appeared, he was able to add to his publication the astonish-

ing number of six hundred and fifty pieces of Dr. Franklin's composition never before collected, of which four hundred and fifty had never before appeared in print. To unwearied diligence in collecting Dr. Sparks added an admirable talent in elucidating. His notes are always such as an intelligent reader would desire, and they usually contain all the information needed for a perfect understanding of the matter in hand. Dr. Sparks's edition is a monument at once to the memory of Benjamin Franklin and to his own diligence, tact, and faithfulness." We take great pleasure in copying this passage, both because it seems to illustrate the spirit which Mr. Parton brought to his task, and because the value of Mr. Sparks's labors have not always been so freely acknowledged by those who have been freest in their use of them.

To a careful study of those volumes Mr. Parton has added patient and extensive research among the newspapers and magazines of the time, and, apparently, a wide range of general reading. Thus he has filled his work with facts, some curious, some new, and all interesting, as well in their bearing upon the times as upon the man. He is a good delver, a good interpreter, — not merely bringing facts to the light, but compelling them to give out, like Correggio's pictures, a light of their own. He possesses, too, in an eminent degree, the power of forming for himself a conception of his subject as a whole, keeping it constantly before his mind in the elaboration of the parts, and thus bringing it vividly before the mind of the reader. Franklin's true place in history has never before been assigned him upon such incontrovertible evidence.

If we were to undertake to name the parts of this work which have given us most satisfaction, we should, although with some hesitation, name the admirable chapters which Mr. Parton has devoted to Franklin's diplomatic labors in England and France. In none of his good works has that great man been more exposed to calumny, or treated with more barefaced ingratitude by those who profited most by them, than in bringing to light the dangerous letters of Hutchinson and Oliver. Even within the last few years, the apologetic biographer of John Adams repeats the ac-

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XIV.—OCTOBER, 1864.—NO. LXXXIV.

## A NIGHT IN THE WATER. *C*

THAT was a pleasant life on picquet, in the delicious early summer of the South, and among the endless flowery forests of that blossoming isle. In the retrospect, I seem to see myself adrift upon a horse's back amid a sea of roses. The various outposts were within a five-mile radius, and it was one long, delightful gallop, day and night. I have a faint impression that the moon shone steadily every night for two months; and yet I remember certain periods of such dense darkness that in riding through the wood-paths it was really unsafe to go beyond a walk, for fear of branches above and roots below; and one of my officers was once shot at by a Rebel scout who stood unperceived at his horse's bridle.

We lived in a dilapidated plantation-house, the walls scrawled with capital charcoal-sketches by R., of the New Hampshire Fourth, with a good map of the island and its paths by C. of the First Massachusetts Cavalry; there was a tangled garden, full of neglected roses and camellias, and we filled the great fireplace with magnolias by day and with logs by night; I slept on a sort of shelf

99-  
in the corner, bequeathed to me by Major F., my jovial predecessor,—and if I waked up at any time, I could put my head through the broken window, arouse my orderly, and ride off to see if I could catch a picquet asleep. I spell the word with a *q*, because such was the highest authority, in that Department at least, and they used to say at post head-quarters that so soon as the officer in command of the outposts grew negligent, and was guilty of a *k*, he was instantly ordered in.

To those doing outpost-duty on an island, however large, the main-land has all the fascination of forbidden fruit, and on a scale bounded only by the horizon. Emerson says that every house looks ideal until we enter it,—and it is certainly so, if it be just the other side of the hostile lines. Every grove in that blue distance appears enchanted ground, and yonder loitering gray-back, leading his horse to water in the farthest distance, makes one thrill with a desire to hail him, to shoot at him, to capture him, to do anything to bridge this inexorable dumb space that lies between. A boyish feeling, no doubt, and one that time diminishes, without ef-



facing; yet it is a feeling which lies at the bottom of many rash actions in war, and of some brilliant ones. For one, I could never quite outgrow it, though restricted by duty from doing many foolish things in consequence, and also restrained by reverence for certain confidential advisers whom I had always at hand, and who considered it their mission to keep me always on short rations of personal adventure. Indeed, most of that sort of entertainment in the army devolves upon scouts detailed for the purpose, volunteer aides-de-camp and newspaper-reporters,—other officers being expected to be about business more prosaic.

All the excitements of war are quadrupled by darkness; and as I rode along our outer lines at night, and watched the glimmering flames which at regular intervals starred the opposite river-shore, the longing was irresistible to cross the barrier of dusk, and see whether it were men or ghosts who hovered round those dying embers. I had yielded to these impulses in boat-adventures by night,—for it was a part of my instructions to obtain all possible information about the Rebel outposts,—and fascinating indeed it was to glide along, noiselessly paddling, with a dusky guide, through the endless intricacies of those Southern marshes, scaring the reed-birds, which wailed and fled away into the darkness, and penetrating several miles into the interior, between hostile fires, where discovery might be death. Yet there were drawbacks as to these enterprises, since it is not easy for a boat to cross still water, even on the darkest night, without being seen by watchful eyes; and, moreover, the extremes of high and low tide transform so completely the whole condition of those rivers that it needs very nice calculation to do one's work at precisely the right time. To vary the experiment, I had often thought of trying a personal reconnoissance by swimming, at a certain point, whenever circumstances should make it an object.

The opportunity at last arrived, and I shall never forget the glee with which,

after several postponements, I finally rode forth, a little before midnight, on a night which seemed made for the purpose. I had, of course, kept my own secret, and was entirely alone. The great Southern fire-flies were out, not haunting the low ground merely, like ours, but rising to the loftiest tree-tops with weird illumination, and anon hovering so low that my horse often stepped the higher to avoid them. The dewy Cherokee roses brushed my face, the solemn "Chuck-will's-widow" croaked her incantation, and the rabbits raced phantom-like across the shadowy road. Slowly in the darkness I followed the well-known path to the spot where our most advanced outposts were stationed, holding a causeway which thrust itself far out across the separating river,—thus fronting a similar causeway on the other side, while a channel of perhaps three hundred yards, once traversed by a ferry-boat, rolled between. At low tide this channel was the whole river, with broad, oozy marshes on each side; at high tide the marshes were submerged, and the stream was a mile wide. This was the point which I had selected. To ascertain the numbers and position of the picquet on the opposite causeway was my first object, as it was a matter on which no two of our officers agreed.

To this point, therefore, I rode, and dismounting, after being duly challenged by the sentinel at the causeway-head, walked down the long and lonely path. The tide was well up, though still on the flood, as I desired; and each visible tuft of marsh-grass might, but for its motionlessness, have been a prowling boat. Dark as the night had appeared, the water was pale, smooth, and phosphorescent, and I remember that the phrase "wan water," so familiar in the Scottish ballads, struck me just then as peculiarly appropriate. A gentle breeze, from which I had hoped for a ripple, had utterly died away, and it was a warm, breathless Southern night. There was no sound but the faint swash of the coming tide, the noises of the reed-birds in the marshes, and the occasional leap of a fish; and it seemed to my over-

strained ear as if every footstep of my own must be heard for miles. However, I could have no more postponements, and the thing must be tried now or never.

Reaching the farther end of the causeway, I found my men couched, like black statues, behind the slight earthwork there constructed. I expected that my proposed immersion would rather bewilder them, but knew that they would say nothing, as usual. As for the lieutenant on that post, he was a steady, matter-of-fact, perfectly disciplined Englishman, who wore a Crimean medal, and never asked a superfluous question in his life. If I had casually remarked to him, "Mr. Hooker, the General has ordered me on a brief personal reconnoissance to the Planet Jupiter, and I wish you to take care of my watch, lest it should be damaged by the Precession of the Equinoxes," he would have responded with a brief "All right, Sir," and a quick military gesture, and have put the thing in his pocket. As it was, I simply gave him the watch, and remarked that I was going to take a swim.

I do not remember ever to have experienced a greater sense of exhilaration than when I slipped noiselessly into the placid water, and struck out into the smooth, eddying current for the opposite shore. The night was so still and lovely, my black statues looked so dream-like at their posts behind the low earthwork, the opposite arm of the causeway stretched so invitingly from the Rebel main, the horizon glimmered so low around me, — for it always appears lower to a swimmer than even to an oarsman, — that I seemed floating in some concave globe, some magic crystal, of which I was the enchanted centre. With each little ripple of my steady progress all things hovered and changed; the stars danced and nodded above; where the stars ended, the great Southern fire-flies began; and closer than the fire-flies, there clung round me a halo of phosphorescent sparkles from the soft salt water.

Had I told any one of my purpose, I should have had warnings and remonstrances enough. The few negroes who

did not believe in alligators believed in sharks; the skeptics as to sharks were orthodox in respect to alligators; while those who rejected both had private prejudices as to snapping-turtles. The surgeon would have threatened intermittent fever, the first assistant rheumatism, and the second assistant congestive chills; non-swimmers would have predicted exhaustion, and swimmers cramp; and all this before coming within bullet-range of any hospitalities on the other shore. But I knew the folly of most alarms about reptiles and fishes; man's imagination peoples the water with many things which do not belong there, or prefer to keep out of his way, if they do; fevers and congestions were the surgeon's business, and I always kept people to their own department; cramp and exhaustion were dangers I could measure, as I had often done; bullets were a more substantial danger, and I must take the chance, — if a loon could dive at the flash, why not I? If I were once ashore, I should have to cope with the Rebels on their own ground, which they knew better than I; but the water was my ground, where I, too, had been at home from boyhood.

I swam as swiftly and softly as I could, although it seemed as if water never had been so still before. It appeared impossible that anything uncanny should hide beneath that lovely mirror; and yet when some floating wisp of reeds suddenly coiled itself around my neck, or some unknown thing, drifting deeper, coldly touched my foot, it gave that undefinable sense of shudder which every swimmer knows, and which especially appeals to the imagination by night. Sometimes a slight sip of brackish water would enter my lips, — for I naturally tried to swim as low as possible, — and then would follow a slight gasping and contest against choking, such as seemed to me a perfect convulsion; for I suppose the tendency to choke and sneeze is always enhanced by the circumstance that one's life may depend on keeping still, just as yawning becomes irresistible where to yawn would be social ruin, and just as one is

sure to sleep in church, if one sits in a conspicuous pew. At other times, some unguarded motion would create a splashing which seemed, in the tension of my senses, to be loud enough to be heard at Richmond, although it really mattered not, since there are fishes in those rivers which make as much noise on special occasions as if they were misguided young whales.

As I drew near the opposite shore, the dark causeway projected more and more distinctly, to my fancy at least, and I swam more softly still, utterly uncertain as to how far, in the stillness of air and water, my phosphorescent course could be traced by eye or ear. A slight ripple would have saved me from observation, I was more than ever sure, and I would have whistled for a fair wind as eagerly as any sailor, but that my breath was worth more than anything it was likely to bring. The water became smoother and smoother, and nothing broke the dim surface except a few clumps of rushes and my unfortunate head. The outside of this member gradually assumed to its inside a gigantic magnitude; it had always annoyed me at the hatter's from a merely animal bigness, with no commensurate contents to show for it, and now I detested it more than ever. A physical feeling of turgescence and congestion in that region, such as swimmers often feel, probably increased the impression. I thought with envy of the Aztec children, of the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow, of Saint Somebody with his head tucked under his arm. Plotinus was less ashamed of his whole body than I of this inconsiderate and stupid appendage. To be sure, I might swim for a certain distance under water. But that accomplishment I had reserved for a retreat, for I knew that the longer I stayed down the more surely I should have to snort like a walrus when I came up again, and to approach an enemy with such a demonstration was not to be thought of.

Suddenly a dog barked. We had certain information that a pack of hounds was kept at a Rebel station a few miles off,

on purpose to hunt runaways, and I had heard from the negroes almost fabulous accounts of the instinct of these animals. I knew, that, although water baffled their scent, they yet could recognize in some manner the approach of any person across water as readily as by land; and of the vigilance of all dogs by night every traveller among Southern plantations has ample demonstration. I was now so near that I could dimly see the figures of men moving to and fro upon the end of the causeway, and could hear the dull knock, when one struck his foot against a piece of timber.

As my first object was to ascertain whether there were sentinels at that time at that precise point, I saw that I was approaching the end of my experiment. Could I have once reached the causeway unnoticed, I could have lurked in the water beneath its projecting timbers, and perhaps made my way along the main shore, as I had known fugitive slaves to do, while coming from that side. Or had there been any ripple on the water, to confuse the aroused and watchful eyes, I could have made a circuit and approached the causeway at another point, though I had already satisfied myself that there was only a narrow channel on each side of it, even at high tide, and not, as on our side, a broad expanse of water. Indeed, this knowledge alone was worth all the trouble I had taken, and to attempt much more than this, in the face of a curiosity already roused, would have been a waste of future opportunities. I could try again, with the benefit of this new knowledge, on a point where the statements of the negroes had always been contradictory.

Resolving, however, to continue the observation a very little longer, since the water felt much warmer than I had expected, and there was no sense of chill or fatigue, I grasped at some wisps of straw or rushes that floated near, gathering them round my face a little, and then, drifting nearer the wharf in what seemed a sort of eddy, was able, without creating further alarm, to make some additional observations on points which it



is not best now to particularize. Then, turning my back upon the mysterious shore which had thus far lured me, I sank softly below the surface and swam as far as I could under water.

During this unseen retreat, I heard, of course, all manner of gurglings and hollow reverberations, and could fancy as many rifle-shots as I pleased. But on rising to the surface all seemed quiet, and even I did not create as much noise as I should have expected. I was now at a safe distance, since they were always chary of showing their boats, and they would hardly take personally to the water. What with absorbed attention first, and this submersion afterwards, I had lost all my bearings but the stars, having been long out of sight of my original point of departure. However, the difficulties of the return were nothing; making a slight allowance for the flood-tide, which could not yet have turned, I should soon regain the place I had left. So I struck out freshly against the smooth water, feeling just a little stiffened by the exertion, and with an occasional chill running up the back of the neck, but with no nips from sharks, no nudges from alligators, and not a symptom of fever-and-ague.

Time I could not, of course, measure, — one never can, in a novel position; but, after a reasonable amount of swimming, I began to look, with a natural interest, for the pier which I had quitted. I noticed, with some solicitude, that the woods along the friendly shore made one continuous shadow, and that the line of low bushes on the long causeway could scarcely be relieved against them, yet I knew where they ought to be, and the more doubtful I felt about it, the more I put down my doubts, as if they were unreasonable children. One can scarcely conceive of the alteration made in familiar objects by bringing the eye as low as the horizon, especially by night; to distinguish foreshortening is impossible, and every low near object is equivalent to one higher and more remote. Still I had the stars; and soon my eye, more practised, was enabled to select one precise

line of bushes as that which marked the causeway, and for which I must direct my course.

As I swam steadily, but with some sense of fatigue, towards this phantom-line, I found it difficult to keep my faith steady and my progress true; everything appeared to shift and waver, in the uncertain light. The distant trees seemed not trees, but bushes, and the bushes seemed not exactly bushes, but might, after all, be distant trees. Could I be so confident, that, out of all that low stretch of shore, I could select the one precise point where the friendly causeway stretched its long arm to receive me from the water? How easily (some tempter whispered at my ear) might one swerve a little, on either side, and be compelled to flounder over half a mile of oozy marsh on an ebbing tide, before reaching our own shore and that hospitable volley of bullets with which it would probably greet me! Had I not already (thus the tempter continued) been swimming rather unaccountably far, supposing me on a straight track for that inviting spot where my sentinels and my drapery were awaiting my return?

Suddenly I felt a sensation as of fine ribbons drawn softly across my person, and I found myself among some rushes. But what business had rushes there, or I among them? I knew that there was not a solitary spot of shoal in the deep channel where I supposed myself swimming, and it was plain in an instant that I had somehow missed my course, and must be getting among the marshes. I felt confident, to be sure, that I could not have widely erred, but was guiding my course for the proper side of the river. But whether I had drifted above or below the causeway I had not the slightest clue to tell.

I pushed steadily forward, with some increasing sense of lassitude, passing one marshy islet after another, all seeming strangely out of place, and sometimes just reaching with my foot a soft tremulous shoal which gave scarce the shadow of a support, though even that shadow rested my feet. At one of these moments

of stillness, it suddenly occurred to my perception (what nothing but this slight contact could have assured me, in the darkness) that I was in a powerful current, and that this current set *the wrong way*. Instantly a flood of new intelligence came. Either I had unconsciously turned and was rapidly nearing the Rebel shore,—a suspicion which a glance at the stars corrected,—or else it was the tide itself which had turned, and which was sweeping me down the river with all its force, and was also sucking away at every moment the narrowing water from that treacherous expanse of mud out of whose horrible miry embrace I had lately helped to rescue a shipwrecked crew.

Either alternative was rather formidable. I can distinctly remember that for about one half-minute the whole vast universe appeared to swim in the same watery uncertainty in which I floated. I began to doubt everything, to distrust the stars, the line of low bushes for which I was wearily striving, the very land on which they grew, if such visionary things could be rooted anywhere. Doubts trembled in my mind like the weltering water, and that awful sensation of *having one's feet unsupported*, which benumbs the spent swimmer's heart, seemed to clutch at mine, though not yet to enter it. I was more absorbed in that singular sensation of nightmare, such as one may feel equally when lost by land or by water, as if one's own position were all right, but the place looked for had somehow been preternaturally abolished out of the universe. At best, might not a man in the water lose all his power of direction, and so move in an endless circle until he sank exhausted? It required a deliberate and conscious effort to keep my brain quite cool. I have not the reputation of being of an excitable temperament, but the contrary; yet I could at that moment see my way to a condition in which one might become insane in an instant. It was as if a fissure opened somewhere, and I saw my way into a mad-house; then it closed, and everything went on as before. Once in

my life I had obtained a slight glimpse of the same sensation, and then too, strangely enough, while swimming,—in the mightiest ocean-surge into which I had ever dared plunge my mortal body. Keats hints at the same sudden emotion, in a wild poem written among the Scottish mountains. It was not the distinctive sensation which drowning men are said to have, that spasmodic passing in review of one's whole personal history. I had no well-defined anxiety, felt no fear, was moved to no prayer, did not give a thought to home or friends; only it swept over me, as with a sudden tempest, that, if I meant to get back to my own camp, I must keep my wits about me. I must not dwell on any other alternative, any more than a boy who climbs a precipice must look down. Imagination had no business here. That way madness lay. There was a shore somewhere be *re* me, and I must get to it, by the ordinary means, before the ebb laid bare the flats, or swept me below the lower bends of the stream. That was all.

Suddenly a light gleamed for an instant before me, as if from a house in a grove of great trees upon a bank; and I knew that it came from the window of a ruined plantation-building, where our most advanced outposts had their headquarters. The flash revealed to me every point of the situation. I saw at once where I was, and how I got there: that the tide had turned while I was swimming, and with a much briefer interval of slack-water than I had been led to suppose,—that I had been swept a good way down-stream, and was far beyond all possibility of regaining the point I had left. Could I, however, retain my strength to swim one or two hundred yards farther, of which I had no doubt, and if the water did not ebb too rapidly, of which I had more fear, then I was quite safe. Every stroke took me more and more out of the power of the current, and there might even be an eddy. I could not afford to be carried down much farther, for there the channel made

a sweep toward the wrong side of the river; but there was now no reason why this should happen. I could dismiss all fear, indeed, except that of being fired upon by our own sentinels, many of whom were then new recruits, and with the usual disposition to shoot first and investigate afterwards.

I found myself swimming in shallow and shallower water, and the flats seemed almost bare when I neared the shore, where the great gnarled branches of the live-oaks hung far over the muddy bank. Floating on my back for noiselessness, I paddled rapidly in with my hands, expecting momentarily to hear the challenge of the picquet, and the ominous click so likely to follow. I knew that some one should be pacing to and fro, along that beat, but could not tell at what point he might be at that precise moment. Besides, there was a faint possibility that some chatty corporal might have carried the news of my bath thus far along the line, and they might be partially prepared for this unexpected visitor. Suddenly, like another flash, came the quick, quaint challenge, —

“Halt! Who’s go dar?”

“F-friend with the c-c-countersign,” retorted I, with chilly, but conciliatory energy, rising at full length out of the shallow water, to show myself a man and a brother.

“Ac-vance, friend, and give de countersign,” responded the literal soldier, who at such a time would have accosted a spirit of light or goblin damned with no other formula.

I advanced and gave it, he recognizing my voice at once. And then and there, as I stood, a dripping ghost, beneath the trees before him, the unconscionable fellow, wishing to exhaust upon me the utmost resources of military hospitality, deliberately *presented arms*.

Now a soldier on picquet, or at night, usually presents arms to nobody; but a sentinel on camp-guard by day is expected to perform that ceremony to anything

in human shape that has two rows of buttons. Here was a human shape, but so utterly buttonless that it exhibited not even a rag to which a button could by any earthly possibility be appended, buttonless even potentially; and my blameless Ethiopian presented arms to even this. Where, then, are the theories of Carlyle, the axioms of “Sartor Resartus,” the inability of humanity to conceive “a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords?” Cautioning my adherent, however, as to the proprieties suitable for such occasions thenceforward, I left him watching the river with renewed vigilance, and awaiting the next merman who should report himself.

Finding my way to the building, I hunted up a sergeant and a blanket, got a fire kindled in the dismantled chimney, and sat before it in my single garment, like a moist, but undismayed Choctaw, until my horse and clothing could be brought round from the Causeway. It seemed strange that the morning had not yet dawned, after the uncounted periods that must have elapsed; but when my wardrobe arrived, I looked at my watch and found that my night in the water had lasted precisely one hour.

Galloping home, I turned in with alacrity, and without a drop of whiskey, and waked a few hours after in excellent condition. The rapid changes of which that Department has seen so many — and, perhaps, to so little purpose — soon transferred us to a different scene. I have been on other scouts since then, and by various processes, but never with a zest so novel as was afforded by that night’s experience. The thing soon got wind in the regiment, and led to only one ill consequence, so far as I know. It rather suppressed a way I had of lecturing the officers on the importance of reducing their personal baggage to a minimum. They got a trick of congratulating me, very respectfully, on the thoroughness with which I had once conformed my practice to my precepts.



## ON A LATE VENDUE.

THE red flag—not the red flag of the loathed and deadly pestilence that has destroyed so many lives and disfigured so many fair and so many manly countenances, but (in some circumstances) the scarcely less ominous flag of the auctioneer—has been displayed from the handsome and substantial red-brick house in Kensington-Place Gardens, London, in which Thackeray lately lived, and in which he wrote the opening chapters of his last and never-to-be-completed work, which we are all reading with mingled pleasure and regret.

I rejoice to see the flags and pennants gracefully waving from the masts of the outward or the inward bound ship; to see our beautiful national ensign,—the ensign that is destined sooner or later, so all loyal and patriotic men and women hope and believe, triumphantly to float over the largest, the freest, the happiest, the most prosperous country in the whole wide world,—to see the stars and stripes fluttering in the breeze from the city flag-staff and the village liberty-pole; to see the dancing banners and the fluttering pennons of a regiment of brave and stalwart men marching in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war to the defence of their country in this her hour of danger and of need. As a child, I loved to see the colors of the holiday-soldiers flapping in the wind and flaunting in the sun on “muster-day.” Nay, was not an uncle of mine (he is an old man now, and is fond of bragging of the brave days of old, when he was a gay and gallant sunshine-soldier) the standard-bearer of a once famous company of fair-weather soldiers?—dead now, most of them, and their

“bones are dust,

And their good swords rust”;

—and did not this daring and heroic uncle of mine, while bravely upbearing his gorgeous silken banner (a gift of the beautiful and all-accomplished ladies of

Seaport) in a well-contested sham fight, receive, from the accidental discharge of a field-piece, an honorable and soldier-like wound, and of which he ever after boasted louder, and took more pride in, than the bravest veteran in Grant’s gallant army of the scars and injuries received at the siege of Vicksburg? And no wonder at that, perhaps. For you will find hundreds who have been cut by the sword or pierced by the bullet of a Rebel, to one who has been ever so slightly wounded upon a holiday training-field.

But I never could, and I never shall, abide the sight of the red and ruthless flag of the vendue-master. ’T is a signal that death is still busy, and that to many the love of money is greater than the love of friends and of those nearer and dearer than friends,—that fortune is fickle and that prosperity has fled,—that humbugs and sharpers are alive and active. ’T is a reminder—and therefore may have its use in the world—of our mortality, an admonisher of our pride, a represser of our love of greed and gain. ’T is evidently an invention of Satan’s, this selling by vendue; and perhaps the first auction was that by which Cain sold the house and furniture of his brother Abel, then lately deceased. If there were no such thing in the world as death and misfortune and humbug, that bit of blood-colored bunting would be but seldom flaunting in the wind.

Charles Lamb counsels those who would enjoy true peace and quiet to retire into a Quaker meeting; and if our sentimental readers (and for such only is this paper written) would find wherewithal to feed and pamper their melancholy, let them follow the mercenary flags, and become haunters of auctions,—let them attend the sales of the effects of their deceased friends and acquaintances,—let them see A’s favorite horse, or B’s favorite country-seat, or

C's favorite books and pictures knocked down, amid the laughter of the crowd and the smart sayings and witty retorts of the auctioneer, to the highest bidder, — and they will be sadder, if not wiser, men than they were before. Such scenes should have more effect on them than all the fine sermons on the vanities and nothings of life ever preached. Sir Richard Steele, in his beautiful paper, in the "Tatler," on "The Death of Friends," says, in speaking of his mother's sorrow for his father's death, there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport that made pity the weakness of his heart ever since; and perhaps it is owing to the impressions I received at the first auction I ever attended that I am now an inveterate sentimentalist.

How well I remember that auction! Looking back "through the dim patterns of the mind" into the far-off days of my childhood, I see, among other things, the large and comfortable mansion — it was the home of plenty and the temple of hospitality — in which I passed some of the goldenest hours of my boyhood. But the finest play has an end, and the sweetest feasts and the merriest pastimes do not last forever. Very suddenly, indeed, did my visits to that happy home cease. For my good friends of the "great house" — the dearest old lady and the kindest and merriest old gentleman that ever patted a little boy on the head — were both seized (oh, woe the day!) by a terrible disease, and died in spite of all that the great doctor from Boston did to cure them. The last time I entered the dear old house was on a beautiful balmy summer morning; the birds were singing as I have never heard them sing since, and all Nature seemed as glad and exultant as if death, misfortune, and auctioneers were banished from the world. I found there, in place of the late kind host and hostess, a crowd — so they seemed to me — of rude and coarse-minded people; and I saw the hateful red flag of the auctioneer hanging over the door.

An eagle in a dove-cot, a fox in a barn-

yard, a wolf among sheep, is mild, merciful, and humane, when compared with the flock of human vultures that had invaded this once happy residence, and were greedily stripping it of all that the taste and the wealth of its late occupants had furnished it with. Should I live to be a thousand years old, I do not think I should forget the unladylike proceedings of sundry old women at that auction. With what a free and contemptuous manner they examined the fine old furniture, and handled the fine old china, and coolly rummaged and ransacked every nook and corner, and peeped and pried into every box, chest, and closet that was not locked! And their tongues, you may be sure, were not idle the while!

The auctioneer was a little dried-up mummy of a man, the ugliness of whose countenance was, as it were, emphasized by a disagreeable leer which would ever and anon deepen into a broad grin; this man, with his dreary jokes and vapid small-talk, was equally repulsive to me.

Oh, the tap of his little hammer did knock against my very heart!

Of all the hammers in this busy and hammering world, from the huge forge-hammer with which the brawny blacksmith deals telling blows upon the glowing iron and beats it into shape, to the tiny hammer that the watchmaker so deftly handles, the ivory-headed, ebony-handled instrument of the auctioneer is the most potent. From the day it was first upraised by the original auctioneer — the nameless and unknown founder of a mighty line of auctioneers — over the chattels of some unfortunate mortal, to the present time, when the red flag is constantly waving in all the great cities and towns of the world, what an immense amount of property of all kinds and descriptions has come under that little instrument! At its fall the ancestral acres of how many spendthrift heirs have passed away from their families forever into the hands of wealthy plebeian parvenus! By a few strokes Dives's splendid mansion, and Cræsus's magnificent country-seat, and Phaëton's famous fast

horses become the property of others. At its tap human beings have been sold into worse than Egyptian bondage.

Horace Walpole confidently hoped that his famous collection of *virtù* would be the envy and admiration of the relic-mongers and the curiosity-seekers of two or three hundred years hence: but he had not been dead fifty years before the red flag was waving over Strawberry Hill, and it was not taken down till the villa had been despoiled of all the curious and costly toys and bawbles with which it was packed and crammed. At each stroke of the hammer,—and for four-and-twenty days the quaint Gothic mansion resounded with the “Going, going, gone” of the auctioneer,—at every stroke of the hammer Walpole must have turned uneasily in his grave: for at every stroke of that fatal implement some beautiful miniature, or rare engraving, or fine painting, or precious old coin, or beloved old vase, or bit of curious old armor, or equally curious relic of the olden time, passed into the possession of some unknown person or other.

And the Duke of Roxburghe’s magnificent collection of rare, curious, and valuable books, in the gathering of which he spent a goodly portion of his life, and evinced the policy and finesse of the most wily statesman and the shrewdness and cunning of a Jew money-lender, was soon after his decease scattered, by the hammer of Evans, over England and the Continent. A circumstantial history of this memorable sale was written by Dibdin the bibliomaniac.

I do not, however, grieve much—in deed, to state the precise truth, I do not grieve at all—at the dismantling of Strawberry Hill, or at the sale of the Roxburghe library; but at the vendition of Samuel Johnson’s dusty and dearly loved books (they were sold by Mr. Christie, “at his Great Room in Pall-Mall,” on Wednesday, February 16, 1785) I own to being a trifle sad and sentimental. For Walpole, with all his cleverness, is a man one cannot love; and as for the bibliographical Duke, he evidently thought

more of a rare edition or a unique copy than of all the charms of wit, poetry, or eloquence. I suspect that a splendid binding would please him more than a splendid passage. Whereas Johnson (he was never without a book in his pocket to read at by-times when he had nothing else to do) had a scholar’s love for books, and liked them for what they contained, and not merely because they were rare and costly.

Neither can I think unmoved of the dispersion “under the hammer” of the fine library at Greta Hall, which Southey had taken so much pains and pleasure in collecting, and which was, as his son has observed, the pride of his eyes and the joy of his heart,—a library which contained many a “monarch folio,” and many a fine old quarto, and thousands of small, but precious volumes of ancient lore, and which was particularly rich in rare old Spanish and Portuguese books. Many of the old volumes in this library had seen such hard service, and had been so roughly handled by former owners, that they were in a very ragged condition when they came into Southey’s possession: and as he could not afford to have them equipped in serviceable leather, his daughters and female friends comfortably and neatly clothed them in colored cotton prints. The twelve or fourteen hundred volumes thus bound filled an entire room, which the poet designated as the “Cottonian Library.” I saw, a year or two ago, among the costly and valuable works upon the shelves of a Boston bookstore, two or three volumes of this “Cottonian Library.” They are not there now. Perhaps the lucky purchaser of them may be a reader of this article. If so, let me congratulate him upon possessing such rare and interesting memorials of the famous and immortal biographer of Doctor Daniel Dove of Doncaster.

And sure I am that no gentle reader can contemplate the fate of Charles Lamb’s library without becoming a prey to

“Mild-eyed melancholy.”

Elia’s books,—his “midnight darlings,”



his "folios," his "huge Switzer-like tomes of choice and massy divinity," his "kind-hearted play-books," his book of "Songs and Posies," his rare old treatises, and quaint and curious tractates,—the rich gleanings from the old London book-stalls by one who knew a good book, as Falstaff knew the Prince, by instinct,—books that had been the solace and delight of his life, the inspirers and prompters of his best and noblest thoughts, the food of his mind, and the nourishers of his fancies, ideas, and feelings,—these books, with the exception of those retained by some of Elia's personal friends, were, after Mary Lamb's death, purchased by an enterprising New-York bookseller, and shipped to America, where Lamb has ever had more readers and truer appreciators than in England. The arrival in New York of his "shivering folios" created quite a sensation among the Cisatlantic admirers of "the gentle Elia." The lovers of rare old books and the lovers of Charles Lamb jostled each other in the way to Bartlett and Welford's shop, where the treasures (having escaped the perils of the sea) were safely housed, and where a crowd of *literati* was constantly engaged in examining them.

The sale was attended by a goodly company of book-collectors and book-readers. All the works brought fair prices, and were purchased by (or for) persons in various parts of the country. Among the bidders were (I am told) Geoffrey Crayon,—Mr. Sparrowgrass,—Clark, of the "Knickerbocker" magazine,—that lover of the angle and true disciple of Izaak Walton, the late Rev. Dr. Bethune,—Burton, the comedian,—and other well-known authors, actors, and divines. The black-letter Chaucer—Speght's edition, folio, London, 1598,—the identical copy spoken of by Elia in his letter to Ainsworth, the novelist—was knocked down to Burton for twenty-five dollars. I know not who was the fortunate purchaser of "The Works of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle,"—an especial favorite of Lamb's.

Neither do I know the name of the buyer of "The Works of Michael Drayton." They brought twenty-eight dollars. A number of volumes (one of them my correspondent opines was "The Dunciad," *variorum* edition) were bought by an enthusiastic lover of Elia who came all the way from St. Louis on purpose to attend this auction. The English nation should have purchased Lamb's library. But instead of comfortably filling an alcove or two in the British Museum, it crossed the Atlantic and was widely scattered over the United States of America. Will it ever be brought together again? Ah, me! such things do not happen in the annals of books.

'T is no wonder that the old blind scholar, Bardo de' Bardi, in George Eliot's grand story of "Romola," knowing as he did the usual fate of private libraries, manifested a constant fear that his noble collection of books would be merged in some other library after his death. Every generous soul must heartily despise Tito Melema for basely disposing of Bardo's library for lucre. There are plenty of good people, however, who would uphold him in that transaction. Indeed, do not most of us with unseemly haste and unnatural greed dispose of the effects of our deceased friends and relations? The funeral is hardly over before we begin to get ready for the auction. "I preserve," says Montaigne, "a bit of writing, a seal, a prayer-book, a particular sword, that has been used by my friends and predecessors, and have *not* thrown the long staves my father carried in his hand out of my closet." If the essayist lived in these days, and followed the customs that now obtain, he would send the sword and the staves, along with the other useless and (to him) worthless tokens and remembrancers of the dead and gone Montaignes, to the auction-room, and cheerfully pocket the money they brought.

Thackeray had been dead but a few weeks when a scene similar to the one he has so truthfully described in the seventeenth chapter of "Vanity Fair" occur-

red at his own late residence. The voice of "Mr. Hammerdown" was heard in the house, and the rooms were filled with a motley crowd of auction-haunters and relic-hunters, (among whom, of course, were Mr. Davids and Mr. Moses,) — a rabble-rout of thoughtless and unfeeling men and women, eager to get an "inside view" of the home of the great satirist. The wine in his cellars, — the pictures upon his walls, — the books in his library, — the old "cane-bottomed chair" in which he sat while writing many of his best works, and which he has immortalized in a fine ballad, — the gifts of kind

friends, liberal publishers, and admiring readers, — yea, his house itself, and the land it stands on, — passed under the hammer of the auctioneer. O good white head, low lying in the dust of Kensal Green! it matters little to thee now what becomes of the red brick mansion built so lovingly in the style of Queen Anne's time, and filled with such admirable taste from cellar to roof; but many a pilgrim from these shores will step aside from the roar of London and pay a tribute of remembrance to the house where lived and died the author of "Henry Esmond" and "Vanity Fair."

---

### THE RIDE TO CAMP.

*G. H. Roberts*

WHEN all the leaves were red or brown,  
 Or golden as the summer sun,  
 And now and then came flickering down  
 Upon the grasses hoar and dun,  
 Through which the first faint breath of frost  
 Had as a scorching vapor run,  
 I rode, in solemn fancies lost,  
 To join my troop, whose low tents shone  
 Far vanward to our camping host.  
 Thus as I slowly journeyed on,  
 I was made suddenly aware  
 That I no longer rode alone.  
 Whence came that strange, incongruous pair?  
 Whether to make their presence plain  
 To mortal eyes from earth or air  
 The essence of these spirits twain  
 Had clad itself in human guise,  
 As in a robe, is question vain.  
 I hardly dared to turn my eyes,  
 So faint my heart beat; and my blood,  
 Checked and bewildered with surprise,  
 Within its aching channels stood,  
 And all the soldier in my heart  
 Scarce mustered common hardihood.  
 But as I paused, with lips apart,  
 Strong shame, as with a sturdy arm,  
 Shook me, and made my spirit start,  
 And all my stagnant life grew warm;

Till, with my new-found courage wild,  
Out of my mouth there burst a storm  
Of song, as if I thus beguiled  
My way with careless melody :  
Whereat the silent figures smiled.  
Then from a haughty, asking eye  
I scanned the uninvited pair,  
And waited sternly for reply.  
One shape was more than mortal fair ;  
He seemed embodied out of light ;  
The sunbeams rippled through his hair ;  
His cheeks were of the color bright  
That dyes young evening, and his eyes  
Glowed like twin planets, that to sight  
Increase in lustre and in size,  
The more intent and long our gaze.  
Full on the future's pain and prize,  
Half seen through hanging cloud and haze,  
His steady, far, and yearning look  
Blazed forth beneath his crown of bays.  
His radiant vesture, as it shook,  
Dripped with great drops of golden dew ;  
And at each step his white steed took,  
The sparks beneath his hoof-prints flew,  
As if a half-cooled lava-flood  
He trod, each firm step breaking through.  
This figure seemed so wholly good,  
That as a moth which reels in light,  
Unknown till then, nor understood,  
My dazzled soul swam ; and I might  
Have swooned, and in that presence died,  
From the mere splendor of the sight,  
Had not his lips, serene with pride  
And cold, cruel purpose, made me swerve  
From aught their fierce curl might deride.  
A clarion of a single curve  
Hung at his side by slender bands ;  
And when he blew, with faintest nerve,  
Life burst throughout those lonely lands ;  
Graves yawned to hear, Time stood aghast,  
The whole world rose and clapped its hands.  
Then on the other shape I cast  
My eyes. I know not how or why  
He held my spellbound vision fast.  
Instinctive terror bade me fly,  
But curious wonder checked my will.  
The mysteries of his awful eye,  
So dull, so deep, so dark, so chill,  
And the calm pity of his brow  
And massive features hard and still,  
Lovely, but threatening, and the bow  
Of his sad neck, as if he told



Earth's graves and sorrows as they grow,  
Cast me in musings manifold  
Before his pale, unanswering face.  
A thousand winters might have rolled  
Above his head. I saw no trace  
Of youth or age, of time or change,  
Upon his fixed immortal grace.  
A smell of new-turned mould, a strange,  
Dank, earthen odor from him blew,  
Cold as the icy winds that range  
The moving hills which sailors view  
Floating around the Northern Pole,  
With horrors to the shivering crew.  
His garments, black as mined coal,  
Cast midnight shadows on his way;  
And as his black steed softly stole,  
Cat-like and stealthy, jocund day  
Died out before him, and the grass,  
Then sear and tawny, turned to gray.  
The hardy flowers that will not pass  
For the shrewd autumn's chilling rain  
Closed their bright eyelids, and, alas!  
No summer opened them again.  
The strong trees shuddered at his touch,  
And shook their foliage to the plain.  
A sheaf of darts was in his clutch;  
And wheresoe'er he turned the head  
Of any dart, its power was such  
That Nature quailed with mortal dread,  
And crippling pain and foul disease  
For sorrowing leagues around him spread.  
Whene'er he cast o'er lands and seas  
That fatal shaft, there rose a groan;  
And borne along on every breeze  
Came up the church-bell's solemn tone,  
And cries that swept o'er open graves,  
And equal sobs from cot and throne.  
Against the winds she tasks and braves,  
The tall ship paused, the sailors sighed,  
And something white slid in the waves.  
One lamentation, far and wide,  
Followed behind that flying dart.  
Things soulless and immortal died,  
As if they filled the self-same part;  
The flower, the girl, the oak, the man,  
Made the same dust from pith or heart.  
Then spoke I, calmly as one can  
Who with his purpose curbs his fear,  
And thus to both my question ran:—  
"What two are ye who cross me here,  
Upon these desolated lands,  
Whose open fields lie waste and drear

Beneath the trappings of the bands  
Which two great armies send abroad,  
With swords and torches in their hands ? ”  
To which the bright one, as a god  
Who slowly speaks the words of fate,  
Towards his dark comrade gave a nod,  
And answered : — “ I anticipate  
The thought that is your own reply.  
You know him, or the fear and hate  
Upon your pallid features lie.  
Therefore I need not call him Death :  
But answer, soldier, who am I ? ”  
Thereat, with all his gathered breath,  
He blew his clarion ; and there came,  
From life above and life beneath,  
Pale forms of vapor and of flame,  
Dim likenesses of men who rose  
Above their fellows by a name.  
There curved the Roman’s eagle-nose,  
The Greek’s fair brows, the Persian’s beard,  
The Punic plume, the Norman bows ;  
There the Crusader’s lance was reared ;  
And there, in formal coat and vest,  
Stood modern chiefs ; and one appeared,  
Whose arms were folded on his breast,  
And his round forehead bowed in thought,  
Who shone supreme above the rest.  
Again the bright one quickly caught  
His words up, as the martial line  
Before my eyes dissolved to nought : —  
“ Soldier, these heroes all are mine ;  
And I am Glory ! ” As a tomb  
That groans on opening, “ Say, were thine,”  
Cried the dark figure. “ I consume  
Thee and thy splendors utterly.  
More names have faded in my gloom  
Than chronicles or poesy  
Have kept alive for babbling earth  
To boast of in despite of me.”  
The other cried, in scornful mirth,  
“ Of all that was or is thou curse,  
Thou dost o’errate thy frightful worth !  
Between the cradle and the hearse,  
What one of mine has lived unknown,  
Whether through triumph or reverse ?  
For them the regal jewels shone,  
For them the battled line was spread ;  
Victorious or overthrown,  
My splendor on their path was shed.  
They lived their life, they ruled their day :  
I hold no commerce with the dead.  
Mistake me not, and falsely say,

'Lo, this is slow, laborious Fame,  
 Who cares for what has passed away,' —  
 My twin-born brother, meek and tame,  
 Who troops along with crippled Time,  
 And shrinks at every cry of shame,  
 And halts at every stain and crime;  
 While I, through tears and blood and guilt,  
 Stride on, remorseless and sublime.  
 War with his offspring as thou wilt;  
 Lay thy cold lips against their cheek.  
 The poison or the dagger-hilt  
 Is what my desperate children seek.  
 Their dust is rubbish on the hills;  
 Beyond the grave they would not speak.  
 Shall man surround his days with ills,  
 And live as if his only care  
 Were how to die, while full life thrills  
 His bounding blood? To plan and dare,  
 To use life is life's proper end:  
 Let death come when it will, and where! —  
 "You prattle on, as babes that spend  
 Their morning half within the brink  
 Of the bright heaven from which they wend;  
 But what I am you dare not think.  
 Thick, brooding shadow round me lies;  
 You stare till terror makes you wink;  
 I go not, though you shut your eyes.  
 Unclose again the loathful lid,  
 And lo, I sit beneath the skies,  
 As Sphinx beside the pyramid!"  
 So Death, with solemn rise and fall  
 Of voice, his sombre mind undid.  
 He paused; resuming, — "I am all;  
 I am the refuge and the rest;  
 The heart aches not beneath my pall.  
 O soldier, thou art young, unpressed  
 By snarling grief's increasing swarm;  
 While joy is dancing in thy breast,  
 Fly from the future's fated harm;  
 Rush where the fronts of battle meet,  
 And let me take thee on my arm!"  
 Said Glory, — "Warrior, fear deceit,  
 Where Death gives counsel. Run thy race;  
 Bring the world cringing to thy feet!  
 Surely no better time nor place  
 Than this, where all the Nation calls  
 For help, and weakness and disgrace  
 Lag in her tents and council-halls,  
 And down on aching heart and brain  
 Blow after blow unbroken falls.  
 Her strength flows out through every vein;  
 Mere time consumes her to the core;



Her stubborn pride becomes her bane. .  
In vain she names her children o'er ;  
They fail her in her hour of need ;  
She mourns at desperation's door.  
Be thine the hand to do the deed,  
To seize the sword, to mount the throne,  
And wear the purple as thy meed !  
No heart shall grudge it ; not a groan  
Shall shame thee. Ponder what it were  
To save a land thus twice thy own ! ”  
Use gave a more familiar air  
To my companions ; and I spoke  
My heart out to the ethereal pair : —  
“ When in her wrath the Nation broke  
Her easy rest of love and peace,  
I was the latest who awoke.  
I sighed at passion's mad increase.  
I strained the traitors to my heart.  
I said, ‘ We vex them ; let us cease.’  
I would not play the common part.  
Tamely I heard the Southrons' brag :  
I said, ‘ Their wrongs have made them smart.’  
At length they struck our ancient flag, —  
Their flag as ours, the traitors damned ! —  
And braved it with their patchwork-rag.  
I rose, when other men had calmed  
Their anger in the marching throng ;  
I rose, as might a corpse embalmed,  
Who hears God's mandate, ‘ Right my wrong !’  
I rose and set me to His deed,  
With His great Spirit fixed and strong.  
I swear, that, when I drew this sword,  
And joined the ranks, and sought the strife,  
I drew it in Thy name, O Lord !  
I drew against my brother's life,  
Even as Abraham on his child  
Drew slowly forth his priestly knife.  
No thought of selfish ends defiled  
The holy fire that burned in me ;  
No gnawing care was thus beguiled.  
My children clustered at my knee ;  
Upon my braided soldier's coat  
My wife looked, — ah, so wearily ! —  
It made her tender blue eyes float.  
And when my wheeling rowels rang,  
Or on the floor my sabre smote,  
The sound went through her like a pang.  
I saw this ; and the days to come  
Forewarned me with an iron clang,  
That drowned the music of the drum,  
That made the rousing bugle faint ;  
And yet I sternly left my home, —

Haply to fall by noisome taint  
Of foul disease, without a deed  
To sound in rhyme or shine in paint ;  
But, oh, at least, to drop a seed,  
Humble, but faithful to the last,  
Sown by my Country in her need !  
O Death, come to me, slow or fast ;  
I'll do my duty while I may !  
Though sorrow burdens every blast,  
And want and hardship on me lay  
Their bony gripes, my life is pledged,  
And to my Country given away !  
Nor feel I any hope, new-fledged,  
Arise, strong Glory, at thy voice.  
Our sword the people's will has edged,  
Our rule stands on the people's choice.  
This land would mourn beneath a crown,  
Where born slaves only could rejoice.  
How should the Nation keep it down ?  
What would a despot's fortunes be,  
After his days of strength had flown,  
Amidst this people, proud and free,  
Whose histories from such sources run ?  
The thought is its own mockery.  
I pity the audacious one  
Who may ascend that thorny throne,  
And bide a single setting sun.  
Day dies ; my shadow's length has grown ;  
The sun is sliding down the west.  
That trumpet in my camp was blown.  
From yonder high and wooded crest  
I shall behold my squadron's camp,  
Prepared to sleep its guarded rest  
In the low, misty, poisoned damp  
That wears the strength, and saps the heart,  
And drains the surgeon's watching lamp.  
Hence, phantoms ! in God's peace depart !  
I was not fashioned for your will :  
I scorn the trump, and brave the dart !"  
They grinned defiance, lingering still.  
"I charge ye quit me, in His name  
Who bore His cross against the hill ! —  
By Him who died a death of shame,  
That I might live, and ye might die, —  
By Christ the Martyr !" — As a flame  
Leaps sideways when the wind is high,  
The bright one bounded from my side,  
At that dread name, without reply ;  
And Death drew in his mantle wide,  
And shuddered, and grew ghastly pale,  
As if his dart had pricked his side.  
There came a breath, a lonely wail,

Out of the silence o'er the land ;  
 Whether from souls of bliss or bale,  
 What mortal brain may understand ?  
 Only I marked the phantoms went  
 Closely together, hand in hand,  
 As if upon one errand bent.

## THE TRUE STORY OF LUIGI.

A WHITE dove flew down into the market-place one summer morning, and, undisturbed among all the wheels and hoofs, followed the footsteps of Luigi.

He carried in one hand a sunflower, and thoughtlessly, while it hung there, with nervous fingers scattered the seeds as he went his way. So that the dove cooed in her little swelling throat, gathered what Luigi spilled, and, startled at last by a frisking hound, flew up and alighted on the tray which Luigi's other hand poised airily on his head, and was borne along with all the company of fair white things there in the sunshine.

The street-urchins warned Luigi of the intruder among his wares, and then, slyly putting up his hand, the boy tossed the seeds in a shower about the tray. Off flew the dove, and back with the returning gust she fluttered, and, pausing only to catch her seed, she came and went, wheeling in flashing circles round his head as he pursued his path.

It was at the pretty picture he thus presented, as, having left the market-place, he came upon the higher streets of the town, that a lady, looking from her window, made exclaim. The kind face, the pleasant voice, attracted him ; in a moment after, while she was yet thinking of it, the door was pushed partly open, a dark boy, smiling, appeared, followed by the unslung tray, and a voice like a flute said, —

"*Sono io*, — it is I. Will the lady buy ?"

And then the image-vender showed his wares.

The lady chaffered with him a moment, and at its close he was evidently paying no attention to what she said, but was listening to a voice from the adjoining room, the clear voice of a girl singing her Italian exercises.

His face was in a glow, he bent to catch the words with signalling finger and glittering eyes ; it was plainly neither the deftly sweet accompaniment nor the melody that charmed him, but the language : the language was his own.

With the cadence of the measure the sound was broken capriciously, the book had been thrown down, and the singer herself stood balancing in the doorway between the rooms, a hand on either side, — still lightly trilling her scales, smiling, beaming, blue-eyed, rosy. The sunbeam that entered behind the shade swinging in the wind fell upon the beautiful masses of her light-brown hair, and illumined all the shifting color that played with such delicate suffusion upon her cheek and chin ; her face was a deep, innocent smile of joy ; she would have been dazzling but for the blushes that seemed to go and come with her breath and make her human ; and so much did she embody one's ideal of the first woman that no one wondered when all called her Eve, although her name was Rosamond, and she was the Rose of the World.

Directly Eve saw the boy kneeling



there over his tray, the cast suspended in his hand, as he leaned intently forward with the rich carmine deepening the golden tint of his brow and with that yellow fire in his wine-dark eyes, she ceased singing, and, not hesitating to mimic the well-known call, cried,—

“Images?”

Then Luigi remembered where he was, and answered the question asked five minutes since.

“Signora, seven shillings.”

“That is reasonable, now,” said the lady. “I will have it for that sum. Do you cast these things yourself?”

“My master and I.”

“Have you been long here?”

“Alas! much, much time,” said he, with melancholy earnestness.

“And from what part of Italy did you come?” she kindly asked.

“*Vengo da Roma*,” replied the boy, drawing himself up proudly.

“The Roman peasant is a prince, mamma,” said Eve quickly, in an undertone.

Luigi glanced up instantly and smiled, and offered to her a little plaster cherub, silver-gilt, just spreading wings for flight.

“It is for her,” said he, with an appealing look at the mother. “For her, — *la principessina*. I myself made it.”

No one perceived his adroit under-meaning; but Eva bethought herself of her school-phrases, and venturously selected one.

“*È grazioso!*” said she.

Luigi’s face kindled anew; it seemed as if the sound of his native tongue were like some magic wand that called the blind blood to his cheek or drove it into the pools of his heart; the smile broke all over his face as light dances on burnished gold; he turned to her boldly with outstretched hands, like some one asking an alms.

“Give to me a song,” he said.

“*Volontieri*,” quoth Eve, in hesitating accent, and flitted back to her piano. Without a thought, he followed.

It was a little song of flowers and sunshine that Eve began to carol over the

carolling keys; the words fell into the sweetness of the air, that seemed laden with the morning murmur of bees and blossoms; it was but a verse or two, with a refrain that went repeating all the honeyed burden, till Luigi’s face fairly burned with pleasure, where he stood at timid distance in the doorway.

“*Ciò mi fa bene!* That does me good!” cried he, as she rose. “Ah, Signorina, I am happy here!”

Then he turned and found the elder lady counting out his money. He received the seven shillings quietly, as his due; but when she would have paid him for the cherub, he pushed the silver swiftly back.

“It is a gift!” said he, with spirit.

“No, no,” said Eve. “I should like it, but I must pay for it. You will be so kind as to take the price?” she asked, her hand extended, and a winning grace irradiating all her changing rosy countenance.

A shadow fell over the boy’s face, like that of a cloud skimming down a sunny landscape.

“*A Lei non posso dar un rifiuto*,” said he, meeting her shining eyes; and he gravely gathered the money and slung his tray.

As he raised it, Eve laid along its side a branch of unsullied day-lilies that had been filling the room with their heavy fragrance. The image-boy interested her; he was a visible creature of those foreign fairy-shores of which she had dreamed; that she did anything but show kindness to a vagrant whom she would not see again never crossed her mind; perhaps, too, she liked that Italy, in his person, should admire her, — that was pardonable. But, at the action, the shadow swept away from the boy’s face again, all his lights and darks came flashing out, eyes and teeth and color sparkling in his smile, like sunshine after rain; he made his low obeisance, poised the tray upon his head, and, with a wave of his hand, went out.

“*A rivederla!*” he called back to her from the door, and was gone.

## DEMOCRACY AND THE SECESSION WAR.

THE interest which foreign peoples take in our civil war proceeds from two causes chiefly, though there are minor causes that help swell the force of the current of feeling. The first of these causes is the contemplation of the check which has been given by the war's occurrence to our march to universal American dominion. For about seventy-two years our "progress," as it was called, was more marvellous than the dreams of other nations. In spite of Indian wars, of wars with France and England and Mexico, of depredations on our commerce by France and England and Barbary, of a currency that seemed to have been created for the promotion of bankruptcy and the organization of instability, of biennial changes in our tariffs and systems of revenue, of competition that ought to have been the death of trade,—in spite of these and other evils, this country, in the brief term of one not over-long human life, increased in all respects at a rate to excite the gravest fears in the minds of men who had been nursed on the balance-of-power theory. A new power had intruded itself into the old system, and its disturbing force was beyond all calculation. Between the day on which George Washington took the Presidential oath and the day when South Carolina broke her oath, our population had increased from something like three millions to more than thirty-one millions; and in all the elements of material strength our increase had far exceeded our growth in numbers. When the first Congress of the old Union met, our territory was confined to a strip of land on the western shore of the Atlantic,—and that territory was but sparsely settled. When the thirty-sixth Congress broke up, our territory had extended to the Pacific, on which we had two States, while other communities there were preparing to become States. It did seem as if Cole-ridge's "august conception" was about

to become a great fact. "The possible destiny of the United States of America," said that mighty genius, "as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception." To all appearance in 1860, there would be a hundred millions of freemen here, and not far from twenty millions of slaves, at the close of the nineteenth century; and middle-aged men were not unreasonable in their expectation of seeing the splendid spectacle. The rate of increase in population that we had known warranted their most sanguine hopes. Such a nation,—a nation that should grow its own food, make its own cloths, dig or pick up its own gold and silver and quicksilver, mine its own coal and iron, supply itself, and the rest of the world too, with cotton and tobacco and rice and sugar, and that should have a mercantile tonnage of not less than fifteen millions, and perhaps very much more,—such a nation, we say, it was reasonable to expect the United States would become by the year 1900. But because the thought of it was pleasing to us, we are not to conclude that it would be so to European sovereigns and statesmen. On the contrary, they had abundant reason to dread the accumulation of so much strength in one empire. Even in 1860 we had passed the point at which it was possible for us to have any fear of European nations, or of a European alliance. We had but to will it, and British America, and what there was left of Spanish America and Mexico, would all have been gathered in, reaped by that mowing-machine, the American sword. Had our rulers of that year sought to stave off civil war by plunging us into a foreign war, we could have made ourselves masters of all North America, despite the opposition of all Europe, had all Europe

been ready to try the question with us, whether the Monroe doctrine were a living thing or a dirty skeleton from the past. But all Europe would not have opposed us, seeing that England would have been the principal sufferer from our success; and England is unpopular throughout Continental Europe, — in France, in Germany, and in Russia. Probably the French Emperor would have preferred a true cordial understanding with us to a nominal one with England, and, confining his labors to Europe and the East, would have obtained her “natural boundaries” for France, and supremacy over Egypt. The war might have left but three great powers in the world, namely, France, Russia, and America, or the United States, the latter to include Canada and Mexico, with the Slave-Power’s ascendancy everywhere established in North America. It was on the cards that we might avoid dissension and civil strife by extending the Union, and by invading and conquering the territories of our neighbors. Why this course was not adopted it is not our purpose now to discuss; but that it would have been adopted, if the Secession movement had been directed from the North against the rule of the Democratic party, we are as firmly convinced as we are of the existence of the tax-gatherer, — and no man in this country can now entertain any doubt of his existence, or of his industry and exactions.

When, therefore, our Union was severed in twain by the action of the Southern Secessionists, and the Confederacy was established, it was the most natural thing in the world that most European governments, and by far the larger part of the governing classes in most European nations, should sympathize with the Rebels: not because they altogether approved of what the Rebels avowed to be their principles, or of their scandalous actions in the cause of lawlessness; but because their success would break down a nation that was becoming too strong to have any regard for European opinion, and the continuance and growth of which

were believed to be incompatible with the safety of Europe, and the retention of its controlling position in the world. England was relieved of her fears with regard to her North-American possessions; and Spain saw an end put to those insulting demands that she should sell Cuba, which for years had proceeded from Democratic administrations, — President Buchanan, in the very last days of his term, and while the Union was falling to pieces around him, persisting in a demand which then had become as ridiculous as it had ever been wicked. Austria and Prussia could have no objection to the breaking-up of a nation which had sympathized with Poland, Hungary, and Italy, and which, so far as it acted at all, had acted in behalf of European Liberalism. France, which would have been willing to act with us, had we remained in condition to render our action valuable, had no idea of risking anything in our behalf, and turned her attention to Mexico, as a field well worthy of her cultivation, and which our troubles had laid open to her enterprise and ambition. The kingdom of Italy was of too recent birth to have much influence; and, though its sympathies were with us, it was forced by circumstances to conform to the example of France and England. Even Russia, though unquestionably our friend, and sincerely anxious for our success, probably did not much regret that something had here occurred which might teach us to become less ready to prompt Poles to rebel, and not so eager to help them when in rebellion. Most of the lesser governments of Europe saw our difficulties with satisfaction, because generally they are illiberal in their character, and our example was calculated to render their subjects disaffected.

The feeling of which we speak is one that arose from the rapid growth of this country, and of the fears that that growth had created as to the safety of European States. It had nothing to do with the character of our national polity, or with the political opinions of our people. It



would have existed all the same, if we had been governed by an Autocrat or a Stratocrat, instead of having a movable President for our chief. It would have been as strong, if our national legislature had been as quiescent as Napoleon I.'s Senate, instead of being a reckless and an undignified Congress. It owed its existence to our power, our growth, our ambition, our "reannexing" spirit, our disposition to meddle with the affairs of others, our restlessness, and our frequent avowals of an intention to become masters of all the Occident. We might have been regarded as even more dangerous than we were, had our government been as firmly founded as that of Russia, or had it, like that of France, the power that proceeds at once from the great intellect and the great name of its chief. A Napoleon or a Nicholas at the head of a people so intelligent and so active as Americans would indeed have been a most formidable personage, and likely to employ his power for the disturbance of mankind.

But in addition to the fear that was created by our rapid growth in greatness, the rulers of foreign nations regarded us with apprehension because of our political position. We stood at the head of the popular interest of Christendom, and all that we effected was carried to the credit of popular institutions. We stood in antagonism to the monarchical and aristocratical polities of Europe. The greater our success, the stronger was the testimony borne by our career against the old forms of government. Our example was believed to have brought about that French movement which had shaken the world. The French Revolution was held to be the child of the American Revolution; and if we had accomplished so much in our weak youth, what might not be expected from our example when we should have passed into the state of ripened manhood? Our existence in full proportions would be a protest against hereditary rule and exclusiveness. Imitation would follow, and every existing political interest in Eu-

rope was alarmed at the thought of the attacks to which it was exposed, and which might be precipitated at any moment. On the other hand, if our "experiment" should prove a failure, if democracy should come to utter grief in America, if civil war, debt, and the lessening of the comforts of the masses should be the final result of our attempt to establish the sovereignty of the people, would not the effect be fatal to the popular cause in Europe? Certainly there would be a great reaction, perhaps as great, and even as permanent, as that Catholic reaction which began in the generation that followed the death of Luther, and which has been so forcibly painted by the greatest literary artists of our time. This was the second cause of that interest in our conflict which has prevailed in Europe, which still prevails there, and which has compelled Europeans of all classes, our foes as well as our friends, to turn their attention to our land. "The eyes of the world are upon us!" is a common saying with egotistical communities and parties, and mostly it is ridiculously employed; but it was the soberest of facts for the three years that followed the Battle of Bull Run. If that gaze has latterly lost some of its intensity, it is because the thought of intervention in our quarrel has, to appearance, been abandoned even by the most inveterate of Tories who are not at the same time fools or the hireling advocates of the Confederate cause. Intervention in Mexico, too, whatever its success, has proved a more difficult and a more costly business than was expected, and has indisposed men who wish our fall to be eager in taking any part in bringing it about. It may be, too, that the opinion prevails in Europe that the Rebels are quite equal to the work which there it is desired should here be wrought, and that policy requires that both parties should be allowed to bleed to death, perishing by their own hands. If American democracy is bent upon suicide, why should European aristocrats interfere openly in the conflict?

We admit that the inference which

the European foes of freedom are prepared to draw from our unhappy quarrel would be perfectly correct, if they started from a correct position. If our polity is a democratic polity, and if the end thereof is disunion, civil war, debt, immense suffering, and the fear of the conflict assuming even a social character before it shall have been concluded and peace restored, then is the conclusion inevitable that a democracy is no better than any other form of government, and is as bad as aristocracy or pure monarchy, under both of which modes of governing states there have been civil wars, heavy expenditures, much suffering for all classes of men, and great insecurity for life and property. Assuredly, democracy never could hope for a fairer field than has here existed; and if here it has failed, the friends of democracy must suffer everywhere, and the cause of democracy receive a check from which it cannot hope to recover for generations. As "the horrors of the French Revolution" have proved most prejudicial to the popular cause for seventy years, so must the failure of the American "experiment" prove prejudicial to that cause throughout Christendom. Our failure must be even more prejudicial than that of France; for the French movement was undertaken under circumstances that rendered failure all but certain, whereas ours was entered upon amid the most favoring conditions, such as seemed to make failure wellnigh impossible. But we do not admit that the position assumed by our European enemies is a sound one, and therefore we hold that the conclusion to which they have come, and from which they hope to effect so much for the cause of oppression, is entirely erroneous. Whether we have failed or not, the democratic principle remains unaffected. As we never have believed that our example was fairly quotable by European democrats, even when we appeared to be, and in most respects were, the most successful of constitutionally governed nations, so do we now deny that our failure to preserve

peace in the old Union can be adduced in evidence against the excellence of democracy, as that is understood by the advanced liberals of Europe. As there is nothing in the history of the French Revolution that should make reflecting men averse to constitutional liberty, so is there nothing in the history of our war that should cause such men to become hostile to that democratic idea which, as great observers assure us, is to overcome and govern the world.

If we have failed, *if* our conflict is destined to end in a "general breakdown," so unhappy a close to a grand movement will not be due to the ascendancy of democracy here, but rather to democracy having by us been kept down and depressed. Our polity is not a democratic polity. It was never meant that it should be a democratic polity. Judging from the history of the doings of the national convention which made the Federal Constitution, and of the State conventions which ratified it, we should be justified in saying that the chief object of "the fathers" was to prevent the existence of a democracy in America. Their words and deeds are alike adverse to the notion that democracy had many friends here in the years that followed the achievement of our nationality. What might have happened, had the work of constitution-making been entered upon two or three years later, so that we should have had to read of Frenchmen and Americans engaged at the same time in the same great business, it might be interesting to inquire, as matter of curiosity; but our government under the Constitution had been fairly organized some days before the last States-General of France met, and, much as this country was subsequently influenced by considerations that proceeded from the French Revolution, they did not affect our polity, while they largely affected our policy. Some eminent men, who were much under the influence of French ideas, and others who were democratically inclined by their mental constitution, did not altogether approve

of the polity which had been formed and ratified, and they represented the extreme left of the country, — as others, who thought that polity too liberal, (too feeble, they would have said,) represented the extreme right. These men agreed in nothing but this, that the Federal Constitution was but a temporary contrivance, and destined to last only until one extreme party or the other should succeed in overthrowing it, and substituting for it a polity in which either liberty or power should embody a complete triumph. Probably not one of their number ever dreamed that it would have seventy-two years of unbroken existence, or that the first serious attack made on it would proceed from the quarter whence that attack was destined to come.

That our polity ever should have been looked upon as democratical in its character, as well at home as abroad, is one of the strangest facts in political history. Probably it is owing to some popular expressions in the Constitution itself. "We, the People of the United States," are the first words of the instrument, and they are represented as ordaining and establishing the Constitution. Some of the provisions of the Constitution are of a popular character, beyond doubt; but they are, in most instances, not inspirations, but derived from English experience, — and it will hardly be pretended that England was an armory from which democracy would think of drawing special weapons. Our fathers, as it were, codified English ideas and practices, because they knew them well, and knew them to be good. The two legislative chambers, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, the good-behavior tenure of judges, and generally the modes of procedure, were taken from England; and they are not of democratic origin, while they are due to the action of aristocrats. The English Habeas-Corpus Act has been well described as "the most stringent curb that ever legislation imposed on tyranny"; and that act was the work of the English Whigs, the most aristocratical party that ever existed,

and it was as dear to Tories as to Whigs. Democracy had no more to do with its existence than with the existence of the earth. No democratic movement has ever aimed to extend this blessing to other countries. In forming our judicial system, the men of 1787-'91 paid little regard to democracy, making judges practically independent. There have been but two Chief Justices of the United States for wellnigh sixty-four years, though it is well known that Chief-Justice Marshall was as odious to the Jeffersonians of the early part of the century as Chief-Justice Taney is to the ascendent party of the last four years. Mansfield did not hold his seat more securely in England than Marshall held his in America, though Mansfield was as emphatically a favorite of George III. as Marshall was detestable in the eyes of President Jefferson, who seems to have looked upon the Federal Supreme Court with feelings not unlike to those with which James II. regarded the Habeas-Corpus Act. Had he been the head of a democratic polity, as he was the head of the democratic party, President Jefferson would have got rid of the obnoxious Chief Justice as summarily as ever a Stuart king ridded himself of an independent judge. And he would have been supported by his political friends, — democrats being quite as ready to support tyranny, and to punish independent officials, as ever were aristocrats or monarchists.

The manner in which Congress is constituted ought alone to suffice to show that our polity is thoroughly anti-democratic. The House of Representatives has the appearance of being a popular body; but a popular body it is not, in any extended sense. The right to vote for members of the House is restricted, in some States essentially so. As matters stood during the whole period between the first election of Representatives and the closing days of 1860, a large number of members were chosen as representatives of property in men, a number sufficiently large to decide the



issue of more than one great political question. In the Congress that met in December, 1859, the last Congress of the old *régime*, one eleventh part of the Representatives, or thereabout, represented slaves! Could anything be more opposed to democratic ideas than such a basis of representation as that? Does any one suppose it would be possible to incorporate into a democratic constitution that should be formed for a European nation a provision giving power in the legislature to men because they were slaveholders, allowing them to treat their slaves as beasts from one point of view, and to regard them as men and women from another point of view? Even in the Free States, and down to recent times, large numbers of men have been excluded from voting for Members of Congress because of the closeness of State laws. At this very time, the State of Rhode Island—a State which in opinion has almost invariably been in advance of her sisters—maintains a suffrage-system that is considered illiberal, if not odious, in Massachusetts; and Massachusetts herself is very careful to guard the polls so jealously that she will not allow any man to vote who does not pay roundly for the “privilege” of voting, while she provides other securities that operate so stringently as sometimes to exclude even men who have paid their money. Universal suffrage exists nowhere in the United States, nor has its introduction ever been proposed in any part of this country. The French imperial system of voting approaches much nearer to universality than anything that ever has been known in America; and yet England manages to get along tolerably well with her imperial and democratic neighbor. Perhaps imperialism sweetens democracy for her, just as democracy salts imperialism in France.

But our House of Representatives, as originally constituted, was a democratic body, when compared with “the upper chamber,” the Senate. The very existence of an “upper chamber” was an invasion of democratic ideas. If the peo-

ple are right, why institute a body expressly for the purpose of checking their operations? Yet, in making our Constitution, not only was such a body instituted, but it was rendered as anti-democratic and as aristocratical as it could possibly be made. Its members were limited to two from each State, so that perfect equality between the States existed in the Senate, though one State might have four million inhabitants, and its neighbor not one hundred thousand. How this worked in practice will appear from the statement of a few facts. The year before the war began, the three leading States of the Union, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, had, in round numbers, ten millions of people, and they sent six members to the Senate, or the same number with Delaware, Florida, and Oregon, which had not above a twelfth part as many. Massachusetts had seven times as many people as Rhode Island, and each had two Senators. And so on through the whole roll of States. The Senators are not popularly elected, but are chosen by the State legislatures, and for the long term of six years, while Representatives are elected by the people, every two years. The effect was, that the Senate became the most powerful body in the Republic, which it really ruled during the last twelve years of the old Union's existence, when our Presidents were of the Forcible-Feeble order of men. The English have Mr. Mason in their country, and they make much of him; and he will tell them, if asked, that the Senate was the chief power of the American State in its last days. That it was so testifies most strongly to the fact that our polity is not democratic. Yet it was to the peculiar constitution of the Senate that the seventy-two years of the Union were due; and had nothing occurred to disturb its formation, we should have had no Secession War. There was no danger that Secession could happen but what came from the existence of Slavery; and so long as the number of Slave States and of Free States remained the same, it was impossible to convince

any large portion of the slaveholders that their beloved institution could be put in danger. But latterly the Free States got ahead of the Slave States, and then the Secessionists had an opportunity to labor to some purpose, and that opportunity they did not neglect. It was to preserve the relative position of the two "sections" that the Missouri Compromise was repealed in 1854, in the hope and expectation that several new States might be made that should set up Slavery, and be represented by slaveholders. Had this nefarious scheme succeeded, it would have saved us from the Secession War; but it would have brought other evils upon the country, which, in the long run, might have proved as great as those under which we are now suffering. We were reduced to a choice of evils; and though we chose blindly, it is by no means certain that we did not choose wisely. As in all other cases, the judgment must depend upon the event, —and the judges are gentlemen who sit in courts-martial.

The manner in which the President and Vice-President of the United States were chosen was the reverse of democratical. Each State had the right to cast as many Electoral votes as it had Representatives in Congress, which was a democratic arrangement up to a certain point; but as a score and upward of the Representatives owed their existence to the existence of Slavery, the equality of the arrangement was more apparent than real. Yet farther in the direction of inequality: each State was allowed two Electors who answered to its Senators, which placed New Jersey on a footing with New York, Delaware with Pennsylvania, and Florida with Ohio, in utter disregard of all democratic ideas. The simple creation of Electoral Colleges was an anti-democratic proceeding. The intention of the framers of the Constitution was that the Electors of each State should be a perfectly independent body, and that they should vote according to their own sense of duty. We know that they never formed an in-

dependent body, and that they became at once mere agents of parties. This failure was in part owing to a sort of Chalcedonian blindness in the National Convention of 1787. That convention should have placed the choice of Electors where it placed the choice of Senators, —in the State legislatures. This would not have made the Electors independent, but it would have worked as well as the plan for choosing Senators, which has never been changed, and which it has never been sought to change. The mode of choosing a President by the National House of Representatives, when the people have failed to elect one, is thoroughly anti-democratic. The voting is then by States, the small States being equal to the great ones. Delaware then counts for as much as New York, though Delaware has never had but one Representative, and during one decennial term New York's Representatives numbered forty! Twice in our history — in 1801 and in 1825 — have Presidents been chosen by the House of Representatives.

The manner in which it is provided that amendments to the Constitution shall be effected amounts to a denial of the truth of what is considered to be an American truism, namely, that the majority shall rule. Two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, or two-thirds of the legislatures of the several States, must unite in the first instance, before amendments can be proposed, or a convention called in which to propose them. If thus far effected, they must be ratified by three-fourths of the States, before they can be incorporated into the Constitution. The process is as difficult as that which awaited the proposer of an amendment to the legislation of the Locrian lawgiver, who made his motion with a rope round his neck, with which he was strangled, if that motion was negatived. The provisions of Article V. pay no more attention to the mere majority of the people than Napoleon III. would pay to a request from the majority of Frenchmen to abdicate that imperial

position which he won for himself, and which it is his firm purpose shall remain in his family.

It would be no difficult matter to point out other anti-democratic provisions in our National Constitution; and it would be easy to show that in the Constitutions of most of our States, if not in all of them, there are provisions which flagrantly violate the democratic principle, and of which European democrats never could approve. All through the organic laws of the Nation and the States there are to be found restraints on numbers, as if the leading idea of the Constitution-makers of America were aversion to mere majorities, things that fluctuate from year to year, — almost from day to day, — and therefore are not to be trusted. We are stating the fact, and it does not concern our purpose to discuss the wisdom of what has here been done. How happened it, then, that our polity was so generally regarded as purely democratic in its character? Partly this was owing to the extremely popular nature of all our political action, and to the circumstances of the country not admitting of any struggle between the rich and the poor. Because there was no such struggle, it was inferred that the rich had been conquered by the poor, when the truth was, that, outside of the cities and large towns, there were no poor from whom to form a party. Degrees of wealth, and of means below wealth, there were, and there were poor men; but there was no class of poor people, and hence no material from which to form a proletarian party. In all our great party-conflicts the wealth and talents of the country were not far from equally divided, the wealth and ability of the South being mostly with the democratic party, while those of the North were on the side of their opponents; but to this rule there were considerable exceptions. Foreigners could not understand this; and their conclusion was, that the masses had their own way in America, and that property was at their mercy, as it is said by some writers to have been at the mercy of the

democracy of Athens.\* We were said to have established universal suffrage, when in fact suffrage was limited in every State, and in some States essentially limited, the abuses that from time to time occurred happening in great towns for the most part. Most citizens were legal voters in the larger number of the States; but this was owing, not altogether to the liberal character of our polity or legislation, but to the general prosperity of the country, which made tax-paying easy and intelligence common, and hence caused myriads of men to take a warm interest in politics who in other countries never would have thought of troubling themselves about politics, save in times of universal commotion. The political appearance presented by the country was that of a democracy, beyond all question. America seemed to be a democratic flat to the foreigner. To him the effect was much the same as follows from looking upon a map. Look upon a map, and there is nothing but flatness to be seen, the most perfect equality between all parts of the earth. There are neither mountains nor villages, neither elevations

\* The bad character that is so commonly given to the Athenian polity by the enemies of popular government is by no means deserved, if we can trust the definition of that polity by Pericles, as reported by Thucydides, and translated by that eminent scholar and great historian, Mr. Grote. "We live under a constitution," says Pericles, in the famous funeral speech, "such as noway to envy the laws of our neighbors,—ourselves an example to others, rather than mere imitators. It is called a democracy, since its permanent aim tends toward the Many and not toward the Few: in regard to private matters and disputes, the laws deal equally with every man: while looking to public affairs and to claims of individual influence, every man's chance of advancement is determined, not by party favor, but by real worth, according as his reputation stands in his own particular department: nor does poverty, or obscure station, keep him back, if he really has the means of benefiting the city." This wellnigh makes a political Arcadia of Athens. Yet there is no good reason, after making due allowance for the imperfection of human action, when compared with the theory of a given polity, for doubting the correctness of the picture.



nor chasms, nothing but conventional marks to indicate the existence of such things. The earth is a boundless plain, on which the prairie is as high as Chimborazo. The observer of the real earth knows that such is not the case, and that inequality is the physical world's law. So was it here, to the foreign eye. All appeared to be on the same level, when he looked upon us from his home; but when he came amongst us, he found that matters here differed in no striking respect from those of older nations. Yet so wedded were foreigners to the notion that we were all democrats, and that here the majority did as it pleased them to do, that, but a short time before his death,—which took place just a year before the beginning of the Secession movement,—Lord Macaulay wrote a letter in which he expressed his belief that we should fall because of a struggle between the rich and the poor, for which we had provided by making suffrage universal! He could not have been more ignorant of the real sources of the danger that threatened us, if he had been an American who resolutely closed his eyes, and then would not believe in what he would not see. When such a man could make such a mistake, and supposed that we were to perish from an agrarian revolt,—we being then on the eve of a revolt of the slaveholders,—it cannot be matter for wonder that the common European belief was that the United States constituted a pure and perfect democracy, or that most Europeans of the higher classes should have considered that democracy as the most impure and imperfect of political things.\*

\* One of our English friends, a man of well-earned eminence, says that "extracts from the contemporary literature of America seem to show, that, if the result of the Presidential election of 1860 had been different, separation would have come, not from the South, but from the North." (See *Essays on Fiction*, by Nassau W. Senior, p. 397.) Mr. Senior is mistaken, as much so as when he says that "a total abstinence from novel-reading pervades New England," where there is more novel-reading than in any other community of the same numbers

The long and almost unbroken ascendancy of the democratic party in this country had much to do with creating the firm impression that our system was democratic in its character,—men not discriminating closely between that party and the polity of which it had charge. Originally, some reproach attached to the word *Democrat*, considered as a party-name; and it was not generally accepted until after the Jeffersonian time had passed away. Men who would now be called *Democrats* were known as *Republicans* in the early part of the century. But the word conquered a great place for itself, and became the most popular of political names, so that even respectable Whigs did not hesitate to appropriate it to their own use. Whatever name it was known by, the democratic party took possession of the Federal Government in 1801, and held it through an unbroken line of Virginia Presidents for twenty-four years. The Presidential term of Mr. J. Q. Adams was no breach of democratic party-rule in fact, whatever it was in name, for almost every man who held high office under Mr. Adams was a Jeffersonian democrat. In 1829 the new democratic party came into power, and held office for twelve successive years. The Whig victory of 1840 hardly interrupted that rule, as President Harrison's early death threw power into the hands of Mr. Tyler, who was an ultra-Jeffersonian democrat, a Pharisee of the Pharisees. Mr. Polk, a Jacksonian democrat, was President from 1845 to 1849. The four years that followed saw the Presidential chair filled by Whigs, General Taylor and Mr. Fillmore; and those four

in the world. With the exception of "the old Abolitionists," there were not five hundred disunionists in all the Free States in 1860; and the Abolitionists would neither fight nor vote, and, though possessed of eminent abilities, they had no influence. If Mr. Senior were right, we do not see how the South could be blamed for what it has done; for, if we could secede because of Mr. Lincoln's defeat, it follows that the South could secede because of his election.

years form the only time in which men who had had no connection with the democratic party wielded the executive power of the United States. General Pierce and Mr. Buchanan, both democrats, were at the head of the Government for the eight years that followed Mr. Fillmore's retirement. Thus, during the sixty years that followed Mr. Jefferson's inauguration in 1801, the Presidency was held by democrats for fifty-six years, President Harrison himself being a democrat originally, — and if he is to be counted on the other side, the counting would not amount to much, as he was President less than five weeks. Even in those years in which the democrats did not have the Presidency, they were powerful in Congress, and generally controlled Federal legislation. It was natural, when the democratic party was so successful under our polity, that that polity should itself be considered democratic. In point of fact, the polity was as democratic as the party, — our democrats seldom displaying much sympathy with liberal ideas, and in their latter days becoming even servilely subservient to Slavery. It is but fair to add, that down to 1854 their sins with respect to Slavery were rather those of position than of principle, and that their action was no worse than would have been that of their opponents, had the latter been the ruling party. But, as the democratic party did rule here, and was supposed to hold to democratic principles, the conclusion was not unreasonable that we were living under a dem-

ocratic polity, the overthrow of which would be a warning to the Liberals of Europe.

Our polity was constitutional in its character, strictly so; and if it has failed, — which we are far indeed from admitting, — the inference would seem fairly to be, that Constitutionalism has received a blow, not Democracy. As England is the greatest of constitutional countries, our failure, supposing it to have occurred, tells with force against her, from whose system we have drawn so much, and not adversely to the cause of European democracy, from whose principles and practice we have taken little. To us it seems that our war bears hard upon no government but our own, upon no people but ourselves, upon no party but American parties. It is as peculiar in its origin as in its modes. It had its origin in the existence of Slavery, and Slavery here existed in the worst form ever known among men. Until Slavery shall be found elsewhere in combination with Constitutionalism or Democracy, it would be unfair to quote our contest as a warning to other liberally governed lands. We were a nation with a snake in its bosom; and as no other nation is similarly afflicted, our misfortune cannot be cited in the case of any other community. Free institutions are to be judged by their effect when they have had fair play, and not by what has happened in a republic which sought to have them in an unnatural alliance with the most detestable form of tyrannical oppression.

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XIV.—NOVEMBER, 1864.—NO. LXXXV.

LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S JOURNAL.

I.

*J. W. Higginson.*

[I WISH to record, as truthfully as I may, the beginnings of a momentous experiment, which, by proving the aptitude of the freed slaves for military drill and discipline, their ardent loyalty, their courage under fire, and their self-control in success, contributed somewhat towards solving the problem of the war, and towards remoulding the destinies of two races on this continent.

During a civil war events succeed each other so rapidly that these earlier incidents are long since overshadowed. The colored soldiery are now numbered no longer by hundreds, but by tens of thousands. Yet there was a period when the whole enterprise seemed the most daring of innovations, and during those months the demeanor of this particular regiment, the First South Carolina, was watched with microscopic scrutiny by friends and foes. Its officers had reason to know this, since the slightest camp-incidents sometimes came back to them, magnified and distorted, in anxious letters of inquiry from remote parts of the

Union. It was no pleasant thing to live in this glare of criticism; but it guaranteed the honesty of any success, while fearfully multiplying the penalties, had there been a failure. A single mutiny, a single rout, a stampede of desertions,—and there perhaps might not have been, within this century, another systematic effort to arm the negro.

It is possible, therefore, that some extracts from a diary kept during that period, may still have an interest; for there is nothing in human history so momentous as the transit of a race from chattel-slavery to armed freedom; nor can this change be photographed save by the actual contemporaneous words of those who saw it in the process. Perhaps there may also appear an element of dramatic interest in the record, when one considers that here, in the delightful regions of Port Royal, the descendants of the Puritan and the Huguenot, after two centuries, came face to face,—and that sons of Massachusetts, reversing the boastful threat which has become historic, here



called the roll, upon South-Carolina soil, of her slaves, now freemen in arms.]

CAMP SAXTON, near Beaufort, S. C.  
November 24, 1862.

Yesterday afternoon we were steaming over a summer sea, the deck level as a parlor-floor, no land in sight, no sail, until at last appeared one light-house, said to be Cape Romaine, and then a line of trees and two distant vessels and nothing more. The sun set, a great illuminated bubble, submerged in one vast bank of rosy suffusion; it grew dark; after tea all were on deck, the people sang hymns; then the moon set, a moon two days old, a curved pencil of light, reclining backwards on a radiant couch which seemed to rise from the waves to receive it; it sank slowly, and the last tip wavered and went down like the mast of a vessel of the skies. Towards morning the boat stopped, and when I came on deck, before six, —

"The watch-lights glittered on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea."

Hilton Head lay on one side, the gunboats on the other; all that was raw and bare in the low buildings of the new settlement was softened into picturesqueness by the early light. Stars were still overhead, gulls wheeled and shrieked, and the broad river rippled duskily towards Beaufort.

The shores were low and wooded, like any New-England shore; there were a few gunboats, twenty schooners, and some steamers, among them the famous "Planter," which Robert Small, the slave, presented to the nation. The river-banks were soft and graceful, though low, and as we steamed up to Beaufort on the flood-tide this morning, it seemed almost as fair as the smooth and lovely canals which Stedman traversed to meet his negro soldiers in Surinam. The air was cool as at home, yet the foliage seemed green, glimpses of stiff tropical vegetation appeared along the banks, with great clumps of shrubs whose pale seed-vessels looked like tardy blossoms. Then we saw

on a picturesque point an old plantation, with stately magnolia avenue, decaying house, and tiny church amid the woods, reminding me of Virginia; behind it stood a neat encampment of white tents, "and there," said my companion, "is your future regiment of negro soldiers."

Three miles farther brought us to the pretty town of Beaufort, with its stately houses amid Southern foliage. Reporting to General Saxton, I had the luck to encounter a company of my destined command, marched in to be mustered into the United States service. They were without arms, and all looked as thoroughly black as the most faithful philanthropist could desire; there did not seem to be so much as a mulatto among them. Their coloring suited me, all but the legs, which were clad in a lively scarlet, as intolerable to my eyes as if I had been a turkey. I saw them mustered; General Saxton talked to them a little, in his direct, manly way; they gave close attention, though their faces looked impenetrable. Then I conversed with some of them. The first to whom I spoke had been wounded in a small expedition after lumber, from which a party had just returned, and in which they had been under fire and had done very well. I said, pointing to his lame arm, —

"Did you think that was more than you bargained for, my man?"

His answer came promptly and stoutly, —

"I been a-tinking, Mas'r, *dat's jess what I went for.*"

I thought this did well enough for my very first interchange of dialogue with my recruits.

November 27, 1862.

Thanksgiving-Day; it is the first moment I have had for writing during these three days, which have installed me into a new mode of life so thoroughly that they seem three years. Scarcely pausing in New York or in Beaufort, there seems to have been for me but one step from the camp of a Massachusetts

regiment to this one, and that step over leagues of waves.

It is a holiday wherever General Saxton's proclamation reaches. The chilly sunshine and the pale blue river seem like New England, but those alone. The air is full of noisy drumming and of gunshots; for the prize-shooting is our great celebration of the day, and the drumming is chronic. My young barbarians are all at play. I look out from the broken windows of this forlorn plantation-house, through avenues of great live-oaks, with their hard, shining leaves, and their branches hung with a universal drapery of soft, long moss, like fringe-trees struck with grayness. Below, the sandy soil, scantily covered with coarse grass, bristles with sharp palmettoes and aloes; all the vegetation is stiff, shining, semi-tropical, with nothing soft or delicate in its texture. Numerous plantation-buildings totter around, all slovenly and unattractive, while the interspaces are filled with all manner of wreck and refuse, pigs, fowls, dogs, and omnipresent Ethiopian infancy. All this is the universal Southern panorama; but five minutes' walk beyond the hovels and the live-oaks bring one to something so un-Southern that the whole Southern coast at this moment trembles at the suggestion of such a thing,—the camp of a regiment of freed slaves.

One adapts one's self so readily to new surroundings that already the full zest of the novelty seems passing away from my perceptions, and I write these lines in an eager effort to retain all I can. Already I am growing used to the experience, at first so novel, of living among five hundred men, and scarce a white face to be seen,—of seeing them go through all their daily processes, eating, frolicking, talking, just as if they were white. Each day at dress-parade I stand with the customary folding of the arms before a regimental line of countenances so black that I can hardly tell whether the men stand steadily or not; black is every hand which moves in ready cadence as I vociferate, "Battalion! Shoulder arms!" nor is it

till the line of white officers moves forward, as parade is dismissed, that I am reminded that my own face is not the color of coal.

The first few days on duty with a new regiment must be devoted almost wholly to tightening reins; in this process one deals chiefly with the officers, and I have as yet had but little personal intercourse with the men. They concern me chiefly in bulk, as so many consumers of rations, wearers of uniforms, bearers of muskets. But as the machine comes into shape, I am beginning to decipher the individual parts. At first, of course, they all looked just alike; the variety comes afterwards, and they are just as distinguishable, the officers say, as so many whites. Most of them are wholly raw, but there are many who have already been for months in camp in the abortive "Hunter Regiment," yet in that loose kind of way which, like average militia-training, is a doubtful advantage. I notice that some companies, too, look darker than others, though all are purer African than I expected. This is said to be partly a geographical difference between the South-Carolina and Florida men. When the Rebels evacuated this region, they probably took with them the house-servants, including most of the mixed blood, so that the residuum seems very black. But the men brought from Fernandina the other day average lighter in complexion, and look more intelligent, and they certainly take wonderfully to the drill.

It needs but a few days to show up the absurdity of distrusting the military availability of these people. They have quite as much average comprehension as whites of the need of the thing, as much courage, (I doubt not,) as much previous knowledge of the gun, and, above all, a readiness of ear and of imitation, which, for purposes of drill, counterbalances any defect of mental training. To learn the drill, one does not want a set of college professors; one wants a squad of eager, active, pliant school-boys; and the more childlike these pupils are, the better.

There is no trouble about the drill; they will surpass whites in that. As to camp-life, they have little to sacrifice, they are better fed, housed, and clothed than ever in their lives before, and they appear to have fewer inconvenient vices. They are simple, docile, and affectionate almost to the point of absurdity. The same men who stood fire in open field with perfect coolness, on the late expedition, have come to me blubbering in the most irresistibly ludicrous manner on being transferred from one company in the regiment to another.

In noticing the squad-drills, I perceive that the men learn less laboriously than whites that "double, double, toil and trouble," which is the elementary vexation of the drill-master,—that they more rarely mistake their left for their right,—and are more grave and sedate while under instruction. The extremes of jollity and sobriety, being greater with them, are less liable to be intermingled; these companies can be driven with a looser rein than my former one, for they restrain themselves; but the moment they are dismissed from drill, every tongue is relaxed and every ivory tooth visible. This morning I wandered about where the different companies were target-shooting, and their glee was contagious. Such exulting shouts of, "Ki! ole man," when some steady old turkey-shooter brought his gun down for an instant's aim, and then unerringly hit the mark; and then, when some unwary youth fired his piece into the ground at half-cock, such infinite guffawing and delight, such rolling over and over on the grass, such dances of ecstasy, as made the "Ethiopian minstrelsy" of the stage appear a feeble imitation.

*Evening.* — Better still was a scene on which I stumbled to-night. Strolling in the cool moonlight, I was attracted by a brilliant light beneath the trees, and cautiously approached it. A circle of thirty or forty soldiers sat around a roaring fire, while one old uncle, Cato by name, was narrating an interminable tale, to the insatiable delight of his audience.

I came up into the dusky background, perceived only by a few, and he still continued. It was a narrative, dramatized to the last degree, of his adventures in escaping from his master to the Union vessels; and even I, who have heard the stories of Harriet Tubman, and such wonderful slave-comedians, never witnessed such a piece of acting. When I came upon the scene, he had just come unexpectedly upon a plantation-house, and, putting a bold face upon it, had walked up to the door.

"Den I go up to de white man, very humble, and say, would he please gib ole man a mouthful for eat?"

"He say, he must hab de valeration of half a dollar.

"Den I look berry sorry, and turn for go away.

"Den he say, I might gib him dat hatchet I had.

"Den I say," (this in a tragic vein,) "dat I must hab dat hatchet for defend myself *from de dogs!*"

[Immense applause, and one appreciating auditor says, chuckling, "Dat was your *arms*, ole man," which brings down the house again.]

"Den he say, de Yankee pickets was near by, and I must be very keeful.

"Den I say, 'Good Lord, Mas'r, am dey?'"

Words cannot express the complete dissimulation with which these accents of terror were uttered,—this being precisely the piece of information he wished to obtain.

Then he narrated his devices to get into the house at night and obtain some food,—how a dog flew at him,—how the whole household, black and white, rose in pursuit,—how he scrambled under a hedge and over a high fence, etc.,—all in a style of which Gough alone among orators can give the faintest impression, so thoroughly dramatized was every syllable.

Then he described his reaching the river-side at last, and trying to decide whether certain vessels held friends or foes.



"Den I see guns on board, and sure sartin he Union boat, and I pop my head up. Den I been-a-tink [think] Seceshkey hab guns too, and my head go down again. Den I hide in de bush till morning. Den I open my bundle, and take ole white shirt and tie him on ole pole and wave him, and ebry time de wind blow, I been-a-tremble, and drap down in de bushes,"—because, being between two fires, he doubted whether friend or foe would see his signal first. And so on, with a succession of tricks beyond Molière, of acts of caution, foresight, patient cunning, which were listened to with infinite gusto and perfect comprehension by every listener.

And all this to a bivouac of negro soldiers, with the brilliant fire lighting up their red trousers and gleaming from their shining black faces,—eyes and teeth all white with tumultuous glee. Overhead, the mighty limbs of a great live-oak, with the weird moss swaying in the smoke, and the high moon gleaming faintly through.

Yet to-morrow strangers will remark on the hopeless, impenetrable stupidity in the daylight faces of many of these very men, the solid mask under which Nature has concealed all this wealth of mother-wit. This very comedian is one to whom one might point, as he hoed lazily in a cotton-field, as a being the light of whose brain had utterly gone out; and this scene seems like coming by night upon some conclave of black beetles, and finding them engaged, with green-room and foot-lights, in enacting "Poor Pillicoddy." This is their university; every young Sambo before me, as he turned over the sweet-potatoes and pea-nuts which were roasting in the ashes, listened with reverence to the wiles of the ancient Ulysses, and meditated the same. It is Nature's compensation; oppression simply crushes the upper faculties of the head, and crowds everything into the perceptive organs. Cato, thou reasonest well! When I get into any serious scrape, in an enemy's country, may I be lucky enough to have

you at my elbow, to pull me out of it!

The men seem to have enjoyed the novel event of Thanksgiving-Day; they have had company and regimental prize-shootings, a minimum of speeches and a maximum of dinner. Bill of fare: two beef-cattle and a thousand oranges. The oranges cost a cent apiece, and the cattle were Secesh, bestowed by General Saxby, as they all call him.

*December 1, 1862.*

How absurd is the impression bequeathed by Slavery in regard to these Southern blacks, that they are sluggish and inefficient in labor! Last night, after a hard day's work, (our guns and the remainder of our tents being just issued,) an order came from Beaufort that we should be ready in the evening to unload a steamboat's cargo of boards, being some of those captured by them a few weeks since, and now assigned for their use. I wondered if the men would grumble at the night-work; but the steamboat arrived by seven, and it was bright moonlight when they went at it. Never have I beheld such a jolly scene of labor. Tugging these wet and heavy boards over a bridge of boats ashore, then across the slimy beach at low tide, then up a steep bank, and all in one great uproar of merriment for two hours. Running most of the time, chattering all the time, snatching the boards from each other's backs as if they were some coveted treasure, getting up eager rivalries between different companies, pouring great choruses of ridicule on the heads of all shirkers, they made the whole scene so enlivening that I gladly stayed out in the moonlight for the whole time to watch it. And all this without any urging or any promised reward, but simply as the most natural way of doing the thing. The steamboat-captain declared that they unloaded the ten thousand feet of boards quicker than any white gang could have done it; and they felt it so little, that, when, later in the night, I reproached one whom I

found sitting by a camp-fire, cooking a surreptitious opossum, telling him that he ought to be asleep after such a job of work, he answered, with the broadest grin, —

"Oh, no, Cunnel, da's no work at all, Cunnel; dat only jess enough *for stretch we*."

December 2, 1862.

I believe I have not yet enumerated the probable drawbacks to the success of this regiment, if any. We are exposed to no direct annoyance from the white regiments, being out of their way; and we have as yet no discomforts or privations which we do not share with them. I do not as yet see the slightest obstacle, in the nature of the blacks, to making them good soldiers,—but rather the contrary. They take readily to drill, and do not object to discipline; they are not especially dull or inattentive; they seem fully to understand the importance of the contest, and of their share in it. They show no jealousy or suspicion towards their officers.

They do show these feelings, however, towards the Government itself; and no one can wonder. Here lies the drawback to rapid recruiting. Were this a wholly new regiment, it would have been full to overflowing, I am satisfied, ere now. The trouble is in the legacy of bitter distrust bequeathed by the abortive regiment of General Hunter,—into which they were driven like cattle, kept for several months in camp, and then turned off without a shilling, by order of the War Department. The formation of that regiment was on the whole a great injury to this one; and the men who came from it, though the best soldiers we have in other respects, are the least sanguine and cheerful; while those who now refuse to enlist have a great influence in deterring others. Our soldiers are constantly twitted by their families and friends with their prospect of risking their lives in the service, and being paid nothing; and it is in vain that we read them the instructions of the Secretary of War to

General Saxton, promising them the full pay of soldiers. They only half believe it.\*

Another drawback is that some of the white soldiers delight in frightening the women on the plantations with doleful tales of plans for putting us in the front rank in all battles, and such silly talk,—the object being, perhaps, to prevent our being employed on active service at all. All these considerations they feel precisely as white men would,—no less, no more; and it is the comparative freedom from such unfavorable influences which makes the Florida men seem more bold and manly, as they undoubtedly do. To-day General Saxton has returned from Fernandina with seventy-six recruits, and the eagerness of the captains to secure them was a sight to see. Yet they cannot deny that some of the very best men in the regiment are South Carolinians.

December 3, 1862. — 7 P. M.

What a life is this I lead! It is a dark, mild, drizzling evening, and as the foggy air breeds sand-flies, so it calls out melodies and strange antics from this mysterious race of grown-up children with whom my lot is cast. All over the camp the lights glimmer in the tents, and as I sit at my desk in the open doorway, there come mingled sounds of stir and glee. Boys laugh and shout,—a feeble flute stirs somewhere in some tent, not an officer's,—a drum throbs far away in another,—wild kildeer-plover flit and wail above us, like the haunting souls of dead slave-masters,—and from a neighboring cook-fire comes the monotonous sound of that strange festival, half powwow, half prayer-meeting, which they know only as a "shout." These fires are usually inclosed in a little booth, made neatly of palm-leaves and covered in at top, a regular native African hut,

\* With what utter humiliation were we, their officers, obliged to confess to them, eighteen months afterwards, that it was their distrust which was wise, and our faith in the pledges of the United States Government which was foolishness!

in short, such as is pictured in books, and such as I once got up from dried palm-leaves, for a fair, at home. This hut is now crammed with men, singing at the top of their voices, in one of their quaint, monotonous, endless, negro-Methodist chants, with obscure syllables recurring constantly, and slight variations interwoven, all accompanied with a regular drumming of the feet and clapping of the hands, like castanets. Then the excitement spreads: inside and outside the inclosure men begin to quiver and dance, others join, a circle forms, winding monotonously round some one in the centre; some "heel and toe" tumultuously, others merely tremble and stagger on, others stoop and rise, others whirl, others caper sideways, all keep steadily circling like dervishes; spectators applaud special strokes of skill; my approach only enlivens the scene; the circle enlarges, louder grows the singing, rousing shouts of encouragement come in, half bacchanalian, half devout, "Wake 'em, brudder!" "Stan' up to 'em, brudder!"—and still the ceaseless drumming and clapping, in perfect cadence, goes steadily on. Suddenly there comes a sort of *snap*, and the spell breaks, amid general sighing and laughter. And this not rarely and occasionally, but night after night,—while in other parts of the camp the soberest prayers and exhortations are proceeding sedately.

A simple and lovable people, whose graces seem to come by nature, and whose vices by training. Some of the best superintendents confirm the early tales of innocence, and Dr. Zachos told me last night that on his plantation, a sequestered one, "they had absolutely no vices." Nor have these men of mine yet shown any worth mentioning; since I took command I have heard of no man intoxicated, and there has been but one small quarrel. I suppose that scarcely a white regiment in the army shows so little swearing. Take the "Progressive Friends" and put them in red trousers, and I verily believe they would fill a guard-house sooner than these men. If

camp-regulations are violated, it seems to be usually through heedlessness. They love passionately three things, besides their spiritual incantations,—namely, sugar, home, and tobacco. This last affection brings tears to their eyes, almost, when they speak of their urgent need of pay: they speak of their last-remembered quid as if it were some deceased relative, too early lost, and to be mourned forever. As for sugar, no white man can drink coffee after they have sweetened it to their liking.

I see that the pride which military life creates may cause the plantation-trickeries to diminish. For instance, these men make the most admirable sentinels. It is far harder to pass the camp-lines at night than in the camp from which I came; and I have seen none of that disposition to connive at the offences of members of one's own company which is so troublesome among white soldiers. Nor are they lazy, either about work or drill; in all respects they seem better material for soldiers than I had dared to hope.

There is one company in particular, all Florida men, which I certainly think the finest-looking company I ever saw, white or black; they range admirably in size, have remarkable erectness and ease of carriage, and really march splendidly. Not a visitor but notices them; yet they have been under drill only a fortnight, and a part only two days. They have all been slaves, and very few are even mulattoes.

December 4, 1862.

"Dwelling in tents, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." This condition is certainly mine,—and with a multitude of patriarchs beside, not to mention Cæsar and Pompey, Hercules and Bacchus.

A moving life, tented at night, this experience has been mine in civil society, if society be civil before the luxurious forest-fires of Maine and the Adirondack, or upon the lonely prairies of Kansas. But a stationary tent-life, deliberately



going to housekeeping under canvas, I have never had before, though in our barrack-life at "Camp Wool" I often wished for it.

The accommodations here are about as liberal as my quarters there, two wall-tents being placed end to end, for office and bed-room, and separated at will by a "fly" of canvas. There is a good board floor and mop-board, effectually excluding dampness and draughts, and everything but sand, which on windy days penetrates everywhere. The office-furniture consists of a good desk or secretary, a very clumsy and disastrous settee, and a remarkable chair. The desk is a bequest of the slaveholders, and the settee of the slaves, being ecclesiastical in its origin, and appertaining to the little old church or "praise-house," now used for commissary purposes. The chair is a composite structure: I found a cane seat on a dust-heap, which a black sergeant combined with two legs from a broken bedstead and two more from an oak-bough. I sit on it with a pride of conscious invention, mitigated by profound insecurity. Bedroom-furniture, a couch made of gun-boxes covered with condemned blankets, another settee, two pails, a tin cup, tin basin, (we prize any tin or wooden ware as savages prize iron,) and a valise, regulation-size. Seriously considered, nothing more appears needful, unless ambition might crave another chair for company, and, perhaps, something for a wash-stand higher than a settee.

To-day it rains hard, and the wind quivers through the closed canvas, and makes one feel at sea. All the talk of the camp outside is fused into a cheerful and indistinguishable murmur, pierced through at every moment by the wail of the hovering plover. Sometimes a face, black or white, peers through the entrance with some message. Since the light readily penetrates, though the rain cannot, the tent conveys a feeling of charmed security, as if an invisible boundary checked the pattering drops and held the moaning wind. The front tent I share,

as yet, with my adjutant; in the inner apartment I reign supreme, bounded in a nutshell, with no bad dreams.

In all pleasant weather the outer "fly" is open, and men pass and re-pass, a chattering throng. I think of Emerson's Saadi, "As thou sittest at thy door, on the desert's yellow floor,"—for these bare sand-plains, gray above, are always yellow when upturned, and there seems a tinge of Orientalism in all our life.

Thrice a day we go to the plantation-houses for our meals, camp-arrangements being yet very imperfect. The officers board in different messes, the adjutant and I still clinging to the household of William Washington,—William the quiet and the courteous, the pattern of house-servants, William the noiseless, the observing, the discriminating, who knows everything that can be got and how to cook it. William and his tidy, lady-like little spouse Hetty—a pair of wedded lovers, if ever I saw one—set our table in their one room, half-way between an unglazed window and a large wood-fire, such as is often welcome. Thanks to the adjutant, we are provided with the social magnificence of napkins; while (lest pride take too high a flight) our table-cloth consists of two "New York Tribunes" and a "Leslie's Pictorial." Every steamer brings us a clean table-cloth. Here are we forever supplied with pork and oysters and sweet-potatoes and rice and hominy and corn-bread and milk; also mysterious gridle-cakes of corn and pumpkin; also preserves made of pumpkin-chips, and other fanciful productions of Ethiop art. Mr. E. promised the plantation-superintendents who should come down here "all the luxuries of home," and we certainly have much apparent, if little real variety. Once William produced with some palpitation something fricasseed, which he boldly termed chicken; it was very small, and seemed in some undeveloped condition of ante-natal toughness. After the meal, he frankly avowed it for squirrel.

December 5, 1862.

Give these people their tongues, their feet, and their leisure, and they are happy. At every twilight the air is full of singing, talking, and clapping of hands in unison. One of their favorite songs is full of plaintive cadences; it is not, I think, a Methodist tune, and I wonder where they obtained a chant of such beauty.

"I can't stay behind, my Lord, I can't stay behind!

Oh, my father is gone, my father is gone,  
My father is gone into heaven, my Lord!

I can't stay behind!

Dere 's room enough, room enough,  
Room enough in de heaven for de sojer:  
Can't stay behind!"

It always excites them to have us looking on, yet they sing these songs at all times and seasons. I have heard this very song dimly droning on near midnight, and, tracing it into the recesses of a cook-house, have found an old fellow coiled away among the pots and provisions, chanting away with his "Can't stay behind, sinner," till I made him leave his song behind.

This evening, after working themselves up to the highest pitch, a party suddenly rushed off, got a barrel, and mounted some man upon it, who said, "Gib anoder song, boys, and I 'se gib you a speech." After some hesitation and sundry shouts of "Rise de sing, somebody," and "Stan' up for Jesus, brudder," irreverently put in by the juveniles, they got upon the John Brown song, always a favorite, adding a jubilant verse which I had never before heard,—*"We 'll beat Beauregard on de clare battle-field."* Then came the promised speech, and then no less than seven other speeches by as many men, on a variety of barrels, each orator being affectionately tugged to the pedestal and set on end by his special constituency. Every speech was good, without

exception; with the queerest oddities of phrase and pronunciation, there was an invariable enthusiasm, a pungency of statement, and an understanding of the points at issue, which made them all rather thrilling. Those long-winded slaves in "Among the Pines" seemed rather fictitious and literary in comparison. The most eloquent, perhaps, was Corporal Prince Lambkin, just arrived from Fernandina, who evidently had a previous reputation among them. His historical references were very interesting: he reminded them that he had predicted this war ever since Fremont's time, to which some of the crowd assented; he gave a very intelligent account of that Presidential campaign, and then described most impressively the secret anxiety of the slaves in Florida to know all about President Lincoln's election, and told how they all refused to work on the fourth of March, expecting their freedom to date from that day. He finally brought out one of the few really impressive appeals for the American flag that I have ever heard. "Our mas'rs dey hab lib under de flag, dey got dere wealth under it, and ebryting beautiful for dere chilen. Under it dey hab grind us up, and put us in dere pocket for money. But de fus' minute dey tink dat ole flag mean freedom for we colored people, dey pull it right down, and run up de rag ob dere own." (Immense applause.) "But we 'll neber desert de ole flag, boys, neber; we hab lib under it for *eighteen hundred sixty-two years*, and we 'll die for it now." With which overpowering discharge of chronology-at-long-range, this most effective of stump-speeches closed. I see already with relief that there will be small demand in this regiment for harangues from the officers; give the men an empty barrel for a stump, and they will do their own exhortation.

### RICHES.

PLUCK color from the morning sky,  
And wear it as thy diadem;  
Nor pass the wayside flowers by,  
But star thy robes with them.

Far in the temple of the sun  
The vestal fires of being burn;  
Thence beauty's finest fibres run,  
And weave where'er we turn.

Thy plumes are in the yellow corn,—  
But chief the gold of priceless days  
In bosom of thy friend is borne,  
Coined in his kindly rays.

Here lies thy wealth, go gather it,—  
The mine is near, its deeps explore,  
And freely give love, metal, wit,—  
Thine is the exhaustless ore :

Thine are the precious stones whereon  
The weary pass grief's flooded ford,  
And thine the jewelled pavement won  
By those who love the Lord.

### THE VENGEANCE OF DOMINIC DE GOURGUES.

THERE was a gentleman of Mont-de-Marsan, Dominic de Gourgues, a soldier of ancient birth and high renown. That he was a Huguenot is not certain. The Spanish annalist calls him a "terrible heretic"; but the French Jesuit, Charlevoix, anxious that the faithful should share the glory of his exploits, affirms, that, like his ancestors before him, he was a good Catholic. If so, his faith sat lightly upon him; and Catholic or heretic, he hated the Spaniards with a mortal hate. Fighting in the Italian wars, — for, from boyhood, he was wedded to the sword, — they had taken him prisoner near Siena, where he had signalized himself by a fiery and determined bra-

very. With brutal insult, they chained him to the oar as a galley-slave. After long endurance of this ignominy, the Turks had captured the vessel and carried her to Constantinople. It was but a change of tyrants; but, soon after, putting out on a cruise, Gourgues still at the oar, a galley of the Maltese knights hove in sight, bore down on the prize, recaptured her, and set the prisoner free. For several years after, his restless spirit found escape in voyages to Africa, Brazil, and regions yet more remote. His naval repute rose high, but his grudge against the Spaniards still rankled within him; and when, returned from his roving, he learned the tidings from Flor-



be daughter, sister, friend, without impeachment of one's sagacity or integrity; but it is such a dreadful indorsement of a man to marry him! Her own consciousness must be sufficiently grievous; pray do not irritate it into downright madness. Nay, what, after all, are the so heinous faults upon which you animadvert? She cannot earn a cent: that may be her misfortune, it need not be her fault. Perhaps Clement, like Albano, and all good husbands, "never loved to see the sweet form anywhere else than, like other butterflies, by his side among the flowers." She will keep a light burning in her room, forsooth. Have we not all our pet hobgoblins? We know an excellent woman who once sat curled up in an arm-chair all night for fear of a mouse! And is it not a well-understood thing that nothing so

baffles midnight burglars as a burning candle? "When a light matter crosses her feelings, she lies in bed for several days." Infinitely better than to go sulking about the house with that "injured-innocence" air which makes a man feel as if he were an assaulter and batterer with intent to kill. Blessings rest upon those charming sensible women, who, when they feel cross, as we all do at times, will go to bed and sleep it away! No, let us everywhere put down treason and ostracize traitors. It is lawful to suspend "*naso adunco*" those whom we may not otherwise suspend. But even traitors have rights which white men and white women are bound to respect. We will crush them, if we can, but we will crush them in open field, by fair fight,—not by stealing into their bedchambers to stab them through the heart of a wife.

## THE LAST RALLY.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

*J. J. Brownbridge*

RALLY! rally! rally!

Arouse the slumbering land!

Rally! rally! from mountain and valley,

And up from the ocean-strand!

Ye sons of the West, America's best!

New Hampshire's men of might!

From prairie and crag unfurl the flag,

And rally to the fight!

Armies of untried heroes,

Disguised in craftsman and clerk!

Ye men of the coast, invincible host!

Come, every one, to the work, —

From the fisherman gray as the salt-sea spray

That on Long Island breaks,

To the youth who tills the uttermost hills

By the blue northwestern lakes!

And ye Freedmen! rally, rally

To the banners of the North!

Through the shattered door of bondage pour

Your swarthy legions forth!

103-

Kentuckians ! ye of Tennessee  
Who scorned the despot's sway !  
To all, to all, the bugle-call  
Of Freedom sounds to-day !

Old men shall fight with the ballot,  
Weapon the last and best, —  
And the bayonet, with blood red-wet,  
Shall write the will of the rest ;  
And the boys shall fill men's places,  
And the little maiden rock  
Her doll as she sits with her grandam and knits  
An unknown hero's sock.

And the hearts of heroic mothers,  
And the deeds of noble wives,  
With their power to bless shall aid no less  
Than the brave who give their lives.  
The rich their gold shall bring, and the old  
Shall help us with their prayers ;  
While hovering hosts of pallid ghosts  
Attend us unawares.

From the ghastly fields of Shiloh  
Muster the phantom bands,  
From Virginia's swamps, and Death's white camps  
On Carolina sands ;  
From Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg,  
I see them gathering fast ;  
And up from Manassas, what is it that passes  
Like thin clouds in the blast ?

From the Wilderness, where blanches  
The nameless skeleton ;  
From Vicksburg's slaughter and red-streaked water,  
And the trenches of Donelson ;  
From the cruel, cruel prisons,  
Where their bodies pined away,  
From groaning decks, from sunken wrecks,  
They gather with us to-day.

And they say to us, " Rally ! rally !  
The work is almost done !  
Ye harvesters, sally from mountain and valley  
And reap the fields we won !  
We sowed for endless years of peace,  
We harrowed and watered well ;  
Our dying deeds were the scattered seeds :  
Shall they perish where they fell ? "

And their brothers, left behind them  
In the deadly roar and clash  
Of cannon and sword, by fort and ford,  
And the carbine's quivering flash, —

Before the Rebel citadel  
Just trembling to its fall,  
From Georgia's glens, from Florida's fens,  
For us they call, they call !

The life-blood of the tyrant  
Is ebbing fast away ;  
Victory waits at her opening gates,  
And smiles on our array ;  
With solemn eyes the Centuries  
Before us watching stand,  
And Love lets down his starry crown  
To bless the future land.

One more sublime endeavor,  
And behold the dawn of Peace !  
One more endeavor, and war forever  
Throughout the land shall cease !  
For ever and ever the vanquished power  
Of Slavery shall be slain,  
And Freedom's stained and trampled flower  
Shall blossom white again !

Then rally ! rally ! rally !  
Make tumult in the land !  
Ye foresters, rally from mountain and valley !  
Ye fishermen, from the strand !  
Brave sons of the West, America's best !  
New England's men of might !  
From prairie and crag unfurl the flag,  
And rally to the fight !

---

## FINANCES OF THE REVOLUTION.

IN all historical studies we should still bear in mind the difference between the point of view from which one looks at events and that from which they were seen by the actors themselves. We all act under the influence of ideas. Even those who speak of theories with contempt are none the less the unconscious disciples of some theory, none the less busied in working out some problems of the great theory of life. Much as they fancy themselves to differ from the speculative man, they differ from him only in contenting

themselves with seeing the path as it lies at their feet, while he strives to embrace it all, starting-point and end, in one comprehensive view. And thus in looking back upon the past we are irresistibly led to arrange the events of history, as we arrange the facts of a science, in their appropriate classes and under their respective laws. And thus, too, these events give us the true measure of the intellectual and moral culture of the times, the extent to which just ideas prevailed therein upon all the duties and functions



of private and public life. Tried by the standard of absolute truth and right, grievously would they all fall short,—and we, too, with them. Judged by the human standard of progressive development and gradual growth,—the only standard to which the man of the beam can venture, unrebuked, to bring the man with the mote,—we shall find much in them all to sadden us, and much, also, in which we can all sincerely rejoice.

In judging, therefore, the political acts of our ancestors, we have a right to bring them to the standard of the political science of their age, but we have no right to bring them to the higher standard of our own. Montesquieu could give them but an imperfect clue to the labyrinth in which they found themselves involved; and yet no one had seen farther into the mysteries of social and political organization than Montesquieu. Hume had scattered brilliant rays on dark places, and started ideas which, once at work in the mind, would never rest till they had evolved momentous truths and overthrown long-standing errors. But no one had yet seen, with Adam Smith, that labor was the original source of every form of wealth,—that the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, were all equally the instruments of national prosperity,—or demonstrated as unanswerably as he did that nations grow rich and powerful by giving as they receive, and that the good of one is the good of all. The world had not yet seen that fierce conflict between antagonistic principles which she was soon to see in the French Revolution; nor had political science yet recorded those daring experiments in remoulding society, those constitutions framed in closets, discussed in clubs, accepted and overthrown with equal demonstrations of popular zeal, and which, expressing in their terrible energy the universal dissatisfaction with past and present, the universal grasping at a brighter future, have met and answered so many grave questions,—questions neither propounded nor solved in any of the two hundred constitutions which Aristotle studied in order

to prepare himself for the composition of his “*Politics*.” The world had not yet seen a powerful nation tottering on the brink of anarchy, with all the elements of prosperity in her bosom,—nor a bankrupt state sustaining a war that demanded annual millions, and growing daily in wealth and power,—nor the economical phenomena which followed the reopening of Continental commerce in 1814,—nor the still more startling phenomena which a few years later attended England’s return to specie-payments and a specie-currency,—nor statesmen setting themselves gravely down with the map before them to the final settlement of Europe, and, while the ink was yet fresh on their protocols, seeing all the results of their combined wisdom set at nought by the inexorable development of the fundamental principle which they had refused to recognize.

But we have seen these things, and, having seen them, unconsciously apply the knowledge derived from them in our judgment of events to which we have no right to apply it. We condemn errors which we should never have detected without the aid of a light which was hidden from our fathers, and will still be dwelling upon shortcomings which nothing could have avoided but a general diffusion of that wisdom which Providence never vouchsafes except as a gift to a few exalted minds. Every school-boy has his text-book of political economy now: but many can remember when these books first made their appearance in schools; and so late as 1820 the Professor of History in English Cambridge publicly lamented that there was no work upon this vital subject which he could put into the hands of his classes.

When, therefore, our fathers found themselves face to face with the complex questions of finance, they naturally fell back upon the experience and devices of their past history: they did as in such emergencies men always do,—they tried to meet the present difficulty without weighing maturely the future difficulties. The present was at the door, palpable, stern, urgent, relentless; and as they looked at it, they could see noth-

—don't hanker arter the flesh-pots. Wake up, peel your eyes, an' do suthin' for a dyspeptic world, for sufferin' sinners, for yerself. Allers stick close to Natur' an' hygene. Drop yer nonsense, an' come over an' j'in us, an' we 'll make a new man of ye,—jest as good as wheat. You're on the road to ruin now; but we 'll take ye, an' build ye up, give ye tall feed, an' warrant ye fust-cut health an' happiness. No cure, no pay. An' look here, keep that 'ere card I gev ye continuoally on hand, an' peroose it day an' night. I tell ye it 'll be the makin' on ye. An' don't forgit the gold-

en rule:—Don't tech, don't g' nigh the p'is'n upus-tree of gravy; beware o' the dorg called hot biscuits; take keer o' the grease, an' the stomach 'll take keer of itself. Ef you're in want o' bran-bread at any time, let me know, an' I 'm your man,—Rink by name, an' Rink by natur'. An' ef so be you ever come within ten mile o' where I hang out, jest tie right up on the spot, without the slightest ceremony or delayance, an' take things pufickly free an' easy like. Wal, my hearty, I see ye're on the skedaddle. Take keer o' yerself,—yourn till death, N. Rink."

## THE TWENTIETH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE country is now on the eve of an election the importance of which it would be impossible to overrate. Yet a few days, and it will be decided whether the people of the United States shall condemn their own conduct, by cashiering an Administration which they called upon to make war on the rebellious slaveholders of the South, or support that Administration in the strenuous endeavors which it is making to effect the reconstruction of the Republic, and the destruction of Slavery. It is to insult the intelligence and patriotism of the American people to entertain any serious doubt as to the issue of the contest. It can have but one issue, unless the country has lost its senses,—and never has it given better evidence of its sobriety, firmness, and rectitude of purpose than it now daily affords. Were the contest one relating to the conduct of the war, and had the Democratic party assumed a position of unquestionable loyalty, there would be some room for doubting who is to be our next President. It is impossible that a contest of proportions so vast should not have afforded ground for some complaint, on

the score of its management. To suppose that the action of Government has been on all occasions exactly what it should have been is to suppose something so utterly out of the nature of things that it presents itself to no mind. Errors are unavoidable even in the ordinary affairs of common life, and their number and their magnitude increase with the importance of the business, and the greatness of the stage on which it is transacted. We have never claimed perfection for the Federal Administration, though we have ever been ready to do justice to the success which it has achieved on many occasions and to the excellence of its intentions on all. Had the Democrats called upon the country to displace the Administration because it had not done all that it should have done, promising to do more themselves against the Rebels than President Lincoln and his associates had effected, the result of the Presidential election might be involved in some doubt; for the people desire to see the Rebellion brought to an end, and the Democratic party has a great name as a ruling political organization, its history, during most of the present century, being virtu-

ally the history of the American nation. But, with a want of wisdom that shows how much it has lost in losing that Southern lead which had so much to do with its success in politics, it chose to place itself in opposition to the national sentiment, instead of adopting it, guiding it, and profiting from its existence. The errors of the various parties that have been opposed to it have often been matter for mirth to the Democratic party, as well they may have been; but neither Federalists, nor National Republicans, nor Whigs, nor Know-Nothings, nor Republicans were ever guilty of a blunder so enormous as that which this party itself perpetrated at Chicago, when it virtually announced its readiness to surrender the country into the hands of the men who have so pertinaciously sought its destruction for the last four years. So strange has been its action, that we should be ashamed to have dreamed that any party could be guilty of it. Yet it is a living fact that the Democratic party, in spite of its loud claims to strict nationality of purpose, has so conducted itself as to show that it is willing to complete the work which the slaveholders began, and not only to submit to the terms which the Rebels would dictate, but to tear the Union still further to pieces, if indeed it would leave any two States in a united condition. Thus acting, that party has defeated itself, and reduced the action of the people to a mere, though a mighty, formality. Either this is a plain statement of the case, or this nation is about to give a practical answer to Bishop Butler's famous question, "What if a whole community were to go mad?" For the ratification of the Chicago Platform by the people would be an indorsement of violence and disorder, a direct approval of wilful rebellion, and an announcement that every election held in this country is to be followed by a revolutionary outbreak, until our condition shall have become even worse than that of Mexico, and we shall be ready to welcome the arrival, in the train of some European

army, of a cadet of some imperial or royal house, whose "mission" it should be to restore order in the once United States, while anarchy should be kept at a distance by a liberal exhibition of French or German bayonets. What has happened to Mexico would assuredly happen here, if we should allow the country to Mexicanize itself at the bidding of Belmont and Co.

But it may be said, it is unjust to attribute to the masses of the Democratic party intentions so bad as those of which we have spoken. That party, in past times, has done great things for the land, has always professed the highest patriotism, and its name and fame are most intimately associated with some of the noblest passages in the history of the Republic. All this is very true. We admit, what is indeed self-evident, that the Democratic party has done great things for the country, and that it can look back with just pride over the country's history, until a comparatively recent period; and we do not attribute to the masses composing it any other than the best intentions. It is not of those masses that we have spoken. The sentiment of patriotism is ever strong with the body of the people. The number of men who would wilfully injure their country has never been large in any age. But it is not the less true that parties are but too often the blind tools of leaders, of men whose only interest in their country is to use it for their own purposes, to make all they can out of it, and at its expense. The Democratic party has always been a disciplined party, and nothing is more notorious in its history than its submissiveness to its leaders. This has been the chief cause of its almost unbroken career of success; and it has been its pride and its boast that it has been well-trained, obedient, and consequently successful, while all other parties have been quarrelsome and impatient of discipline, and consequently have risen only to endure through a few years of sickly existence, and then to pass away. The Federalists,



the National Republicans, the Antislaverys, the Whigs, and the Know-Nothings have each appeared, flourished for a short time, and then passed to the limbo of factions lost to earth. This discipline of the Democracy has not been without its uses, and the country occasionally has profited from it; but now it is to be abused, through application to the service of the Great Anarch at Richmond. The Rebel power, which our fleets and armies are steadily reducing day by day, is to be saved from overthrow, and its agents from the severe and just punishment which should be visited upon them for their great and unprovoked crime,—if they are to be saved therefrom,—through the action of the Democratic party, as it calls itself, and which purposes to go to the assistance of the slaveholders in war, as formerly it went to their assistance in peace, the meekest and most faithful and most useful of their slaves. The Democratic party, as a party, instead of being the sword of the Republic, purposes being the shield of the Rebellion. Such is the intention of its leaders, who control the disciplined masses, if their words have any meaning; and, so far as they have been able to act, their actions correspond strictly with their words. The Chicago Convention, which consisted of the *crème de la crème* of the Democracy, had not a word to say against either the Rebels or the Rebellion, while it had not words enough, or words not strong enough, to employ in denouncing those whose sole offence consists in their efforts to conquer the Rebels and to put down the Rebellion. With a perversion of history that is quite without a parallel even in the hardy falsehood of American politics, the responsibility for the war was placed to the account of the loyal men of the country, and not to the account of the traitors, who brought it upon the nation by a fierce forcing-process. The speech of Mr. Horatio Seymour, who presided over the Belmont band, is, as it were, a bill of indictment preferred against the American Republic; for Governor Seymour, though not fa-

mous for his courage, has boldness sufficient to do that which a far greater man said he would not do,—he has indicted a whole people. It follows from this condemnation of the Federal Government for making war on the Rebels, and this failure to condemn the Rebels for making war on the Federal Government, that the Democrats, should they succeed in electing their candidates, would pursue a course exactly the opposite of that which they denounce. They would withdraw the nation from the contest, and acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy; and then they would make such a treaty with its leading and dominant interest as should place the United States in the condition of dependency with reference to the South. That such would be their course is not only fairly inferrible from the views embodied in the Chicago Platform, and from the speeches made in the Chicago Convention, but it is what Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, has said it is our duty to do, so far as relates to acknowledging the Confederacy. He has deliberately said, that, if we cannot “conciliate” the Rebels, and “persuade” them to come back into the Union, we should allow them to depart in peace. Such is the doctrine of the gentleman who was placed on the Democratic ticket with General McClellan for the avowed purpose of rendering that ticket palatable to the Peace men. No man can vote for General McClellan without by the same act voting for Mr. Pendleton; and we know that Mr. Pendleton has declared himself ready to let the Rebels rend the Union to tatters, and that he has opposed the prosecution of the war. General McClellan is mortal, and, if elected, might die long before his Presidential term should be out, like General Taylor, or immediately after it should begin, like General Harrison. Then Mr. Pendleton would become President, like Mr. Tyler, in 1841, who cheated the Whigs, or like Mr. Fillmore, in 1850, who cheated everybody. Nor is it by any means certain

that General McClellan would not, once elected, consider himself the Chicago Platform, as Mr. Buchanan avowed himself to be the Cincinnati Platform. He has written a letter, to be sure, in which he has given it to be understood that he is in favor of continuing the war against the Rebels until they shall be subdued; but so did Mr. Polk, twenty years ago, write a letter on the Tariff of 1842 that was even more satisfactory to the Democratic Protectionists of those days than the letter of General McClellan can be to the War Democrats of these days. All of us recollect the famous Democratic blazon of 1844, — "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of '42!" It was under that sign that the Democrats conquered in Pennsylvania; and had they not conquered in Pennsylvania, they themselves would have been conquered in the nation. Mr. Polk and Mr. Dallas were the chief instruments used to break down the Tariff of '42, in less than two years after they had been elected to the first and second offices of the nation because they were believed to be its most ardent friends. Mr. Polk, as President, recommended that it should be changed, and employed all the influence of his high station to get the Tariff Bill of 1846 through Congress; and Mr. Dallas, who had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency with the express purpose of "catching" the votes of Protectionists, gave his casting vote in the Senate in favor of the new bill, which meant the repeal of the Tariff of '42. The Democrats are playing the same game now that they played in 1844, with this difference, that the stakes are ten thousand times greater now than they were then, and that their manner of play is far harder than it was twenty years since. Then, the question, though important, related only to a point of internal policy; now, it relates to the national existence. Then, the Free-Traders did not offensively proclaim their intention to cheat the Protectionists; now, Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Vallandigham, and other leaders of the extreme left of the

Democratic party, with insulting candor, avow that to cheat the country is the purpose which that party has in view. Mr. Vallandigham, who made the Chicago Platform, explicitly declares that that Platform and General McClellan's letter of acceptance do not agree; at the same time Mr. Wood, who is for peace to the knife, calmly tells us that General McClellan, as President, would do the work of the Democracy, — and we need no Daniel to interpret Mr. Wood's words. We mean no disrespect to General McClellan, on the contrary we treat him with perfect respect, when we say that we do not believe he has a higher sense of honor than Mr. Polk possessed; and as Mr. Polk became a tool in the hands of a faction, — being a Protectionist during the contest of '44, and an Anti-Protectionist after that contest had been decided in his favor, — so is it intended that General McClellan shall become a tool in the hands of another faction. Mr. Polk was employed to effect the destruction of a "black tariff": General McClellan is employed to destroy a nation that is supposed to be given up to "black republicanism." We do not believe that the soldier will be found so successful an instrument as the civilian proved to be.

An ounce of fact is supposed to be worth a ton of theory; and the facts of the last four or five years admit of our believing the worst that can be suspected of the purposes of the Democratic party. It is not uncharitable to say that the leaders and managers of that party contemplate, in the event of their triumph in November, the surrender of the country to the slaveholding oligarchy; in the event of their defeat by a small majority, the extension of the civil war over the North. Four years ago we could not be made to believe that Secession was a possible thing. We admitted that there were Secessionists at the South, but we could not be made to believe in the possibility of Secession. Even "South Carolina could n't be kicked out of the Union," it was commonly said in the North. There were but few disunion-

ists at the South, almost everybody said, and almost everybody believed what was said concerning the state of Southern opinion. In a few weeks we saw, not South Carolina kicked out of the Union, but South Carolina kicking the Union away from her. In a few months we saw eleven States take themselves out of the Union, form themselves into a Confederacy, and raise great armies to fight against the Union. Yet it is certain that in the month of November, 1860, there were not twenty thousand resolute disunionists in all the Slaveholding States, leaving South Carolina and Mississippi aside, — and not above fifty thousand in all the South, including Mississippi and South Carolina. How, then, came it to pass that nearly the whole of the population of the South became Rebels in so short a time? Because they were under the dominion of their leading men, who took them from the right road, and conducted them into the slough of rebellion. Because they were encouraged so to act by the Northern Democracy as made rebellion inevitable. The Northern Democratic press and Northern Democratic orators held such language respecting "Southern rights" as induced even loyal Southrons to suppose that Slavery was to be openly recognized by the Constitution, and spread over the nation. The President of the United States, a Northern Democrat, gravely declared that there existed no right in the Government to coerce a seceding State, which was all that the most determined Secessionist could ask. Instead of doing anything to strengthen the position of the Federal Government, the President did all that he could to assist the Secessionists, and left the country naked to their attacks; and he parted on the best of terms with those Rebels who left his Cabinet, where they had long been busy in organizing resistance to Federal authority. The leaders of the Northern Democracy, far from exhibiting a loyal spirit, urged the slaveholders to make demands which were at war with the Constitution and the laws, and which could not have been complied

with, unless it had been meant to admit that there was no binding force in existing institutions, the validity of which had not once been called in question for seventy-two years. The real Secessionists of the South, Rhett and Yancey and their followers, availed themselves of the existing state of affairs, and precipitated rebellion, — a step which they never would have taken, had they not been assured that no resistance would be made to their action so long as Mr. Buchanan should remain in the Presidency, and that he would be supported by the leaders of the Northern Democracy, who would take their followers with them along the road that led to the Union's dissolution. South Carolina, rabid as she was, did not rebel until the last Democratic President of the United States had publicly assured her that he would do nothing to prevent her from reducing the Calhoun theory to practice; and had she not rebelled, not another State would have left the Union. The opportunity that she could not get under President Jackson she obtained under President Buchanan, — and she did not hesitate to make the most of that opportunity, all indeed that could be made of it, well knowing that it could not be expected again to occur.

With these facts before them, the American people should be prepared for further rebellious action on the part of that faction whose creed it is that rebellion is right when directed against the ascendancy of their political opponents. They have done their utmost to assist the Rebels all through the war, and the great riots in New York last year were the legitimate consequences of their doctrine, if not of their labors. We know that organizations hostile to the Union have been formed in the West, and that there was to have been a rising there, had any striking successes been achieved by the Confederate forces during the last six months. Nothing but the vigor and the victories of Grant and Sherman and Farragut saved the North from becoming the scene of civil war in



1864. Nothing but the vigor and union of the people in their political capacity can keep civil war from the North hereafter. The followers of the Seymours and other ultra Democrats of the North are not more loyal than were nine-tenths of the Southern people in 1860. Few of them now think of becoming rebels, but they would as readily rebel as did the Southern men who have filled the armies of Lee and Beauregard, and who have poured out their blood so lavishly to destroy that nation which owes its existence to the labors of Southern men, to the exertions of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and others, natives of the very States that have done most in the cause of destruction. The sentiment of nationality is no stronger among Northern Democrats than it was among Southern Democrats; and as the latter were converted into traitors at the bidding of a few leading politicians whose plans were favored by circumstances, so would the former become traitors at the first signal to any move that *their* leaders should make. As to the two classes of leaders, the Southern men are far superior in every manly quality to those Northern men who are doing their work. It is possible that the men of the South really did believe that their property was in danger, and it is beyond dispute that they were alarmed about their political power; but the men of the North who sympathize with them, and who are prepared to aid them at the first opportunity that shall offer to strike an effective blow, well knew that the victorious Republicans had neither the will nor the power to injure Southern property or to weaken the protection it enjoyed under the Constitution. Their hostility to the Union is purely gratuitous, or springs from motives of the most sordid character.

There is but one way to meet the danger that threatens us, — a danger that really is greater than that with which we were threatened in 1860, and which we have the advantage of seeing, whereas we could see nothing in that year.

We must strengthen the Government, make it literally irresistible, by clothing it with the whole of that power which proceeds from an emphatic and unmistakable expression of the popular will. Give Mr. Lincoln, in the approaching election, the strength that comes from a united people, and we shall have peace maintained throughout the North, and peace restored to the South. Reelect him by a small majority, and there will be civil war in the North, and a revival of warlike spirit in the South. Elect General McClellan, and we shall have to choose between constant warfare, as a consequence of having approved of Secession by approving of the Chicago Platform, — which is Secession formally democratized, — and despotism, the only thing that would save us from anarchy. Anarchy is the one thing that men will not, because they cannot, long endure. Order is indeed now and forever Heaven's first law, and order society must and will have. Order is just as compatible with constitutional government as it is with despotic government; but to have it in connection with freedom, in other words, with the existence of a constitutional polity, the people must do their whole duty. They must rise above the prejudices of party and of faction, and see nothing but their country and liberty. They must show that they are worthy of freedom, or they cannot long have it. Now is the time to prove that the American people know the difference between liberty and license, by their support of the party of order and constitutional government, and by administering a thorough rebuke to those licentious men who are seeking to overwhelm the country and its Constitution in a common ruin.

Of President Lincoln's reelection no doubt can be entertained, whether we judge of the issue by the condition of the country, or by the sentiments that should animate the great majority of the people, and by which, we are convinced, that majority is animated. The Union candidate, no matter what his name or

antecedents, should be elected by a majority so great as to "coerce" the turbulent portion of the Democracy into submission to the laws of the land, and into respect for the popular will, the last thing for which Democrats have any respect. Had the Union National Convention seen fit to place a new man in nomination, it would have been the duty of the voters to support him with all the means honestly at their command; but we must say that there is a peculiar obligation upon Americans to reëlect Mr. Lincoln, and to reëlect him by a vote that should surprise even the most sanguine and hopeful of his friends. The war from which the nation, and the whole world, have been made to suffer so much, and from the effects of which mankind will be long in recovering, was made because of Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency. The North was to be punished for having had the audacity to elect him even when the Democracy were divided, and the success of the Republican candidate was a thing of course. He, a mere man of the people, should never become *President of the United States!* The most good-natured of men, it is known that his success made him an object of personal aversion to the Southern leaders. They did their worst to prevent his becoming President of the Republic, and in that way they wronged and insulted the people far more than they wronged and insulted the man whom the people had elected to the highest post in the land; and the people are bound, by way of vindicating their dignity and establishing their power, to make Mr. Lincoln President of the *United States*, to compel the acknowledgment of his legal right to be the chief magistrate of the nation as unreservedly from South Carolina as from Massachusetts. His authority should be admitted as fully in Virginia as it is in New York, in Georgia and Alabama as in Pennsylvania and Ohio. This can follow only from his reëlection; and it can follow only from his reëlection by a decisive majority. That insolent spirit which led the South to become so easy a

prey to the Secession faction, when not a tenth part of its people were Secessionists, should be thoroughly, emphatically rebuked, and its chief representatives severely punished, by extorting from the rebellious section a practical admission of the enormity of the crime of which it was guilty when it resisted the lawful authority of a President who was chosen in strict accordance with the requirements of the Constitution, and who entertained no more intention of interfering with the constitutional rights of the South than he thought of instituting a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. The majesty of the law should be asserted and established, and that can best be done by placing President Lincoln a second time at the head of the Republic, the revolt of the slaveholders being directed against him personally as well as against that principle of which he was the legally elected representative. In him the spirit of order is incarnate; and his reëlection by a great popular vote would be the establishment of the fact that under our system it is possible to maintain order, and to humiliate and subdue the children of anarchy.

President Lincoln should be reëlected, if for no other reason, that there may go forth to the world a pointed approval of his conduct from his constituents. As we have said, we do not claim perfection for the policy and acts of the Administration; but we are of opinion that its mistakes have been no greater than in most instances would have been committed by any body of men that could have been selected from the entire population of the country. Take the policy that has been pursued with reference to Slavery. Many of us thought that the President issued his Emancipation Proclamation at least a year too late; but we must now see that the time selected for its promulgation was as skillfully chosen as its aim was laudable. Had it come out a year earlier, in 1861, the friends of the Rebels could have said, with much plausibility, that its appearance had rendered a restora-

tion of the Union impossible, and that the slaveholders had no longer any hope of having their property-rights respected under the Federal Constitution. But by allowing seventeen months to elapse before issuing it, the President compelled the Rebels to commit themselves absolutely to the cause of the Union's overthrow without reference to any attack that had been made on Slavery in a time of war. It has not, therefore, been in the power of their allies here to say that the issuing of the Proclamation placed an impassable gulf between the Union and the Confederacy; for the Confederates were as loud in their declarations that they never would return into the Union before the Proclamation appeared as they have been since its appearance. They were caught completely, and deprived of the only pretence that could have been invented for their benefit, by themselves or by their friends. The adoption of an Emancipation policy did not cause us the loss of one friend in the South, while it gained friends for our cause in every country that felt an interest in our struggle. It prevented the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy by France, and by other nations, as French example would have found prompt imitation. Its appearance was the turning event of the war, and it was most happily timed for both foreign and domestic effect. It will be the noblest fact in President Lincoln's history, that by the same action he announced freedom to four millions of bondmen, and secured his country against even the possibility of foreign mediation, foreign intervention, and foreign war.

The political state of the country, as indicated by the result of recent elections, is not without interest, in connection with the Presidential contest. - Since the nomination of General McClellan, elections have been held in several States for local officers and Members of Congress, and the results are highly favorable to the Union cause. The first election was held in Vermont, and the

Union party reelected their candidate for Governor, and all their candidates for Members of Congress, by a majority of more than twenty thousand. They have also a great majority in the Legislature, the Democrats not choosing so much as one Senator, and but few Members of the House of Representatives. The election in Maine took place but six days after that of Vermont, and with similar results. The Union candidate for Governor was reelected, by a majority that is stated at sixteen thousand. Every Congressional District was carried by the Union men. In one district a Democrat was elected in 1862, at the time when the Administration was very unpopular because of the military failures that were so common in the summer of that dark and eventful year. His majority was one hundred and twenty-seven. At the late election his constituents refused to reelect him, and his place was bestowed on a friend of the Administration, whose majority is said to be about two thousand. The majorities of the other candidates were much larger, in two instances exceeding four thousand each. The State Legislature elected on the same day is of Administration politics in the proportion of five to one. These two States may be said to represent both of the old parties that existed in New England during the thirty years that followed the Presidential election of 1824. Vermont was of National-Republican or Whig politics down to 1854, and always voted against Democratic candidates for the Presidency. Maine was almost as strongly Democratic in her opinions and action as Vermont was Anti-Democratic, voting but once, in 1840, against a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, in twenty-four years. Her electoral votes were given for General Jackson in 1832, for Mr. Van Buren in 1836, for Mr. Polk in 1844, for General Cass in 1848, and for General Pierce in 1852. Yet she has acted politically with Vermont for more than ten years, both States supporting Colonel Fremont in 1856, and



Mr. Lincoln in 1860,—a striking proof of the levelling effect of that pro-slavery policy and action which have characterized the Democratic party ever since the inauguration of President Pierce, in 1853. Had the Democratic party not gone over to the support of the slaveholding interest, Maine would have been a Democratic State at this day.

There were important elections held on the 11th of October in the great and influential States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and the verdicts which should be pronounced by these States were expected with an interest which it was impossible to increase, as it was felt that they would go far toward deciding the event of the Presidential contest. Vermont's action might be attributed to her determined and long-continued opposition to the Democratic party, which no change in others could operate to lessen; and the course of Maine could be attributed to her "Yankee" character and position: but Pennsylvania has generally been Democratic in her decisions, and she has nothing of the Yankee about her, while Ohio and Indiana are thoroughly Western in all respects. Down to a few days before the time for voting, the common opinion was, that Pennsylvania would give a respectable majority for the Union candidates, that Ohio would pronounce the same way by a great majority, and that Indiana would be found with the Democrats; but early in October doubts began to prevail with respect to the action of Pennsylvania, though no one could say why they came to exist. What happened showed that the change in feeling did not unfaithfully foreshadow the change that had taken place in the second State of the Union. Ohio's decision was not different from what had been expected, her Union majority being not less than fifty thousand, including the soldiers' vote. Indiana's action astonished every one. Instead of furnishing evidence that General McClellan's nomination had been beneficial to his

party, the event in the Hoosier State led to the opposite conclusion. The Democratic majority in that State in 1862 was ten thousand, and that it could be overcome, or materially reduced, was not thought possible. Yet the voting done there on the 11th of October terminated most disastrously for the Democrats, the popular majority against them being not less than twenty thousand, while they lost several Members of Congress, among them Mr. Voorhees, who is to Indiana what Mr. Vallandigham is to Ohio, only that he has a little more prudence than the Ohioan. Indiana was the only one of the States in which a Governor was chosen, which made the returns easy of attainment. Governor Morton, who is reelected, "stumped" the State; and to his exertions, no doubt, much of the Union success is due. In Pennsylvania, at the time we write, it is not settled which party has the majority on the home vote; but, as the soldiers vote in the proportion of about eleven to two for the Republican candidates, the majority of the latter will be good,—and it will be increased at the November election.

The States that voted on the 11th of October give sixty electoral votes, or two more than half the number necessary for a choice of President. They are all certain to be given for Mr. Lincoln, as also are the votes of the six New England States, and those of New York, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, West Virginia, and California, making 189 in all, the States mentioned being entitled to the following votes:—Massachusetts 12, Maine 7, New Hampshire 5, Vermont 5, Rhode Island 4, Connecticut 6, New York 33, Pennsylvania 26, Ohio 21, Indiana 13, Illinois 16, Michigan 8, Minnesota 4, Wisconsin 8, Iowa 8, Kansas 3, West Virginia 5, and California 5. And so ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON will be President and Vice-President of the United States for the four years that shall begin on the 4th of March, 1865.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*An American Dictionary of the English Language.* By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, LL. D., etc., and NOAH PORTER, D. D., etc. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. Royal 4to. pp. lxxii, 1768.

BEYOND cavil, this portly and handsome volume makes good the claim which is set forth on the title-page. The revision which the old edition has undergone is manifestly a most thorough one, extending to every department of the work, and to its minutest details. The enlargement it has received is very considerable, the size of the page having been increased, and more than eighty pages added to the number contained in the previous or "Pictorial" edition. The improvements are not only really such, but they are so many and so great that they amount to a complete remodelling of the work; and hence the objections heretofore brought against it—many of them very justly—have, for the most part, no longer any validity or pertinency. It may be questioned, however, whether the Dictionary, in view of the manifold and extensive changes which have been made in its matter and plan, should not be said to have been *based* on that of Dr. Webster rather than to be *by* him. St. Anthony's shirt cannot be patched and patched forever and still remain St. Anthony's shirt. But there is doubtless much virtue in a name, and, so long as the publishers have given us a truly excellent work, it matters little by what title they choose to call it.

We are amazed at the vastness of the vocabulary, which embraces upwards of one hundred and fourteen thousand words, being some ten thousand more, it is claimed, than any other word-book of the language. Such unexampled fulness would be apt to excite a suspicion that a deliberately adopted system of crimping had been carried on within the tempting domains of the natural sciences, to furnish recruits for this enormous army of vocabularies. But we do not find, upon a pretty careful examination, that many terms of

this sort have been admitted which are not fairly entitled to a place in a popular lexicon.

In the matter of definition, we can unqualifiedly commend the principles by which the editor and his coadjutors appear to have been guided, notwithstanding an occasional failure to carry out these principles with entire consistency. The crying fault of mistaking different applications of a meaning of a word for essentially different significations—the head and front of Dr. Webster's offending as a definer, and not of Dr. Webster only, but of almost all other lexicographers—has generally been avoided in this edition. The philosophical analysis, the orderly arrangement of meanings, the simplicity, comprehensiveness, and precision of statement, the freedom from prejudice, crotchets, and dogmatism, the good taste and good sense, which characterize this portion of the work, are deserving of the fullest recognition and the highest praise.

In the department of etymology, the revision has been thorough indeed, and, as all the world knows, the Dictionary stood sadly enough in need of it. But we were not prepared for so entire and fearless an overhauling of Dr. Webster's "Old Curiosity Shop," or for a contribution to philological science so valuable and original. It is not too much to say that no other English dictionary, and no special treatise on English etymology, that has yet appeared, can compare with it. As a fitting introduction to the subject, a "Brief History of the English Language," by Professor James Hadley, is prefixed to the vocabulary, and will well repay careful study.

No excellences, however, we apprehend, in definition or etymology will reconcile scholars to those peculiarities of spelling which are commonly known as Websterisms, and which, with a few exceptions, are retained in the edition before us. The pages of this magazine are evidence that we ourselves regard them with no favor. But we are bound, in common honesty, to state, that, in every case in which Dr. Webster's orthography is given, it is accompanied by the common spelling, and

California, turned us most reluctantly down the river after Bierstadt and I had made the fullest notes and sketches attainable. Bad weather on the coast falsified our expectations. For a week we were rain-bound in Portland, unable to leave our hotel for an hour at a time without being drenched by the floods which just now set in for the winter season, and regretting the lack of that pre-

science which would have enabled us to accomplish one of the most interesting side-trips in our whole plan of travel. While this pleasure still awaited us, and none in particular of any kind seemed present, save the in-door courtesies of our Portland friends, it was still among the memories of a lifetime to have seen the Columbia in its Cataracts and its Dalles.

### OUR LAST DAY IN DIXIE. ✓

It was not far from eleven o'clock at night when we took leave of the Rebel President, and, arm in arm with Judge Ould, made our way through the silent, deserted streets to our elevated quarters in the Spotswood Hotel at Richmond. As we climbed the long, rickety stairs which led to our room in the fourth story, one of us said to our companion, —

"We can accomplish nothing more by remaining here. Suppose we shake the sacred soil from our feet to-morrow?"

"Very well. At what hour will you start?" he replied.

"The earlier, the better. As near daybreak as may be, — to avoid the sun."

"We can't be ready before ten o'clock. The mules are quartered six miles out of town."

That sounded strange, for Jack, our ebony Jehu, had said to me only the day before, "*Dem is mighty foine mules, Massa. I'tends ter dem mules myself; we keeps 'em right round de corner.*" Taken together, the statements of the two officials had a bad look; but Mr. Davis had just given me a message to his niece, and Mr. Benjamin had just intrusted Colonel Jaquess with a letter — contraband, because three pages long — for delivery within the limits of the "United States"; therefore the dis-

crepancy did not alarm me, for the latter facts seemed to assure our safe deliverance from Dixie. Merely saying, "Very well, — ten o'clock, then, let it be, — we'll be ready," — we bade the Judge good-night at the landing, and entered our apartment.

We found the guard, Mr. Javins, stretched at full length on his bed, and snoring like the Seven Sleepers. Day and night, from the moment of our first entrance into the Rebel dominions, that worthy, with a revolver in his sleeve, our door-key in his pocket, and a Yankee in each one of his eyes, had implicitly observed his instructions, — "Keep a constant watch upon them"; but overtaken nature had at last got the better of his vigilance, and he was slumbering at his post. Not caring to disturb him, we bolted the door, slid the key under his pillow, and followed him to the land of dreams.

It was a little after two o'clock, and the round, ruddy moon was looking pleasantly in at my window, when a noise outside awoke me. Lifting the sash, I listened. There was a sound of hurrying feet in the neighboring street, and a prolonged cry of murder! It seemed the wild, strangled shriek of a woman. Springing to the floor, I threw on my clothes, and shook Javins.

"Wake up! Give me the key!



They're murdering a woman in the street!" I shouted, loud enough to be heard in the next world.

But he did not wake, and the Colonel, too, slept on, those despairing cries in his ears, as peacefully as if his great dream of peace had been realized. Still those dreadful shrieks, mingled now with curses hot from the bottomless pit, came up through the window. No time was to be lost, — so, giving another and a desperate tug at Javins, I thrust my hand under his pillow, drew out his revolver and the door-key, and, three steps at a time, bounded down the stairways. At the outer entrance a half-drunken barkeeper was rubbing his eyes, and asking, "What's the row?" — but not another soul was stirring. Giving no heed to him, I hurried into the street. I had not gone twenty paces, however, before a gruff voice from the shadow of the building called out, —

"Halt! Who goes thar?"

"A friend," I answered.

"Advance, friend, and give the countergn."

"I don't know it."

"Then ye can't pass. Orders is strict."

"What is this disturbance? I heard a woman crying murder."

The stifled shrieks had died away, but low moans, and sounds like hysterical weeping, still came up from around the corner.

"Oh! nothin', — jest some nigger fellers on a time. Thet's all."

"And you stood by and saw it done!" I exclaimed, with mingled contempt and indignation.

"Sor it? How cud I help it? I hes my orders, — ter keep my eye on thet 'ar' door; 'sides, thar' war' nigh a dozen on 'em, and these Richmond nigs, now thet the white folks is away, is more lawless nor old Bragg himself. My life 'ou'd n't ha' been wuth a hill o' beans among 'em."

By this time I had gradually drawn the sentinel to the corner of the building, and looking down the dimly lighted

street whence the sounds proceeded, I saw that it was empty.

"They are gone now," I said, "and the woman may be dying. Come, go down there with me."

"Carn't, Cunnel. I 'ou'd n't do it fur all the women in Richmond."

"Was your mother a woman?"

"I reckon, and a right peart 'un, — ye mought bet yer pile on thet."

"I'll bet my pile she'd disown you, if she knew you turned your back on a woman."

He gave me a wistful, undecided look, and then, muttering something about "orders," which I did not stop to hear, followed me, as I hurried down the street.

Not three hundred yards away, in a narrow recess between two buildings, we found the woman. She lay at full length on the pavement, her neat muslin gown torn to shreds, and her simple lace bonnet crushed into a shapeless mass beside her. Her thick, dishevelled hair only half-concealed her open bosom, and from the corners of her mouth the blood was flowing freely. She was not dead, — for she still moaned pitifully, — but she seemed to be dying. Lifting her head as tenderly as I could, I said to her, —

"Are you much hurt? Can't you speak to me?"

She opened her eyes, and staring at the sentinel with a wild, crazed look, only moaned, —

"Oh! don't! Don't, — any more! Let me die! Oh! let me die!"

"Not yet. You are too young to die yet. Come, see if you can't sit up."

Something, it may have been the tone of my voice, seemed to bring her to her senses, for she again opened her eyes, and, with a sudden effort, rose nearly to her feet. In a moment, however, she staggered back, and would have fallen, had not the sentinel caught her.

"There, don't try again. Rest awhile. Take some of this, — it will give you strength"; and I emptied my brandy-flask into her mouth. "Our General" had filled it the morning we set out from his

camp; but two days' acquaintance with the Judge, who declared "*such* brandy contraband of war," had reduced its contents to a low ebb. Still, there was enough to do that poor girl a world of good. She shortly revived, and sitting up, her head against the sentinel's shoulder, told us her story. She was a white woman, and served as nursery-maid in a family that lived hard by. All of its male members being away with the army, she had been sent out at that late hour to procure medicine for a sick child, and, waylaid by a gang of black fiends, had been gagged and outraged in the very heart of Richmond! And this is Southern civilization under Jefferson I!

At the end of a long hour, I returned to the hotel. The sentry was pacing to and fro before it, and, seating myself on the door-step, I drew him into conversation.

"Do such things often happen in Richmond?" I asked him.

"Often! Ye's strange yere, I reckon," he replied.

"No,—I've been here forty times, but not lately. Things must be in a bad way here, now."

"Wal, they is! Thar's nary night but thar's lots o' sech doin's. Ye see, thar' ha'n't more 'n a corporal's-guard o' white men in the hull place, so the nigs they hes the'r own way, and ye'd better b'lieve they raise the Devil, and break things, generall'y."

"I've seen no other able-bodied soldier about town; how is it that you are here?"

"I ha'n't able-bodied," he replied, holding up the stump of his left arm, from which the sleeve was dangling. "I lost thet more 'n a y'ar ago. I b'long ter the calvary,—Fust Alabama,—and bein' 's I can't manage a nag now, they 's detailed me fur provost-duty."

"First Alabama? I know Captains Webb and Firman of that regiment."

"Ye does? What! old man Webb, as lives down on Coosa?"

"Yes, at Gadsden, in Cherokee Coun-

ty. Streight burnt his house, and both of his mills, on his big raid, and the old man has lost both of his sons in the war. It has wellnigh done him up."

"I reckon. Stands ter natur' it sh'u'd. The Yankees is all-fired fiends. The old man use' ter hate 'em loike —. I reckon he hates 'em wuss 'n uver now."

"No, he don't. His troubles seem to have softened him. When he told me of them, he cried like a child. He reckoned the Lord had brought them on him because he 'd fought against the Union."

"Wal, I doan't know. This war 's a bad business, anyhow. When d' ye see old Webb last?"

"About a year ago,—down in Tennessee, nigh to Tullahoma."

"Was he 'long o' the rigiment?"

That was a home question, for I had met Captain Webb while he was a prisoner, in the Court-House at Murfreesboro'. However, I promptly replied,—

"No,—he 'd just left it."

"Wal, I doan't blame him. 'Pears loike, ef sech things sh'u'd come onter me, I'd let the war and the kentry go ter the Devil tergether."

My acquaintance with Captain Webb naturally won me the confidence of the soldier; and for nearly an hour, almost unquestioned, he poured into my ear information that would have been of incalculable value to our generals. Two days later I would have given my right hand for liberty to whisper to General Grant some things that he said; but honor and honesty forbade it.

A neighboring clock struck four when I rose to go. As I did so, I said to the sentinel,—

"I saw no other sentry in the streets; why are you guarding this hotel?"

"Wal, ye knows old Brown 's a-raisin' Cain down thar' in Georgy. Two o' his men hes come up yere ter see Jeff, and things ha'n't quite satisfactory, so we 's orders ter keep 'em tighter 'n a bull's-eye in fly-time."

So, not content with placing a guard in our very bedchamber, the oily-tongued despot over the way had fastened a pad-

lock over the key-hole of our outside-door! What *would* happen, if he should hear that I had picked the padlock, and prowled about Richmond for an hour after midnight! The very thought gave my throat a preliminary choke, and my neck an uneasy sensation. It was high time I sought the embrace of that hard mattress in the fourth story. But my fears were groundless. When I crept noiselessly to bed, Javins was sleeping as soundly and snoring as sweetly as if his sins were all forgiven.

When I awoke in the morning, breakfast was already laid on the centre-table, and an army of newsboys were shouting under our windows, "'Ere 's the 'Enquirer' and the 'Dispatch.' Great news from the front. Gin'ral Grant mortally killed,—shot with a cannon." Rising, and beginning my toilet, I said to Javins, in a tone of deep concern,—

"When did that happen?"

"Why, o' Saturday. I hearn of it afore we left the lines. 'Twas all over town yesterday," he replied, with infinite composure.

"And you did n't tell us! That was unkind of you, Javins,—very unkind. How *could* you do it?"

"It's ag'in' orders to talk news with you;—besides, I thought you knowed it."

"How should we know it?"

"Why, your boat was only just ahead of his'n, comin' up the river. He got shot runnin' that battery. Hit in the arm, and died when they amputated him."

"Amputated him! Did they cut off his head to save his arm?"

Whether he saw a quiet twinkle in my eye, or knew that the news was false, I know not. Whichever it was, he replied,—

"I reckon. Then you don't b'lieve it?"

"Why should I doubt it? Don't your papers always tell the truth?"

"No, they never do; lyin' 's their trade."

"Then you suppose they're whistling now to keep up their courage? But let

us see what they say. Oblige me with some of your currency."

He kindly gave me three dollars for one, and ringing the bell, I soon had the five dingy half-sheets which every morning, "Sundays excepted," hold up this busy world, "its fluctuations and its vast concerns," to the wondering view of beleaguered Richmond.

"Dey's fifty cents apiece, Massa," said the darky, handing me the papers, and looking wistfully on the poor specimen of lithography which remained after the purchase; "what shill I do wid dis?"

"Oh! keep it. I'd give you more, but that's all the lawful money I have about me."

He hesitated, as if unwilling to take my last half-dollar; but self soon got the better of him. He pocketed the shin-plaster, and said nothing; but "Poor gentleman! I's sorry for *you*! Libin' at de Spotswood, and no money about you!" was legible all over his face.

We opened the papers, and, sure enough, General Grant *was* dead, and laid out in dingy sheets, with a big gun firing great volleys over him! The cannon which that morning thundered Glory! Hallelujah! through the columns of the "Whig" and the "Examiner" no doubt brought him to life again. No such jubilation, I believe, disgraced our Northern journals when Stonewall Jackson fell.

Breakfast over, the Colonel and I packed our portmanteaus, and sat down to the intellectual repast. It was a feast, and we enjoyed it. I always have enjoyed the Richmond editorials. If I were a poet, I should study them for epithets. Exhausting the dictionary, their authors ransack heaven, earth, and the other place, and into one expression throw such a concentration of scorn, hate, fury, or exultation as is absolutely stunning to a man of ordinary nerves. Talk of their being bridled! They never had a bit in their mouths. Before the war they ran wild, and now they ride rough-shod over decorum, decency, and Davis himself.



But the dictator endures it like a philosopher. "He lets it pass," said Judge Ould to me, "like the idle wind, which it is."

At last, ten o'clock — the hour when we were to set out from Dixie — struck from a neighboring steeple, and I laid down the paper, and listened for the tread of the Judge on the stairs. I had heard it often, and it had always been welcome, for he is a most agreeable companion, but I had not *listened* for it till then. Then I waited for it as "they that watch for the morning," for he was to deliver us from the "den of lions," — from "the hold of every foul and unclean thing." Ten, twenty, thirty minutes I waited, but he did not come! Why was he late, that prompt man, who was always "on time," — who put us through the streets of Richmond the night before on a trot, lest we should be a second late at our appointment? Did he mean to bake us brown with the mid-day sun? or had the mules overslept themselves, or moved their quarters still farther out of town? Well, I did n't know, and it was useless to speculate, so I took up the paper, and went to reading again. But the stinging editorials had lost their sting, and the pointed paragraphs, though sharper than a meat-axe, fell on me as harmless as if I had been encased in a suit of mail.

At length eleven o'clock sounded, and I took out my watch to count the minutes. One, two, three, — how slow they went! Four, five, — ten, — fifteen, — twenty! What was the matter with the watch? Even at this day I could affirm on oath that it took five hours for that hour-hand to get round to twelve. But at last it got there, and then — each second seeming a minute, each minute an hour — it crept slowly on to one; but still no Judge appeared! Why did he not come? The reason was obvious. The mules were "quartered six miles out of town," because he had to see Mr. Davis before letting us go. And Davis had heard of my nocturnal rambling, and concluded we had come as spies.

Or he had, from my cross-questioning the night before, detected *my* main object in coming to Dixie. Either way *my* doom was sealed. If we were taken as spies, it was hanging. If held on other grounds, it was imprisonment; and ten days of Castle Thunder, in my then state of health, would have ended my mortal career.

I had looked at this alternative before setting out. But then I saw it afar off; now I stood face to face with it, and — I thought of home, — of the brave boy who had said to me, "Father, I think you ought to go. If I was only a man, I'd go. If you never come back, I'll take care of the children."

These thoughts passing in my mind, I rose and paced the room for a few moments, — then, turning to Javins, said, —

"Will you oblige me by stepping into the hall? My friend and I would have a few words together."

As he passed out, I said to the Colonel, —

"Ould is more than three hours late! What does it mean?"

All this while he had sat, his spectacles on his nose, and his chair canted against the window-sill, absorbed in the newspapers. Occasionally he would look up to comment on something he was reading; but not a movement of his face, nor a glance of his eye, had betrayed that he was conscious of Ould's delay, or of my extreme restlessness. When I said this, he took off his spectacles, and, quietly rubbing the glasses with his handkerchief, replied, —

"It looks badly, but — I ask no odds of them. We may have to show we are men. We have tried to serve the country. That is enough. Let them hang us, if they like."

"Colonel," I exclaimed, with a strong inclination to hug him, "you are a trump! the bravest man I ever knew!"

"I trust in God, — that is all," was his reply.

This was all he said, — but his words convey no idea of the sublime courage which shone in his eye and lighted up his

every feature. I felt rebuked, and turned away to hide my emotion. As I did so, my attention was arrested by a singular spectacle in a neighboring street. Coming down the hill, hand in hand with a colored woman, were two little boys of about eight or nine years, one white, the other black. As they neared the opposite corner, the white lad drew back and struck the black boy a heavy blow with his foot. The ebony juvenile doubled up his fist, and, planting it behind the other's ear, felled him to the sidewalk. But the white lad was on his feet again in an instant, and showering on the black a perfect storm of kicks and blows. The latter parried the assault coolly, and, watching his opportunity, planted another blow behind the white boy's ear, which sent him reeling to the ground again. Meanwhile the colored nurse stood by, enjoying the scene, and a score or more of negroes of all ages and sizes gathered around, urging the young ebony on with cheers and other expressions of encouragement. I watched the combat till the white lad had gone down a third time, when a rap came at the door, and Judge Ould entered.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening," we replied.

"Well, Gentlemen, if you are ready, we'll walk round to the Libby," he added, with a hardness of tone I had not observed in his voice before.

My worst fears were realized! We were prisoners! A cold tremor passed over me, and my tongue refused its office. A drooping plant turns to the sun; so, being just then a drooping plant, I turned to the Colonel. He stood, drawn up to his full height, looking at Ould. Not a feature of his fine face moved, but his large gray eye was beaming with a sort of triumph. I have met brave men,—men who have faced death a hundred times without quailing; but I never met a man who had the moral grandeur of that man. His look inspired me, for I turned to Ould, and, with a coolness that amazed myself, said,—

"Very well. We are ready. But here is an instructive spectacle"; and I pointed to the conflict going on in the street. "That is what you are coming to. Fight us another year, and that scene will be enacted, by larger children, all over the South."

"To prevent that is why we are fighting you at all," he replied, dryly.

We shook Javins by the hand, and took up our portmanteaus to go. Then our hotel-bill occurred to me, and I said to Ould, —

"You cautioned us against offering greenbacks. We have nothing else. Will you give us some Confederate money in exchange?"

"Certainly. But what do you want of money?" he asked, resuming the free and easy manner he had shown in our previous intercourse.

"To pay our hotel-bill."

"You have no bill here. It will be settled by the Confederacy."

"We can't allow that. We are not here as the guests of your Government."

"Yes, you are, and you can't help yourselves," he rejoined, laughing pleasantly. "If you offer the landlord greenbacks, he'll have you juggled, certain, — for it's against the law."

"That's nothing to us. We are juggled already."

"So you are!" and he laughed again, rather boisterously.

His manner half convinced me that he had been playing on our sensibilities; but I said nothing, and we followed him down the stairs.

At the outer door stood Jack and the ambulance! Their presence assured us a safe exit from Dixie, and my feelings found expression somewhat as follows: —

"How are you, Jack? You're the best-looking dinky I ever saw."

"I's bery well, Massa, bery well. Hope you's well," replied Jack, grinning until he made himself uglier than Nature intended. "I's glad you tinks I's good-lookin'."

"Good-looking! You're better-look-

ing than any man, black or white, I ever met."

"You 've odd notions of beauty," said the Judge, smiling. "That accounts for your being an Abolitionist."

"No, it don't." And I added, in a tone too low for Jack to hear, "It only implies, that, until I saw that ducky, I doubted our getting out of Dixie."

The Judge gave a low whistle.

"So you smelt a rat?"

"Yes, a very big one. Tell us, why were you so long behind time?"

"I'll tell you when the war is over. Now I'll take you to Libby and the hospitals, if you'd like to go."

We said we would, and, ordering Jack to follow with the ambulance, the Judge led us down the principal thoroughfare. A few shops were open, a few negro women were passing in and out among them, and a few wounded soldiers were limping along the sidewalks; but scarcely an able-bodied man was to be seen anywhere. A poor soldier, who had lost both legs and a hand, was seated at a street-corner, asking alms of the colored women as they passed. Pointing to him, the Judge said,—

"There is one of our arguments against reunion. If you will walk two squares, I'll show you a thousand."

"All asking alms of black women? That is another indication of what you are coming to."

He made no reply. After a while, scanning our faces as if he would detect our hidden thoughts, he said, in an abrupt, pointed way,—

"Grant was to have attacked us yesterday. Why did n't he do it?"

"How should we know?"

"You came from Foster's only the day before. That's where the attack was to have been made."

"Why was n't it made?"

"I don't know. Some think it was because you came in, and were *expected out* that way."

"Oh! That accounts for your being so late! You think we are spies, sent in to survey, and report on the route?"

"No, I do not. I think you are honest men, and I've *said so*."

And I have no doubt it was because he "said so" that we got out of Richmond.

By this time we had reached a dingy brick building, from one corner of which protruded a small sign, bearing, in black letters on a white ground, the words,—

### LIBBY AND SON,

#### SHIP-CHANDLERS AND GROCERS.

It was three stories high, and, I was told, eighty feet in width and a hundred and ten in depth. In front, the first story was on a level with the street, allowing space for a tier of dungeons under the sidewalk; but in the rear the land sloped away till the basement-floor rose above-ground. Its unpainted walls were scorched to a rusty brown, and its sunken doors and low windows, filled here and there with a dusky pane, were cobwebbed and weather-stained, giving the whole building a most uninviting and desolate appearance. A flaxen-haired boy, in ragged "butternuts" and a Union cap, and an old man, in gray regimentals, with a bent body and a limping gait, were pacing to and fro before it, with muskets on their shoulders; but no other soldiers were in sight.

"If Ben Butler knew that Richmond was defended by only such men, how long would it be before he took it?" I said, turning to the Judge.

"Several years. When these men give out, our women will fall in." Let Butler try it!"

Opening a door at the right, he led us into a large, high-studded apartment, with a bare floor, and greasy brown walls hung round with battle-scenes and cheap lithographs of the Rebel leaders. Several officers in "Secession gray" were lounging about this room, and one of them, a short, slightly-built, youthful-looking man, rose as we entered, and, in a half-pompous, half-obsequious way, said to Judge Ould,—

"Ah! Colonel Ould, I am very glad to see you."



The Judge returned the greeting with a stateliness that was in striking contrast with his usual frank and cordial manner, and then introduced the officer to us as "Major Turner, Keeper of the Libby." I had heard of him, and it was with some reluctance that I took his proffered hand. However, I did take it, and at the same time inquired, —

"Are you related to Dr. Turner, of Fayetteville?"

"No, Sir. I am of the old Virginia family." (I never met a negro-whipper nor a negro-trader who did not belong to that family.) "Are you a North-Carolinian?"

"No, Sir" —

Before I could add another word, the Judge said, —

"No, Major; these gentlemen hail from Georgia. They are strangers here, and I'd thank you to show them over the prison."

"Certainly, Colonel, most certainly. I'll do it with great pleasure."

And the little man bustled about, put on his cap, gave a few orders to his subordinates, and then led us, through another outside-door, into the prison. He was a few rods in advance with Colonel Jaquess, when Judge Ould said to me, —

"Your prisoners have belied Turner. You see he's not the hyena they've represented."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied.

"These cringing, mild-mannered men are the worst sort of tyrants, when they have the power."

"But you don't think *him* a tyrant?"

"I do. He's a coward and a bully, or I can't read English. It is written all over his face."

The Judge laughed boisterously, and called out to Turner, —

"I say, Major, our friend here is painting your portrait."

"I hope he is making a handsome man of me," said Turner, in a sycophantic way.

"No, he is n't. He's drawing you to the life, — as if he'd known you for half a century."

We had entered a room about forty feet wide and a hundred feet deep, with bare brick walls, a rough plank floor, and narrow, dingy windows, to whose sash only a few broken panes were clinging. A row of tin wash-basins, and a wooden trough which served as a bathing-tub, were at one end of it, and half a dozen cheap stools and hard-bottomed chairs were littered about the floor, but it had no other furniture. And this room, with five others of similar size and appointments, and two basements floored with earth and filled with *débris*, compose the famous Libby Prison, in which, for months together, thousands of the best and bravest men that ever went to battle have been allowed to rot and to starve.

At the date of our visit, not more than a hundred prisoners were in the Libby, its contents having recently been emptied into a worse sink in Georgia; but almost constantly since the war began, twelve and sometimes thirteen hundred of our officers have been hived within those half-dozen desolate rooms and filthy cellars, with a space of only ten feet by two allotted to each for all the purposes of living!

Overrun with vermin, perishing with cold, breathing a stifled, tainted atmosphere, no space allowed them for rest by day, and lying down at night "wormed and dovetailed together like fish in a basket," — their daily rations only two ounces of stale beef and a small lump of hard corn-bread, and their lives the forfeit, if they caught but one streak of God's blue sky through those filthy windows, — they have endured there all the horrors of the middle-passage. My soul sickened as I looked on the scene of their wretchedness. If the liberty we are fighting for were not worth even so terrible a price, — if it were not cheaply purchased even with the blood and agony of the many brave and true souls who have gone into that foul den only to die, or to come out the shadows of men, — living ghosts, condemned to walk the night and to fade away before the breaking of the great day that is coming, — who would

not cry out for peace, for peace on any terms?

And while these thoughts were in my mind, the cringing, foul-mouthed, brutal, contemptible ruffian who had caused all this misery stood within two paces of me! I could have reached out my hand, and, with half an effort, have crushed him, and — I did not do it! Some invisible Power held my arm, for murder was in my heart.

"This is where that Yankee devil Streight, that raised hell so among you down in Georgia, got out," said Turner, pausing before a jut in the wall of the room. "A flue was here, you see, but we've bricked it up. They took up the hearth, let themselves down into the basement, and then dug through the wall, and eighty feet underground into the yard of a deserted building over the way. If you'd like to see the place, step down with me."

"We would, Major. We'd be right glad ter," I replied, adopting, at a hint from the Judge, the Georgia dialect.

We descended a rough plank stairway, and entered the basement. It was a damp, mouldy, dismal place, and even then — in hot July weather — as cold as an ice-house. What must it have been in midwinter!

The keeper led us along the wall to where Streight and his party had broken out, and then said, —

"It's three feet thick, but they went through it, and all the way under the street, with only a few case-knives and a dust-pan."

"Wal, they *war* smart. But, keeper, whar' was yer eyes all o' thet time? Down our way, ef a man could n't see twenty Yankees a-wuckin' so fur six weeks, by daylight, in a clar place like this yere, we'd reckon he warn't fit ter 'tend a pen o' niggers."

The Judge whispered, "You're overdoing it. Hold in." Turner winced like a struck hound, but, smothering his wrath, smilingly replied, —

"The place was n't clear then. It was filled with straw and rubbish. The

Yankees covered the opening with it, and hid away among it when any one was coming. I caught two of them down here one day, but they pulled the wool over my eyes, and I let them off with a few days in a dungeon. But that fellow Streight would outwit the Devil. He was the most unruly customer I've had in the twenty months I've been here. I put him in keep, time and again, but I never could cool him down."

"Whar' is the keeps?" I asked. "Ye's got lots o' them, ha'n't ye?"

"No, — only six. Step this way, and I'll show you."

"Talk better English," said the Judge, as we fell a few paces behind Turner on our way to the front of the building. "There are some schoolmasters in Georgia."

"Wal, thar' ha'n't, — not in the part I come from."

The dungeons were low, close, dismal apartments, about twelve feet square, boarded off from the remainder of the cellar, and lighted only by a narrow grating under the sidewalk. Their floors were incrustured with filth, and their walls stained and damp with the rain, which, in wet weather, had dripped down from the street.

"And how many does ye commonly lodge yere, when yer hotel's full?" I asked.

"I have had twenty in each, but fifteen is about as many as they comfortably hold."

"I reckon! And then the comfut mought n't be much ter brag on."

The keeper soon invited us to walk into the adjoining basement. I was a few steps in advance of him, taking a straight course to the entrance, when a sentinel, pacing to and fro in the middle of the apartment, levelled his musket so as to bar my way, saying, as he did so, —

"Ye carn't pass yere, Sir. Ye must gwo round by the wall."

This drew my attention to the spot, and I noticed that a space, about fifteen feet square, in the centre of the room, and

directly in front of the sentinel, had been recently dug up with a spade. While in all other places the ground was trodden to the hardness and color of granite, this spot seemed to be soft, and had the reddish-yellow hue of the "sacred soil." Another sentry was pacing to and fro on its other side, so that the place was completely surrounded! Why were they guarding it so closely? The reason flashed upon me, and I said to Turner, —

"I say, how many barr'ls hes ye in thar'?"

"Enough to blow this shanty to —," he answered, curtly.

"I reckon! Put 'em thar' when thet feller Dahlgreen was a-gwine ter rescue 'em, — the Yankees?"

"I reckon."

He said no more, but that was enough to reveal the black, seething hell the Rebellion has brewed. Can there be any peace with miscreants who thus deliberately plan the murder, at one swoop, of hundreds of unarmed and innocent men?

In this room, seated on the ground, or leaning idly against the walls, were about a dozen poor fellows who the Judge told me were hostages, held for a similar number under sentence of death by our Government. Their dejected, homesick look, and weary, listless manner disclosed some of the horrors of imprisonment.

"Let us go," I said to the Colonel; "I have had enough of this."

"No, — you must see the up-stairs," said Turner. "It a'n't so gloomy up there."

It was not so gloomy, for some little sunlight did come in through the dingy windows; but the few prisoners in the upper rooms wore the same sad, disconsolate look as those in the lower story.

"It is not hard fare, or close quarters, that kills men," said Judge Ould to me; "it is homesickness; and the strongest and the bravest succumb to it first."

In the sill of an attic-window I found a Minié-ball. Prying it out with my knife, and holding it up to Turner, I said, —

"So ye keeps this room fur a shoot-in'-gallery, does ye?"

"Yes," he replied, laughing. "The boys practise once in a while on the Yankees. You see, the rules forbid their coming within three feet of the windows. Sometimes they do, and then the boys take a pop at them."

"And sometimes hit 'em? Hit many on 'em?"

"Yes, a heap."

We passed a long hour in the Libby, and then visited Castle Thunder and the hospitals for our wounded. I should be glad to describe what I saw in those "institutions," but the limits of my paper forbid it.

It was five o'clock when we bade the Judge a friendly good-bye, and took our seats in the ambulance. As we did so, he said to us, —

"I have not taken your parole, Gentlemen. I shall trust to your honor not to disclose anything you have seen or heard that might operate against us in a military way."

"You may rely upon us, Judge; and, some day, give us a chance to return the courtesy and kindness you have shown to us. We shall not forget it."

We arrived near the Union lines just as the sun was going down. Captain Hatch, who had accompanied us, waved his flag as we halted near a grove of trees, and a young officer rode over to us from the nearest picket-station. We despatched him to General Foster for a pair of horses, and in half an hour entered the General's tent. He pressed us to remain to dinner, proposing to kill the fatted calf, — "for these my sons were dead and are alive again, were lost and are found."

We let him kill it, (it tasted wonderfully like salt pork,) and in half an hour were on our way to General Butler's head-quarters.

Here ended our last day in Dixie, and here, perhaps, should end this article; but the time has come when I can disclose my real purpose in seeking an au-



dience of the Rebel leader; and as such a disclosure may relieve me, in the minds of candid men, from some of the aspersions cast upon my motives by Rebel sympathizers, I willingly make it. In making it, however, I wish to be understood as speaking only for myself. My companion, Colonel Jaquess, while he fully shared in my motives, and rightly estimated the objects I sought to accomplish, had other, and, it may be, higher aims. And I wish also to say, that to him attaches whatever credit is due to any one for the conception and execution of this "mission." While I love my country as well as any man, and in this enterprise cheerfully perilled my life to serve it, I was only his co-worker: I should not have undertaken it alone.

No reader of this magazine is so young as not to remember, that, between the first of June and the first of August last, a Peace simoom swept over the country, throwing dust into the people's eyes, and threatening to bury the nation in disunion. All at once the North grew tired of the war. It began to count the money and the blood it had cost, and to overlook the great principles for which it was waged. Men of all shades of political opinion—radical Republicans, as well as honest Democrats—cried out for concession, compromise, armistice, — for anything to end the war, — anything but disunion. To that the North would not consent, and peace I knew could not be had without it. I knew that, because on the sixteenth of June, Jeff. Davis had said to a prominent Southerner that he would negotiate only on the basis of Southern Independence, and that declaration had come to me only five days after it was made.

The people, therefore, were under a delusion. They were crying out for peace when there was no peace, — when there *could* be no peace consistent with the interest and security of the country. The result of this delusion, were it not dispelled, would be that the Chicago Convention, or some other convention, would nominate a man pledged to peace, but

willing to concede Southern independence, and on that tide of popular frenzy he would sail into the Presidency. Then the deluded people would learn, too late, that peace meant only disunion. They would learn it too late, because power would then be in the hands of a Peace Congress and a Peace President, and it required no spirit of prophecy to predict what such an Administration would do. It would make peace on the best terms it could get; and the best terms it could get were Disunion and Southern Independence.

The Peace epidemic could be stayed, and the consequent danger to the country averted, it seemed to me, only by securing in a tangible form, and before a trustworthy witness, the ultimatum of the Rebel President. That ultimatum, spread far and wide, would convince every honest Northern man that war was the only road to lasting peace.

To get that ultimatum, and to give it to the four winds of heaven, were my real objects in going to Richmond.

I did not shut my eyes to the possibility of our paving the way for negotiations that might end in peace, nor my ears to the blessings a grateful nation would shower on us, if our visit had such a result; but I did not *expect* these things. I expected to be smeared from head to foot with Copperhead slime, to be called a knight-errant, a seeker after notoriety, an abortive negotiator, and a meddlesome volunteer diplomatist; but I expected also, if a good Providence spared our lives, and my pen did not forget the English language, to be able to tell the North the truth; and I knew that the *Truth* would stay the Peace epidemic, and kill the Peace party. And by the blessing of God, and the help of the Devil, it did do that. The Devil helped, for he inspired Mr. Benjamin's circular, and that forced home the bolt we had driven, and shivered the Peace party into a million of fragments, every fragment now a good War man until the old flag shall float again all over the country.

If we accomplished this, "the scoffer need not laugh, nor the judicious grieve," for our mountain did not bring forth a mouse, — our "mission to Richmond" was not a failure.

It was a difficult enterprise. At the outset it seemed wellnigh impossible to gain access to Mr. Davis; but we finally did gain it, and we gained it without official aid. Mr. Lincoln did not assist us. He gave us a pass through the army-lines, stated on what terms he would grant amnesty to the Rebels, and said, "Good-bye, good luck to you," when we went away; and that is all he did.

It was also a hazardous enterprise, — no holiday adventure, no pastime for boys. It was sober, serious, dangerous *work*, — and work for *men*, for cool, earnest, fearless, determined men, who relied on God, who thought more of their object than of their lives, and who, for truth and their country, were ready to meet the prison or the scaffold.

If any one doubts this, let him call to mind what we had to accomplish. We had to penetrate an enemy's lines, to enter a besieged city, to tell home truths to the desperate, unscrupulous leaders of the foulest rebellion the world has ever

known, and to draw from those leaders, deep, adroit, and wary as they are, their real plans and purposes. And all this we had to do without any official safeguard, while entirely in their power, and while known to be their earnest and active enemies. One false step, one unguarded word, one untoward event would have consigned us to Castle Thunder, or the gallows.

Can any one believe that men who undertake such work are mere lovers of adventure, or seekers of notoriety? If any one does believe it, let him pardon me, if I say that he knows little of human nature, and nothing of human history.

I am goaded to these remarks by the strictures of the Copperhead press, but I make them in no spirit of boasting. God forbid that I should boast of anything we did! For *we* did nothing. Unseen influences prompted us, unseen friends strengthened us, unseen powers were all about our way. We felt their presence as if they had been living men; and had we been atheists, our experience would have convinced us that there is a God, and that He means that all men, everywhere, shall be free.

---

## THE VANISHERS.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams  
In the simple Indian lore  
Still to me the legend seems  
Of the Elves who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
Never reached nor found at rest,  
Baffling search, but beckoning on  
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
Through the dark of lowland firs,  
Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
Of the mystic Vanishers!

chanical skill of their pupils to assist them in producing the great works which bear their names. All the painters of note of that time, like many of the present day, had their pupils, to whom was intrusted much of the laborious portion of their work, the master furnishing the design and superintending its execution. Raphael, for instance, could never have left one half the treasures of Art which adorn the Vatican and enrich other galleries, had he depended solely upon the rapidity of his own hand; and of the many frescos which exist in the Farnese Palace, and are called "Raphael's frescos," there are but two in which are to be traced the master's hand,—the Galatea, and one of the compartments in the series representing the story of Cupid and Psyche.

It will thus be seen how large a portion of the manual labor which is supposed to devolve entirely upon the artist is, and has always been, really performed by other hands than his own. I do not state this fact in a whisper, as if it were a great disclosure which involved the honor of the artist; it is no secret, and there is no reason why it should be so. The disclosure, it is true, will be received by all who regard sculpture as simply a mechanical art with a feeling of disappointment. They will brand the artist who cannot lay claim to the entire manipulation of his statue, whether in clay or marble, as an impostor, — nor will they resign the idea that the truly conscientious sculptor will carve every ornament upon his sandals and polish

every button upon his drapery. But those who look upon sculpture as an intellectual art, requiring the exercise of taste, imagination, and delicate feeling, will never identify the artist who conceives, composes, and completes the design with the workman who simply relieves him from great physical labor, however delicate some portion of that labor may be. It should be a recognized fact, that the sculptor is as fairly entitled to avail himself of mechanical aid in the execution of his work as the architect to call into requisition the services of the stone-mason in the erection of his edifice, or the poet to employ the printer to give his thoughts to the world. Probably the sturdy mason never thinks much about proportion, nor the type-setter much about harmony; but the master-minds which inspire the strong arm and cunning finger with motion think about and study both. It is high time that some distinction should be made between the labor of the hand and the labor of the brain. It is high time, in short, that the public should understand in what the sculptor's work properly consists, and thus render less pernicious the representations of those who, either from thoughtlessness or malice, dwelling upon the fact that assistance has been employed in certain cases, without defining the limits of that assistance, imply the guilt of imposture in the artists, and deprive them, and more particularly women-artists, of the credit to which, by talent or conscientious labor, they are justly entitled.

HARRIET HOSMER.



106—

## BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

O. W. Holmes.

O EVEN-HANDED Nature! we confess  
 This life that men so honor, love, and bless  
 Has filled thine olden measure. Not the less

We count the precious seasons that remain;  
 Strike not the level of the golden grain,  
 But heap it high with years, that earth may gain

What heaven can lose, — for heaven is rich in song:  
 Do not all poets, dying, still prolong  
 Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,  
 And England's heavenly minstrel sits between  
 The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Florentine?

This was the first sweet singer in the cage  
 Of our close-woven life. A new-born age  
 Claims in his vesper song its heritage:

Spare us, oh, spare us long our heart's desire!  
 Moloch, who calls our children through the fire,  
 Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun  
 The hours, the minutes, that his sands have run;  
 Rather, as on those flowers that one by one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom display  
 Till evening's planet with her guiding ray  
 Leads in the blind old mother of the day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a flower,  
 The long, long daylight, numbering hour by hour,  
 Each breathing sweetness like a bridal bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?  
 His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?  
 His evening primrose has not opened yet;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the skies  
 In midnight from his century-laden eyes,  
 Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open bright  
 As the resplendent cactus of the night  
 That floods the gloom with fragrance and with light?

How can we praise the verse whose music flows  
With solemn cadence and majestic close,  
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose ?

How shall we thank him that in evil days  
He faltered never, — nor for blame, nor praise,  
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
So to his youth his manly years were true,  
All dyed in royal purple through and through !

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven is strung  
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal tongue :  
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to mankind :  
In his own verse the poet still we find,  
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,

As in their amber sweets the smothered bees, —  
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,  
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow  
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature so  
Holds their soft hands, and will not let them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet  
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses beat  
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their own :  
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,  
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful throne !

O lover of her mountains and her woods,  
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,  
Where Love himself with tremulous step intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred fire :  
Far be the day that claims thy sounding lyre  
To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be filled,  
Since throbbing hearts must be forever stilled,  
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes  
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,  
Its smoke may vanish from these blackened skies !

Then, when his summons comes, since come it must,  
And, looking heavenward with unfaltering trust,  
He wraps his drapery round him for the dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his head  
The Northern fires beyond the zenith spread  
In lambent glory, blue and white and red, —

The Southern cross without its bleeding load,  
The milky way of peace all freshly strowed,  
And every white-throned star fixed in its lost abode !

NOVEMBER 3, 1864.

## LEAVES FROM AN OFFICER'S JOURNAL. C

### II.

CAMP SAXTON, near Beaufort, S. C.  
December 11, 1862.

HAROUN ALRASCHID, wandering in disguise through his imperial streets, scarcely happened upon a greater variety of groups than I, in my evening strolls among our own camp-fires.

Beside some of these fires, the men are cleaning their guns or rehearsing their drill, — beside others, smoking in silence their very scanty supply of the beloved tobacco, — beside others, telling stories and shouting with laughter over the broadest mimicry, in which they excel, and in which the officers come in for a full share. The everlasting "shout" is always within hearing, with its mixture of piety and polka, and its castanet-like clapping of the hands. Then there are quieter prayer-meetings, with pious invocations, and slow psalms, "deaconed out" from memory by the leader, two lines at a time, in a sort of wailing chant. Elsewhere, there are *conversazioni* around fires, with a woman for queen of the circle, — her Nubian face, gay head-dress, gilt necklace, and white teeth, all resplendent in the glowing light. Sometimes the woman is spelling slow monosyllables out of a

primer, a feat which always commands all ears, — they rightly recognizing a mighty spell, equal to the overthrowing of monarchs, in the magic assonance of *cat, hat, pat, bat*, and the rest of it. Elsewhere, it is some solitary old cook, some aged Uncle Tiff, with enormous spectacles, who is perusing a hymn-book by the light of a pine splinter, in his deserted cooking-booth of palmetto-leaves. By another fire there is an actual dance, red-legged soldiers doing right-and-left, and "now-lead-de-lady-ober," to the music of a violin which is rather artistically played, and which may have guided the steps, in other days, of Barnwells and Hugers. And yonder is a stump-orator perched on his barrel, pouring out his exhortations to fidelity in war and in religion. To-night for the first time I have heard an harangue in a different strain, quite saucy, skeptical, and defiant, appealing to them in a sort of French materialistic style, and claiming some personal experience of warfare. "You don't know notin' about it, boys. You tink you's brave enough; how you tink, if you stan' clar in de open field, — here you, an' dar de Secesh? You's got to hab de right ting inside o' you.



You must hab it 'served [preserved] in you, like dese yer sour plums dey 'serve in de barr'l; you 's got to harden it down inside o' you, or it 's not-in'." Then he hit hard at the religionists: — "When a man 's got de sperit ob de Lord in him, it weakens him all out, can't hoe de corn." He had a great deal of broad sense in his speech; but presently some others began praying vociferously close by, as if to drown this free-thinker, when at last he exclaimed, "I mean to fight de war through, an' die a good sojer wid de last kick, — dat 's *my* prayer!" and suddenly jumped off the barrel. I was quite interested at discovering this reverse side of the temperament, the devotional side preponderates so enormously, and the greatest scamps kneel and groan in their prayer-meetings with such entire zest. It shows that there is some individuality developed among them, and that they will not become too exclusively pietistic.

Their love of the spelling-book is perfectly inexhaustible, — they stumbling on by themselves, or the blind leading the blind, with the same pathetic patience which they carry into everything. The chaplain is getting up a school-house, where he will soon teach them as regularly as he can. But the alphabet must always be a very incidental business in a camp.

December 14.

Passages from prayers in the camp: —

"Let me so lib dat when I die I shall *hab manners*, dat I shall know what to say when I see my Heabenly Lord."

"Let me lib wid de musket in one hand, an' de Bible in de oder, — dat if I die at de muzzle ob de musket, die in de water, die on de land, I may know I hab de bressed Jesus in my hand, an' hab no fear."

"I hab lef' my wife in de land o' bondage; my little ones dey say eb'ry night, Whar is my fader? But when I die, when de bressed mornin' rises, when I shall stan' in de glory, wid one foot on de water an' one foot on de

land, den, O Lord, I shall see my wife an' my little chil'en once more."

These sentences I noted down, as best I could, beside the glimmering camp-fire last night. The same person was the hero of a singular little *contre-temps* at a funeral in the afternoon. It was our first funeral. The man had died in hospital, and we had chosen a picturesque burial-place above the river, near the old church, and beside a little nameless cemetery, used by generations of slaves. It was a regular military funeral, the coffin being draped with the American flag, the escort marching behind, and three volleys fired over the grave. During the services there was singing, the chaplain deaconing out the hymn in their favorite way. This ended, he announced his text, — "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his trouble." Instantly, to my great amazement, the cracked voice of the chorister was uplifted, intoning the text, as if it were the first verse of another hymn. So calmly was it done, so imperturbable were all the black countenances, that I half began to conjecture that the chaplain himself intended it for a hymn, though I could imagine no prospective rhyme for *trouble*, unless it were approximated by *debbil*, — which is, indeed, a favorite reference, both with the men and with his Reverence. But the chaplain, peacefully awaiting, gently repeated his text after the chant, and to my great relief the old chorister waived all further recitative and let the funeral discourse proceed.

Their memories are a vast bewildered chaos of Jewish history and biography; and most of the great events of the past, down to the period of the American Revolution, they instinctively attribute to Moses. There is a fine bold confidence in all their citations, however, and the record never loses piquancy in their hands, though strict accuracy may suffer. Thus, one of my captains, last Sunday, heard a colored exhorter at Beaufort proclaim, "Paul may plant, *and may polish wid water*, but it won't do," in which the

sainted Apollos would hardly have recognized himself.

Just now one of the soldiers came to me to say that he was about to be married to a girl in Beaufort, and would I lend him a dollar and seventy-five cents to buy the wedding outfit? It seemed as if matrimony on such moderate terms ought to be encouraged, in these days; and so I responded to the appeal.

*December 16.*

To-day a young recruit appeared here, who had been the slave of Colonel Sammis, one of the leading Florida refugees. Two white companions came with him, who also appeared to be retainers of the Colonel, and I asked them to dine. Being likewise refugees, they had stories to tell, and were quite agreeable: one was English-born, the other Floridian, a dark, sallow Southerner, very well-bred. After they had gone, the Colonel himself appeared. I told him that I had been entertaining his white friends, and after a while he quietly let out the remark, —

"Yes, one of those white friends of whom you speak is a boy raised on one of my plantations; he has travelled with me to the North and passed for white, and he always keeps away from the negroes."

Certainly no such suspicion had ever crossed my mind.

I have noticed one man in the regiment who would easily pass for white, — a little sickly drummer, aged fifty at least, with brown eyes and reddish hair, who is said to be the son of one of our commodores. I have seen perhaps a dozen persons as fair or fairer, among fugitive slaves, but they were usually young children. It touched me far more to see this man, who had spent more than half a lifetime in this low estate, and for whom it now seemed too late to be anything but a "nigger." This offensive word, by the way, is almost as common with them as at the North, and far more common than with well-bred slave-

holders. They have meekly accepted it. "Want to go out to de nigger-houses, Sah," is the universal impulse of sociability, when they wish to cross the lines. "He hab twenty house-servants, an' two hundred head o' nigger," is a still more degrading form of phrase, in which the epithet is limited to the field-hands, and they estimated like so many cattle. This want of self-respect of course interferes with the authority of the non-commissioned officers, which is always difficult to sustain, even in white regiments. "He need n't try to play de white man ober me," was the protest of a soldier against his corporal the other day. To counteract this, I have often to remind them that they do not obey their officers because they are white, but because they are their officers; and guard-duty is an admirable school for this, because they readily understand that the sergeant or corporal of the guard has for the time more authority than any commissioned officer who is not on duty. It is necessary also for their superiors to treat the non-commissioned officers with careful courtesy, and I often caution the line-officers never to call them "Sam" or "Will," nor omit the proper handle to their names. The value of the habitual courtesies of the regular army is exceedingly apparent with these men: an officer of polished manners can wind them round his finger, while white soldiers seem rather to prefer a certain roughness. The demeanor of my men to each other is very courteous, and yet I see none of that sort of upstart conceit which is sometimes offensive among free negroes at the North, the dandy-barber strut. This is an agreeable surprise, for I feared that freedom and regimentals would produce precisely that.

They seem the world's perpetual children, docile, gay, and lovable, in the midst of this war for freedom on which they have intelligently entered. Last night, before "taps," there was the greatest noise in camp that I had ever heard, and I feared some riot. On going out, I found the most tumultuous

sham-fight proceeding in total darkness, two companies playing like boys, beating tin cups for drums. When some of them saw me they seemed a little dismayed, and came and said, beseechingly, — "Cunnel, Sah, you hab no objection to we playin', Sah?" — which objection I disclaimed; but soon they all subsided, rather to my regret, and scattered merrily. Afterward I found that some other officer had told them that I considered the affair too noisy, so that I felt a mild self-reproach when one said, "Cunnel, wish you had let we play a little longer, Sah." Still I was not sorry, on the whole; for these sham-fights between companies would in some regiments lead to real ones, and there is a latent jealousy here between the Florida and South-Carolina men, which sometimes makes me anxious.

The officers are more kind and patient with the men than I should expect, since the former are mostly young, and drilling tries the temper; but they are aided by hearty satisfaction in the results already attained. I have never yet heard a doubt expressed among the officers as to the *superiority* of these men to white troops in aptitude for drill and discipline, because of their imitiveness and docility, and the pride they take in the service. One captain said to me to-day, "I have this afternoon taught my men to load-in-nine-times, and they do it better than we did it in my former company in three months." I can personally testify that one of our best lieutenants, an Englishman, taught a part of his company the essential movements of the "school for skirmishers" in a single lesson of two hours, so that they did them very passably, though I feel bound to discourage such haste. However, I "formed square" on the third battalion-drill. Three-fourths of drill consist of attention, imitation, and a good ear for time; in the other fourth, which consists of the application of principles, as, for instance, performing by the left flank some movement before learned by the right, they are perhaps slower than bet-

ter-educated men. Having belonged to five different drill-clubs before entering the army, I certainly ought to know something of the resources of human awkwardness, and I can honestly say that they astonish me by the facility with which they do things. I expected much harder work in this respect.

The habit of carrying burdens on the head gives them erectness of figure, even where physically disabled. I have seen a woman, with a brimming water-pail balanced on her head, — or perhaps a cup, saucer, and spoon, — stop suddenly, turn round, stoop to pick up a missile, rise again, fling it, light a pipe, and go through many evolutions with either hand or both, without spilling a drop. The pipe, by the way, gives an odd look to a well-dressed young girl on Sunday, but one often sees that spectacle. The passion for tobacco among our men continues quite absorbing, and I have piteous appeals for some arrangement by which they can buy it on credit, as we have yet no sutler. Their imploring, "Cunnel, we can't *lib* widout it, Sah," goes to my heart; and as they cannot read, I cannot even have the melancholy satisfaction of supplying them with the excellent anti-tobacco tracts of Mr. Trask.

December 19.

Last night the water froze in the adjutant's tent, but not in mine. To-day has been mild and beautiful. The blacks say they do not feel the cold so much as the white officers do, and perhaps it is so, though their health evidently suffers more from dampness. On the other hand, while drilling on very warm days, they have seemed to suffer more from heat than their officers. But they dearly love fire, and at night will always have it, if possible, even on the minutest scale, — a mere handful of splinters, that seems hardly more efficacious than a friction-match. Probably this is a natural habit for the short-lived coolness of an out-door country; and then there is something delightful in this rich pine, which burns like



a tar-barrel. It was perhaps encouraged by the masters, as the only cheap luxury the slaves had at hand.

As one grows more acquainted with the men, their individualities emerge; and I find first their faces, then their characters, to be as distinct as those of whites. It is very interesting the desire they show to do their duty and to improve as soldiers; they evidently think about it, and see the importance of the thing; they say to me that we white men cannot stay and be their leaders always, and that they must learn to depend on themselves, or else relapse into their former condition.

Beside the superb branch of uneatable bitter oranges which decks my tent-pole, I have to-day hung up a long bough of finger-sponge, which floated to the river-bank. As winter advances, butterflies gradually disappear: one species (a *Vanessa*) lingers; three others have vanished since I came. Mocking-birds are abundant, but rarely sing; once or twice they have reminded me of the red thrush, but are inferior, as I have always thought. The colored people all say that it will be much cooler; but my officers do not think so, perhaps because last winter was so unusually mild, — with only one frost, they say.

December 20.

Philoprogenitiveness is an important organ for an officer of colored troops; and I happen to be well provided with it. It seems to be the theory of all military usages, in fact, that soldiers are to be treated like children; and these singular persons, who never know their own age till they are past middle life, and then choose a birthday with such precision, — "Fifty year old, Sah, de fus' last April," — prolong the privilege of childhood.

I am perplexed nightly for countersigns,—their range of proper names is so distressingly limited, and they make such amazing work of every new one. At first, to be sure, they did not quite recognize the need of any variation: one

night some officer asked a sentinel whether he had the countersign yet, and was indignantly answered, — "Should tink I hab 'em, hab 'em for a fortnight"; which seems a long epoch for that magic word to hold out. To-night I thought I would have "Fredericksburg," in honor of Burnside's reported victory, using the rumor quickly, for fear of a contradiction. Later, in comes a captain, gets the countersign for his own use, but presently returns, the sentinel having pronounced it incorrect. On inquiry, it appears that the sergeant of the guard, being weak in geography, thought best to substitute the more familiar word, "Crockery-ware"; which was, with perfect gravity, confided to all the sentinels, and accepted without question. O life! what is the fun of fiction beside thee?

I should think they would suffer and complain, these cold nights; but they say nothing, though there is a good deal of coughing. I should fancy that the scarlet trousers must do something to keep them warm, and wonder that they dislike them so much, when they are so much like their beloved fires. They certainly multiply fire-light, in any case. I often notice that an infinitesimal flame, with one soldier standing by it, looks like quite a respectable conflagration, and it seems as if a group of them must dispel dampness.

December 21.

To a regimental commander no book can be so fascinating as the consolidated Morning Report, which is ready about nine, and tells how many in each company are sick, absent, on duty, and so on. It is one's newspaper and daily mail; I never grow tired of it. If a single recruit has come in, I am always eager to see how he looks on paper.

To-night the officers are rather depressed by rumors of Burnside's being defeated, after all. I am fortunately equable and undepressible; and it is very convenient that the men know too little of the events of the war to feel excitement or fear. They know General Sax-

ton and me, — “de General” and “de Cunnel,” — and seem to ask no further questions. We are the war. It saves a great deal of trouble, while it lasts, this childlike confidence; nevertheless, it is our business to educate them to manhood, and I see as yet no obstacle. As for the rumor, the world will no doubt roll round, whether Burnside is defeated or succeeds.

*Christmas Day.*

“We’ll fight for liberty  
Till de Lord shall call us home;  
We’ll soon be free  
Till de Lord shall call us home.”

This is the hymn which the slaves at Georgetown, South Carolina, were whipped for singing when President Lincoln was elected. So said a little drummer-boy, as he sat at my tent’s edge last night and told me his story; and he showed all his white teeth as he added, — “Dey tink ‘de Lord’ meant for say de Yankees.”

Last night, at dress-parade, the adjutant read General Saxton’s Proclamation for the New-Year’s Celebration. I think they understood it, for there was cheering in all the company-streets afterwards. Christmas is the great festival of the year for this people; but, with New-Year’s coming after, we could have no adequate programme for to-day, and so celebrated Christmas Eve with pattern simplicity. We omitted, namely, the mystic curfew which we call “taps,” and let them sit up and burn their fires and have their little prayer-meetings as late as they desired; and all night, as I waked at intervals, I could hear them praying and “shouting” and clattering with hands and heels. It seemed to make them very happy, and appeared to be at least an innocent Christmas dissipation, as compared with some of the convivialities of the “superior race” hereabouts.

*December 26.*

The day passed with no greater excitement for the men than target-shooting,

which they enjoyed. I had the private delight of the arrival of our much-desired surgeon and his nephew, the captain, with letters and news from home. They also bring the good tidings that General Saxton is not to be removed, as had been reported.

Two different stands of colors have arrived for us, and will be presented at New-Year’s, — one from friends in New York, and the other from a lady in Connecticut. I see that “Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Weekly” of December twentieth has a highly imaginative picture of the muster-in of our first company, and also of a skirmish on the late expedition.

I must not forget the prayer overheard last night by one of the captains: — “O Lord! when I tink ob dis Kismas and las’ year de Kismas. Las’ Kismas he in de Secesh, and notin’ to eat but grits, and no salt in ’em. Dis year in de camp, and too much victual!” This “too much” is a favorite phrase out of their grateful hearts, and did not in this case denote an excess of dinner, — as might be supposed, — but of thanksgiving.

*December 29.*

Our new surgeon has begun his work most efficiently: he and the chaplain have converted an old gin-house into a comfortable hospital, with ten nice beds and straw pallets. He is now, with a hearty professional faith, looking round for somebody to put into it. I am afraid the regiment will accommodate him; for, although he declares that these men do not sham sickness, as he expected, their catarrh is an unpleasant reality. They feel the dampness very much, and make such a coughing at dress-parade that I have urged him to administer a dose of cough-mixture, all round, just before that pageant. Are the colored race *tough*? is my present anxiety; and it is odd that physical insufficiency, the only discouragement not thrown in our way by the newspapers, is the only discouragement which finds any place in our minds. They are used to sleeping in-

doors in winter, herded before fires, and so they feel the change. Still, the regiment is as healthy as the average, and experience will teach us something.\*

*December 30.*

On the first of January we are to have a slight collation, ten oxen or so, barbecued,—or not properly barbecued, but roasted whole. Touching the length of time required to “do” an ox, no two housekeepers appear to agree. Accounts vary from two hours to twenty-four. We shall happily have enough to try all gradations of roasting, and suit all tastes, from Miss A.’s to mine. But fancy me proffering a spare-rib, well done, to some fair lady! What ever are we to do for spoons and forks and plates? Each soldier has his own, and is sternly held responsible for it by “Army Regulations.” But how provide for the multitude? Is it customary, I ask you, to help to tenderloin with one’s fingers? Fortunately, the Major is to see to that department. Great are the advantages of military discipline: for anything perplexing, detail a subordinate.

*New-Year’s Eve.*

My housekeeping at home is not, perhaps, on any very extravagant scale. Buying beefsteak, I usually go to the extent of two or three pounds. Yet when, this morning at daybreak, the quartermaster called to inquire how many cattle I would have killed for roasting, I turned over in bed, and answered composedly, “Ten,—and keep three to be fatted.”

Fatted, quotha! Not one of the beasts at present appears to possess an ounce of

superfluous flesh. Never were seen such lean kine. As they swing on vast spits, composed of young trees, the fire-light glimmers through their ribs, as if they were great lanterns. But no matter, they are cooking,—nay, they are cooked.

One at least is taken off to cool, and will be replaced to-morrow to warm up. It was roasted three hours, and well done, for I tasted it. It is so long since I tasted fresh beef that forgetfulness is possible; but I fancied this to be successful. I tried to imagine that I liked the Homeric repast, and certainly the whole thing has been far more agreeable than was to be expected. The doubt now is, whether I have made a sufficient provision for my household. I should have roughly guessed that ten beeves would feed as many million people, it has such a stupendous sound; but General Saxton predicts a small social party of five thousand, and we fear that meat will run short, unless they prefer bone. One of the cattle is so small, we are hoping it may turn out veal.

For drink, we aim at the simple luxury of molasses-and-water, a barrel per company, ten in all. Liberal housekeepers may like to know that for a barrel of water we allow three gallons of molasses, half a pound of ginger, and a quart of vinegar,—this last being a new ingredient for my untutored palate, though all the rest are amazed at my ignorance. Hard bread, with more molasses, and a dessert of tobacco, complete the festive repast, destined to cheer, but not inebriate.

On this last point, of inebriation, this is certainly a wonderful camp. For us, it is absolutely omitted from the list of vices. I have never heard of a glass of liquor in the camp, nor of any effort either to bring it in or to keep it out. A total absence of the circulating-medium might explain the abstinence,—not that it seems to have that effect with white soldiers,—but it would not explain the silence. The craving for tobacco is constant and not to be allayed, like that of a mother for her children; but I have

\* A second winter’s experience removed all this solicitude, for they learned to take care of themselves. During the first February the sick-list averaged about ninety, during the second about thirty,—this being the worst month in the year, for blacks. Charity ought, perhaps, to withhold the information that during the first winter we had three surgeons, and during the second only one.



never heard whiskey even wished for, save on Christmas Day, and then only by one man, and he spoke with a hopeless ideal sighing, as one alludes to the Golden Age. I am amazed at this total omission of the most inconvenient of all camp-appetites. It certainly is not the result of exhortation, for there has been no occasion for any, and even the pledge would scarcely seem efficacious where hardly anybody can write.

I do not think there is a great visible eagerness for to-morrow's festival: it is not their way to be very jubilant over anything this side of the New Jerusalem. They know also that those in this Department are nominally free already, and that the practical freedom has to be maintained, in any event, by military success. But they will enjoy it greatly, and we shall have a multitude of people.

*January 1, 1863 (evening).*

A happy New-Year to civilized people,—mere white folks. Our festival has come and gone, with perfect success, and our good General has been altogether satisfied. Last night the great fires were kept smouldering in the pits, and the beeves were cooked more or less, chiefly more, — during which time they had to be carefully watched, and the great spits turned by main force. Happy were the merry fellows who were permitted to sit up all night, and watch the glimmering flames that threw a thousand fantastic shadows among the great gnarled oaks. And such a chattering as I was sure to hear, whenever I awoke, that night!

My first greeting to-day was from one of the most stylish sergeants, who approached me with the following little speech, evidently the result of some elaboration: —

"I tink myself happy, dis New-Year's Day, for salute my own Cunnel. Dis day las' year I was servant to a Cunnel ob Secesh; but now I hab de privilege for salute my own Cunnel."

That officer, with the utmost sincerity, reciprocated the sentiment.

About ten o'clock the people began to collect by land, and also by water, — in steamers sent by General Saxton for the purpose; and from that time all the avenues of approach were thronged. The multitude were chiefly colored women, with gay handkerchiefs on their heads, and a sprinkling of men, with that peculiarly respectable look which these people always have on Sundays and holidays. There were many white visitors also, — ladies on horseback and in carriages, superintendents and teachers, officers and cavalry-men. Our companies were marched to the neighborhood of the platform, and allowed to sit or stand, as at the Sunday services; the platform was occupied by ladies and dignitaries, and by the band of the Eighth Maine, which kindly volunteered for the occasion; the colored people filled up all the vacant openings in the beautiful grove around, and there was a cordon of mounted visitors beyond. Above, the great live-oak branches and their trailing moss; beyond the people, a glimpse of the blue river.

The services began at half-past eleven o'clock, with prayer by our chaplain, Mr. Fowler, who is always, on such occasions, simple, reverential, and impressive. Then the President's Proclamation was read by Dr. W. H. Brisbane, a thing infinitely appropriate, a South-Carolinian addressing South-Carolinians; for he was reared among these very islands, and here long since emancipated his own slaves. Then the colors were presented to us by the Rev. Mr. French, a chaplain who brought them from the donors in New York. All this was according to the programme. Then followed an incident so simple, so touching, so utterly unexpected and startling, that I can scarcely believe it on recalling, though it gave the key-note to the whole day. The very moment the speaker had ceased, and just as I took and waved the flag, which now for the first time meant anything to these poor people, there suddenly arose, close beside the platform, a strong male voice, (but rather cracked and elderly,) in-

to which two women's voices instantly blended, singing, as if by an impulse that could no more be repressed than the morning note of the song-sparrow,—

“My Country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing!”

People looked at each other, and then at us on the platform, to see whence came this interruption, not set down in the bills. Firmly and irrepressibly the quavering voices sang on, verse after verse; others of the colored people joined in; some whites on the platform began, but I motioned them to silence. I never saw anything so electric; it made all other words cheap; it seemed the choked voice of a race at last unloosed. Nothing could be more wonderfully unconscious; art could not have dreamed of a tribute to the day of jubilee that should be so affecting; history will not believe it; and when I came to speak of it, after it was ended, tears were everywhere. If you could have heard how quaint and innocent it was! Old Tiff and his children might have sung it; and close before me was a little slave-boy, almost white, who seemed to belong to the party, and even he must join in. Just think of it! — the first day they had ever had a country, the first flag they had ever seen which promised anything to their people, and here, while mere spectators stood in silence, waiting for my stupid words, these simple souls burst out in their lay, as if they were by their own hearths at home! When they stopped, there was nothing

to do for it but to speak, and I went on; but the life of the whole day was in those unknown people's song.

Receiving the flags, I gave them into the hands of two fine-looking men, jet-black, as color-guard, and they also spoke, and very effectively, — Sergeant Prince Rivers and Corporal Robert Sutton. The regiment sang “Marching Along,” and then General Saxton spoke, in his own simple, manly way, and Mrs. Frances D. Gage spoke very sensibly to the women, and Judge Stickney, from Florida, added something; then some gentlemen sang an ode, and the regiment the John Brown song, and then they went to their beef and molasses. Everything was very orderly, and they seemed to have a very gay time. Most of the visitors had far to go, and so dispersed before dress-parade, though the band stayed to enliven it. In the evening we had letters from home, and General Saxton had a reception at his house, from which I excused myself; and so ended one of the most enthusiastic and happy gatherings I ever knew. The day was perfect, and there was nothing but success.

I forgot to say, that, in the midst of the services, it was announced that General Fremont was appointed Commander-in-Chief,—an announcement which was received with immense cheering, as would have been almost anything else, I verily believe, at that moment of high-tide. It was shouted across by the pickets above,—a way in which we often receive news, but not always trustworthy.

# ENGLAND AND AMERICA. C

I CAME to America to see and hear, not to lecture. But when I was invited by the Boston "Fraternity" to lecture in their course, and permitted to take the relations between England and America as my subject, I did not feel at liberty to decline the invitation. England is my country. To America, though an alien by birth, I am, as an English Liberal, no alien in heart. I deeply share the desire of all my political friends in England and of the leaders of my party to banish ill-feeling and promote good-will between the two kindred nations. My heart would be cold, if that desire were not increased by the welcome which I have met with here. More than once, when called upon to speak, (a task little suited to my habits and powers,) I have tried to make it understood that the feelings of England as a nation towards you in your great struggle had not been truly represented by a portion of our press. Some of my present hearers may, perhaps, have seen very imperfect reports of those speeches. I hope to say what I have to say with a little more clearness now.

There was between England and America the memory of ancient quarrels, which your national pride did not suffer to sleep, and which sometimes galled a haughty nation little patient of defeat. In more recent times there had been a number of disputes, the more angry because they were between brethren. There had been disputes about boundaries, in which England believed herself to have been overreached by your negotiators, or, what was still more irritating, to have been overborne because her main power was not here. There had been disputes about the Right of Search, in which we had to taste the bitterness, now not unknown to you, of those whose sincerity in a good cause is doubted, when, in fact, they are perfectly sincere. You had alarmed and exasperated us by your Os-

tend manifesto and your scheme for the annexation of Cuba. In these discussions some of your statesmen had shown towards us the spirit which Slavery does not fail to engender in the domestic tyrant; while, perhaps, some of our statesmen had been too ready to presume bad intentions and anticipate wrong. In our war with Russia your sympathies had been, as we supposed, strongly on the Russian side; and we—even those among us who least approved the war—had been scandalized at seeing the American Republic in the arms of a despotism which had just crushed Hungary, and which stood avowed as the arch-enemy of liberty in Europe. In the course of that war an English envoy committed a fault by being privy to recruiting in your territories. The fault was acknowledged; but the matter was pressed by your Government in a temper which we thought showed a desire to humiliate, and a want of that readiness to accept satisfaction, when frankly tendered, which renders the reparation of an unintentional offence easy and painless between men of honor. These wounds had been inflamed by the unfriendly criticism of English writers, who visited a new country without the spirit of philosophic inquiry, and who in collecting materials for the amusement of their countrymen sometimes showed themselves a little wanting in regard for the laws of hospitality, as well as in penetration and in largeness of view.

Yet beneath this outward estrangement there lay in the heart of England at least a deeper feeling, an appeal to which was never unwelcome, even in quarters where the love of American institutions least prevailed. I will venture to repeat some words from a lecture addressed a short time before this war to the University of Oxford, which at that time had among its students an English Prince. "The loss of the Ameri-



can Colonies," said the lecturer, speaking of your first Revolution, "was perhaps in itself a gain to both countries. It was a gain, as it emancipated commerce and gave free course to those reciprocal streams of wealth which a restrictive policy had forbidden to flow. It was a gain, as it put an end to an obsolete tutelage, which tended to prevent America from learning betimes to walk alone, while it gave England the puerile and somewhat dangerous pleasure of reigning over those whom she did not and could not govern, but whom she was tempted to harass and insult. A source of military strength colonies can scarcely be. You prevent them from forming proper military establishments of their own, and you drag them into your quarrels at the price of undertaking their defence. The inauguration of free trade was in fact the renunciation of the only solid object for which our ancestors clung to an invidious and perilous supremacy, and exposed the heart of England by scattering her fleet and armies over the globe. It was not the loss of the Colonies, but the quarrel, that was one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest disaster that ever befell the English race. Who would not give up Blenheim and Waterloo, if only the two Englands could have parted from each other in kindness and in peace,—if our statesmen could have had the wisdom to say to the Americans generously and at the right season, 'You are Englishmen, like ourselves; be, for your own happiness and for our honor, like ourselves, a nation'? But English statesmen, with all their greatness, have seldom known how to anticipate necessity; too often the sentence of history on their policy has been, that it was wise, just, and generous, but too late. Too often have they waited for the teaching of disaster. Time will heal this, like other wounds. In signing away his own empire, George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue. But though the wound will heal,—and that it

may heal ought to be the earnest desire of the whole English name,—history can never cancel the fatal page which robs England of half the glory and half the happiness of being the mother of a great nation." Such, I say, was the language addressed to Oxford in the full confidence that it would be well received.

And now all these clouds seemed to have fairly passed away. Your reception of the Prince of Wales, the heir and representative of George III., was a perfect pledge of reconciliation. It showed that beneath a surface of estrangement there still remained the strong tie of blood. Englishmen who loved the New England as well as the Old were for the moment happy in the belief that the two were one again. And, believe me, joy at this complete renewal of our amity was very deeply and widely felt in England. It spread far even among the classes which have shown the greatest want of sympathy for you in the present war.

England has diplomatic connections—she has sometimes diplomatic intrigues—with the Great Powers of Europe. For a real alliance she must look here. Strong as is the element of aristocracy in her Government, there is that in her, nevertheless, which makes her cordial understandings with military despotisms little better than smothered hate. With you she may have a league of the heart. We are united by blood. We are united by a common allegiance to the cause of freedom. You may think that English freedom falls far short of yours. You will allow that it goes beyond any yet attained by the great European nations, and that to those nations it has been and still is a light of hope. I see it treated with contempt here. It is not treated with contempt by Garibaldi. It is not treated with contempt by the exiles from French despotism, who are proud to learn the English tongue, and who find in our land, as they think, the great asylum of the free. Let England and America quarrel. Let your weight be cast into the scale against us, when we struggle with the great conspiracy

of absolutist powers around us, and the hope of freedom in Europe would be almost quenched. Hampden and Washington in arms against each other! What could the Powers of Evil desire more? When Americans talk lightly of a war with England, one desires to ask them what they believe the effects of such a war would be on their own country. How many more American wives do they wish to make widows? How many more American children do they wish to make orphans? Do they deem it wise to put a still greater strain on the already groaning timbers of the Constitution? Do they think that the suspension of trade and emigration, with the price of labor rising and the harvests of Illinois excluded from their market, would help you to cope with the financial difficulties which fill with anxiety every reflecting mind? Do they think that four more years of war-government would render easy the tremendous work of reconstruction? But the interests of the great community of nations are above the private interests of America or of England. If war were to break out between us, what would become of Italy, abandoned without help to her Austrian enemy and her sinister protector? What would become of the last hopes of liberty in France? What would become of the world?

English liberties, imperfect as they may be,—and as an English Liberal of course thinks they are,—are the source from which your liberties have flowed, though the river may be more abundant than the spring. Being in America, I am in England,—not only because American hospitality makes me feel that I am still in my own country, but because our institutions are fundamentally the same. The great foundations of constitutional government, legislative assemblies, parliamentary representation, personal liberty, self-taxation, the freedom of the press, allegiance to the law as a power above individual will,—all these were established, not without memorable efforts and memorable sufferings, in the land from

which the fathers of your republic came. You are living under the Great Charter, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Libel Act. Perhaps you have not even yet taken from us all that, if a kindly feeling continues between us, you may find it desirable to take. England by her eight centuries of constitutional progress has done a great work for you, and the two nations may yet have a great work to do together for themselves and for the world. A student of history, knowing how the race has struggled and stumbled onwards through the ages until now, cannot believe in the finality and perfection of any set of institutions, not even of yours. This vast electioneering apparatus, with its strange machinery and discordant sounds, in the midst of which I find myself,—it may be, and I firmly believe it is, better for its purpose than anything that has gone before it; but is it the crowning effort of mankind? If our creed—the Liberal creed—be true, American institutions are a great step in advance of the Old World; but they are not a miraculous leap into a political millennium. They are a momentous portion of that continual onward effort of humanity which it is the highest duty of history to trace; but they are not its final consummation. Model Republic! How many of these models has the course of ages seen broken and flung disdainfully aside! You have been able to do great things for the world because your forefathers did great things for you. The generation will come which in its turn will inherit the fruits of your efforts, add to them a little of its own, and in the plenitude of its self-esteem repay you with ingratitude. The time will come when the memory of the Model Republicans of the United States, as well as that of the narrow Parliamentary Reformers of England, will appeal to history, not in vain, to rescue it from the injustice of posterity, and extend to it the charities of the past.

New-comers among the nations, you desire, like the rest, to have a history. You seek it in Indian annals, you seek it

chained two and two, the last slave-coffle that shall ever tread the streets of Richmond, were hurried to the Danville Depot. Slavery being the corner-stone of the Confederacy, it was fitting that this gang, keeping step to the music of their clanking chains, should accompany Jeff Davis's secretaries, Benjamin and Trenholm, and the Reverend Messrs. Hoge and Duncan, in their flight. The whole Rebel Government was on the move, and all Richmond desired to be. No thoughts of taking Washington now, or of the flag of the Confederacy flaunting in the breeze over the old Capitol! Hundreds of officials were at the depot, to get away from the doomed city. Public documents, the archives of the Confederacy, were hastily gathered up, tumbled into boxes and barrels, and taken to the trains, or carried into the streets and set on fire. Coaches, carriages, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, everything in the shape of a vehicle was brought into use. There was a jumble of boxes, chests, trunks, valises, carpet-bags, — a crowd of excited men sweating as they never sweat before, — women with dishevelled hair, unmindful of their wardrobes, wringing their hands, — children crying in the crowd, — sentinels guarding each entrance to the train, pushing back at the point of the bayonet the panic-stricken multitude, giving precedence to Davis and the high officials, and informing Mr. Lumpkin that his niggers could not be taken. Oh, what a loss was there! It would have been fifty thousand dollars out of somebody's pocket in 1861, but millions now of Confederate promises to pay, which the hurrying multitude and that coffled gang were treading under foot, — literally trampling the bonds of the Confederate States of America in the mire, as they marched to the station; for the streets were as thickly strown with four per cents, six per cents, eight per cents, as the forest with last year's leaves.

"The faith of the Confederate States is pledged to provide and establish sufficient revenues for the regular payment of the interest, and for the redemption of the principal," read the bonds;

but there was a sudden eclipse of faith, and not merely an eclipse, but a collapse, a shrivelling up, like a parched scroll, of the entire Confederacy, which, like its bonds, notes, and certificates of indebtedness, was old rags!

In the Sabbath evening twilight, the trains, with the fugitive Government, its stolen bullion, and its Doctors of Divinity on board, moved out from the city.

At the same hour, the Governor of Virginia, William Smith, and the Assembly, were embarked in a canal-boat, on the James River and Kanawha Canal, moving for Lynchburg. On all the roads were men, women, and children, in carriages of every description, with multitudes on horseback and on foot, fleeing from the Rebel capital. Men who could not get away were secretly at work, during those night-hours, burying plate and money in gardens; ladies secreted their jewels, barred and bolted their doors, and passed a sleepless night, fearful of the morrow, which would bring the hated, despised, Vandal horde of Yankee ruffians: for such were the epithets which they had persistently applied to the soldiers of the Union throughout the war.

But before the entrance of the Union army they had an experience from their friends. Following the example of the Government, which had robbed the banks, the soldiers pillaged the city, breaking open stores, and helping themselves to whatever suited their convenience and taste, of clothing, fancy goods, eatables, and drinkables.

But the Government itself was not quite through with its operations in Richmond. The Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge, with General Ewell, remained till daylight on Monday morning to clear up things, — not to burn public archives in order to destroy evidence of Confederate villany, but to commit more crime, so deep, damning, that the stanchest friends of the Confederacy recoil with horror from the act.

To prevent the United States from obtaining possession of a few thousand hogsheds of tobacco, a thousand houses



were destroyed by fire, the heart of the city was eaten out,—all of the business portions, all the banks and insurance-offices, half of the newspapers, mills, depots, bridges, foundries, workshops, dwellings, churches, thirty squares in all, swept clean by the devouring flames. It was the work of the Confederate Government. And not only this, but human life was remorselessly sacrificed.

In the outskirts of the city, on the Mechanicsville road, was the almshouse, filled with the lame, the blind, the halt, the bedridden, the sick, and the poor. Ten rods distant was a magazine containing fifteen or twenty kegs of powder, of little value to a victorious army with full supplies of ammunition. They could have been rolled into the creek near at hand; but the order of Jeff Davis was to blow up the magazines, and the order must be executed.

"We give you fifteen minutes to get out of the way," was the sole notice to that crowd of helpless creatures lying in their cots, at three o'clock in the morning. Men and women begged for mercy. In vain their cries. The officer in charge of the matter was inexorable. Clothless and shoeless, the inmates of the almshouse ran in terror from the spot to seek shelter in the ravines. But there were those who could not run, who, while the train was laying, rent the air with shrieks of terror. The train was fired at the expiration of the allotted time. The whole side of the house went in with a crash, as if it were no more than pasteboard. Windows flew into minutest particles. Bricks, stones, timbers, beams, and boards went whirling through the air. Trees were wrenched off as though a giant had twisted them into withes. The city rocked as if upheaved by an earthquake. The dozen poor wretches remaining in the almshouse were torn to pieces. Their bodies were but blackened masses of flesh, when the fugitives who had sought shelter in the fields returned to the shattered ruins.

How stirring the events of that morning! Lee retreating, Grant pursuing;

Davis a fugitive; the Governor and Legislature of Virginia seeking safety in a canal-boat; Doctors of Divinity fleeing from the wrath to come; the troops of the Union marching up the streets; the old flag waving over the Capitol; Rebel iron-clads blowing up; Richmond in flames; the fiery billows rolling on from house to house, from block to block, from square to square, unopposed in their progress by the panic-stricken, stupefied, bewildered crowd; and the Northern Vandals laying aside their arms, manning the engines, putting out the fire, and saving the city from total destruction! Through the terrible day, all through the succeeding night, the smoke of its torment went up to heaven. Strange, weird, the scenes of that Monday night,—the glimmering flames, the clouds of smoke hanging like a funeral pall above the ruins, the crowd of woe-begone, houseless, homeless creatures wandering through the streets:—

"Such resting found the soles of unblest feet!"

#### VISIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AMONG the memorable events of the week was the visit of President Lincoln to the city of Richmond. He had been tarrying at City Point, holding daily consultations with General Grant, visiting the army and the iron-clads at Aiken's Landing,—thus avoiding the swarm of place-hunters that darkened the doors of the executive mansion.

On Tuesday noon a tug-boat belonging to the navy was seen steaming up the James, regardless of torpedoes and obstructions. A mile below the city, where the water becomes shoal, President Lincoln, accompanied by Admiral Porter, Captain Adams of the navy, Captain Penrose of the army, and Lieutenant Clemmens of the Signal Corps, put off from the tug in a launch manned by twelve sailors, whose long, steady oar-strokes quickly carried the party to the landing-place,—a square above Libby Prison.

There was no committee of reception,

time, let me repeat, England counts Washington among her heroes.

And now as to the conduct of England towards you in this civil war. It is of want of sympathy, if of anything, on our part, not of want of interest, that you have a right to complain. Never, within my memory, have the hearts of Englishmen been so deeply moved by any foreign struggle as by this civil war, — not even, if I recollect aright, by the great European earthquake of 1848. I doubt whether they were more moved by the Indian mutiny or by our war with Russia. It seemed that history had brought round again the great crisis of the Thirty Years' War, when all England throbbed with the mortal struggle waged between the powers of Liberty and Slavery on their German battle-field; for expectation can scarcely have been more intense when Gustavus and Tilly were approaching each other at Leipsic than it was when Meade and Lee were approaching each other at Gettysburg. Severed from us by the Atlantic, while other nations are at our door, you are still nearer to us than all the world beside.

It is of want of sympathy, not of want of interest, that you have to complain. And the sympathy which has been withheld is not that of the whole nation, but that of certain classes, chiefly of the class against whose political interest you are fighting, and to whom your victory brings eventual defeat. The real origin of your nation is the key to the present relations between you and the different parties in England. This is the old battle waged again on a new field. We will not talk too much of Puritans and Cavaliers. The soldiers of the Union are not Puritans, neither are the planters Cavaliers. But the present civil war is a vast episode in the same irrepressible conflict between Aristocracy and Democracy; and the heirs of the Cavalier in England sympathize with your enemies, the heirs of the Puritan with you.

The feeling of our aristocracy, as of all aristocracies, is against you. It does not follow, nor do I believe, that as a

body they would desire or urge their Government to do you a wrong, whatever spirit may be shown by a few of the less honorable or more violent members of their order. With all their class-sentiments, they are Englishmen, trained to walk in the paths of English policy and justice. But that their feelings should be against you is not strange. You are fighting, not for the restoration of the Union, not for the emancipation of the negro, but for Democracy against Aristocracy; and this fact is thoroughly understood by both parties throughout the Old World. As the champions of Democracy, you may claim, and you receive, the sympathy of the Democratic party in England and in Europe; that of the Aristocratic party you cannot claim. You must bear it calmly, if the aristocracies mourn over your victories and triumph over your defeats. Do the friends of Democracy conceal their joy when a despotism or an oligarchy bites the dust?

The members of our aristocracy bear you no personal hatred. An American going among them even now meets with nothing but personal courtesy and kindness. Under ordinary circumstances they are not indifferent to your good-will, nor unconscious of the tie of blood. But to ask them entirely to forget their order would be too much. In the success of a commonwealth founded on social and political equality all aristocracies must read their doom. Not by arms, but by example, you are a standing menace to the existence of political privilege. And the thread of that existence is frail. Feudal antiquity holds life by a precarious tenure amidst the revolutionary tendencies of this modern world. It has gone hard with the aristocracies throughout Europe of late years, though the French Emperor, as the head of the Reaction, may create a mock nobility round his upstart throne. The Roman aristocracy was an aristocracy of arms and law. The feudal aristocracy of the Middle Ages was an aristocracy of arms and in some measure of law; it served the cause of political progress in its hour

and after its kind; it confronted tyrannical kings when the people were as yet too weak to confront them; it conquered at Runnymede, as well as at Hastings. But the aristocracies of modern Europe are aristocracies neither of arms nor of law. They are aristocracies of social and political privilege alone. They owe, and are half conscious that they owe, their present existence only to factitious weaknesses of human nature, and to the antiquated terrors of communities long kept in leading-strings and afraid to walk alone. If there were nothing but reason to dispel them, these fears might long retain their sway over European society. But the example of a great commonwealth flourishing here without a privileged class, and of a popular sovereignty combining order with progress, tends, however remotely, to break the spell. Therefore, as a class, the English nobility cannot desire the success of your Republic. Some of the order there are who have hearts above their coronets, as there are some kings who have hearts above their crowns, and who in this great crisis of humanity forget that they are noblemen, and remember that they are men. But the order, as a whole, has been against you, and has swayed in the same direction all who were closely connected with it or dependent on it. It could not fail to be against you, if it was for itself. Be charitable to the instinct of self-preservation. It is strong, sometimes violent, in us all.

In truth, it is rather against the Liberals of England than against you that the feeling of our aristocracy is directed. Liberal leaders have made your name odious by pointing to your institutions as the condemnation of our own. They did this too indiscriminately perhaps, while in one respect your institutions were far below our own, inasmuch as you were a slaveholding nation. "Look," they were always saying, "at the Model Republic,—behold its unbroken prosperity, the harmony of its people under the system of universal suffrage, the lightness of its taxa-

tion,—behold, above all, its immunity from war!" All this is now turned upon us as a taunt; but the taunt implies rather a sense of escape on the part of those who utter it than malignity, and the answer to it is victory.

What has been said of our territorial aristocracy may be said of our commercial aristocracy, which is fast blending with the territorial into a government of wealth. This again is nothing new. History can point to more cases than one in which the sympathies of rich men have been regulated by their riches. The Money Power has been cold to your cause throughout Europe,—perhaps even here. In all countries great capitalists are apt to desire that the laborer should be docile and contented, that popular education should not be carried dangerously high, that the right relations between capital and labor should be maintained. The bold doctrines of the slave-owner as to "free labor and free schools" may not be accepted in their full strength; yet they touch a secret chord. But we have friends of the better cause among our English capitalists as well as among our English peers. The names of Mr. Baring and Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter are not unknown here. The course taken by such men at this crisis is an earnest of the essential unity of interest which underlies all class-divisions,—which, in our onward progress toward the attainment of a real community, will survive all class-distinctions, and terminate the conflict between capital and labor, not by making the laborer the slave of the capitalist, nor the capitalist the slave of the laborer, but by establishing between them mutual good-will, founded on intelligence and justice.

And let the upper classes of England have their due. The Lancashire operatives have been upon the other side; yet not the less have they received ready and generous help in their distress from all ranks and orders in the land.

It would be most unworthy of a student of history to preach vulgar hatred of an historic aristocracy. The aristoc-



racy of England has been great in its hour, probably beneficent, perhaps indispensable to the progress of our nation, and so to the foundation of yours. Do you wish for your revenge upon it? The road to that revenge is sure. Succeed in your great experiment. Show by your example, by your moderation and self-control through this war and after its close, that it is possible for communities, duly educated, to govern themselves without the control of an hereditary order. The progress of opinion in England will in time do the rest. War, forced by you upon the English nation, would only strengthen the worst part of the English aristocracy in the worst way, by bringing our people into collision with a Democracy, and by giving the ascendancy, as all wars not carried on for a distinct moral object do, to military passions over political aspirations. Our war with the French Republic threw back our internal reforms, which till then had been advancing, for a whole generation. Even the pockets of our land-owners would not suffer, but gain, by the war; for their rents would be raised by the exclusion of your corn, and the price of labor would be lowered by the stoppage of emigration. The suffering would fall, as usual, on the people.

The gradual effect of your example may enable European society finally to emerge from feudalism, in a peaceful way, without violent revolutions. Every one who has studied history must regard violent revolutions with abhorrence. A European Liberal ought to be less inclined to them than ever, when he has seen America, and received from the sight, as I think he may, a complete assurance of the future.

I have spoken of our commercial aristocracy generally. Liverpool demands a word by itself. It is the stronghold of the Southern party in England: from it hostile acts have proceeded, while from other quarters there have proceeded only hostile words. There are in Liverpool men who do honor to the name of British merchant; but the city as a whole is not

the one among all our commercial cities in which moral chivalry is most likely to be found. In Manchester, cotton-spinning though it be, there is much that is great,—a love of Art, displayed in public exhibitions,—a keen interest in great political and social questions,—literature,—even religious thought,—something of that high aspiring spirit which made commerce noble in the old English merchant, in the Venetian and the Florentine. In Liverpool trade reigns supreme, and its behests, whatever they may be, are pretty sure to be eagerly obeyed. And the source of this is to be found, perhaps, partly in the fact that Liverpool is an old centre of the Slavery interest in England, one of the cities which have been built with the blood of the slave. As the great cotton port, it is closely connected with the planters by trade,—perhaps also by many personal ties and associations. It is not so much an English city as an offset and outpost of the South, and a counterpart to the offsets and outposts of the South in some of your great commercial cities here. No doubt, the shame of Liverpool Alabamas falls on England. England must own that she has produced merchants who disgrace their calling, contaminated by intercourse with the slave-owner, regardless of the honor and interest of their country, ready to plunge two kindred nations into a desolating war, if they can only secure the profits of their own trade. England must own that she has produced such men; but does this disgrace attach to her alone?

The clergy of the State Church, like the aristocracy, have probably been as a body against you in this struggle. In their case too, not hatred of America, but the love of their own institution, is the cause. If you are a standing menace to aristocracies, you are equally a standing menace to State Churches. A State Church rests upon the assumption that religion would fall, if it were not supported by the State. On this ground it is that the European nations endure the startling anomalies of their State Churches,

— the interference of irreligious politicians in religion, the worldliness of ambitious ecclesiastics, the denial of liberty of conscience, the denial of truth. Therefore it is that they will see the canker of doubt slowly eating into faith beneath the outward uniformity of a political Church, rather than risk a change, which, as they are taught to believe, would bring faith to a sudden end. But the success of the voluntary system here is overthrowing this assumption. Shall I believe that Christianity deprived of State support must fall, when I see it without State support not only standing, but advancing with the settler into the remotest West? Will the laity of Europe long remain under their illusion in face of this great fact? Already the State Churches of Europe are placed in imminent peril by the controversies which, since religious life has reawakened among us, rend them from within, and by their manifest inability to satisfy the craving of society for new assurance of its faith. I cannot much blame the High-Church bishop who goes to Lord Palmerston to ask for intervention in company with Lord Clanricarde and Mr. Spence. You express surprise that the son of Wilberforce is not with you; but Wilberforce was not, like his son, a bishop of the State Church. Never in the whole course of history has the old order of things yielded without a murmur to the new. You share the fate of all innovators: your innovations are not received with favor by the powers which they threaten ultimately to sweep away.

To come from our aristocracy and landed gentry to our middle class. We subdivide the middle class into upper and lower. The upper middle class, comprising the wealthier tradesmen, forms a sort of minor aristocracy in itself, with a good deal of aristocratic feeling towards those beneath it. It is not well educated, for it will not go to the common schools, and it has few good private schools of its own; consequently, it does not think deeply on great political questions. It is at present very wealthy;

and wealth, as you know, does not always produce high moral sentiment. It is not above a desire to be on the genteel side. It is not free from the worship of Aristocracy. That worship is rooted in the lower part of our common nature. Its fibres extend beyond the soil of England, beyond the soil of Europe. America has been much belied, if she is entirely free from this evil, if there are not here also men careful of class-distinctions, of a place in fashionable society, of factitious rank which parodies the aristocracy of the Old World. There is in the Anglo-Saxon character a strange mixture of independence and servility. In that long course of concessions by which your politicians strove — happily for the world and for yourselves they strove in vain — to conciliate the slave-owning aristocracy of the South, did not something of social servility mingle with political fear?

In the lower middle class religious Non-Conformity prevails; and the Free Churches of our Non-Conformists are united by a strong bond of sympathy with the Churches under the voluntary system here. They are perfectly stanch on the subject of Slavery, and so far as this war has been a struggle against that institution, it may, I think, be confidently said that the hearts of this great section of our people have been upon your side. Our Non-Conformist ministers came forward, as you are aware, in large numbers, to join with the ministers of Protestant Churches on the Continent in an Anti-Slavery address to your Government and people.

And as to the middle classes generally, upper or lower, I see no reason to think that they are wanting in good-will to this country, much less that they desire that any calamity should befall it. The journals which I take to be the chief organs of the upper middle class, if they have not been friendly, have been hostile not so much to the American people as to the war. And in justice to all classes of Englishmen, it must be remembered that hatred of the war is not hatred of

the American people. No one hated the war at its commencement more heartily than I did. I hated it more heartily than ever after Bull Run, when, by the accounts which reached England, the character of this nation seemed to have completely broken down. I believed as fully as any one, that the task which you had undertaken was hopeless, and that you were rushing on your ruin. I dreaded the effect on your Constitution, fearing, as others did, that civil war would bring you to anarchy, and anarchy to military despotism. All historical precedents conspired to lead me to this belief. I did not know—for there was no example to teach me—the power of a really united people, the adamant strength of institutions which were truly free. Watching the course of events with an open mind, and a deep interest, such as men at a distance can seldom be brought to feel, in the fortunes of this country, I soon revised my opinion. Yet, many times I desponded, and wished with all my heart that you would save the Border States, if you could, and let the rest go. Numbers of Englishmen,—Englishmen of all classes and parties,—who thought as I did at the outset, remain rooted in this opinion. They still sincerely believe that this is a hopeless war, which can lead to nothing but waste of blood, subversion of your laws and liberties, and the destruction of your own prosperity and that of the nations whose interests are bound up with yours. This belief they maintain with as little of ill-feeling towards you as men can have towards those who obstinately disregard their advice. And, after all, though you may have found the wisest as well as the bravest counsellors in your own hearts, he need not be your enemy who somewhat timidly counsels you against civil war. Civil war is a terrible thing,—terrible in the passions which it kindles, as well as in the blood which it sheds,—terrible in its present effects, and terrible in those which it leaves behind. It can be justified only by the complete victory of the good cause. And Englishmen, at

the commencement of this civil war, if they were wrong in thinking the victory of the good cause hopeless, were not wrong in thinking it remote. They were not wrong in thinking it far more remote than you did. Years of struggle, of fear, of agony, of desolated homes, have passed since your statesmen declared that a few months would bring the Rebellion to an end. In justice to our people, put the question to yourselves,—if at the outset the veil which hid the future could have been withdrawn, and the conflict which really awaited you, with all its vicissitudes, its disasters, its dangers, its sacrifices, could have been revealed to your view, would you have gone into the war? To us, looking with anxious, but less impassioned eyes, the veil was half withdrawn, and we shrank back from the prospect which was revealed. It was well for the world, perhaps, that you were blind; but it was pardonable in us to see.

We now come to the working-men of England, the main body of our people, whose sympathy you would not the less prize, and whom you would not the less shrink from assailing without a cause, because at present the greater part of them are without political power,—at least of a direct kind. I will not speak of the opinions of our peasantry, for they have none. Their thoughts are never turned to a political question. They never read a newspaper. They are absorbed in the struggle for daily bread, of which they have barely enough for themselves and their children. Their condition, in spite of all the benevolent effort that is abroad among us, is the great blot of our social system. Perhaps, if the relation between the two countries remains kindly, the door of hope may be opened to them here; and hands now folded helplessly in English poor-houses may joyfully reap the harvests of Iowa and Wisconsin. Assuredly, they bear you no ill-will. If they could comprehend the meaning of this struggle, their hearts as well as their interests would be upon your side. But it is not



in them, it is in the working-men of our cities, that the intelligence of the class resides. And the sympathy of the working-men of our cities, from the moment when the great issue between Free Labor and Slavery was fairly set before them, has been shown in no doubtful form. They have followed your wavering fortunes with eyes almost as keen and hearts almost as anxious as your own. They have thronged the meetings held by the Union and Emancipation Societies of London and Manchester to protest before the nation in favor of your cause. Early in the contest they filled to overflowing Exeter Hall, the largest place of meeting in London. I was present at another immense meeting of them, held by their Trades Unions in London, where they were addressed by Mr. Bright; and had you witnessed the intelligence and enthusiasm with which they followed the exposition of your case by their great orator, you would have known that you were not without sympathy in England, — not without sympathy such as those who look rather to the worth of a friend than to his rank may most dearly prize. Again I was present at a great meeting called in the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester to protest against the attacks upon your commerce, and saw the same enthusiasm displayed by the working-men of the North. But Mr. Ward Beecher must have brought back with him abundant assurance of the feelings of our working-men. Our opponents have tried to rival us in these demonstrations. They have tried with great resources of personal influence and wealth. But, in spite of their personal influence and the distress caused by the cotton famine, they have on the whole signally failed. Their consolation has been to call the friends of the Federal cause obscurities and nobodies. And true it is that the friends of the Federal cause are obscurities and nobodies. They are the untitled and undistinguished mass of the English people.

The leaders of our working-men, the popular chiefs of the day, the men who

represent the feelings and interests of the masses, and whose names are received with ringing cheers wherever the masses are assembled, are Cobden and Bright. And Cobden and Bright have not left you in doubt of the fact that they and all they represent are on your side.

I need not say, — for you have shown that you know it well, — that, as regards the working-men of our cotton-factories, this sympathy was an offering to your cause as costly as it was sincere. Your civil war paralyzed their industry, brought ruin into their houses, deprived them and their families not only of bread, but, so far as their vision extended, of the hope of bread. Yet they have not wavered in their allegiance to the Right. Your slave-owning aristocracy had made up their minds that chivalry was confined to aristocracies, and that over the vulgar souls of the common people Cotton must be King. The working-man of Manchester, though he lives not like a Southern gentleman by the sweat of another's brow, but like a plebeian by the sweat of his own, has shown that chivalry is not confined to aristocracies, and that even over vulgar souls Cotton is not always King. I heard one of your statesmen the other day, after speaking indignantly of those who had fitted out the Alabama, pray God to bless the working-men of England. Our nation, like yours, is not a single body animated by the same political sentiments, but a mixed mass of contending interests and parties. Beware how you fire into that mass, or your shot may strike a friend.

When England in the mass is spoken of as your enemy on this occasion, the London "Times" is taken for the voice of the country. The "Times" was in former days a great popular organ. It led vehemently and even violently the struggle for Parliamentary Reform. In that way it made its fortune; and having made its fortune, it takes part with the rich. Its proprietor in those days was a man with many faults, but he was a man of the people. Aristocratic society disliked and excluded him; he

lived at war with it to the end. Affronted by the Whigs, he became in a certain sense a Tory; but he united his Toryism with Chartism, and was sent to Parliament for Nottingham by Tories and Chartists combined. The opposition of his journal to our New Poor-Law evinced, though in a perverse way, his feeling for the people. But his heir, the present proprietor, was born in the purple. He is a wealthy landed gentleman. He sits in Parliament for a constituency of landlords. He is thought to have been marked out for a peerage. It is accusing him of no crime to suppose, that, so far as he controls the "Times," it takes the bias of his class, and that its voice, if it speaks his sentiments, is not that of the English people, but of a rich conservative squire.

The editor is distinct from the proprietor, but his connections are perhaps still more aristocratic. A good deal has been said among us of late about his position. Before his time our journalism was not only anonymous, but impersonal. The journalist wore the mask not only to those whom he criticized, but to all the world. The present editor of the "Times" wears the mask to the objects of his criticism, but drops it, as has been remarked in Parliament, in "the gilded saloons" of rank and power. Not content to remain in the privacy which protected the independence of his predecessors, he has come forth in his own person to receive the homage of the great world. That homage has been paid in no stinted measure, and, as the British public has been apprised in rather a startling manner, with a somewhat intoxicating effect. The lords of the Money Power, the thrones and dominions of Usury, have shown themselves as assiduous as ministers and peers; and these potentates happen, like the aristocracy, to be unfriendly to your cause. Carressed by peers and millionnaires, the editor of the "Times" could hardly fail to express the feelings of peers and millionnaires towards a Republic in distress. We may be permitted to think that he has

rather overacted his part. English peers, after all, are English gentlemen; and no English gentleman would deliberately sanction the torrent of calumny and insult which the "Times" has poured upon this nation. There are penalties for common offenders: there are none for those who scatter firebrands among nations. But the "Times" will not come off unscathed. It must veer with victory. And its readers will be not only prejudiced, but idiotic, if it does not in the process leave the last remnant of its authority behind.

Two things will suffice to mark the real political position of the "Times." You saw that a personal controversy was going on the other day between its editor and Mr. Cobden. That controversy arose out of a speech made by Mr. Bright, obliquely impugning the aristocratic law of inheritance, which is fast accumulating the land of England in a few hands, and disinheriting the English people of the English soil. For this offence Mr. Bright was assailed by the "Times" with calumnies so outrageous that Mr. Cobden could not help springing forward to vindicate his friend. The institution which the "Times" so fiercely defended on this occasion against a look which threatened it with alteration is vital and sacred in the eyes of the aristocracy, but is not vital or sacred in the eyes of the whole English nation. Again, the "Times" hates Garibaldi; and its hatred, generally half smothered, broke out in a loud cry of exultation when the hero fell, as it hoped forever, at Aspromonte. But the English people idolize Garibaldi, and receive him with a burst of enthusiasm unexampled in fervor. The English people love Garibaldi, and Garibaldi's name is equally dear to all American hearts. Is not this—let me ask in passing—a proof that there is a bond of sympathy, after all, between the English people and you, and that, if as a nation we are divided from you, it is not by a radical estrangement, but by some cloud of error which will in time pass away?

The wealth of the "Times," the high

position which it has held since the period when it was the great Liberal journal, the clever writing and the early intelligence which its money and its secret connections with public men enable it to command, give it a circulation and an influence beyond the class whose interests it represents. But it has been thrust from a large part of its dominion by the cheap London and local press. It is exceeded in circulation more than twofold by the London "Telegraph," a journal which, though it has been against the war, has, I think, by no means shown in its leading articles the same spirit of hostility to the American people. The London "Star," which is strongly Federal, is also a journal of wide circulation. The "Daily News" is a high-priced paper, circulating among the same class as the "Times"; its circulation is comparatively small, but it is on the increase, and the journal, I have reason to believe, is prosperous. The Manchester "Examiner and Times," again, — a great local paper of the North of England, — nearly equals the London "Times" in circulation, and is favorable to your cause. I live under the dominion of the London "Times," and I will not deny that it is a great power of evil. It will be a great power of evil indeed, if it succeeds in producing a fatal estrangement between two kindred nations. But no one who knows England, especially the northern part of England, in which Liberalism prevails, would imagine the voice of the "Times" to be that of the English people.

Of the part taken by the writers of England it would be rash to speak in general terms. Stuart Mill and Cairns have supported your cause as heartily as Cobden and Bright. I am not aware that any political or economical writer of equal eminence has taken the other side. The leading reviews and periodicals have exhibited, as might have been expected, very various shades of opinion; but, with the exception of the known organs of violent Toryism, they have certainly not breathed hatred of this nation.

In those which specially represent our rising intellect, the intellect which will probably govern us ten years hence, I should say the preponderance of the writing had been on the Federal side. In the University of Oxford the sympathies of the High-Church clergy and of the young Tory gentry are with the South; but there is a good deal of Northern sentiment among the young fellows of our more liberal colleges, and generally in the more active minds. At the University Debating Club, when the question between the North and the South was debated, the vote, though I believe in a thin house, was in favor of the North. Four Professors are members of the Union and Emancipation Society. And if intellect generally has been somewhat coldly critical, I am not sure that it has departed from its true function. I am conscious myself that I may be somewhat under the dominion of my feelings, that I may be even something of a fanatic in this matter. There may be evil as well as good in the cause which, as the good preponderates, claims and receives the allegiance of my heart. In that case, intellect, in pointing out the evil, only does its duty.

One English writer has certainly raised his voice against you with characteristic vehemence and rudeness. As an historical painter and a humorist Carlyle has scarcely an equal: a new intellectual region seemed to open to me when I read his "French Revolution." But his philosophy, in its essential principle, is false. He teaches that the mass of mankind are fools, — that the hero alone is wise, — that the hero, therefore, is the destined master of his fellow-men, and that their only salvation lies in blind submission to his rule, — and this without distinction of time or circumstance, in the most advanced as well as in the most primitive ages of the world. The hero-despot can do no wrong. He is a king, with scarcely even a God above him; and if the moral law happens to come into collision with his actions, so much the worse for the moral law. On this theory,



a Commonwealth such as yours ought not to exist; and you must not be surprised, if, in a fit of spleen, the great cynic grasps his club and knocks your cause on the head, as he thinks, with a single blow. Here is the end of an unsound, though brilliant theory,—a theory which had always latent in it the worship of force and fraud, and which has now displayed its tendency at once in the portentous defence of the robber-policy of Frederic the Great and in the portentous defence of the Slave Power. An opposite theory of human society is, in fact, finding its confirmation in these events,—that which tells us that we all have need of each other, and that the goal towards which society actually moves is not an heroic despotism, but a real community, in which each member shall contribute his gifts and faculties to the common store, and the common government shall become the work of all. For, if the victory in this struggle has been won, it has been won, not by a man, but by the nation; and that it has been won not by a man, but by the nation, is your glory and the pledge of your salvation. We have called for a Cromwell, and he has not come; he has not come, partly because Cromwells are scarce, partly, perhaps, because the personal Cromwell belonged to a different age, and the Cromwell of this age is an intelligent, resolute, and united people.

I might mention other eccentricities of opinion quite distinct from the general temper of the English nation, such as that of the ultra-scientific school, which thinks it unscientific philanthropy to ascribe the attributes of humanity to the negro,—a school some of the more rampant absurdities of which had, just before I left England, called down the rebuke of real science in the person of Mr. Huxley. And I might note, if the time would allow, many fluctuations and oscillations which have taken place among our organs of opinion as the struggle went on. But I must say on the whole, both with reference to our different classes and with reference to our literature, that,

considering the complexity of the case, the distance from which our people viewed it, and the changes which it has undergone since the war broke out, I do not think there is much room for disappointment as to the sympathies of our people. Parties have been divided on this question much as they are on great questions among ourselves, and much as they were in the time of Charles I., when this long strife began. The England of Charles and Laud has been against you: the England of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell has in the main been on your side.

I say there has not been much ground for disappointment: I do not say there has been none. England at present is not in her noblest mood. She is laboring under a reaction which extends over France and great part of Europe, and which furnishes the key at this moment to the state of European affairs. This movement, like all great movements, reactionary or progressive, is complex in its nature. In the political sphere it presents itself as the lassitude and despondency which, as usual, have ensued after great political efforts, such as were made by the Continental nations in the abortive revolutions of 1848, and by England in a less degree in the struggle for Parliamentary Reform. In the religious sphere it presents itself in an analogous shape: there, lassitude and despondency have succeeded to the efforts of the religious intellect to escape from the decaying creeds of the old State Churches and push forward to a more enduring faith; and the priest as well as the despot has for a moment resumed his sway—though not his uncontested sway—over our weariness and our fears. The moral sentiment, after high tension, has undergone a corresponding relaxation. All liberal measures are for the time at a discount. The Bill for the Abolition of Church-Rates, once carried in the House of Commons by large majorities, is now lost. The nominal leaders of the Liberal party themselves have let their principles fall into abeyance, and almost coalesced with their Tory opponents. The Whig nobles

who carried the Reform Bill have owned once more the bias of their order, and become determined, though covert, enemies of Reform. The ancient altars are sought again for the sake of peace by fainting spirits and perplexed minds; and again, as after our Reformation, as after our great Revolution, we see a number of conversions to the Church of Rome. On the other hand, strange physical superstitions, such as mesmerism and spirit-rapping, have crept, like astrology under the Roman Empire, into the void left by religious faith. Wealth has been pouring into England, and luxury with wealth. Our public journals proclaim, as you may perhaps have seen, that the society of our capital is unusually corrupt. The comic as well as the serious signs of the reaction appear everywhere. A tone of affected cynicism pervades a portion of our high intellect; and a pretended passion for prize-fighting shows that men of culture are weary of civilization, and wish to go back to barbarism for a while. The present head of the Government in England is not only the confederate, but the counterpart, of the head of the French Empire; and the rule of each denotes the temporary ascendancy of the same class of motives in their respective nations. An English Liberal is tempted to despond, when he compares the public life of England in the time of Pym and Hampden with our public life now. But there is greatness still in the heart of the English nation.

And you, too, have you not known in the course of your history a slack-tide of faith, a less aspiring hour? Have not you, too, known a temporary ascendancy of material over spiritual interests, a lowering of the moral tone, a readiness, for the sake of ease and peace and secure enjoyment, to compromise with evil? Have not you, too, felt the tyranny of wealth, putting the higher motives for a moment under its feet? What else has brought these calamities upon you? What else bowed your necks to the yoke which you are now breaking at so great a cost? Often and long in the life of every na-

tion, though the tide is still advancing, the wave recedes. Often and long the fears of man overcome his hopes; but in the end the hopes of man overcome his fears. Your regeneration, when it is achieved, will set forward the regeneration of the European nations. It is the function which all nations, which all men, in their wavering progress towards perfection, perform in turn for each other.

This temporary lowering of the moral tone in English society has extended to the question of Slavery. It has deadened our feelings on that subject, though I hope without shaking our principles. You ask whether England can have been sincere in her enmity to Slavery, when she refuses sympathy to you in your struggle with the Slave Power. Talleyrand, cynic as he was, knew that she was sincere, though he said that not a man in France thought so but himself. She redeemed her own slaves with a great price. She sacrificed her West-Indian interest. She counts that achievement higher than her victories. She spends annually much money and many lives and risks much enmity in her crusade against the slave-trade. When your Southern statesmen have tried to tamper with her, they have found her true. If they had bid us choose between a concession to their designs and war, all aristocratic as we are, we should have chosen war. Every Englishman who takes the Southern side is compelled by public opinion to preface his advocacy with a disclaimer of all sympathy with Slavery. The agent of the slave-owners in England, Mr. Spence, pleads their cause to the English people on the ground of gradual emancipation. Once the "Times" ventured to speak in defence of Slavery, and the attempt was never made again. The principle, I say, holds firm among the mass of the people; but on this, as on other moral questions, we are not in our noblest mood.

In justice to my country, however, let me remind you that you did not — perhaps you could not — set the issue between Freedom and Slavery plainly before-

us at the outset; you did not — perhaps you could not — set it plainly before yourselves. With the progress of the struggle your convictions have been strengthened, and the fetters of legal restriction have been smitten off by the hammer of war. But your rulers began with disclaimers of Anti-Slavery designs. You cannot be surprised, if our people took your rulers at their word, or if, notwithstanding your change, — a change which they imagined to be wrought merely by expediency, — they retained their first impression as to the object of the war, an impression which the advocates of the South used every art to perpetuate in their minds. That the opponents of Slavery in England should desire the restoration of the Union with Slavery, and with Slavery strengthened, as they expected it would be, by new concessions, was what you could not reasonably expect. And remember — I say it not with any desire to trench on American politics or to pass judgment on American parties — that the restoration of the Union with Slavery is what a large section of your people, and one of the candidates for your Presidency, are in fact ready to embrace now.

Had you been able to say plainly at the outset that you were fighting against Slavery, the English people would scarcely have given ear to the cunning fiction of Mr. Spence. It would scarcely have been brought to believe that this great contest was only about a Tariff. It would have seen that the Southern planter, if he was a Free-Trader, was a Free-Trader not from enlightenment, but because from the degradation of labor in his dominions he had no manufactures to support; and that he was in fact a protectionist of his only home production which feared competition, — the home-bred slave. I have heard Mr. Spence's book called the most successful lie in history. Very successful it certainly was, and its influence in misleading England ought not to be overlooked. It was written with great skill, and it came out just at the right time, before people had formed their opinions, and when they were glad to have a theory

presented to their minds. But its success would have been short-lived, had it not received what seemed authoritative confirmation from the language of statesmen here.

I might mention many other things which have influenced opinion in the wrong way: the admiration felt by our people, and, to your honor, equally felt by you, for the valor and self-devotion which have been shown by the Southerners, and which, when they have submitted to the law, will entitle them to be the fellow-citizens of freemen; a careless, but not ungenerous, sympathy for that which, by men ignorant of the tremendous strength of a Slave Power, was taken to be the weaker side; the doubt really, and, considering the conflict of opinion here, not unpardonably, entertained as to the question of State Sovereignty and the right of Secession. All these motives, though they operate against your cause, are different from hatred of you. But there are two points to which in justice to my country I must especially call attention.

The first is this, — that you have not yourselves been of one mind in this matter, nor has the voice of your own people been unanimous. No English speaker or journal has denounced the war or reviled the conduct of your Government more bitterly than a portion of American politicians and a section of the American press. The worst things said in England of your statesmen, of your generals, of your armies, of your contractors, of your social state and character as a people, have been but the echo of things which have been said here. If the New-York correspondents of some English journals have been virulent and calumnious, their virulence and their calumnies have been drawn, to a great extent, from the American circles in which they have lived. No slanders poured by English ignorance or malevolence on American society have been so foul as those which came from a renegade American writing in one of our Tory journals under the name of "Manhattan." No lamentations



over the subversion of the Constitution and the destruction of personal liberty have been louder than those of your own Opposition. The chief enemies of your honor have been those of your own household. The crime of a great mass of our people against you has, in fact, consisted in believing statements about America made by men whom they knew to be Americans, and did not know to be disloyal to the cause of their country. I have seen your soldiers described in an extract from one of your own journals as jail-birds, vagabonds, and foreigners. I have seen your President accused of wishing to provoke riots in New York that he might have a pretence for exercising military power. I have seen him accused of sending to the front, to be thinned, a regiment which was likely to vote against him. I have seen him accused of decoying his political opponents into forging soldiers' votes in order to discredit them. What could the "Times" itself say more?

The second point is this. Some of your journals did their best to prevent our people from desiring your success by declaring that your success would be followed by aggression on us. The drum, like strong wine, is apt to get into weak heads, especially when they are unaccustomed to the sound. An Englishman coming among you is soon assured that you do not wish to attack Canada. Apart from considerations of morality and honor, he finds every man of sense here aware that extent of territory is your danger, if you wish to be one nation,—and further, that freedom of development, and not procrustean centralization, is the best thing for the New as well as for the Old World. But the mass of our people have not been among you; nor do they know that the hot words sedulously repeated to them by our Southern press are not authentic expressions of your designs. They are doubly mistaken,—mistaken both in thinking that you wish to seize Canada, and in thinking that a division of the Union into two hostile nations, which

would compel you to keep a standing army, would render you less dangerous to your neighbors. But your own demagogues are the authors of the error; and the Monroe doctrine and the Ostend manifesto are still ringing in our ears. I am an adherent of the Monroe doctrine, if it means, as it did on the lips of Canning, that the reactionary influence of the old European Governments is not to be allowed to mar the hopes of man in the New World; but if it means violence, every one must be against it who respects the rights of nations. When you contrast the feelings of England towards you with those of other nations, Italy for example, you must remember that Italy has no Canada. I hope Canada will soon cease to be a cause of mistrust between us. The political dominion of England over it, since it has had a free constitution of its own, has dwindled to a mere thread. It is as ripe to be a nation as these Colonies were on the eve of the American Revolution. As a dependency, it is of no solid value to England since she has ceased to engross the Colonial trade. It distracts her forces, and prevents her from acting with her full weight in the affairs of her own quarter of the world. It belongs in every sense to America, not to Europe; and its peculiar institutions—its extended suffrage, its freedom from the hereditary principle, its voluntary system in religion, its common schools—are opposed to those of England, and identical with those of the neighboring States. All this the English nation is beginning to feel; and it has tried in the case of the Ionian Islands the policy of moderation, and found that it raises, instead of lowering, our solid reputation and our real power. The confederation which is now in course of formation between the North-American Colonies tends manifestly to a further change; it tends to a further change all the more manifestly because such a tendency is anxiously disclaimed. Yes, Canada will soon cease to trouble and divide us. But while it is England's, it is England's;

and to threaten her with an attack on it is to threaten a proud nation with outrage and an assault upon its honor.

Finally, if our people have misconstrued your acts, let me conjure you to make due allowance for our ignorance,—an ignorance which, in many cases, is as dark as night, but which the progress of events here begins gloriously to dispel. We are not such a nation of travellers as you are, and scarcely one Englishman has seen America for a hundred Americans that have seen England. “Why does not Beauregard fly to the assistance of Lee?” said a highly educated Englishman to an American in England. “Because,” was the reply, “the distance is as great as it is from Rome to Paris.” If these three thousand miles of ocean that lie between us could be removed for a few days, and the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race could look each other in the face, and speak their minds to each other, there would be an end, I believe, of all these fears. When an Englishman and an American meet, in this country or in England, they are friends, notwithstanding all that has passed; why not the two nations?

I have not presumed, and shall not presume, to touch on any question that has arisen or may arise between the Executive Government of my country and the Executive Government of yours. In England, Liberals have not failed to plead for justice to you, and, as we thought, at the same time, for the maintenance of English honor. But I will venture to make, in conclusion, one or two brief remarks as to the general temper in which these questions should be viewed.

In the first place, when great and terrible issues hang upon our acts, perhaps upon our words, let us control our fancies and distinguish realities from fictions. There hangs over every great struggle, and especially over every civil war, a hot and hazy atmosphere of excited feeling which is too apt to distort all objects to the view. In the French Revolution, men were suspected of be-

ing objects of suspicion, and sent to the guillotine for that offence. The same feverish and delirious fancies prevailed as to the conduct of other nations. All the most natural effects of a violent revolution—the depreciation of the assignats, the disturbance of trade, the consequent scarcity of food—were ascribed by frantic rhetoricians to the guineas of Pitt, whose very limited amount of secret-service money was quite inadequate to the performance of such wonders. When a foreign nation has given offence, it is turned by popular imagination into a fiend, and its fiendish influence is traced with appalling clearness in every natural accident that occurs. I have heard England accused of having built the Chicago Wigwam, with the building of which she had as much to do as with the building of the Great Pyramid. I have heard it insinuated that her policy was governed by her share in the Confederate Cotton-Loan. The Confederate Cotton-Loan is, I believe, four millions and a half. There is an English nobleman whose estates are reputed to be worth a larger sum. “She is very great,” says a French writer, “that odious England.” Odious she may be, but she is great,—too great to be bribed to baseness by a paltry fee.

In the second place, let us distinguish hostile acts, of which an account must of course be demanded, from mere words, which great nations, secure of their greatness, may afford to let pass. Your President knows the virtue of silence; but silence is so little the system on either side of the water, that in the general flux of rhetoric some rash things are sure to be said. One of our statesmen, while starring it in the Provinces, carelessly throws out the expression that Jeff Davis has made the South a nation; another says that you are fighting for Empire, and the South for Independence. Our Prime-Minister is sometimes offensive in his personal bearing towards you,—as, to our bitter cost, he has often been towards other nations. On the other hand, your statesmen have said hard things of Eng-

The scars upon our bodies  
From the musket-ball and shell,  
The missing legs and shattered arms  
A truer tale will tell.  
We have tried to do our duty  
In the sight of God on high :  
O ye who yet can save us,  
Will you leave us here to die ?

"There are hearts with hope still beating  
In our pleasant Northern homes,  
Waiting, watching for the footsteps  
That may never, never come.  
In Southern prisons pining,  
Meagre, tattered, pale, and gaunt,  
Growing weaker, weaker daily  
From pinching cold and want.  
Here brothers, sons, and husbands,  
Poor and hopeless, captured lie :  
O ye who yet can save them,  
Will you leave us here to die ?

"From out our prison gate,  
There 's a grave-yard close at hand,  
Where lie ten thousand Union men  
Beneath the Georgia sand.  
Scores and scores are laid beside them,  
As day succeeds to day ;  
And thus it ever will be  
Till they all shall pass away,  
And the last can say when dying,  
With upturned and glazing eye,  
Both love and faith are dead at home, —  
They have left us here to die !"

A proof of the humanity with which the Rebel prisoners were treated by our government is found in the fact of their reluctance to be exchanged ; they said that they were very comfortable, and would far rather remain at the North until the war was over. One general, who was having an artificial leg made, was forced to return against his will. His entreaties to be left behind prevailed for a few days ; but at last he was obliged to take passage on the transport for exchange, as one of our own generals was awaiting his return to come home.

Among the prisoners who came in January was Boston Corbett, of the Seventeenth New York Cavalry. Every name made public even in remote connection with the death of our beloved President becomes an object of interest. The following is a characteristic letter from the brave and earnest-heart-

ed patriot at whose hand the assassin met his doom : —

"VIENNA, VA., March 9, 1865.

"MISS — : — Many times I have thought I would write to acknowledge the kindness shown by you and the other good ladies of the hospital to us poor soldiers when we were brought from Savannah, Andersonville, and Millen. I remember with gratitude the first kind words expressed towards us, and how strange and good they sounded after being so long deprived of them. Although they might not seem much to the giver, yet I believe they will live in the memory of us soldier boys long after the war is over. I can never forget how much was done for us all on our return from prison to hospital ; but many thousands lie under the soil of Georgia, monuments of the cruelty and wickedness of this Rebellion, — the head of all the rebellions of earth for blackness and horror. Those only can feel the extent of it who have seen their comrades, as I have, lying in the broiling sun, without shelter, with swollen feet and parched skin, in filth and dirt, suffering as I believe no people ever suffered before in the world. But, thank God, these things have come, I hope, to an end. May they never exist again in the good land ! With kind regards to all,

"Very truly,

"BOSTON CORBETT."

The ravages of the malignant fever which had broken out in the hospital were not confined to the patients. Surgeons and chaplain yielded their lives at its deadly touch. Then, too, was the bond severed which had harmoniously united a happy sisterhood for many months. Of the six who went down to the brink of the river of death, five crossed over to the heavenly shore. She who alone remained gives these simple memories to the reader



The friends of many came as soon as they heard of their arrival and illness, but often failed to recognize them. One woman, on being taken into the ward where her husband was asleep, persisted in saying that she had never seen that man before; and on being shown his name and regiment on the card, she refused to be convinced, feeling sure that there must be some mistake, till he opened his eyes and greeted her by name.

On the evening of a day on which there had been a new arrival of men, I was sitting in the comfortably heated tent, while eight happy faces looked from the warmly blanketed beds. Each man had his own tale of prison experience to tell. "Not for all the gold that could be heaped into this tent would I voluntarily spend one more day at Andersonville." Another said, "We suffered enough in body; but the mental agony, the mental agony, no one can ever imagine." And so they went on, dwelling at last upon their anxiety for home friends, wondering if mothers, wives, and children were yet alive. Then one manly voice told, in earnest tones, how he could bless the Lord for the perilous trials through which he had passed; that he had been brought up religiously, but never had truly loved the Saviour until he became his only refuge. "His love in my heart is well worth all the discipline I have endured, and I can thank him for it." These words came from John S. Farnell, a Michigan boy of eighteen years of age. Since the battle of Gettysburg, seventeen months before, he had been a prisoner. He enjoyed reading his own little new Bible, and the meetings for prayer and singing held in his tent. He seemed to be gaining strength, until an attack of pneumonia occurred, when the utmost care failed to save his life. He talked peacefully of dying, in intervals of consciousness, but at last sank into a heavy stupor. Just as I closed his eyes, and while he ceased to breathe, the band struck up the strain, "Do they miss me at home?"

It needed a stout heart to turn from

the frequent scenes of death, at that gloomy time, to cheer and amuse the less dangerously ill. The coming of Christmas was a source of excitement for a few days. Some of the boys had never heard of Santa Claus and his visits down the chimney at this merry season; and when his descent through the pipes, and passage through the stove-doors, and appearance in the tents became possibilities, there was as much amusement and anticipation among them as ever gladdened a nursery full of children. On the morning of this happy festival every man found a sock hanging by his side stuffed with mittens, scarfs, knives, suspenders, handkerchiefs, and many little things. Out of the top of each sock peeped a little flag; and as the men awoke, one by one, and examined the gifts of Santa Claus, shouts of merriment rang through the wards, and they were satisfied that he was a friend worth having.

All that was possible under the pressure of the melancholy circumstances was done to make the day a happy one; but it was not celebrated with the same rejoicings as the year before, nor was there much time to be spared from the sick and dying. Steamers were constantly arriving, and filling up the vacant places with new patients.

On a ragged, soiled piece of paper which a man handed me on landing were these lines, written at Andersonville by a boy of sixteen who died there. They are surely worthy of remembrance.

"Will you leave us here to die?

When our country called for men,  
We came from forge and store and mill,  
The broken ranks to fill;  
We left our quiet, happy homes,  
And ones we loved so well,  
To vanquish all the Union foes,  
Or fall where others fell.  
Now, in prisons drear we languish,  
And it is our constant cry,  
O ye who yet can save us,  
Will you leave us here to die?

"The voice of slander tells you  
That our hearts were weak with fear,  
That nearly every one of us  
Was captured in the rear.

land; and one of your ambassadors to a great Continental state published, not in his private, but in his official capacity, language which made the Northern party in England for a moment hang their heads with shame. A virulence, discreditable to England, has at times broken forth in our House of Commons,—as a virulence, not creditable to this country, has at times broken forth in your Congress. But what has the House of Commons done? Threatening motions were announced in favor of Recognition,—in defence of the Confederate rams. They were all set aside by the good sense of the House and of the nation. It ended in a solemn farce,—in the question being put very formally to the Government whether it intended to recognize the Confederate States, to which the Government replied that it did not.

And when the actions of our Government are in question, fair allowance must be made for the bad state of International Law. The very term itself is, in fact, as matters at present stand, a dangerous fiction. There can be no law, in a real sense, where there is no law-giver, no tribunal, no power of giving legal effect to a sentence,—but where the party on whose side the law is held to be must after all be left to do himself right with the strong hand. And one consequence is that governments are induced to rest in narrow technicalities, and to be ruled by formal precedents, when the question ought to be decided on the broadest grounds of right. The decision of Lord Stowell, for example, that it is lawful for the captor to burn an enemy's vessel at sea rather than suffer her to escape, though really applying only to a case of special necessity, has been supposed to cover a system of burning prizes at sea, which is opposed to the policy and sentiment of all civilized nations, and which Lord Stowell never could have had in view. And it must be owned that this war, unexampled in all respects, has been fruitful of novel questions respecting belligerent rights, on which a Government meaning no evil, might easily be led

astray. Among its results we may hope that this revolution will give birth to a better system of International Law. Would there were reason to hope that it might lead to the erection of some high tribunal of justice among nations to supersede forever the dreadful and uncertain ordeal of war! Has the Government of England, in any case where your right was clear, really done you a wrong? If it has, I trust that the English nation, temperately and respectfully approached, as a proud nation requires to be, will surely constrain its Government to make the reparation which becomes its honor.

But let it not be forgotten, that, in the worst of times, at the moment of your lowest depression, England has refused to recognize the Confederate States, or in any way to interfere in their behalf; and that the steadiness of this refusal has driven the Confederate envoy, Mr. Mason, to seek what he deems a more hospitable shore. The inducement of cotton for our idle looms and our famishing people has been a strong one to our statesmen as well as to our people, and the Tempter has been at their side. Despotism, like Slavery, is necessarily propagandist. It cannot bear the contagion, it cannot bear the moral rebuke, of neighboring freedom. The new French satrapy in Mexico needs some more congenial and some weaker neighbor than the United Republic, and we have had more than one intimation that this need is felt.

And this suggests one closing word as to our blockade-running. Nothing done on our side, I should think, can have been more galling, as nothing has been so injurious to your success. For myself, in common with all who think as I do on these questions, I abhor the blockade-runners; I heartily wish that the curse of ill-gotten gain may rest on every piece of gold they make; and never did I feel less proud of my country than when, on my way hither, I saw those vessels in Halifax sheltered under English guns. But blockade-running is the law; it is the test, in fact, of an effective blockade.

And Englishmen are the blockade-runners, not because England as a nation is your enemy, but because her merchants are more adventurous and her seamen more daring than those of any nation but your own. You, I suspect, would not be the least active of blockade-runners, if we were carrying on a blockade. The nearness of our fortresses at Halifax and Nassau to your shores, which makes them the haunt of blockade-runners, is not the result of malice, but of accident,—of most unhappy accident, as I believe. We have not planted them there for this purpose. They have come down to us among the general inheritance of an age of conquest, when aggression was thought to be strength and glory,—when all kings and nations were alike rapacious,—and when the prize remained with us, not because we were below our neighbors in morality, but because we were more resolute in council and mightier in arms. Our conquering hour was yours. You, too, were then English citizens. You welcomed the arms of Cromwell to Jamaica. Your hearts thrilled at the tidings of Blenheim and Ramillies, and exulted in the thunders of Chatham. You shared the laurels and the conquests of Wolfe. For you and with you we overthrew France and Spain upon this continent, and made America the land of the Anglo-Saxon race. Halifax will share the destinies of the North-American confederation,—destinies, as I said before, not alien to yours. Nassau is an appendage to our West-Indian possessions. Those possessions are and have long been, and been known to every reasoning Englishman to be, a mere burden to us. But we have been bound in honor and humanity to protect our emancipated slaves from a danger which lay near. An ocean of changed thought and feeling has rolled over the memory of this nation within the last three years. You forget that but yesterday you were the Great Slave Power.

You, till yesterday, were the great Slave Power. And England, with all her faults and shortcomings, was the

great enemy of Slavery. Therefore the slave-owners who had gained possession of your Government hated her, insulted her, tried to embroil you with her. They represented her, and I trust not without truth, as restlessly conspiring against the existence of their great institution. They labored, not in vain, to excite your jealousy of her maritime ambition, when, in enforcing the right of search and striving to put down the slave-trade, she was really obeying her conscience and the conscience of mankind. They bore themselves towards her in these controversies as they bore themselves towards you,—as their character compels them to bear themselves towards all with whom they have to deal. Living in their own homes above law, they proclaimed doctrines of lawless aggression which alarmed and offended not England alone, but every civilized nation. And this, as I trust and believe, has been the main cause of the estrangement between us, so far as it has been an estrangement between the nations, not merely between certain sections and classes. It is a cause which will henceforth operate no more. A Scandinavian hero, as the Norse legend tells, waged a terrible combat through a whole night with the dead body of his brother-in-arms, animated by a Demon; but with the morning the Demon fled.

Other thoughts crowd upon my mind,—thoughts of what the two nations have been to each other in the past, thoughts of what they may yet be to each other in the future. But these thoughts will rise in other minds as well as in mine, if they are not stifled by the passion of the hour. If there is any question to be settled between us, let us settle it without disparagement to the just claims or the honor of either party, yet, if possible, as kindred nations. For if we do not, our posterity will curse us. A century hence, the passions which caused the quarrel will be dead, the black record of the quarrel will survive and be detested. Do what we will now, we shall not cancel the tie of blood, nor prevent it from hereafter asserting its undying power.



The Englishmen of this day will not prevent those who come after them from being proud of England's grandest achievement, the sum of all her noblest victories, — the foundation of this the great Commonwealth of the New World. And you will not prevent the hearts of your chil-

dren's children from turning to the birth-place of their nation, the land of their history and of their early greatness, the land which holds the august monuments of your ancient race, the works of your illustrious fathers, and their graves.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## WE ARE A NATION.

THE great national triumph we have just achieved renders that foggy and forlorn Second Tuesday of November the most memorable day of this most memorable year of the war. Under the heavy curtain of mist that brooded low over the scene, under the sombre clouds of uncertainty that hung drizzling and oppressive above the whole land, was enacted a drama whose grandeur has not been surpassed in history. The deep significance of that event it is not easy for the mind to fathom. As the accumulating majorities for the Union came rolling in, like billows succeeding billows, heaping up the waters of victory, it was not alone the ship of state that was lifted bodily over the bar, but all her costly freight of human liberties and human hopes was upborne, and floated some leagues onward towards the fair haven of the Future.

The first uprising of the nation, when its existence was assailed, was truly a sublime spectacle. But the last uprising of the same, to confirm with cool deliberation the judgment it pronounced in its heat, is a spectacle of far higher moral sublimity. That sudden wildfire-blaze of patriotism, if it was simply a blaze, had long since had time to expire. The Red Sea we had passed through was surely sufficient to quench any light flame kindled merely in the leaves and brushwood of our national character. Instead of a brisk and easy conquest of a rash rebellion, such as seemed at first to be pretty

generally anticipated, we had closed with a powerful antagonist in a struggle which was all the more terrible because it was unforeseen. The country had soon digested its hot cakes of enthusiasm, and come to the tougher article, the ostrich-diet of iron determination. If we were a race of flunkies, ample opportunities had been afforded to have our flunkiness whipped out of us. If Jonathan was but another blustering Sir Andrew Aguecheek, he would long before have elicited laughter from the world's aristocratic dress-circle, and split the ears of the groundlings, by turning from the foe that would fight, and bellowing forth that worthy gentleman's sentiments: — "An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him!" But those who looked hopefully for this conclusion have been disappointed. Even Mr. Carlyle may now perceive that we have something more than a foul chimney burning itself out over here: — strange that a seer should thus mistake the glare of a mountain-torch! We have not made war from a mere ebullition of spite, or as an experiment, or for any base and temporary purpose; but this is a war for humanity, and for all time. That we are in deadly earnest, that the heart of the nation is in it, and that this is no effervescent and fickle heart, the momentous Tuesday stands before the world as the final proof.

True, in that day's winnowing of the

109-

national grain, which had been some four years threshing, plenty of chaff and grit were found. The opposition to the Administration was made up of three classes. The smallest, but by far the most active class, consisted of reckless politicians,—those Northern men with Southern principles (if they have anything that can properly be called principles) who sympathize with the Rebels in arms,—who hold the interests of party to be supreme, and shrink from no acts that bid fair to advance those interests. They are the grit in the machine. The second class comprised the sheep which those bad shepherds led,—sheep with a large proportion of swine intermixed, and many a fanged and dangerous cur, as ignorant as they, doing the will of his masters,—the brutish class, without enlightenment or moral perception, goaded by prejudice, and deceived by lies so shallow and foolish that the wonder was how anybody could be duped by them. Side by side with these, and often mingling with them, was the third class, the so-called “Conservatives,” whose numbers and respectability could alone have kept the warlike young Falstaff of the expedition in countenance, and induced him to march through Coventry (or rather into it, for he got no farther) with his motley crew of followers.

This last-named class, when analyzed, is found to be composed of a great variety of elements. The downright “Hunker” Conservative, who is very likely to pass over to and identify himself with the first class, hates with a natural, ineradicable hate all political and spiritual advancement. He takes material and selfish, and consequently low and narrow views of things,—and having secured for himself and his wife, for his son John and his wife, privilege to eat and sleep and cohabit, he cannot see the necessity of any further progress. If he is enterprising, it is to increase his blessings in this world; if devout, it is to perpetuate them in the next: for sincere religion he has none,—since religion is but another name for Love, inspiring

hope, charity, and a zeal for the welfare of all mankind.—Others are conservative from timidity, or because they are wedded to tranquillity. “Oh, yes,” they say, “no doubt the cause you are fighting for is just; but then fighting is so dreadful! Let us have peace,—peace at any cost!” Good-hearted people as far as they go, but lacking constitution. To them the fiery torrents of generosity and heroism are unknown. Numbers of these, it is true, were swept away by the flood of enthusiasm which prevailed during the first days of the Rebellion; but when it appeared that the insurgents were not to be overawed and put down by noise,—that making speeches and hanging out flags would not do the business,—they became alarmed: the thought of actual bloodshed, and taxes, and a disturbance of trade developed the Aguecheek. “Good heavens!” said they, picking up the hats they had tossed with cheers to the sky, and carefully brushing down the ruffled nap to its former respectable smoothness, “this will never do! we can’t frighten ’em!” So they concluded to be frightened themselves, and ran back to the comfortable apron-strings of opinion held by their grandmothers. Strange as it seems, many of these are persons of piety, taste, and culture. Yet their culture is retrospective, their taste mere diletanteism, and their piety conventional: to whatever is new in theology, or vital in literature, (at least until the cobwebs of age begin to gather upon it,) and especially to whatever tends to overthrow or greatly modify the ancient order of things, they are unalterably opposed. If occasionally one of them becomes desirous of keeping up with the times, or is forced along momentarily by the stream of events, some defect of mental or moral constitution prevents his progress; and you are sure to find him soon or late returning to the point from which he started, like those bits of driftwood which are always bobbing up and down close under the fall or circling round and round in the eddies. The trouble is, such sticks float too lightly on

the surface of things; if they carried more heart-ballast, and would sink deeper, the current would bear them on.—Another variety of the Conservative is the man who is really progressive and right-minded, but extremely slow. Give him time, and he is certain to form a just judgment, and range himself on the right side at last. He goes with the rest only so far as they travel his road, and his lagging is pretty sure to be atoned for by earnest endeavor in the end. With these are to be classed numerous other varieties: those who are “Hunkerish” on account of some strange spiritual obtuseness, or from misanthropy, or perverseness, or self-conceit, or a cold and sluggish temperament, or from weak human sympathies governed by strong political prejudice,—together with those countless larvæ and tadpoles, the small-fry of sons and nephews, of individuality yet undeveloped, who are conservative because their fathers and uncles are conservative.

Such was the Opposition, to which we have devoted so many words, because, though signally defeated, much of its power and influence survives. The fact that it proved to be as large as it was is by no means discouraging: that there should have been so much flabby and diseased flesh on the body-politic was to have been expected; and that it would show itself chiefly in the large cities, where foul humors and leprosy are sure to break out, if anywhere, upon slight irritation, (contrast the corrupt vote of New York City with Missouri and Maryland giving their voices for freedom!) was likewise foreseen. That the malady continues, and by what curative process it is to be subdued and rendered harmless,—this is what concerns us now.

We have at last demonstrated, to the satisfaction of our arrogant Southern friends, let us trust, that the despised Yankee, the dollar-worshipper, is as prompt to fight for a principle as they for power and a mistaken right of property,—ready to give blood and treasure without stint, all for an idea; and that, having reluctantly set his foot in gore, to

draw back is not possible to him, for his heart is indomitable, and his soul relentless,—in his soul sits Nemesis herself. We have taught the slaveholding insolence the final lesson, that there is absolutely nothing to hope from the pusillanimity it counted upon. To the world abroad, also, that Tuesday’s portentous snow-storm of ballots, covering every vestige of treason here, to the trail of the Copperhead, and whitening the face of the whole land with a purer faith, will be more convincing than our victories in the field. The bubble of Republicanism, which was to display such alacrity at bursting, is not the childish thing it was deemed, but granitic, with a fiery, throbbing core; its outward form no mere flashy film, blown out of chimeras and dreams, but a creation from the solid strata of human experience, upheaved here by the birth-throes of a new era:—

“With inward fires and pain,

It rose a bubble from the plain,”

secure and enduring as Monadnock or Mount Washington.

We have proved that we are a nation equal to the task of self-discipline and self-control,—a new thing on this planet. Hitherto, on the stage of history, kings and princes have been the star-actors: in them all the interest of the scene has centred: they and a few grand favorites were everything, and all the rest supernumeraries, “a level immensity of foolish small people,” of no utility except to support them in their pompous parts. But we have found that “Hamlet” does very well with Hamlet left out. In place of the prince we will have a principle. Persons are of no account: the President is of no account simply as a man. Here, at last, Humanity has flowered; here has blossomed a new race of men, capable of postponing persons to uses, and private preferences to the public good, of subjecting its wildest passions to a sense of justice,—qualities so rare, that, when they are most strikingly manifested in us, foreign observers stand astonished and incredulous. Accustomed to seeing other races carried away by



their own frenzy the moment they break free from despotic restraint and attempt to act for themselves, they cannot believe that Americans actually have that uncommon virtue, self-control. The predictions of the London "Times" with regard to us have always proved such ludicrous failures, because they have been based upon this false estimate of our temper. Taking for granted that we are a mob, and that a mob is an idiot, whose speech and actions are void of reason, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," the Thunderer continues to prophesy evil of us; and when, where madness was most confidently looked for, we exhibit the coolest sense, it can think of nothing better to do than to denounce us for our inconsistencies! Yet the self-control we claim for ourselves comes from no lack of caloric: caloric we possess in abundance, though of a stiller sort than that with which the world has been hitherto acquainted. Our friend from the backwoods thought there was no fire in the coal-furnace, because he could not hear it roar and crackle, and was afterwards amazed at its steady intensity of heat. Our misguided Southern brethren had the same opinion of Northern character, and burned their hands most deplorably when they laid hold of it.

They have discovered their mistake. Our Transatlantic neighbors have also, by this time, discovered theirs. Moreover, we (and this is the main thing) have caught a glimpse of ourselves in the glass of the last election. Henceforth let us have faith in our destiny. Let us once more open our maps, and, by the light of that day's revelation, look at the grand outlines and limitless possibilities of our country. Look at the old States and the new, and at the future States! Behold the vast plains of Texas and the Indian Territory, — the rivers of Arizona, Dakota, and Utah, — Montana, Idaho, Colorado, and New Mexico, with their magnificent mountain-chains, — Nevada, and the Pacific States, — Washington, Oregon, and California, each alone capable of becoming another New Eng-

land! What a home is this for the nation that is to be! Let us consider well our advantages, be true to the inspiration that is in us, put aside at once and forever the thought of failure, and advance with firm and confident steps to the accomplishment of the grandest mission ever yet intrusted to any people.

True, great humiliations may be still in store for us; for what do we not deserve? When we consider the inhumanity, the cowardice, the stolid selfishness, of which this people has been guilty, especially on the subject of negro slavery, we can find no refuge from despair but in the comforting assurance that God is a God of mercy, as well as of justice.

Let us hasten to atone for our sins, and forward the work of national purification, by doing our duty — our whole duty — now. One thing is certain: we cannot look for help to other nations, nor to the amiable disposition of a foe whose pith and pluck are consanguineous with our own, nor to the agency of individuals. It was written in the beginning that the people which aspired to make its own laws should also work out its own salvation. For this reason great leaders have not been given us, and we shall not need them. It is for a nation unstable in its purposes, and incapable of self-moderation, that the steady hand of a strong ruler is necessary. The first Napoleon was no more a natural product of the first French Revolution than the present Emperor is of the last. They might each have sat for the picture of the tyrant springing to the neck of an unbridled Democracy, drawn by Plato in the eighth book of the "Republic": just as his description of the excesses which necessitate despotic rule might pass for a description of the frenzy of 'Ninety-Three: — "When a State thirsts after liberty, and happens to have bad cup-bearers appointed it, and gets immoderately drunk with an unmixed draught thereof, it punishes even the governors." No such inebriety has resulted from the moderate draughts of that nectar in which this new Western

race has indulged; and only the southern and more passionate portion of it is in any danger of converting its acute "State-Rights" distemper into chronic despotism. The nation in its childhood needed a paternal Washington; but now it has arrived at manhood, and it requires, not a great leader, but a magistrate willing himself to be led. Such a man is Mr. Lincoln: an able, faithful, hard-working citizen, overseeing the affairs of all the citizens, accepting the guidance of Providence, and conscientiously yielding himself to be the medium of a people's will, the agent of its destinies. That is all we have any right to expect of him; and if we expect more, we shall be disappointed. He cannot stretch forth his hand and save us, although we have now twice elected him to his high place. Upon ourselves, and upon ourselves alone, under God, success and victory still depend.

What outward duties are to be fulfilled it is needless to recapitulate here,—for have they not been taught in every loyal pulpit and in every loyal print, in sermon, story, and song, until there is not a school-boy but knows the lesson? Treason must be defeated in the field, its armies annihilated, its power destroyed forever. In order to accomplish this, our own armies must be kept constantly recruited with numbers and with confidence. As for American slavery, it perishes from the face of the earth utterly. We have had enough of the serpent which the young Republic warmed in its too kind bosom. Now it dies; there is no help for it: if you object to the heel upon its head, and place your own head there to shield it, God pity you, my friend, for you will have need of more than human pity! This war is to be brought to a triumphant close, and the cause of the war extirpated, whether you like it or not. You can accept destruction and ignominy with it, or you may live to rejoice over the most glorious victory and reform of the age: take your choice: but understand, once for all, that complaint is puerile, and

expostulation but an idle wind in the face of inexorable Fate. Shall we remember our martyred heroes, our noble, our beloved, who have gone down in this conflict, and sit gloomily content while the devouring monster survives? Is it nothing that they have fallen, and yet such a wrong that the fetters of the bondman should fall? Is the claim of property in man so sacred, and the blood of our brothers so cheap? Have done with this heartless cant,—this prating about the constitutional rights of traitors! When the Moslem chief was marching to the chastisement of a revolted tribe, the insurgents, seeing disaster inevitable in a fair field, resorted to the device of elevating the Koran upon the shafts of their spears, and bearing it before them into battle. The stratagem succeeded. The fanatical Arabs were filled with horror on finding that they had lifted their swords against the Book of the Holy Prophet, and fled in confusion,—defeated, not by the foe, but by their own blind reverence for the letter and outward symbol of the Law. Thus the first attempt at secession from the Moslem Empire became successful; and the decadence of that empire was the fatal fruit of that day's folly. In like manner we have had the letter of the Constitution thrust between us and victory. The leaders of the Opposition carried it before them, with ostentation and loud pharisaical rant, in the late political battle. But, much as it has embarrassed and retarded our cause, terrifying and bewildering weak minds, the device has not availed in the past, and it shall avail still less in the future. The spirit of the Constitution we shall remember and obey; but the sword of justice, edged with common sense, must cut its way through everything else, to the very heart of the Rebellion.

Only from ourselves have we anything to fear. Self-distrust is more to be dreaded than foreign interference or Rebel despotism. The deportment of Great Britain has become more and more respectful

towards us as we have shown ourselves worthy of respect; and even France has of late grown discreetly reticent on the subject of intervention. But it is said the Rebels will arm their slaves. Very well; if they think to save their boat by taking the bottom out, in order to make paddles of it, they are welcome to try the experiment. Are three or four hundred thousand negro soldiers going to accept from their masters the boon of freedom for themselves only, and not demand it for their race? Or think you their gratitude towards those masters is so extraordinary, that they will take arms against their brothers already in the field, and not be liable to commit the slight error of passing over and fighting by their side? In either case, Mr. Davis's proposition, if carried out, is practical abolitionism; and we have yet to learn how a tottering edifice can be rendered any more stable by the removal of its acknowledged "corner-stone." The plan is violently opposed by the slave-owning classes: for, whatever may be proclaimed to the contrary, they have risked this war, and devoted themselves to it, believing it to be a war for the aggrandizement of their peculiar institution; and if that succumbs, where is the gain? Already their new Government has become to them an object of dread and detestation, and they are beginning to look back with regretful hearts to the beneficent Union which they were in such rash haste to destroy. Only the leaders of the Rebellion can hope to gain anything by so perilous an expedient; for Slavery has become with them a secondary consideration, — no doubt Mr. Davis is sincere in asserting this, — and they are now ready to sacrifice it to their private ambition. They are in the position of men who, driven to extremity, will give up everything else in order to preserve their power, and their necks with it. But let us indulge in no useless apprehensions on this point. Such a proposition, seriously entertained by the Richmond Government, is of itself the strongest evidence we could have of the exhaustion of their resources. Every other

means has failed, and this is their last resort. We are reminded of that vivid description, in one of Cooper's novels, of an Indian in his canoe drawn into the rapids of Niagara and swept over the falls, — who, in his wild efforts to save himself, continued *paddling in the air* even after he had passed the verge of the cataract. So the Confederate craft has reached the brink of destruction, and we may now look to see some frantic paddling in their air. Or shall we liken it to Milton's bad angel, flying to his new empire, but dropping into an unexpected "vast vacuity"?

"Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops

Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft."

That "ill chance" has been averted by the last election; and no such "tumultuous cloud" will gather again, to bear up the lost Anarch, if we courageously act our part. The danger now is from our own weakness, not from the enemy's strength.

A great and most important work still remains for us. It is not enough to perform simply the external and obvious duties of the hour. What we would insist on here is the internal and moral work to be done. Men have never yet given full credit to the power of an idea. With faith, ye shall remove mountains. A pebble of truth, in the hand of the shepherd-boy of Israel, is mightier to prevail than the spear like a weaver's beam. How long were the little band of Abolitionists despised! But they were the cutwater of the national ship. With their revolutionary idea, so opposed to the universal prejudice, they succeeded at last in moving the entire country, just as one cog-wheel set against another overcomes its resistance and puts the whole machinery in motion. The rills of thought, shooting from the heights of a few pure and lofty minds, have spread out into this sea of practical Abolitionism which



now covers the whole land,—although the sea may be inclined to deny its source. May we, then, charge the pioneers of the Anti-Slavery sentiment with having caused this war? In the same manner we may regard the coming of Christ as being the cause of all the wars and persecutions of Christianity.

If such is the force of earnest conviction, consider what we too may do. We have gone to the polls and voted for the accomplishment of a certain object: far more intelligently than at the beginning of the war, (for few knew then what we were fighting for,) we have met the enemies of our country, and defeated them at the ballot-box. But there is another and no less important vote to be cast. The Twentieth Presidential Election is not the last, even for this year. We are to continue casting our ballots, every day, and day after day,—nay, year after year, if necessary,—to the end. We have had political suffrage; but moral suffrage is now called for. Here woman realizes her rights, so long talked about, and so little understood; here, too, even the intelligent, patriotic boy and girl can exert an influence. We know something of what words can do; but how little we appreciate the power which is behind words! By the wishes of your heart, by the aspirations of your soul, by the energies of your mind and will, you form about you an atmosphere as real as the air you breathe, although, like that, invisible. Not a prayer is lost; not a throb

of patriotism goes for nothing; never a wave of impulse dies upon the ethereal deep in which we live and move and have our being. Be filled with the truth as with life itself; let the divine aura exhale from you wherever you move; and thus you may do more to overcome the opposition to our cause than when you deposited your ticket in the box. You may, perhaps, breathe the breath of life into the nostrils of the coldest clay of conservatism you know: for true it is that men not only catch manners, as they do diseases, one from another, but that they catch unconscious inspiration also. Boswell, when absent from London and his hero, acknowledged himself to be empty, vapid; and he became somewhat only when “impregnated with the Johnsonian ether.” So the ether of your own earnest, fervent, patriotic character may impregnate the spiritless and help to sustain the brave. Consider, moreover, what an element may be thus generated by the combined hopes and prayers of a whole loyal people! This is the atmosphere which is to sustain the President and his advisers in their work: this, although we may not know it, and although they may be unaware, is the vital breath they need to give them wisdom and power equal to the great crisis; while even the soldiers, in the far-off fields of conflict, shall feel the agitations of this subtle fluid, this life-supporting oxygen, buoying up their hopes, and wafting their banners on to victory.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Dissertations and Discussions: Political, Philosophical, and Historical.* By JOHN STUART MILL. In Three Volumes. 12mo. Boston: W. V. Spencer.

AT a time of deep national emotion, like the present, it is impossible that we Americans should not feel some bias of personal affection in reading the works of those great living Englishmen who have been true to us in the darkest hour. Were it only for his faithful friendship to freedom and to us, Mr. Mill has a right to claim an attentive audience for every word he has ever written; and this collection of his miscellaneous writings, covering a period of thirty years, has a special interest as showing the successive steps by which he has risen to this high attitude of nobleness.

But apart from these special ties, Mr. Mill claims attention as the most advanced of English minds, and the ablest, all things considered, of contemporary English writers. His detached works have long since found a very large American audience,—larger, perhaps, than even their home-circle of readers; and the sort of biographical interest which attaches to a collection of shorter essays—giving, as it does, a glimpse at the training of the writer—will more than compensate for the want of continuity in these volumes, and for the merely local interest which belongs to many of the subjects treated. Church-rates and the English currency have not to us even the interest of heraldry, for that at least can offer pictures of mermaids, and great ingenuity in Latin puns; but, on the other hand, every discussion of the British university-system has a positive value, in the exceedingly crude and undeveloped condition of American collegiate methods. There is the same disparity of interest in the different critical essays. Bentham has hardly exerted an appreciable influence on American thought, and the transitory authority of Coleridge is now merged in more potent agencies; yet when the essays bearing those great names were first printed in the periodical then edited by Mill, they made an era in con-

temporary English literature, and therefore indirectly modified our own.

Thus, in one way or another, almost all these essays have a value. The style is always clear, always strong, sometimes pointed, seldom brilliant, never graceful; it is the best current sample, indeed, of that good, manly, rather colorless English which belongs naturally to Parliamentary Speeches and Quarterly Reviews. Not being an American, the author may use novel words without the fear of being called provincial; so that *understandable*, *evidentiary*, *desiderate*, *leisured*, and *inamoveability* stalk at large within his pages. As a controversialist, he is a trifle sharp, but never actually discourteous; and it is pleasant to see that his chivalry makes him gentlest in dealing with the humblest, while his lance rings against the formidable shield of a Cambridge Professor or a Master of Trinity as did that of the disguised Ivanhoe upon the shield of Bois-Guilbert.

The historical essays in this collection are exceedingly admirable, especially the defence of Pericles and the Athenians, in the second paper on Grote's History. In reading the articles upon ethical and philosophical questions, one finds more drawbacks. The profoundest truths can hardly be reached, perhaps, by one who, at the end of his life, as at the beginning, is a sensationalist in metaphysics and a utilitarian in ethics. It is only when dealing with these themes that he seems to show any want of thoroughness: unfairness he never shows. In the closing tract on "Utilitarianism," which the American publishers have added to the English collection, one feels especially this drawback. As the theory of universal selfishness falls so soon as one considers that a man is capable of resigning everything that looks like happiness, and of plunging into apparent misery, because he thinks it right,—so the theory of utilitarianism falls, when one considers that a man is capable of abstaining from an action that would apparently be useful to all around him, from a secret conviction that it is wrong in itself. There are many things which are intrinsically wrong, although, so far as one can see,

"Tut! tut!" says the clergyman, "a sword, Rachel,—in my study?"

"To be sure! why not?" says Rachel. "And if you like, I will hang my picture, with the doves and the olive-branch, above it; and there shall be a shelf for hyacinths in the window."

Thus she ran on in her pretty housewifely manner, cooing like the doves she talked of, plotting the arrangement of the parlor opposite, of the long dining-room stretching athwart the house in the rear, and of the kitchen under a roof of its own, still farther back,—he all the while giving grave assent, as if he listened to her contrivance: he was only listening to the music of a sweet voice that somehow charmed his ear, and thanking God in his heart that such music was bestowed upon a sinful world, and praying that he might never listen too fondly. •

Behind the house were yard, garden, orchard, and this last drooping away to a meadow. Over all these the pair of light feet pattered beside the master. "Here shall be lilies," she said; "there, a great bunch of mother's peonies; and by the gate, hollyhocks";—he, by this time, plotting a sermon upon the vanities of the world.

Yet in due time it came to pass that

the parsonage was all arranged according to the fancies of its mistress,—even to the Major's sword and the twin doves. Esther, a stout middle-aged dame, and stanch Congregationalist, recommended by the good women of the parish, is installed in the kitchen as maid-of-all-work. As gardener, groom, (a sedate pony and square-topped chaise forming part of the establishment,) factotum, in short,—there is the frowzy-headed man Larkin, who has his quarters in an airy loft above the kitchen.

The brass knocker is scoured to its brightest. The parish is neighborly. Dame Tourtelot is impressive in her proffers of advice. The Tew partners, Elderkin, Meacham, and all the rest, meet the new housekeepers open-handed. Before mid-winter, the smoke of this new home was piling lazily into the sky above the tree-tops of Ashfield,—a home, as we shall find by and by, of much trial and much cheer. Twenty years after, and the master of it was master of it still,—strong, seemingly, as ever; the brass knocker shining on the door; the sword and the doves in place. But the pattering feet,—the voice that made music,—the tender, wifely plotting,—the cheery sunshine that smote upon her as she talked,—alas for us! —"All is Vanity!"

## ROGER BROOKE TANEY. C

A LITTLE more than two centuries ago, Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury published his great treatise on government, under the title of "Leviathan; or, the Matter, Form, and Power of the Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil,"—in which he denied that man is born a social being, that government has any natural foundation, and, in a word, all of what men now agree to be the first principles, and receive as axioms, of social and civil science; and

declared that man is a beast of prey, a wolf, whose natural state is war, and that government is only a contrivance of men for their own gain, a strong chain thrown over the citizen,—organized, despotic, unprincipled power. To this faithless and impious work, which at least did good by shocking the world and rallying many of the best minds to develop and defend the true principles of society and the state, he put a fit frontispiece, a picture of the vast form



of Leviathan, the Sovereign State, the Mortal God,—a gigantic figure, like that of Giant Despair or the horrid shapes we have sometimes seen pictured as brooding over the Valley of the Shadow of Death,—a Titanic form, whose crowned head and mailed body fill the background and rise above the distant hills and mountain-peaks in the broad landscape which is spread out below, with fields, rivers, harbors, cities, castles, churches, towns and villages, and ships upon the seas and in the ports. Its body and limbs are made up of countless human figures, of every class, all bending reverently toward the sovereign head. Its arms stretch forward to the foreground. In one hand it holds a magnificent crosier, in the other a mighty sword, which reach across and cover the whole. It is surrounded with emblems of power, of which it is the life and embodiment. In the front is a fortified city, with its streets and gate, its cathedral rising high above all other structures, surmounted by the cross, the flag flying from the forts, the sentinel on the ramparts. Its fortresses seem to defy and command the whole empire over which Leviathan predominates. To show more fully how all-pervading and resistless is the power of this monster made of mortal men, and the means and extent of its control in Church and State, to impress the senses, the emblems of its spheres and its instruments are depicted below. First is a castle on a rocky height, with the smoke rolling from its battlements, from which a cannon has just been fired; opposite, a church, with a figure holding the cross above its roof of faith; here a coronet, opposite a mitre; here is a cannon, to thunder in civil war; opposite are the mythic thunderbolts for the fulminations of the Church; below are arms, drums, banners and flags, helmet and halberd, spear and sword and matchlock; opposite appears a front, between the devilish horns of which, marked "dilemma," is formed a sort of trophy, made up of a trident spear, labelled "syllogism," and bifurcated weapons, named "real and intention-

al," "spiritual and temporal," and one beyond whose long straight point, labelled "direct," there is another sharp, keen one, curving round and covering it, labelled "indirect"; last is the battle-field, with armies rushing together in deadly charge, their flags flying above the long lines whose sloping spears bristle above the clouds of smoke and dust, the cavalry and foot engaged with sabres and pistols, men and horses fallen, the victors, the wounded, the dying, and the dead,—the dread arbitrament of war; opposite, the judges ranged in formal order, with their caps and black robes,—a Rhadamanthine tribunal. Seeing such a summary and embodiment of his idea, a man will shudder the more he ponders on such a conception of the state as such a monstrous idol, which men have fashioned out of their own bodies and invested with the attributes of superhuman power, and worshipped as the creator of Justice and Law, Peace and Order, Truth and Religion, and served and obeyed as their Tyrant and King.

The American state,—which, as Franklin said, "first set forth religious truth as the basis of government," formed by the people, who, calling on all mankind to witness their solemn appeal to the Supreme Judge of the world, "pledged themselves," as Adams said, "to extinguish Slavery as soon as practicable,"—the state formed to establish justice,—the state for which the founders reverently adopted as the true emblem the Goddess of Liberty,—had, at the time when Slavery, the patricide, waged this war to finish the revolution already almost complete, so essentially changed, that it bore a striking resemblance to that dreadful picture of the giant form of the Leviathan. *Populus Romanus repente factus est alius.*

It will be difficult to decide which branch of our government was most efficient in producing this change; as it will be difficult for one who considers the principle, or want of principle, on which this Juggernaut was constructed, to decide which would be the more horrible, a decision by battle or by the

robed ministers of evil. But as the Leviathan, Slavery, — the Mortal God, the incarnation of Evil, — is growing more and more shadowy, and men again behold the heavenly Guardian of their State, Americans feel, and the world agrees, that war, though it reaches other classes and in different form, is really attended with less horror and woe at the time than several judicial decisions have occasioned; and that the lasting results of battles are incalculably more insignificant than the judgments of courts may be.

Roger Brooke Taney was, when nearly sixty years old, placed at the head of the Judiciary, at a critical time in American affairs. The Slave Power, so successful in extending its dominion, and already the controlling influence in the government, was pressing its unholy and arrogant demands openly and without shame. It had destroyed civil liberty in the Slave States, and was fast destroying it in the Free. It was stifling the right of petition in Congress, and smothering free speech in the States. The Executive was recommending that the mails should be sifted for its safety. The question of the right of Slavery in the Territories and the Free States was taking form, and the slave-catchers claimed to hunt their prey through the Northern States, without regard to the rights of freemen or the law of the land. Taney had long been known as an astute and skilful lawyer, a man of ability and learning in his profession — as ability and learning are commonly gauged. He had been Attorney-General of Maryland, and in 1831 had been appointed Attorney-General of the United States. He was an ardent partisan supporter of the administration; and in 1833, when Duane refused to remove the deposits, he was appointed to the Treasury as a willing servant, and did not hesitate to do what was expected of him.

In 1835, while the country was deeply agitated by questions concerning the rights of States and the powers of the government, he was nominated to a

vacancy on the Supreme Bench. His opinions on those questions were well known, and the consideration of his nomination indefinitely postponed.

But some time after the death of Chief Justice Marshall, which occurred on the 6th of July, 1835, Taney was nominated as his successor, and in 1836, the political complexion of the Senate having in the mean time changed, was confirmed by party influence, and took his seat at the head of the Judiciary in January, 1837.

He was essentially a partisan judge, as much so as were the judges of King Charles, who decided for the ship-money in accordance with their previously announced opinions. The President wrote him a letter in which he thanked him for abandoning the duties of his profession and promptly aiding him by removing the deposits; and Webster declared he was the pliant tool of the Executive. The Massachusetts, Kentucky, and New York cases in the very first volume of the Reports showed that, if not swift to do the work for which he had been selected, he did not hesitate to embody his political principles in judicial decisions. But we do not intend to examine these, or to review the long series of decisions, extending over more than a quarter of a century, and through more than thirty volumes, on the common or even the grander questions discussed in that tribunal, which will all, or nearly all, be unknown, — save to the profession, — and will have but little influence on the welfare of the country and the course of history. We would consider only the more important of those decisions touching Slavery, the cause of this Revolution, which have already shaped the course of events, and become the record of his character as a jurist, a patriot, and a man.

His private opinions about Slavery are not matter of comment or inquiry.

There are two official opinions given by him while Attorney-General in 1831 which relate to the matter. In one of these he had to consider whether the United States would protect the right of a slave-master over his slave, em-

ployed as a seaman on a ship trading to one of the States, in which he expressed the opinion that the United States could not, by treaty, control the several States in the exercise of their power of declaring a slave free on being brought within their limits. In the other, he held that a person removing his slaves with him to Texas, merely for a temporary sojourn, and with the intention of returning again in a short time to the United States, might safely bring his slaves back with him. But he then declared, that if the owner had placed his slaves in Texas as their domicile, he would be liable to prosecution, under the act of Congress, if he should bring them back into the United States.

In 1837, the very year Taney took his seat on the Supreme Bench, he gave the opinion of the Court in the cases of the *Garonne* and the *Fortune*, two vessels libelled, under the act of 1818, for bringing as slaves into New Orleans persons who had, in 1831 and 1835, been carried to France and some of them manumitted there. The judge then said that, "assuming that by French law they were entitled to freedom, there is nothing in this act to prevent their mistress bringing them back and holding them *as before*."

He seems to have considered it immaterial, or to have been ignorant, that, in accordance with the maxim, "Once free, forever free," declared in the courts of his own State of Maryland, the courts of Louisiana held, as did those of Kentucky and other States also, that, "having been for one moment in France, it was not in the power of her former owner to reduce her again to slavery," and to have forgotten the doctrines of one of his own opinions.

Slavery, when he came upon the bench, began to look to the Supreme Court as its surest defence.

The Prigg case, as it is called, or, as lawyers call it, *Prigg vs. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*, was an amicable suit; the parties in interest being the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which were represented by the ablest counsel, who came into court, as

Johnson, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, said, "to terminate disputes and contentions which were arising, and had for years arisen, along the border line between them, on the subject of the escape and delivering up of fugitive slaves." The counsel regarded themselves, as he said, as engaged in "the work of peace," and "of patriotism also."

Edward Prigg and others were indicted in Pennsylvania for kidnapping a negro woman on the 1st of April, 1837. The cause came to trial before the York Quarter Sessions, May 22, 1839; and the counsel agreed that a special verdict should be taken and judgment rendered, and thereupon the case carried up, so as to present the questions of law arising, under the Pennsylvania Emancipation Act of 1780, upon the United States act of 1793 touching fugitives from labor, and the statute of Pennsylvania passed in 1826, which provided for the seizure and surrender of fugitive slaves and for the punishment of kidnapping. The case was made up and presented in that spirit of compromise which has been the bane and delusion of America, (as if there could be any compromise of justice,)—the counsel for Pennsylvania claiming that their statute was auxiliary to that of the United States, really beneficial to Slavery, and that they advocated the true interests of the South as well as of the Union and the North,—in order to have the Judiciary authoritatively settle the vital question of the rights of the master in the seizure, and of the States in the rendition, of fugitive slaves. The Court decided, fully, that the master had a right to seize his fugitive slave wherever he could find him, and take him back without process; that the law of 1793 was constitutional; and that the United States had the exclusive power of legislation on that matter.

But this did not satisfy Chief Justice Taney. He agreed that the master had the right of seizure. He declared that this right was the law of each State, and that no State had power to abrogate or alter it, and foreshadowed the



idea that the Constitution carried Slavery over all the Territories and States. But he dissented from the Court when they held the Pennsylvania act to be invalid. And without relying on any principle, without any discussion of, or the slightest allusion to, any authorities or the great fundamental questions involved in that issue, he coolly depicted the inconveniences the slave-catcher might be subject to in States where there was but one District Judge, and how essentially he would be aided by the State legislation; and pointed out to his brethren those "*consequences*" which they did "*not contemplate*," and to which they "*did not suppose the opinion they had given would lead*." And he said that, where the States had such statutes, "*it had not heretofore been supposed necessary, in order to justify those laws, to refer them to the questionable powers of internal and local police. They were believed to stand upon surer and safer grounds, to secure the delivery of the fugitive slave to his lawful owner.*"

Counsel said, "The long, impatient struggle on that question was nearly over. The decision of this Court would put it at rest." It was not so. This decision was made in 1843. But from that time the strife over that question was more violent than ever. The Slave Power took this decision as a new concession and guaranty. It certainly affirmed the right of the master to exercise his absolute power, in the most offensive form, to be beyond control of all legislation whatever, State or National. The Court doubtless meant, as the States and the counsel did, by giving to Congress the exclusive power of legislation on the surrender of fugitives from labor, to settle this question in such form as to satisfy the Slave Power.

If the opinion of Mr. Webster be worth anything, they forgot the maxim, "*Judicis est jus dicere, non dare.*" Most surely Taney ignored his State-Rights doctrines when, looking far on for the interests of Slavery and the convenience of slave hunters, he held the United States authorized to legislate on the matter; and, disguising the poison un-

der the phrase, "the Constitution and every clause of it is part of the law of every State of the land," he put forth the dogma that the rendition clause merely provided for the rights of citizens, "put them under protection of the General Government," and made "the rights of the master the law of each State." He was declaring a rule of government, not a rule of law, and creating a theory for the defence of property in man.

In 1850 he went a step farther. A Kentucky slave-owner had been in the habit of letting some of his slaves go into Ohio to sing as minstrels. He filed a bill against a steamboat and her captain to recover the value of those slaves, who, after their return, had been carried across the river and escaped. It must be remembered that they had not first escaped, but had been *carried* to Ohio. But here, again, without recurring to any of the principles presented and fairly involved in such an issue, again looking far on to consequences in the interest of Slavery, again ignoring, not only the first principles of jurisprudence and the declared ends of the Constitution, but even his own political State-Rights doctrine, (for if these men had not escaped, why could not Ohio free them?) he declared a doctrine pregnant with mischief, — that each State had the absolute right to decide the status of all persons within its limits. This, too, has gone with war. But his intent is none the less clear. The theory was obviously stated with a far-reaching view to remote consequences. And it must be considered in connection with the fact that, in lieu of the old rule which had been recognized by the Slave States, that a slave, by being carried to a Free State or domiciled for a day in a foreign country by whose law he was enfranchised, was liberated forever, — once free, free forever and everywhere, — the Slave Power was beginning to assert a new rule for reënslavement by recapture and on return.

But the Slave Power, having controlled the executive and directed the legislative branch of the government, again

turned to judicial power as the surest, and best able to work out easily the largest and most lasting results. The Dred Scott case was begun in 1854, and brought up, twice argued, and finally decided in 1856; Chief Justice Taney delivering the opinion of the Court. The facts and result of that case are well known. In a cause dismissed for want of jurisdiction, this Court pretended to decide that no person of African slave descent could ever be a citizen of the United States, and that the adoption of the Missouri Compromise line by the Congress of 1820, acquiesced in for thirty-five years, was unconstitutional. This doctrine was entirely extrajudicial, and, as one of the judges declared, "*an assumption of authority.*"

We do not propose to discuss this decision. It was the lowest depth. It probably did more than all legislative and executive usurpations to revive the spirit of liberty,—to recall the country to the principles of the founders of the Constitution. It began the good work,—*evoking* the truth, by showing its own fiendish principles,—which the war is likely to finish forever. We wish, however, to give an analysis of the doctrines and reasons on which his decision was based, and therefrom to show what is the true place of Roger Brooke Taney as a jurist and a patriot.

Now the course of his argument was this,—admitting that all persons who were citizens of the several States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution became citizens of the United States, to show that persons of African descent, whose ancestors had been slaves, were not in any State citizens.

And first, he tries to show this "by the legislation and histories of the times, and the language used in the Declaration of Independence"; and after referring to the laws of two or three Colonies restricting intermarriage of races, and affirming that, though freed, colored persons were in all the Colonies held to be no part of the people, and declaring that "in no nation was this opinion more uniformly acted upon than by the English government and people," ad-

mitting that "the general words '*all men* are created equal,' etc., would seem to embrace the whole human family," and that the framers of the Declaration were "high in their sense of honor, and incapable of asserting principles inconsistent with those on which they were acting," he argues that, because they had not fully carried out, and did not afterwards fully carry out, their avowed principles by instant and universal emancipation, therefore he can give to as plain and absolute words as were ever written, expressive of universal laws, a force just opposite to their terms;—a new form of argument, which begins by assuming the truth of the proposition desired, and ends by denying the truth of the admitted premises.

He then proceeds to inquire if the terms "we, the people," in the Constitution, embraced the persons in question. Here, too, he admits that they did embrace all who were members of the several States. Then, turning round the power given Congress to end the slave-trade after 1808, and arguing from it as a reserved right to acquire property till that time; laying aside the fact that the framers of the Declaration had acted on their declared principles, and that in many States, as in Massachusetts and Vermont, even in Southern States, as in North Carolina they remained till 1837, many freed colored persons were citizens at that time, with the remark, that "the numbers that had been emancipated at that time were but few in comparison with those held in slavery," assuming that the very acts of the States suppressing the slave-trade helped instead of destroying his argument; arguing from the fact that Congress had not authorized the naturalization of colored persons, or enrolled them in the militia; arguing even from State laws passed in the most passionate moments as late as 1833; going back to the old Colonial acts of Maryland in 1717, and of Massachusetts in 1705; even coming down to the fact that Caleb Cushing gave his opinion that they could not have passports as citizens; denying that the "free inhabitants" in the Articles of

Confederation, which he was forced to concede did in terms embrace freedmen, actually did include them, because the quota of land forces was proportioned to the white inhabitants,—he affirmed that they were not and never could become citizens, that neither the States nor the nation had power to lift them from their abject condition. The United States could naturalize Indians. But neither the United States nor the individual States could make colored persons citizens.

The Chief Justice stated that colored persons were not, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, citizens under the laws of the several States and the laws of the civilized world. But he knew, for it had been shown to him in the arguments, that such persons, and many who had been slaves, were then citizens in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and North Carolina, as they likewise were in Vermont, Pennsylvania, and in other States. And he knew—for in 1831 he himself said it was “a fixed principle of the law of England, that a slave becomes free as soon as he touches her shores”—that he declared as law what was not the law of civilized nations; that in 1762 Lord Northington declared that “as soon as a man sets foot on English ground he is free”; and that Lord Mansfield had, in 1772, held that “Slavery is so odious that it cannot be established without positive law.” He knew (or he declared what he did not know) that at that day the sentiment in France was so directly to the contrary, that in 1791 the law was “*Tout individu est libre aussitôt qu’il est en France.*” At the time to which he referred, public opinion in the American States and in foreign countries, and the legislation of the various States, were just the opposite of what he stated them to be. Liberty was just at that moment more truly the sentiment of the country and of states in amity with it than at any other. The assertion, that colored persons could not be and were not citizens of the several States, was simply false. In most if not in all of the States such persons were citizens. In 1776, the Quakers refused fellowship with such as held

slaves; and that sect, through all the States, enfranchised their slaves, who, on such enfranchisement, became citizens. American courts were not behind the English courts. States adopted the language of the Declaration into their Constitutions for the purpose of universal emancipation, and the courts decided that that was its effect. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution the leading men of all sections considered emancipation essential to the realization of the American idea; for their government was founded on a theory, and avowed principles, which rendered it necessary, and which, with the performance of the pledges of the States and the exercise of the powers directly given to the Union, would make liberty universal and perpetual.

Taney even argued that persons of African descent could not be citizens, because then they could “enter every State when they pleased, without pass or passport, and without obstruction, to sojourn there as long as they pleased, to go where they pleased, at every hour of the day or night, without molestation, unless they committed some violation of law for which a white man would be punished; and it would give them full liberty of speech, in public and in private, upon all subjects upon which its own citizens might speak, to hold public meetings,” and “to bear arms”! As if this would not be to a true jurist and just judge expounding a Constitution made “to establish justice” itself the ground for deciding that citizenship was opened to them by emancipation; as if the blessings of liberty ought not to prevail over any inconveniences to slave-holders.

His argument from subsequent legislation was perfectly idle. For, at most, the statutes of Naturalization and Enrolment merely showed that Congress did not then choose to apply to colored persons the power given to them in absolute terms, and which he admits they had as to Indians. While in other statutes, as that of 1803, of Seamen, and in several treaties, as, for instance, those whereby Louisiana, Florida, and New



Mexico were acquired, colored persons are expressly named as citizens.

Having denied the clear facts of history, renounced the obligation of explicit language, professed to stand on an argument every member of which was destructive of his conclusion, he thus stated the result: "They were at that time," 1789, "considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings, who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, whether emancipated or not, yet remained subject to their authority, and had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them"; that the opinion had obtained "for more than a century" that they were "beings of an inferior order," with "no rights which the white man was bound to respect," who "might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery," "an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic wherever a profit could be made of it"; and this opinion was then "fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race," — "an *axiom* in morals as well as politics." He then declares, that to call them "citizens" would be "an abuse of terms" "not calculated to exalt the character of the American citizen in the eyes of other nations."

No wonder the nations pointed the finger of scorn, and cried out, "Is this the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth? Shade of Jefferson! is this the reading America was to give the Declaration? Did you publish a lie to the world? Spirits of Franklin, Adams, and Washington! is this your work? Americans! is this your character?"

He declares, further, that the Court has no right to change the construction of the Constitution; that "it speaks in the same words, with the same meaning and intent, with which it spoke when it came from the hands of its framers, and was voted on and adopted by the people of the United States. Any other rule of construction would abrogate the judicial character of this Court, and make it the mere reflex of

the popular opinion or passion of the day. This Court was not created by the Constitution for such purposes. Higher and graver trusts have been confided to it; and it must not falter in the path of duty!" Would to God it had not faltered in the path of duty, that it had been true to those higher and graver trusts! Would that it had not been the mere reflex of popular opinion or the passion of the day, that it had not abrogated its judicial character! Would that it had read the plain words in the holy spirit in which they were written! Would that it had left the Constitution as it was, and, instead of thus writing its own condemnation, had shown how efficient an instrument that Constitution would be, if fearlessly used to carry out the great principles of humanity for which its preamble declares it was established!

Here is the key to the new distinction between the Constitution as it is and the Constitution as it was. But as it was in the beginning, so it is and shall be.

But Taney could not stop here. Compromises had been made through the other branches of the government, — compromises held sacred for more than a generation, in the vain hope to appease the insatiate lust of the Slave Power. He went on with a longer and lower argument to declare one branch of the Compromise — the act of Congress prohibiting slavery in territory north of 36° 30' — void.

Even more, — for he seemed determined to make clean work of it, — he went on to say that a slave who had been made free by being taken (not escaping, but by being carried by his owner) to a Free State was reduced to slavery again on arriving back in the State from which he had been taken, and that that was the result of *Strader vs. Graham*, which declared that the *status* of persons, whether free or slave, depended on the State law. Here, again, he sacrificed his cherished party principles to his love for Slavery. Else how could the State to which the slave had been carried be deprived of its right to enfranchise, or how could the United

States power be extended further than to the expressly granted case of escape?

But no. He was a judicial Calhoun. His dogma was that the fundamental law guaranteed property in man. He declared that therefore Congress could not interfere with it in the Territories. Before he was judge, he admitted the right of sojourn. There was but one step more, — the sacred right of slave property in Free States. It was involved in what he had already said, and was not so great an anomaly as he had already sanctioned; for if the Constitution guarantees this property in every State, — if the States do not reserve the power to interfere with it, — if, in case of escape, Congress has the power to reclaim it, — why is not the owner to be guaranteed it in the States as well as in the Territories?

In looking across this long judicial Sahara of twenty-seven years, there is but one oasis. In the *Amistad* case, the Court did declare that Cinque and the rest, who had been kidnapped, had the right to regain their natural liberty, even at the cost of the lives of those who held them in bondage; and for once the Court, speaking by Story, did appeal to the laws of nature and of nations, and decide the case "*upon the eternal principles of justice.*" But all else is, in the light of this question of Slavery, by which this age will be remembered and judged, a dreary, barren waste of shifting, blinding, stifling sand.

History will tell whether America is to be judged by the words spoken by him who so long held the highest seat in her courts. We do not think she has fallen to such a depth. He did not speak for her; but he did for himself.

By this record will the world judge Chief Justice Taney. His great familiarity with the special practice; his knowledge of the peculiar jurisdiction of his tribunals; his acquaintance with the doctrines and decisions of the common law, with equity and admiralty; his opinions on corporate and municipal powers and rights, on land claims, State boundaries, the Gaines case, the Girard will, on corporations; his de-

cisions on patent-rights and on copy-rights; his opinions extending admiralty jurisdiction to inner waters, on liability of public officers, and rights of State or national taxation, on the liquor and passenger laws, on State insolvent laws, on commercial questions, on belligerent rights, and on the organization of States, — after doing service for the day in the mechanical branch of his craft, will soon be all forgotten. But the slavocrats' revolution of the last two generations, and the Secession war, and the triumph of Liberty, will be the theme of the world; and he, of all who precipitated them, will be most likely, after the traitor leaders, to be held in infamous remembrance; for he did more than any other individual, — more than any President, if not more than all, — more in one hour than the Legislature in thirty years, — to extend the Slave Power. Indeed, he had solemnly decided all and more than all that President Buchanan, closing his long political life of servility in imbecility, in December, 1860, asked to have adopted as an "explanatory amendment" of the Constitution, to fully satisfy the Slave Power. Well would it have been for that Power, for a while at least, had its members recollected that "no tyranny is so secure, none so remediless, as that of executive courts"; well for them, — if it is better to rule in hell than serve in heaven, — but worse for the world, had they been patient. But the dose of poison was too great. Nature relieved itself. War came, not the ruin, but the only salvation, of the state.

The movements of events have been so rapid, the work of generations being done in as many years, that Taney's character is already historic; and we can judge of it by his relation to the great event which alone will preserve it from oblivion.

In judging his public character as the head of the Judiciary of America, consider the *cause* he sought to promote, his motives, the means he used, his resources as a jurist and a lawyer in that cause, the intended effect and actual results.

And of the cause this must be said and agreed by all, that there was never one of which a court could take cognizance in America, England, or the world so utterly evil and infamous as that of Slavery in the United States. Did he realize its extent? Yes, there were "few freedmen compared with the slaves," say only sixty thousand out of seven hundred thousand in 1789. He fully realized that, in repudiating the promise made for those seven hundred thousand, a pledge made with the most solemn appeal to man and to God, he utterly destroyed the rights and hopes of four million men. He knew he was deciding, for a vast empire, weal or woe; and he knew it was woe, or he had no sense of justice.

And his motives? He was not venal, not corrupt, not a respecter of persons. But there is something bad besides venality, corruption, and personal partiality. The worst of motives is disposition to serve the cause of evil. The country knows, the world will declare, none served it so well. But was he conscious of serving it? Yes, — unless the traitors so eagerly sought to put all these interests under his jurisdiction without motive, — unless his eager and unnecessary, and, as was declared and is now agreed, assumed jurisdiction over it, his "far-seeing" care and untiring defence of them, their appeal to his decisions, were all mistakes, — unless all these, and his manner, their motives, and the assured results, coincided so as by the law of chances was impossible, — he was conscious. To deny it is to say that he was imbued with the spirit of evil.

The world knows by what means he assumed to settle these questions. We have seen something of the nature of his arguments. With these, too, men are somewhat familiar, and by these let them judge of him as a jurist.

There is not in them all one faint recognition of the axioms of law, — one position founded on the laws of nature or the rules of eternal justice and the right, — one notice of the great primal rules laid down by all jurists and great judges

of ancient and modern times, or of the precepts of religion by which any magistrate in a Christian land must expect to be governed, or to be held infamous forever. Nay, more: he does not recognize at all those fundamental principles of the Constitution and Declaration which are stated in plain terms in the first lines of both. He did worse than torture and pervert language: he reversed its meaning. He denied the undoubted facts of history. He denied the settled truths of science. He slandered the memory of the founders of the government and framers of the Declaration. He was ready to cover the most glorious page of the history of his country with infamy, and insulted the intelligence and virtue of the civilized world.

Where, outside his "*axiom in morals and politics*," can be found so monstrous a combination of ignorance, injustice, falsehood, and impiety? Ignorant of the meaning of an "axiom"; denying the truths of science; falsifying history; setting above the Constitution the most odious theory of tyranny, long before exploded; scoffing at the rules of justice and sentiments of humanity, — he tied in a knot those cords which must end the life of his country or be burst in revolution.

He well knew, too, what would be the effects of his decision. Avowedly he was ready to lay the time-honored principles of civil right and the ancient law at the feet of the Slave Power. The passions of a mighty people never raged more fiercely than whilst that last cause was before his court, — save in open war; and there was almost war then. He well knew nothing would so force them to desperation, — the desperation of unlicensed barbarism or the immovable determination of truth and justice driven to the wall. He knew, or if he did not, was so ignorant that he was incompetent, that in such a contest on such fundamental principles, such a decision must end in revolution and civil war. If he dreamed of peace, then he was ready to seal the doom of four million, and at the end of this century of ten million souls.

In all these decisions he appeals to



no one great principle. There is little in all his judgments to raise him above the rank of respectable jurists ; and in these, presenting the fairest occasion ever offered to a true lawyer, to one fit to be called an American, nothing that will not cover his name with infamy, where, on far lesser occasions, Hale and Holt, Somers and Mansfield, covered theirs with honor, and added to the glory of their country, and did good to mankind.

He was not, indeed, of that class of the bad to which the profane Jeffreys and Scroggs and the obscene Kelyng belong. But he was as prone to the wrong as was Chief Justice Fleming in sustaining impositions, and Chancellor Ellesmere in supporting benevolences for King James ; as ready to do it as Hyde and Heath were to legalize "general warrants" "by expositions of the law" ; as Finch and Jones, Brampton and Coventry, were to legalize "ship-money" for King Charles ; as swift as Dudley was under Andros ; as Bernard and Hutchinson and Oliver were in Colonial times to serve King George III. ; as judges have been in later times to do like evil work. Some of these, perhaps, had no conscious intent to do specific wrong. Their failure was judicial blindness ; their sin, unconscious love of evil. But this question of Slavery towers above all others that Taney ever had to consider ; America professed a loftier standard of justice than England ever adopted ; the question of the liberty of a race is more important,

the question whether the State is founded on might or on right is more vital, than those of warrants and ship-money, benevolences and loans ; and Roger Brooke Taney sinks below all these tools of Tyranny.

Hobbes said, that, "when it should be thought contrary to the interest of men that have dominion that the three angles of a triangle should equal two right angles, that truth would be suppressed." Taney did deny truths far plainer than that, — the axioms of right itself. He did more than any other man to make actual that awful picture of the Great Leviathan, the Mortal God. How just, how true, were those last symbols of the State founded on mortal power ! The end of the dread conflict of battle is the same as the end of the equally dreadful issue of the Court.

But those he served themselves with the sword cut the knot he so securely tied ; his own State was tearing off the poisoned robe in the very hour in which he was called before the Judge of all. America stood forth once more the same she was when the old man was a boy. The work which he had watched for years and generations, the work of evil to which all the art of man and the power of the State had been subservient, that work which he sought to finish with the fatal decree of his august bench, one cannon-shot shattered forever.

He is dead. Slavery is dying. The destiny of the country is in the hand of the Eternal Lord.

## THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE," A. D. 1154-1164.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross in blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white!

Two captives by him kneeling,  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again!

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,  
"Wear this," the Angel said;  
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its sign, —  
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,  
And begged through all the land of France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven score Christian souls  
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,  
Her sails in tatters hung;  
And on the wild waves, rudderless,  
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,  
"For nought can man avail:  
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks  
Her rudder and her sail!

set it down that to blame a wrong-doer is the only way to cure wrong. She has never learned that it is as much her duty to praise as to blame, and that people are drawn to do right by being praised when they do it, rather than driven by being blamed when they do not.

Right across the way from Mrs. Standfast is Mrs. Easy, a pretty little creature, with not a tithe of her moral worth,—a merry, pleasure-loving woman, of no particular force of principle, whose great object in life is to avoid its disagreeables and to secure its pleasures.

Little Mrs. Easy is adored by her husband, her children, her servants, merely because it is her nature to say pleasant things to every one. It is a mere tact of pleasing, which she uses without knowing it. While Mrs. Standfast, surveying her well-set dining-table, runs her keen eye over everything, and at last brings up with, "Jane, look at that black spot on the salt-spoon! I am astonished at your carelessness!"—Mrs. Easy would say, "Why, Jane, where *did* you learn to set a table so nicely? All looking beautifully, except—ah! let's see—just give a rub to this salt-spoon;—now all is quite perfect." Mrs. Standfast's servants and children hear only of their failures; these are always before them and her. Mrs. Easy's servants hear of their successes. She praises their good points; tells them they are doing well in this, that, and the other particular; and finally exhorts them, on the strength of having done so many things well, to improve in what is yet lacking. Mrs. Easy's husband feels that he is always a hero in her eyes, and her children feel that they are dear good children, notwithstanding Mrs. Easy sometimes has her little tiffs of displeasure, and scolds roundly when something falls out as it should not.

The two families show how much more may be done by a very ordinary woman, through the mere instinct of praising and pleasing, than by the greatest worth, piety, and principle, seeking

to lift human nature by a lever that never was meant to lift it by.

The faults and mistakes of us poor human beings are as often perpetuated by despair as by any other one thing. Have we not all been burdened by a consciousness of faults that we were slow to correct because we felt discouraged? Have we not been sensible of a real help sometimes from the presence of a friend who thought well of us, believed in us, set our virtues in the best light, and put our faults in the background?

Let us depend upon it, that the flesh and blood that are in us—the needs, the wants, the despondencies—are in each of our fellows, in every awkward servant and careless child.

Finally, let us all resolve,—

First, to attain to the grace of SILENCE.

Second, to deem all FAULT-FINDING that does no good a SIN; and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life.

Third, to practise the grace and virtue of PRAISE. We have all been taught that it is our duty to praise God, but few of us have reflected on our duty to praise men; and yet for the same reason that we should praise the divine goodness it is our duty to praise human excellence.

We should praise our friends,—our near and dear ones; we should look on and think of their virtues till their faults fade away; and when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered.

Parents should look out for occasions to commend their children, as carefully as they seek to reprove their faults; and employers should praise the good their servants do as strictly as they blame the evil.

Whoever undertakes to use this weapon will find that praise goes farther in many cases than blame. Watch till a blundering servant does something well,



and then praise him for it, and you will see a new fire lighted in the eye, and often you will find that in that one respect at least you have secured excellence thenceforward.

When you blame, which should be seldom, let it be alone with the person, quietly, considerately, and with all the tact you are possessed of. The fashion of reproving children and servants in the presence of others cannot be too much deprecated. Pride, stubbornness, and self-will are aroused by this, while a more private reproof might be received with thankfulness.

As a general rule, I would say, treat

children in these respects just as you would grown people; they are grown people in miniature, and need as careful consideration of their feelings as any of us.

Lastly, let us all make a bead-roll, a holy rosary, of all that is good and agreeable in our position, our surroundings, our daily lot, of all that is good and agreeable in our friends, our children, our servants, and charge ourselves to repeat it daily, till the habit of our minds be to praise and to commend; and so doing, we shall catch and kill one *Little Fox* who hath destroyed many tender grapes.

---

## PRO PATRIA

L. M. S., JUN.,

SEPULT. DEC. 21, 1864.

*E. J. S. Sanger.*

**D**RIFT, snows of winter, o'er the turf  
That hides in death his cherished form!  
And roar, ye pine-trees, like the surf  
That breaks before this eastern storm!

O turbulent December blast!  
O night tempestuous and grim!  
Ye cannot chill or overcast  
The tender thought that dwells on him!

Wilder the tumult he defied,  
Darker the leaden storm he braved,  
Where swept the battle's smoking tide,  
And banners, torn and blackened, waved.

Not scathless he amid the fray:  
"Shot through the lungs," — the message went:  
Now surely Love shall find a way  
To hold him here at home content.

"Oh, thou hast done enough," Love cried,  
"For duty, fame, — enough, indeed!"  
He touched his sabre, and replied, —  
"It is our country's hour of need."

Back to the field, from respite brief,  
 Back to the battle's fiery breath,  
 Hurried our young high-hearted chief  
 To lead the charge where waited Death.

Oh, fallen in manhood's fairest noon, —  
 We will remember, 'mid our sighs,  
 He never yields his life too soon,  
 For country and for right who dies.

## A FORTNIGHT WITH THE SANITARY. c 112 -

FOR three years I had been a thorough believer in the United States Sanitary Commission. Reading carefully its publications, listening with tearful interest to the narrations of those who had been its immediate workers at the front, following in imagination its campaigns of love and mercy, from Antietam to Gettysburg, from Belle Plain to City Point, and thence to the very smoke and carnage of the actual battle-field, I had come to cherish an unfeigned admiration for it and its work. For three years, too, I had been an earnest laborer at one of its outposts, — striving with others ever to deepen the interest and increase the fidelity of the loyal men and women of a loyal New England town. I was prepared then, both from my hearty respect for the charity and from my general conception of the nature and vastness of its operations, to welcome every opportunity to improve my knowledge of its plans and practical workings. I therefore gladly accepted the invitation which came to me to visit the head-quarters of the Commission at Washington, and to examine for myself the character and amount of the benefits which it confers.

The evening of August 23d found me, after a speedy and pleasant trip southward, safely ensconced in the sanctum of my good friend Mr. Knapp, the head of the Special Relief Department. Starting from that base of operations, I spent two crowded weeks in ceaseless

inquiries. Every avenue of information was thrown wide open. Two days I wandered, but not aimlessly, from office to office, from storehouse to storehouse, from soldiers' home to soldiers' home, conversing with the men who have given themselves up unstintingly to this charity, examining the books of the Commission, gathering statistics, seeing, as it were, the hungry soldier fed and the naked soldier clothed, and the sick and wounded soldier cared for with a more than fraternal kindness. I visited the hospitals, and with my own hands distributed the Sanitary delicacies to the suffering men. Steaming down the Chesapeake, and up the James, and along its homeless shores, I came to City Point; was a day and a night on board the Sanitary barges, whence full streams of comfort are flowing with an unbroken current to all our diverging camps; passed a tranquil, beautiful Sabbath in that city of the sick and wounded, whose white tents look down from the bluffs upon the turbid river; rode thirteen miles out almost to the Weldon Road, then in sharp contest between our Fifth Army Corps and the Rebels; from the hills which Baldy Smith stormed in June saw the spires of Petersburg; went from tent to tent and from bedside to bedside in the field hospitals of the Fifth and Ninth Corps, where the luxuries prepared by willing hands at home were bringing life and strength to fevered lips and broken bod-

ies. I came back with my courage re-animated, and with a more perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of the good cause. I came back with a heartier respect for our soldiers, whose patience in hardship and courage in danger are rivalled only by the heroism with which they bear the pains of sickness and wounds. I came back especially with the conviction, that, no matter how much we had contributed to the Sanitary work, we had done only that which it was our duty to do, and that, so long as we could furnish shelter for our families and food for our children, it was our plain obligation to give and to continue giving out of our riches or out of our poverty.

I have felt that in no way could I do better service than by seeking to answer for others the very questions which my fortnight with the Sanitary has answered for me. Most, no doubt, have a general conviction that the charity inaugurated by the Sanitary Commission is at once marvellous in its extent and unique in the history of war. All, perhaps, are prepared to allow that the heart which conceived such an enterprise, and the mind which organized it, and the persistent will which carried it to a successful issue, are entitled to all the praise which we can give them. Few will deny now that this and kindred associations, by decreasing the waste of war, will affect in an important degree our national fortunes. And most, indeed, know something even about the details of Sanitary work. They comprehend, at least, that through its agency many a homely comfort and many a home luxury find their way to the wards of great hospitals. They have seen, too, the Commission step forward in great emergencies, after some terrible battle, when every energy of Government was burdened and overburdened by the gigantic demands of the hour, and from its storehouses send thousands of packages, and from its offices hundreds of relief agents, to help to meet almost unprecedented exigencies.

But what people wish to know, and what, despite all that has been written,

they do not know fully and definitely, is how and when and where, and through what channels and by what methods, the Commission works: precisely how the millions which have been poured into its treasury from public contributions and private benefactions have been coined into comfort for the soldier,—how the thousands and hundreds of thousands of garments which have gone forth to unknown destinations have been made warmth for his body and cheer to his soul. The whole height and depth and length and breadth of Sanitary work, what varied activities and what multiform charities are included in the great circumference of its organization,—of that not one in twenty has any adequate conception. And all about that is what everybody wishes to know. The curiosity, moreover, which dictates such queries is a natural and laudable curiosity. Those who have given at every call, and often from scanty means, and those who have plied the needle summer and winter, early and late, have a right to put such questions. The Commission wishes to answer all proper inquiries fully and unreservedly. It would throw open its operations to the broadest sunlight. It believes that the more entirely it is known, in its successes and its failures alike, the more sure it is to be liberally sustained. To bring the humblest contributor from the most distant branch, as it were, into immediate communication with the front is a work most desirable to be done. I do not wish to glorify the Commission, nor to theorize about it, nor to discuss its relative merit as compared with that of kindred organizations,—but rather to tell just what it is doing, precisely where the money goes, and exactly what kinds of good are attempted.

The work of the Sanitary Commission may be naturally and conveniently classed under five heads.

First, the work undertaken for the prevention of sickness and suffering.

Second, the Special Relief Department.

Third, the Hospital Directory.



Fourth, the assistance given to stationary hospitals.

Fifth, the grand operations in the front, on or near the actual battlefield.

The efforts for the prevention of suffering and sickness are first in order of time, and possibly first in importance. When this war commenced, we had no wounded and we had no sick. What we did have was a crowd of men full of untrained courage, but who knew little or nothing about military discipline, and as little in regard to what was necessary for the preservation of their health. What we did have was hundreds and thousands of officers, taken from every walk of life, who were, for the most part, men of great natural intelligence, but who did not at all comprehend that it was their duty not only to lead their men in battle, but to care for their health and their habits, and who had never dreamed that such homely considerations as what are the best modes of cooking food, what are the most healthy localities in which to pitch tents, what is the right position for drains, had anything to do with the art of war. What we did have was surgeons, many of whom had achieved an honorable reputation in the walks of civil life, but who, on this new field, were alike inexperienced and untried. The manifest danger was, that this mass of living valor and embodied patriotism would simply be squandered, — that, as in the terrible Walcheren Expedition, or in the Crimea, the men whose strength and courage might decide a campaign would only furnish food for the hospital and the grave.

Who should avert this danger? The Government could not. It had no time to sit down and study sanitary science. It was bringing together everything, where it found — nothing. Out of farmers and merchants and students it was organizing the most efficient of armies. It was sending its agents all over the world to buy guns and munitions of war. It was tasking our factories to produce blankets and over-

coats, knapsacks and haversacks, wagons and tents, and all that goes to make up the multifarious equipment of an army. It was peering into our dockyards to find steamers and sailing-vessels out of which to gather makeshift navies, until it could find leisure to build stancher ships. Manifestly the Government had no time for such a work. The existing Medical Bureau was hardly equal to the task. Organized to take charge of an army of ten thousand men, in the twinkling of an eye that army became five hundred thousand. At the beginning of the war the medical staff must have been very busy and very heavily burdened. With great hospitals to build, with troops of willing, but young and inexperienced surgeons to train to a knowledge of their duties and to send east and west and north and south, with every department of medical science to be enlarged at once to the proportions of the war, it had little leisure for excursions into fresh fields of inquiry. That it brought order so quickly out of chaos, that it was able to extemporize a good working system, is a sufficient testimony to its general fidelity and efficiency. It was the Sanitary Commission which undertook this special duty. It undertook to find out some of the laws of health which apply to army life, and then to scatter the knowledge of those laws broadcast.

Prevention, therefore, effort not so much to comfort and cure the sick soldier as to keep him from being sick at all, was, in order of time, properly the first work. And it is doubtful whether at the outset anything more was contemplated. The memorial to the War Department in May, 1861, says explicitly that the object of the Commission "is to bring to bear upon the health, comfort, and *morale* of our troops the fullest and ripest teachings of sanitary science." How many of the contributors to the funds of the Society are aware what an immense work in this direction has been undertaken, and how much has been accomplished to prevent sickness and the consequent depletion and perhaps defeat of our

armies? As I have already indicated, at the commencement of the war we knew little or nothing about what was necessary to keep men in military service well, — what food, what clothing, what tents, what camps, what recreations, what everything, I may say. Now the Sanitary Commission has made searching inquiries touching every point of camp and soldier life, — gathering in facts from all quarters, and seeking to attain to some fixed sanitary principles. It has sent the most eminent medical men on tours of inspection to all our camps, who have put questions and given hints to the very men to whom they were of the most direct importance. As a result, we have a mass of facts, which, in the breadth of the field which they cover, in the number of vital questions which they settle, and in the fulness and accuracy of the testimony by which they are sustained, are worth more than all the sanitary statistics of all other nations put together.

And we are to consider that these inquiries were from the beginning turned to practical use. If you look over your pile of dusty pamphlets, very likely you will find a little Sanitary tract entitled, "Rules for Preserving the Health of the Soldier." This was issued almost before the war had seriously begun. Or you will come across some republished European medical paper containing the last results of the last foreign investigations. So early was the good seed of sanitary knowledge sown. We must remember, too, how many mooted, yet vital questions have now been put to rest. Take an example, — Quinine. Everybody had a general notion that quinine was as valuable as a preventive of disease as a cure. But how definite was our knowledge? How many knew when and in what positions and to what extent it was valuable? As early as 1861 the Commission prepared and published what has been justly termed an exhaustive monograph on the whole subject, collecting into a brief space all the best testimony bearing upon the

question. This was the beginning of an investigation which, pursued through a vast number of cases, has demonstrated, that, in peculiar localities and under certain circumstances, quinine in full doses is an almost absolute necessity. And in such localities, and under such circumstances, Government issues now a daily ration to every man, saving who can tell how many valuable lives? One more illustration, — Camps. Suppose you were to lead a thousand men into the Southern country. Would you know where to encamp them? whether with a southern or a northern exposure? on a breezy hill, or in a sheltered valley? beneath the shade of groves, or out in the broad sunshine? Could you tell what kind of soil was healthiest, or how near to each other you could safely pitch your tents, or whether it would be best for your men to sleep on the bare ground or on straw or on pine boughs? Yet, if you inquire, you will find that all these questions and countless others are definitely settled, — thanks in a great measure to the Sanitary Commission, which has gladly given its ounce of prevention, that it may spare its pound of cure.

If you imagine that the need of this work of prevention has ceased, you are greatly mistaken. Only last summer, in the single month of June, the Commission distributed, in the Army of the Potomac alone, over a hundred tons of canned fruits and tomatoes, and not less than five thousand barrels of pickles and fresh vegetables. It is hardly too much to say that what the Commission did in this respect has gone far towards enabling our gallant army to disappoint the hopes of the enemy, and to hold, amid the deadly assaults of malaria, the vantage-ground which it has won before Petersburg and Richmond. All through the spring and summer, too, at Chattanooga, on the very soil which war had ploughed and desolated, invalid soldiers have been cultivating hundreds of acres of vegetables. And on the rugged sides of Missionary Ridge, and along the sunny slopes of Central Tennessee, the same forethought has brought to per-

fection, in many a deserted vineyard, the purple glory of the grape. And this not merely to cure, but to prevent, to keep up the strength and vigor of the brave men who have marched victoriously from the banks of the Ohio to Atlanta.

Nor is it likely that the value of this office will cease so long as the war lasts. In the future, as in the past, new conditions, new exigencies, and new dangers will arise. And to the end the foresight which guards will be as true a friend to the soldier as the kindness which assuages his pains. Looking back, therefore, upon the whole field, and speaking with a full understanding of the meaning of the language, I am ready to affirm, that, if the Sanitary Commission had undertaken nothing but the work of preventing sickness, and had accomplished nothing in any other direction, the army and the country would have received in that alone an ample return for all the money which has been lavished.

I come now to the Special Relief Department. I should call this a sort of philanthropic drag-net, differing from that mentioned in the Gospel in that it seems to gather up nothing bad which needs to be thrown away. In other words, it appeared to me as though any and every kind of Sanitary good which ought to be done, and yet was not large enough or distinct enough to constitute a separate branch, was set down as Special Relief. The whole system of homes and lodges to feed the hungry and shelter the homeless comes directly under the head of Special Relief. The immense collection of back pay, bounties, pensions, and prize-money, which is made gratuitously by the Commission, is Special Relief. Visits to the hospitals are under the direction of this same department. And even the Directory and the vast work done at the front perhaps legitimately belong to it. We can readily conceive, therefore, that the Commission has no department which is larger or more important, or which covers so wide and diversified a field

of activity. Let us survey that field a little closer.

Sanitary homes and lodges, — what are they? A soldier is discharged, or he has a furlough. He is not well and strong, — and he has no money, certainly none to spare. He ought not to sleep on the ground, and he ought not to go hungry. But what is everybody's business is apt to be nobody's business. Fortunately the Commission has seen and met this want. In Washington, on H Street, there is a block of rough, but comfortable one-story wooden buildings, erected for various purposes of Special Relief, and, amongst others, for the very one which I have mentioned. In the first place, there is a large room containing ninety-six berths, where any soldier, having proper claims, can obtain decent lodging free of expense. In the second place, there is a kitchen, and a neat, cheerful dining-room, with seats for a hundred and fifty. Here plain and substantial meals are furnished to all comers. This table of one hundred and fifty has often, and indeed usually, to be spread three times; so that the Commission feeds daily at this place alone some four hundred soldiers, and lodges ninety to a hundred more. The home which I have now described is simply for transient calls.

Near the depot there is a home of a more permanent character. When a soldier is discharged from the service, the Government has, in the nature of the case, no further charge of him. Suppose now that he is taken sick, with no money in his purse and no friends near. Can you imagine a position more forlorn? And forlorn indeed it would be, were it not for the Commission. The sick home is a large three-story building, with three or four one-story buildings added on each side. Here there is furnished food for all; then one hundred and fifty beds for those who are not really sick, but only ailing and worn out; then bathing-rooms; and, finally, a reading-room. There is here, too, a hospital ward, with the requisite nurses and medical attendance. In this ward I saw a little boy, apparently not over



twelve years of age, who had strayed from his home,—if, alas, he had one!—and followed to the field an Ohio regiment of hundred-days' men, and who had been taken sick and left behind. Who he was or where from nobody knew. Tenderly cared for, but likely to die! A sad sight to look upon! One feature more. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday a physician goes from the home in Washington to New York, taking charge of those who are too sick or too crippled to care for themselves; while the relief agents procure for the sick soldier the half-price ticket to which he is entitled, or else give him one, and such articles of clothing as are needful to send him in comfort to his own home.

I must not fail to speak in this connection of another beautiful ministry,—the home for soldiers' wives and mothers. A soldier is like other human beings. In his sickness he yearns for a sight of the familiar faces, and sends for wife or mother; or wife or mother, unable to bear longer the uncertainty, when she can get no tidings from the absent, starts for Washington. There, searching vainly for husband or son, she spends all or nearly all her money. Or if she finds him, it may well be that he has no funds with which to help her. In the little buildings on one side of the refuge for the sick are rooms where some sixty-five can receive decent lodging and nourishing food; and if actually penniless, the Commission will procure them tickets and send them back to their friends.

We often hear people wondering, almost in a skeptical tone, where all the Commission's money goes. When I was at Washington and City Point, I only asked where it all came from. Consider what it must cost simply to feed and lodge these soldiers and their wives at Washington. And then remember that this is but one of many similar homes scattered everywhere: at Baltimore, Washington, and Alexandria, in the Eastern Department; at Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, in the Western; at New Orleans and Baton Rouge,

in the Southwestern; and at many another place beside. And, finally, reflect that this whole system of homes is really but one portion of one branch of Sanitary work.

The collection of back pay, bounties, and pensions,—how many have a definite idea of this work? Not many, I suspect. Yet it takes all the time of many persons to accomplish it, and it was the branch of Sanitary work which awakened in my own mind the deepest regard; for it has its foundation in a higher virtue than any mere sentimental charity,—yea, in the highest virtue known in heaven or on earth,—justice. However impossible it may be to prevent such occurrences, certainly it is a cruel and undeserved hardship to a soldier who has served faithfully and fought for his country, and has perhaps been wounded and almost died at the post of honor and duty, that he should be unable to obtain his hard-earned pittance, when, too, he needs it for his own comfort, or when it may be that his family need it to keep them from absolute suffering.

Look at a single class of these collections,—the back pay of sick men. Government, we all allow, must have some system in its disbursements. It should not pay money without a voucher, and the proper voucher of a soldier is the pay-roll of the regiment or company of which he is a member. Now a sick or wounded man drops out of the ranks. He gets into a field hospital to which he does not belong. He is transferred from one hospital to another, from hospital to convalescent camp, and finally, it may be, is put on the list of men to be discharged for physical disability. Meanwhile his commanding officer does not know where he is, cannot trace him, thinks it very likely that he is a deserter. On pay-day the man's name is not on the roll, and, having no voucher, he gets no money. You say that there ought to be a remedy. There is none. It would be difficult to devise one. What shall the soldier do? He cannot go from point to point to collect evidence, for he is sick. Besides, he is

utterly ignorant of the necessary forms. If he applies to a lawyer, it costs him often from one half to three quarters of all he gets. Very likely the lawyer cannot afford to take care of one or two petty cases for a less price. In this emergency the Commission steps in, and, with its knowledge of routine and its credit in all quarters, obtains for the poor fellow for nothing what he has in vain sought for in other ways. Take one single case, and what they would call at the Relief Office an easy case. Study it attentively, and you will get an idea of all cases, — and you will understand, moreover, how much work has to be done, and how impossible it would be for a sick man to do it.

Charles W. J—— is a member of Company K, One Hundred and Twenty-First New York Regiment, and he has been transferred to this company and regiment from Company F of the Sixteenth New York. He has been thus transferred for the reason that the Sixteenth New York is a two years' regiment, whose time has expired, while he is a three years' recruit, who has a year or two more to serve. Now he claims that pay is due him from November 1, 1863, to August 1, 1864, and that he needs his pay very much to send home to his wife. He represents that he was at Schuyler Hospital from the time he left the ranks until December 17, 1863; that then he was sent to Convalescent Camp, New York Harbor; and on December 29 to Camp of Distribution at Alexandria; whence, February 8, 1864, he was brought to Staunton Hospital, Washington, where he now is. He has never joined his new regiment, has only been transferred with others to its rolls. His new officers have never seen him, and do not know where he is. The relief agent hears the story and then sets about proving all its details: first, that the man was a member of the Sixteenth New York Regiment; second, that he has been transferred to the One Hundred and Twenty-First Regiment; third, that he has never been paid beyond November 1, 1863; fourth, that he has really

been in the various hospitals and camps which he mentions. This evidence is procured by writing to agents and surgeons at convalescent and distributing camps, and at Hospital Schuyler, and by examining the rolls of the Sixteenth and One Hundred and Twenty-First Regiments. In a few days or weeks the man's story is proved to be correct, and he is put into a position to receive his pay, — a satisfaction not simply in a pecuniary sense, but also to his soldierly pride, by removing an undeserved charge of desertion.

Now I beg my readers not to imagine that this is a difficult case. At the Relief Rooms they treasure up and mysteriously display, much as I suspect a soldier would flaunt a captured battle-flag, a certain roll of paper, I dare not say how many yards long, covered with certificates from one end to the other, obtained from all parts of the country and from all sorts of persons, and all necessary in order to secure perhaps a three or six months' pay of one sick soldier. The correspondence of the back-pay department is itself a burden. From thirty to forty letters on an average are received daily at one of its offices. They are written in all languages, — English, German, French, — and must be read, translated, and the ideas, conveyed often in the blindest style, ascertained and answered.

A new branch has been recently added, — the collection of pay for the families of those who are prisoners in Rebellion. But as this involves no new principles or fresh details, I pass it by. Another class of cases should receive a moment's notice. This includes the collection of bounties for discharged soldiers, of pensions for wounded soldiers, of bounty, back pay, and pensions for the families of deceased soldiers, and of prize-money for sailors. These cases are not, as a general rule, as intricate as those which I have already considered, inasmuch as the proper departments have a regular system of investigation, and take up and examine for themselves each case in its turn. All that the Commission does is to put the

soldier on the right track, and to make out and present for him the fitting application. It undertook this because Washington was infested with a horde of sharpers, who, by false representations, defrauded the soldiers out of large sums.

I cannot more appropriately close this branch of my subject than by stating the simple fact, that during the months of July and August the relief agents examined and brought to a successful issue 809 cases of back pay and bounty-money, averaging \$125, — 203 cases of invalid pensions, 378 cases of widows' pensions, and 10 cases of naval pensions, averaging \$8 a month, — and 121 cases of prize-money, averaging \$80.

I have only to add that the amount of good which can be done in this direction seems to be limited only by the capacity of those who undertake to do it. A relief agent said to me, in conversation, that in one hospital in Philadelphia there were several hundreds who claimed, but were unable to collect their just dues, — and that what was true of this hospital was true to a less extent of all of them.

The Hospital Directory is a most interesting branch of Sanitary work. Not because it will compare with many other branches in extent of usefulness, but because it shows what a wide-reaching philanthropy is at work, seeking to furnish every possible alleviation to the inevitable hardships of war. Whoever has at any time had a sick or wounded friend in the army knows how difficult it often is to obtain any intelligence about him. I have in mind a poor woman, who exhausted every resource in seeking to ascertain the whereabouts of a sick son, and who never received any tidings of him, until one day, months after, he came home, worn-out and broken, to die. The regiment is in active service and passes on, while the sick man goes back. He has several transfers, too, — first to the corps hospital on the field, then to the army hospital at City Point, then to Washington, and

very possibly again to some hospital in Baltimore, Philadelphia, or other city or town farther north, and on that account believed to be more healthy. Meanwhile, amid all these changes, the man may be delirious, or from some other cause unable to communicate with his friends. How shall they get information? The Commission undertakes to keep a correct list of all the sick and wounded men who are in regular hospitals. They obtain their information from the official returns of the surgeons. I do not mean to say that these lists are absolutely correct. They approximate as nearly to correctness as they ever can, until surgeons are perfectly prompt and careful in their reports.

The amount of work done is very great. Seven hundred thousand names have been recorded in this Directory, between October, 1862, and July, 1864. From ten to twenty-five applications for information are made each day by letter, and from one hundred to two hundred and fifty personally or through the various State agencies. Branch offices, working upon a similar plan, have been established at Louisville and elsewhere.

The subject of assistance to regular hospitals may be despatched in a few words, — not because the gifts are insignificant, but because the method of giving is so regular and easy to explain. Whenever the surgeon of any hospital needs articles which are extras, and so not supplied by the Government, or which, if allowed, the Government is deficient in at the time, he makes a requisition upon the Commission; and if his requisition is deemed to be a reasonable one, it is approved, and the goods delivered on his receipt for the same. As to the amount given, I can only say that something is sent almost every day even to the hospitals near Washington and the great cities, and that the amount bestowed increases just in proportion to the distance of the hospital from the great Government centres of supply. This is a noiseless and unostentatious charity, — some-



times, I am tempted to think, too noiseless and unostentatious. A few weeks ago, a lady friend visited one of the hospitals near Washington, carrying with her for distribution some Sanitary goods. She gave a handkerchief to one of the sick men. He took it, looked at it, read the mark in the corner, paused as if he had received a new idea, and then spoke out his mind thus:—"I have been in this hospital six months, and this is the first thing I ever received from the Sanitary Commission."—"But," she replied, "have you not had this and that?" mentioning several luxuries supplied to this very hospital for extra diet.—"Oh, yes, often!"—"Well, every one of these articles came from the Sanitary Commission."

Just now the Sanitary is seeking to enter into closer relations with the hospitals through the agency of regular visitors. The advantages of such a policy are manifest. The reports of the visitors will enable the directors to see more clearly the real wants of the sick; and the frequent presence and inquiries of such visitors will tend to repress the undue appropriation of hospital stores by attendants. But the highest benefit will be the change and cheer it will introduce into the monotony of hospital life. If you are sick at home, you are glad to have your neighbor step in and bring the healthy bracing air of outdoor life into the dimness and languor of your invalid existence. Much more does the sick soldier like it,—for ennui, far more than pain, is his great burden. When I was at Washington, I accepted with great satisfaction an invitation to go with a Sanitary visitor on her round of duty. When we came to the hospital, I asked the ward-master if he would like to have me distribute among his patients the articles I had brought. He said that he should, for he thought it would do the poor fellows good to see me and receive the gifts from my own hands. The moment I entered there was a stir. Those who could hobble about stumped up to me to see what was going on; some others sat up in bed, full of alert-

ness; while the sickest greeted me with a languid smile. As I went from cot to cot, the politeness of *la belle France*, with which a little Frenchman in the corner touched the tassel of his variegated nightcap at me, and the untranslatable gutturals, full of honest satisfaction, with which his German neighbor saluted me, and the "God bless your honor," which a cheery son of Old Erin showered down upon me, and the simple "Thank you, Sir," which came up on all sides from our true-hearted New England boys, were alike refreshing to my soul. No doubt the single peach or two which with hearty goodwill were given to them were as good as a feast; and it may be that the little comforts which I left behind me, and which had been borne thither on the wings of this divine charity, perhaps from some village nestling among the rocky hills of New England, or from some hamlet basking in the sunlight on the broad prairies of the West, had magic power to bring to that place of suffering some breath of the atmosphere of home to cheer the sinking heart, or some fragrant memory of far-off home-affection to make it better. I came away with the feeling that visits from sunny-hearted people, and gifts from friendly hands, must be a positive blessing to these sick and wounded people.

Of course the deepest throb of interest is given to the work at the front of battle. That is natural. It is work done on the very spots where the fortunes of our nation are being decided,—on the spots whither all eyes are turned, and towards which all our hopes and prayers go forth. It is work surrounded by every element of pathos and of tragic interest. The wavering fortunes of the fight, the heroic courage which sustains a doubtful conflict, the masterly skill that turns disaster into triumph, the awful carnage, the terrible suffering, the manly patience of the wounded, all combine to fix the attention there and upon everything which is transacted there. The questions constantly asked,—What

is the Sanitary doing at the front? what at City Point? what at Winchester? are natural questions. Let me state first the general plan and method of what I may call a Sanitary campaign, and afterwards add what I saw with my own eyes at City Point and before Petersburg, and what I heard from those who had themselves been actors in the scenes which they described.

When the army moves out from its encampment to the field of active warfare, two or three Sanitary wagons, loaded with hospital stores of all sorts, and accompanied by a sufficient number of relief agents, move with each army corps. These are for the supply of present need, and for use during the march, or after such skirmishes and fights as may occur before the Commission can establish a new base. In this way some of the Commission agents have followed General Grant's army all the way from the Rapidan, through the Wilderness, across the Mattaponi, over the James, on to the very last advance towards the Southside Railroad, — refilling their wagons with stores as opportunity has occurred. As soon now as the march commences and the campaign opens, preparations upon an extensive scale are made at Washington for the great probable demand. Steamers are chartered, loaded, and sent with a large force of relief agents to the vicinity of the probable battle-fields; or if the campaign is away from water communication, loaded wagons are held in readiness. The moment the locality of the struggle is determined, then, under the orders of the Provost Marshal, an empty house is seized and made the Sanitary head-quarters or general storehouse; or else some canal-barge is moored at the crazy Virginia wharf, and used for the same purpose. This storehouse is kept constantly full from Washington, or else from Baltimore and New York; and the branch depots which are now established in each army corps are fed from it, while the hospitals in their turn make requisitions for all needful supplies on these branch depots. That is to say, the arrangements, though rougher

and less permanent in their character, approximate very nearly to the arrangements at Washington.

A few details need to be added. Where the distance from the battle-field to the base of supplies is great, what are called feeding-stations are established every few miles, and here the wounded on foot or in ambulances can stop and take the refreshments or stimulants necessary to sustain them on their painful journey. At the steamboat-landing the Commission has a lodge and agents, with crackers and beef-tea, coffee and tea, ice-water and stimulants, ready to be administered to such as need. Relief agents go up on the boats to help care for the wounded; and at Washington the same scene of active kindness is often enacted on their arrival as at their departure. This is the general plan of action everywhere, modified to suit circumstances, but always essentially the same. It will apply just as well West as East, — only for the names Baltimore, Washington, and City Point, you must put Louisville, Nashville, and Chattanooga.

When I was at City Point, the base of operations had been established there more than two months; and though there was much sickness, and the wounded were being brought in daily by hundreds from the prolonged struggle for the Weldon Road, everything moved on with the regularity of clock-work. As you neared the landing, coming up the James, you saw, a little farther up the river, the red flag of the Sanitary Commission floating over the three barges which were its office, its storehouse, and its distributing store for the whole Army of the Potomac. Climbing up the steep road to the top of the bluff, and advancing over the undulating plain a mile, you come to a city, — the city of hospitals. The white tents are arranged in lines, of almost mathematical accuracy. The camp is intersected by roads broad and clean. Every corps, and every division of every corps, has its allotted square. Somewhere in these larger squares your eye will be sure to catch sight of the

Sanitary flag, and beneath it a tent, where is the corps station. You enter, and you find within, if not as great an amount, at least as varied a supply, of hospital stores as you would find anywhere, waiting for surgeons' orders. To a very great extent, the extra diet for all the sick and wounded is furnished from these stores; and very largely the cooking of it is overseen by ladies connected with the Commission. In every corps there are from five to fifteen relief agents, whose duty it is to go through the wards once, twice, three times in each day, to see what the sick need for their comfort, to ascertain that they really get what is ordered, and in every way to alleviate suffering and to promote cheerfulness and health.

I shall never forget a tour which I made with a relief agent through the wards for the blacks, both because it showed me what a watchful supervision a really faithful person can exercise, and because it gave such an opportunity to observe closely the conduct of these people. The demeanor of the colored patients is really beautiful, — so gentle, so polite, so grateful for the least kindness. And then the evidences of a desire for mental improvement and religious life which meet you everywhere are very touching. Go from bed to bed, and you see in their hands primers, spelling-books, and Bibles, and the poor, worn, sick creatures, the moment they feel one throb of returning health, striving to master their alphabet or spell out their Bible. In the evening, or rather in the fading twilight, some two hundred of them crept from the wards, and seated themselves in a circle around a black exhorter. Religion to them was a real thing; and so their worship had the beauty of sincerity, while I ought to add that it was not marked by that grotesque extravagance sometimes attributed to it. One cannot but think better of the whole race after the experience of such a Sabbath. The only drawback to your satisfaction is, that they die quicker and from less cause than the whites. They have not the same stubborn hope-

fulness and hilarity. Why, indeed, should they have?

Speaking of the white soldiers, everybody who goes into their hospitals is happily disappointed, — you see so much order and cheerfulness, and so little evidence of pain and misery. The soldier is quite as much a hero in the hospital as on the battle-field. Give him anything to be cheerful about, and he will improve the opportunity. You see men who have lost an arm or a leg, or whose heads have been bruised almost out of likeness to humanity, as jolly as they can be over little comforts and pleasures which ordinary eyes can hardly see with a magnifying-glass. So it happens that a camp of six thousand sick and wounded, which seems at a distance a concentration of human misery that you cannot bear to behold, when near does not look half so lugubrious as you expected; and you are tempted to accuse the sick men of having entered into a conspiracy to look unnaturally happy.

If you go back now six or thirteen miles to the field hospitals, you find nothing essentially different. The system and its practical workings are the same. But it is a perpetual astonishment to find that here, near to the banks of a river that has not a respectable village on its shores from Fortress Monroe to Richmond, — here, in a houseless and desolate land which can be reached only by roads which are intersected by gullies, which plunge into sloughs of despond, which lose themselves in the ridges of what were once cornfields, or meander amid stumps of what so lately stood a forest, — that here you have every comfort for the sick: all needed articles of clothing, the shirts and drawers, the socks and slippers; and all the delicacies, too, the farinas, the jellies, the canned meats and fruits, the concentrated milk, the palatable drinks and stimulants, and even fresh fruits and vegetables. And in such profusion, too! I asked the chief agent of the Commission in the Ninth Corps how many orders he filled in a day. "Look for yourself." I took



down the orders ; and there they were, one hundred and twenty strong, some for little and some for much, some for a single article and some for a dozen articles.

But it is not in camps of long standing that the wounded and sick suffer for want of care or lack of comforts. It is when the base is suddenly changed, when all order is broken up, when there are no tents at hand, when the stores are scattered, nobody knows where, after a great battle perhaps, and the wounded are pouring in upon you like a flood, and when it seems as if no human energy and no mortal capacity of transportation could supply the wants both of the well and the sick, the almost insatiable demands of the battle-field and the equally unfathomable needs of the hospital, it is then that the misery comes, and it is then that the Commission does its grandest work. After the Battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, twenty-five thousand wounded were crowded into Fredericksburg, where but ten thousand were expected. For a time supplies of all kinds seemed to be literally exhausted. There were no beds. There was not even straw. There were not surgeons enough nor attendants enough. There was hardly a supply of food. Some found it difficult to get a drop of cold water. Poor, wounded men, who had wearily trudged from the battle-field and taken refuge in a deserted house, remained hours and a day without care, and without seeing the face of any but their wounded comrades. Then the Sanitary Commission sent its hundred and fifty agents to help the overburdened surgeons. Then every morning it despatched its steamer down the Potomac crowded with necessities and comforts. Then with ceaseless industry its twenty wagons, groaning under their burden, went to and fro over the wretched road from Belle Plain to Fredericksburg. A credible witness says that for several days nearly all the bandages and a large proportion of the hospital supplies came from its treasury. No mind can discern and no tongue can declare what valuable lives

it saved and what sufferings it alleviated. Who shall say that Christian charity has not its triumphs proud as were ever won on battle-field ? If the Commission could boast only of its first twenty-four hours at Antietam and Gettysburg and its forty-eight hours at Fredericksburg, it would have earned the everlasting gratitude and praise of all true men.

But is there not a reverse to this picture ? Are there no drawbacks to this success ? Is there no chapter of abortive plans, of unfaithful agents, of surgeons and attendants appropriating or squandering charitable gifts ? These are questions which are often honestly asked, and the doubts which they express or awaken have cooled the zeal and slackened the industry of many an earnest worker. There is no end to the stories which have been put in circulation. I remember a certain mythical blanket which figured in the early part of the war, and which, though despatched to the soldier, was found a few weeks after by its owner adorning the best bed of a hotel in Washington. To be sure, it seemed to have pursued a wandering life, — for now it was sent from the full stores of a lady in Lexington, and now it was stripped perhaps by a poor widow from the bed of her children, and then it was heard from far off in the West, ever seeking, but never reaching, its true destination. Without heeding any such stories, although they have done infinite mischief, I answer to honest queries, that I have no doubt that sometimes the stores of the Commission are both squandered and misappropriated. I do not positively know it ; but I am sure that it would be a miracle, if they were not. It would be the first time in human history that so large and varied a business, and extending over such a breadth of country and such a period of time, was transacted without waste. Look at the facts. Here are thousands of United States surgeons and attendants of all ages and characters through whose hands many of these gifts must necessarily go. What wonder, if here and there one should

be found whose principles were weaker than his appetites? Consider also the temptations. These men are hard-worked, often scantily fed. Every nerve is tried by the constant presence of suffering, and every sense by fetid odors. Would it be surprising, if they sometimes craved the luxuries which were so close at hand? Moreover, the Commission employs hundreds of men, the very best it can get, but it would be too much to ask that all should be models of prudence, watchfulness, and integrity.

I allow, then, that some misappropriation is not improbable. At the same time I do say, that every department is vigilantly watched, and that the losses are trivial, compared with the immense benefits. I do say, emphatically, that to bring a wholesale charge against whole classes, whose members are generally as high-minded and honorable as any other, to accuse them as a body of wretched peculations, is simply false and slanderous. I maintain that fidelity is the rule, and that its reverse is the petty exception; and that it would be in opposition to all rules by which men conduct their lives to suffer such exceptions to influence our conduct, or diminish our contributions to a good cause. In business how often we are harassed by petty dishonesty or great frauds! Nevertheless, the tide of business sweeps on. Why? Because the good so outweighs the evil. The railroad employee is negligent, and some terrible accident occurs. But the railroad keeps on running all the same; for the public convenience and welfare are the law of its life, and private peril and loss but an occasional episode. By the same rule, we support, without misgiving, the Commission, because the good which it certainly does, and the suffering it relieves, in their immensity cover up and put out of sight mistakes, which are incident to all human enterprise, and which are guarded against with all possible vigilance.

But allow all the good which is claimed, and that the good far tran-

scends any possible evil, and then we are met by these further questions: Is such an organization necessary? Cannot Government do the work? And if so, ought not Government to do it?

I might with propriety answer: Suppose that Government ought to do the work and does not, shall we fold our hands and let our soldiers suffer? But the truth is, Government does do its duty. Some persons foolishly exaggerate the work of the Commission. They talk as though it were the only salvation of the wounded, as though the Government let everything go, and that, if the Commission and kindred societies did not step in, there would not be so much as a wreck of our army left. Such talk is simply preposterous. The Commission, considered as a free, spontaneous offering of a loyal people to the cause of our common country, is a wonderful enterprise. The Commission, standing ready to supply any deficiency, to remedy any defect, and to meet any unforeseen emergency, has done a good work that cannot be forgotten. But, compared with what Government expends upon the sick, its resources are nothing. I have not the figures at hand, though I have seen them; and it is hardly too much to say, that, where the society has doled out a penny, the Government has lavished a pound.

No sane defender, therefore, of this charity supports it on any such ground as that it is the principal benefactor of the soldier. The Commission alone could no more support our hospitals than it could the universe. But the homely adage, "It is best to have two strings to your bow," applies wonderfully to the case. In practical life men act upon this maxim. They like to have an adjunct to the best-working machinery, a sort of reserved power. Every sensible person sees that our mail arrangements furnish to the whole people admirable facilities. Nevertheless, we like to have an express, and occasionally to send letters and packages by it. When the children are sick, there is nothing so good as the advice of the trusted family

physician and the unwearied care of the mother. Yet when the physician has done his work and gone his way, and when the mother is worn out by days of anxiety and nights of watching, we deem it a great blessing, if there is a kind neighbor who will come in, not to assume the work, but to help it on a little. The Commission, looking at the hospitals and the armies from a different point of view, sees much that another overlooks, and in an emergency, when all help is too little, brings fresh aid that is a priceless blessing. To the plain, substantial volume of public appropriations it adds the beautiful supplement of private benefactions. That is all that it pretends to do.

There are some special reflections that bear upon the point which we are considering. This war was sprung upon an unwarlike people. The officers of Government, when they entered upon their work, had no thought of the gigantic burdens which have fallen upon their shoulders. Since the war began, Government, like everybody else, has had to learn new duties, and to learn them amid the stress and perplexity of a great conflict. And among other things, it has been obliged, in some respects, to recast its medical regulations to meet the prodigious enlargement of its medical work. Beyond a doubt, much help, which, on account of this imperfection of the medical code itself, or of the inexperience of many who administered it, was needed by our hospitals at the commencement of the war, is not needed now, and much help that is needed now may not, if the war lasts, be needed in the future. But it takes time to move the machinery of a great state. And when any change is to become the permanent law of public action, it ought to take both time and thought to effect it. You do not wish to alter and re-alter the framework of a state or of a state's activity as you would patch up a ruinous old house. If you work at all in any department, you should wish to work on a massive, well-considered plan, so that what you do may last. It is not likely, therefore, that, in the great field

of suffering which the war has laid open to us, the public ministries will either be so quickly or so perfectly adjusted as to make private ministries a superfluity.

Neither do we reflect enough upon the limitations of human power. We think sometimes of Government as a great living organism of boundless resources. But, after all, in any department of state, what plans, what overlooks, what vitalizes, is one single human mind. And it is not easy to get minds anywhere clear enough and capacious enough for the large duties. It is easy to obtain men who can command a company well. It is not difficult to find those who can control efficiently a regiment. There are many to whom the care of five thousand men is no burden; a few who are adequate to an army corps. But the generals who can handle with skill a hundred thousand men, and make these giant masses do their bidding, are the rare jewels in war's diadem. Even so is it in every department of life. It is perhaps impossible to find a mind which can sweep over the whole field of our medical operations, and prepare for every emergency and avoid every mistake; not because all men are unfaithful or incapable, but because there must be a limit to the most capacious intellect. Looking simply at the structure of the human mind, we might have foreseen, what facts have amply demonstrated, that in a war of such magnitude as that which we are now waging there always must be room for an organization like the Sanitary Commission to do its largest and noblest work.

But, above and beyond all such reflections, there are great national and patriotic considerations which more than justify, yea, demand, the existence of our war charities. Allowing that the outward comfort of the soldier (and who would grant it?) might be accomplished just as well in some other way, — allowing that in a merely sanitary aspect the Government could have done all that voluntary organizations have undertaken, and have done it as well as



they or better than they, — even then we do not allow for a moment that what has been spent has been wasted. What is the Sanitary Commission, and what are kindred associations, but so many bonds of love and kindness to bind the soldier to his home, and to keep him always a loyal citizen in every hope and in every heart-throb? This is the influence which we can least of all afford to lose. He must have been blind who did not see at the outset of the war, that, beyond the immediate danger of the hour, there were other perils. We were trying the most tremendous experiment that was ever tried by any people. Out of the most peaceful of races we were creating a nation of soldiers. In a few months, where there seemed to be scarcely the elements of martial strength, we were organizing an army which was to be at once gigantic and efficient. Who could calculate the effect of such a swift change? The questions many a patriotic heart might have asked were these: When this wicked Rebellion is ended, — when these myriads of our brethren whose lives have been bound up in that wondrous collective life, the life of a great army, shall return to their quiet homes by the hills and streams of New England or on the rolling prairies of the West, will they be able to merge their life again in the simple life of the community out of which they came? Will they find content at the plough, by the loom, in the workshop, in the tranquil labors of civil life? Can they, in short, put off the harness of the soldier, and resume the robe of the citizen? Many a one could have wished to say to every soldier, as he went forth to the war, "Remember, that, if God spares your life, in a few months or a few years you will come back, not officers, not privates, but sons and husbands and brothers, for whom some home is waiting and some human heart throbbing. Never forget that your true home is not in that fort beside those frowning cannon, not on that tented field amid the glory and power of military array, but that it nestles beneath

yonder hill, or stands out in sunshine on some fertile plain. Remember that you are a citizen yet, with every instinct, with every sympathy, with every interest, and with every duty of a citizen."

Can we overestimate the influence of these associations, of these Soldiers'-Aid Societies, rising up in every city and village, in producing just such a state of mind, in keeping the soldier one of us, one of the people? Five hundred thousand hearts following with deep interest his fortunes, — twice five hundred thousand hands laboring for his comfort, — millions of dollars freely lavished to relieve his sufferings, — millions more of tokens of kindness and good-will going forth, every one of them a message from the home to the camp: what is all this but weaving a strong network of alliance between civil and military life, between the citizen at home and the citizen soldier? If our army is a remarkable body, more pure, more clement, more patriotic than other armies, — if our soldier is everywhere and always a true-hearted citizen, — it is because the army and soldier have not been cast off from public sympathy, but cherished and bound to every free institution and every peaceful association by golden cords of love. The good our Commissions have done in this respect cannot be exaggerated; it is incalculable.

Nor should we forget the influence they have had on ourselves, — the reflex influence which they have been pouring back into the hearts of our people at home, to quicken their patriotism. We often say that the sons and brothers are what the mothers and sisters make them. Can you estimate the electric force which runs like an irresistible moral contagion from heart to heart in a community all of whose mothers and daughters are sparing that they may spend, and learning the value of liberty and country by laboring for them? It does not seem possible, that, amid the divers interests and selfish schemes of men, we ever could have sustained this war, and carried it to a successful issue, had it not been for the moral cement

which these wide-spread philanthropic enterprises have supplied. Every man who has given liberally to support the Commission has become a missionary of patriotism; every woman who has cut and made the garments and rolled the bandages and knit the socks has become a missionary. And so the country has been full of missionaries, true-hearted and loyal, pleading, "Be patient, put up with inconveniences, suffer exactions, bear anything, rather than sacrifice the nationality our fathers bequeathed to us!" And if our country is saved, it will be in no small degree because so many have been prompted by their benevolent activity to take a deep personal interest in the struggle and in the men who are carrying on the struggle.

These national and patriotic influences are the crowning blessings which come in the train of the charities of the war; and they constitute one of

their highest claims to our affection and respect. The unpatriotic utterances which in these latter days so often pain our ears, the weariness of burdens which tempt so many to be ready to accept anything and to sacrifice anything to be rid of them, admonish us that we need another uprising of the people and another re-birth of patriotism; and they show us that we should cherish more and more everything which fosters noble and national sentiments. And when this war is over, and the land is redeemed, and we come to ask what things have strengthened us to meet and overcome our common peril, may we not prophesy that high among the instrumentalities which have husbanded our strength, and fed our patriotism, and knit more closely the distant parts of our land and its divided interests, will be placed the United States Sanitary Commission?

---

## A R T.

### HARRIET HOSMER'S ZENOBIA.

IT took a long while for artists to understand that the Greek face was the ideal face merely to Greek sculptors. During the baser ages of the sculptural art, (how far towards our own day the epicycle inclusive of those ages extended it would be invidious for us to say,) sculpture consisted of the nearest imitation of Greek models which was possible of attainment by *talents*, with an occasional intercalated *genius*, hampered by prevailing modes. That the Greek face was *beautiful*, none could doubt. That in the sovereign points of *intellect* it was the absolute beau-ideal is open to great doubt. Apart from all such questions, the fact of subservience exists. Even Benjamin Robert Haydon, the man who thought himself called to be the æsthetic saviour of the age, knew no other, no better way of making himself master of solid form than by lying down in the cold with a candle before the Elgin marbles. Let not this be mistaken

as a slur upon one of the most devoted men in history, — a man who surely lived, and who, aside from the pangs of poverty, probably died, for the regeneration of Art. We only mean to select an instance preëminent over all that can be mentioned, to show that until a very late date even the most learned men in the Art-world had not cut loose from the fascination of old models, considered not as suggestive, but as dominant. There is nothing in the sculptors of Haydon's period to prove that their view differed essentially from that of the most self-devoted theorist among painters.

We hold that it has been left for America to complete the æsthetic, as well as the social and political emancipation of the world. The fact that pre-Raphaelism began in England (we refer to the *new* saints standing on their toe-nails, not the *old* ones) proves nothing respecting the origination of Art's highest liberty. In the first place, the man

The brigantine is bringing  
 Her cargo to the quay,  
 The sloop flits by like a butterfly,  
 The schooner skims the sea.  
 O young heart's trust, beneath the crust  
 Of a chilling world congealed !  
 O love, whose flow the winter of woe  
 With its icy hand hath sealed !

Learn patience from the lesson !  
 Though the night be drear and long,  
 To the darkest sorrow there comes a morrow,  
 A right to every wrong.  
 And as, when, having run his low course, the red Sun  
 Comes charging gayly up here,  
 The white shield of Winter shall shiver and splinter  
 At the touch of his golden spear, —

Then rushing under the bridges,  
 And crushing among the piles,  
 In gray mottled masses the drift-ice passes,  
 Like seaward-floating isles ; —  
 So Life shall return from its solstice, and burn  
 In trappings of gold and blue,  
 The world shall pass like a shattered glass,  
 And the heaven of Love shine through.

## AT ANDERSONVILLE.

**D**RAKE TALCOTT, a Union prisoner, marched with other prisoners seventy-five miles to Danville, on thirteen crackers. They travelled from there to Andersonville, six days by rail, on four crackers a day, and, as a consequence of the rations, came in due course of time to a general sense of emptiness, and an incorrigible tendency to think of roast beef, boiled chicken, fried oysters, and other like dainties; and many of the prisoners, after battling awhile with the emptiness and the mental tendency, fell down exhausted, and were stowed away in the wagons following on in the rear of the train. But Talcott, though with youth and the brawn and muscle and lusty craving vitality of an athlete against him in

the cracker point of view, possessed likewise a mighty will, and a stubborn, tenacious endurance, nowise weakened by the discipline of two years of camp and battle; and not only marched with courage and elasticity, but actually set himself, out of the abundance of his resources, to spur the flagging spirits of his comrades, as they huddled in disconsolate confusion about the little station at Andersonville.

"Boys," said our orator, "the Rebels keep their best generals for their Home Guard. Lee and Early, and the rest of the crew, are lambs and sucking doves to Generals Starvation, Wear-'em-out, and Grumble, — especially that last-named fellow, who is the worst of the three, because he comes under our



own colors, and we feel shy about firing on our own men. I believe we are all too apt to think that muscles are the vital forces, and that man lives by beef; but, boys, muscles are only hammers, and it takes a thought to raise them; and though beef is good eating, and we should all like a slice uncommonly, let me tell you, when it is n't to be had, that *backbone* is the next thing to it, and it is surprising how long a man can live on it. For it is the brain that is the commander-in-chief, and does the strategy and the planning for this precious life that we all set such store by, — the brain, that I used to think a lazy bummer, that lived at the stomach's expense; and when the quartermaster — that 's the stomach — telegraphs up that he's fairly cleaned out, not a half-ration left, says our little commander, cool and calm, 'Serve out grit and backbone to the troops, and send out the senses on a scout.' And, men, if you've got the grit, and keep on the sharp look-out, you are likely to get on; but shut down on grumbling, — that 's a luxury for fellows that get three meals a day; for while you are busy about that, Starvation and Wear-'em-out will sail in at you, and once you get weak in the knees, and limp in the back, and dizzy in the head, you're played out. Remember, we are n't going to Belle Isle. I don't know anything about Andersonville, but it can't be so bad as that hole."

The men cheered. Up came an officer on the double-quick.

"What's the row about now? You Yankees are always chattering like crows."

"So you scarecrows come to look after us," retorted Drake, quick as light: at which poor piece of wit the soldiers were pleased to laugh vociferously, — the irritating laugh that assumes your defeat, without granting you a hearing, — before which the man in authority, not having the art of looking like a fool with propriety, retreated, reddening and snarling, but turned on the platform of the cars, and flung back this Parthian arrow at the laughing Yankees: —

"You're a bad lot of men, saucy as the Devil; but I reckon you'll get the impudence taken out of you here, d—d quick!"

"It is all you have left them to take, anyhow," said a voice, — and "That's so," chorused the crowd; and the whistle sounding, the Captain, whose reign was over, departed, hard-hit and growling, but left, so to speak, his sting behind him: for the last of his speech had one terrible merit, — it was true.

The prisoners, over a thousand strong, were formed in line and ordered to march. As they tramped along the dusty road, they strained their eyes, eagerly, but furtively, for the first show of their prison. Seeing tents on the left, there was a little stir among them, but that proved to be a Rebel camp; then some one spied heights topped with cannon, and "Now," said they, "we are close upon it," and then stopped short for wonder, for here the road ended, ran butt against the wall of a huge roofless inclosure, made of squared pines set perpendicularly and close together in the ground.

"Is it a pen?" asked one, doubtfully.

"Yes, yours," retorted one of the guard, with a grin, — "the Stockade Prison."

The word ran down the line like a shiver, and the men stood mute, eying each other doubtfully. And now, if I could, I would get at your hearts, you who read this, and you should not read mistily, and hold the story at loose ends as it were, but feel by the answering throb within yourselves what thoughts gnawed at the hearts of these men under their brave show of indifference: for though these be facts, facts written are disembodied, and, like spirits, have no power to speak to you, unless you give them the voice of your sympathy; and without that, I question which touches you most deeply, a thousand rats following the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and wondering, as he neared the wharves, where the Deuse they were going, or the thousand Union soldiers standing stunned before a gate from which should have wailed forth, as they

filed through, "*Leave all hope behind!*"

They were hardly in, when there was a scramble, and a cry of "Rations!" and came lumbering a train of wagons, bringing the day's supplies. There were at this time under torture twenty-eight thousand prisoners, — more than the population of Hartford; and as the Southern Confederacy, a Christian association, and conducting itself with many appeals to Christian principle, believes the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and so shears the Yankees as close as possible, these men had all been formally fleeced of such worldly gear as blankets, money, and extra clothing. Some further shearing there had been also, but irregular, depending chiefly on the temper of the captors, — stripping them sometimes to shirt and drawers, leaving them occasionally jacket and shoes; so now most were barefooted, most in rags, and some had not even rags. They had lain on the bare earth, sodden with damp or calcined into dust, and borne storm and heat helplessly, without even the shelter of a board, till they were burned and wasted to the likeness of haggard ghosts; most had forgotten hope, many decency; some were dying, and crawled over the ground with a woful persistency that it would have broken your heart to see; they were all fasting, for the day's rations, tossed to them the afternoon before, had been devoured, as was the custom, at a single meal, and proved scant at that; and they crowded wolfishly about the wagons, the most miserable, pitiable mob that ever had mothers, wives, and sisters at home to pray for them.

The new comers looked on amazed, and "How about Belle Isle now?" they said bitterly to Drake. He, poor fellow, was having his first despondent chill, and sneering at himself for having it, after all his fine talk about "backbone"; and finding reasons for despair thicken, the harder he tried to make elbow-room for hope, till altogether confounded at the muddle, he flung up thought, with "Brain's full and stomach's empty, and it's ill talking between a full man and

a fasting," and set about cooking his rations. "But first catch your hare," cries Mrs. Glass. Drake had his hare, such as it was, but found something quite as important lacking, — wood.

"I say, my friend, where do we find fuel?" he asked of a man sitting quietly on the ground.

"Where the Israelites found the straw for their bricks," was the answer. "There is no special provision made, unless it be an occasional permit to forage outside, under — Hold off there! — don't touch that, man, unless you want to be cooked yourself for supper! — that's the 'dead line'!"

Drake drew back from a light railing running parallel with the inclosure, on which he had nearly laid his hand.

"What the Deuse is the dead line?"

"The new way to pay old debts, and put a Yankee out of the world cheap. Show so much as your little finger outside of that, and the guard nails you with a bullet; and as they like that sort of thing, they blaze away whenever they get a chance, — which is once or twice a day, — for our men expose themselves voluntarily. When Satan said, 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life,' he had n't invented the Stockade Prison."

The man who said these things, in a quiet, unexcited way, as if discussing some abstraction of the schools, not murder, was too wan and wasted, too shrunken and despairing, to afford a guess as to what manner of man he might have been, and too unkempt and ragged for any inference concerning his rank, having neither jacket, cap, nor shoes, matted hair and beard, torn shirt and ragged trousers: but his look of resolved patience, and an occasional smile while he talked, sadder than tears, made Drake's stout heart twinge with pain. "A strong soul in a feeble body," he said to himself, as he walked on; and furthermore, "The man that can smile here like that is near heaven, and fit for it."

Presently he came on a farmer selling wood by the stick, price in proportion to its size, and as many times its value

as the Rebel, by his own showing, exceeds the Yankee. Drake had money, spite of shearing and searching. He had hidden it — But I forbear to tell of what ingenious shift he had availed himself, for I remember, that, spite of its well-known loyalty, the “Atlantic Monthly” runs the blockade. First he passed the man, prudence pulling him by the sleeve, and searched lynx-eyed for chips or twigs, over ground scoured daily, in such faint hope as his, by thousands; but he might as well have dragged a brook for the wreck of a seventy-four among its pebbles. Having wasted a precious half-hour of fading daylight, he came back to the dealer to find his stock on the rise; for the influx of new comers had produced an upward tendency in a market sensitive as that of Wall Street. Lest it should swell quite beyond the compass of his pocket, he made haste to buy, — scores of meagre wretches looking anxiously on. That pitiful sight made his heart sore again; and he hardly persuaded himself to take his wood and be off, till he remembered the poor fellow whom he had left resigned and hopeless, sitting quietly on the ground while all was eager stir about him, and hurried back to the spot where he had seen him to find him gone. He had crawled away, and was lost in that great throng.

Not to be balked entirely, Drake shared his firing with those around him; and Virtue, in place of her usual promissory note, gave him his reward instantly, in the shape of a tin cup belonging to one of the party, and their sole cooking-utensil, — for the prison authorities furnish none. His rations — a day’s rations, remember — were eight ounces of Indian meal, cob and kernel ground together, (as with us for pigs,) and sour, (a common occurrence,) and two ounces of condemned pork (not to appear again in our pages, as it proved too strong even for poor Drake’s hunger). He brought water in the cup from a ditch that traversed the inclosure, and filtered it through a bit of cloth torn from his shirt; and the meal being mixed with this water, (salt was

not even hinted at, the market price of that article being four dollars a pound at Andersonville,) it was placed on a strip of wood before the fire, to bake up to the half-raw point, that being the highest perfection attainable in Drake’s kitchen: for a range and a steady heat find the baking of meal, so mixed, no easy matter. Eight ounces of meal make a cake six inches long, five broad, and half an inch thick: that is to say, Drake’s dinner and supper for that day, and his breakfast and dinner for the next day, were in the mass six inches long, five inches broad, and half an inch thick. Give the figures an Indian-meal consistency, you who are not of that order of Stoics that endures its neighbor’s sufferings without a groan. Try the experiment in your own kitchen. One baking will carry conviction farther than batches of statistics. Drake being famished chose to take four meals in one, — improvident man! That done, he went to bed: quite an elaborate arrangement, as practised among us, what with taking off of clothes, and possibly washing and combing, and pulling up of sheets and coverlets, and fitting of pillows to neck and shoulders; but nothing can be more simple than the way they do it there. You just lie down wherever you are, — and sleep, if you can. Drake could and did sleep most soundly.

This was our hero’s first taste of prison-life. But a little reading and much talk about camp-fires and behind earth-works — when there was a lull in the storm of shot and shell — had etched out for him certain crude theories, for which he was as ready to do battle as any other hot-headed lad of twenty-three. “Starvation is the masked battery that plays the Deuse with us all,” he insisted; “and we must take that, or be taken out — feet foremost. As for your *‘how,’* good Incredulity and Unbelief, where there is an end, and the will to reach it, the means are tolerably sure to be lying around loose somewhere.” But examinations for candidates, and the hundred-pound hail, and the sharp beak of the ram for the untried monitor, are facts for theories; and without the



proof of these, none of the three have the positive value of a skillet that has been tried. We have Drake's theory. Here are the facts.

No cooking-utensils were allowed the prisoner; no blankets were allowed the prisoner; no shelter of any sort was allowed the prisoner; no tools or materials to construct a shelter were allowed the prisoner; no means of living as a civilized man were allowed the prisoner; no way of helping himself as a savage was allowed the prisoner. The rations were at all times insufficient, and frequently so foul that starvation itself could not swallow them: consequence, stomach and body weakened by a perpetual hunger, and in many cases utter inability to retain food, good or bad. More than that, the sluggish water-course that served as their reservoir crept across their pen foul and thick with the *débris* of the Rebel camp above, and in the centre filtered through the spongy ground, and creamed and mantled and spread out loathsomely into a hateful swamp; and the fierce sun, beating down on its slimy surface, drew from its festering pools and mounds of refuse a vapor of death, and the prisoners breathed it; and the reek of unwashed and diseased bodies crowding close on each other, and the sickening, pestilential odor of a huge camp without sewerage or system of policing, made the air a horror, and the prisoners breathed it.

Drake woke, stifling with the heat and horrible steam, and turning and throwing out his arm, only yet half awake, struck on something cold and stiff: the corpse of some poor fellow who had died there in the night beside him. Drake, in a two years' campaign, had grown familiar with death, but could not yet receive him as a bed-fellow, and scrambled up in sickening horror to a day in which there was no breakfast to eat, no arms to clean, no shoes to black, no dress to change, no work of any sort to do, no letters to write or hope for, no books to read, no dinner to prepare, at least till four P.M., when they served out rations,—nothing to fix the

eye, or offer subject of thought, but the general and utter wretchedness. Nor could Drake and his fellows take refuge in that unconscious self-gratulation with which we see the miseries of our neighbors; for the future here threw shadows backward. That skeleton, (I use the word not in the exaggerated sense in which we are apt to apply it, but advisedly; and I mean a living human being, whose skin is literally drawn over hideously projecting bones, and who, having actually lost all rounding-out and filling of flesh, has grown transparent, so that by holding an arm in the light you may see the blood-vessels and the inner edges of the bones,)—this skeleton lying there was, perhaps, what Drake should be two months hence; those men quarrelling, hyena-like, for the "job" of burying their dead comrades, that scarred old man moaning for a compass, because he had lost his way and could not find the North, were not lower or more pitiful than Drake might yet be: for stout heart and brave blood and quick brain have no charm against famine, pestilence, and a steady pressure of misery in all possible forms.

The majority of his comrades sank helplessly into this quaking bog. Out of fifty captured of his regiment, Williams, a delicate lad, sickened at once; Dean, a stout old Scotchman, was close on idiocy in a month; Allan, the color-bearer, was shot by the guard,—he had slipped near the dead line, and fallen with his head outside; fourteen were dead of disease; twelve more sank in rayless, hopeless apathy; and Drake—was busy on "A History of the Stockade Prison." The way in which he got the idea and his stationery is worth telling.

There had fallen upon him a dread of motion,—a sombre endurance,—a discouraged sense of thirty thousand hopeless men dragging him down to despair,—a dark cloud that shut out God and home and help,—an inability to compose and fix his drowsy, reeling thought, that spun off dizzily to times at school, and love and laughter at home, and lapsed itself in forgetfulness, and ceased to be

even dreamy speculation. Drake, in short, was going to the bottom with his theory about his neck, when a "Providence,"—the modern way of dodging an acknowledgment to God, whom, by the by, our poor boy had quite omitted in his little theory of self-preservation,—in the curious shape of an official blunder, stepped in to his rescue. A cook-house was in erection without the limits of their pen, and, though no carpenter, Drake was set with others to work under guard. The first glimpse of the open country, stretching away to meet the low horizon, brought back the half-forgotten thought of Freedom; and the very trail of her robe is so glorious, that even this poor savage liberty of rock and clod roused in him anew wit to devise and courage to endure. He worked then so merrily and with such good heart, that an admiring inspector more than hinted "at the pity it was to see a decent young fellow like him shut up in the pen yonder."

"So I think," returned Drake, calmly, cutting away at his board.

The official edged a little closer.

"Why don't you come over to us, then? The Confederacy gives good wages. Our Government knows how to pay its men."

"Right there!" retorted Drake. "The Confederacy pays its servants in death and ruin, which, as you say, are the just wages of a traitor. As for me, I want no more of Georgia soil than will make me a grave. That is as much as a man can own here now and be honest."

It was then, from some occult connection of ideas too subtle for searching out, that he imagined, first, a history of the Stockade Prison. He secured a number of long, thin boards, and planed them smooth, for foolscap, pointed bits of wood for pens, manufactured his ink from the rust of some old nails, and made himself a knife by grinding two pieces of iron hoop one upon the other, and, his work on the cook-house at an end, set bravely about his history, when Fate nipped it, as she has done many a more promising one

before it; for even when on the final flourish of his title, he heard a sound between a groan and a sigh, and, turning, saw Corny Keegan, a strapping Irishman, and sergeant in his regiment, lying near him. Drake put the tail on his *u*, and then some uneasy consciousness would have him look again over the edge of his board at the sergeant; for, though there were scores of men lying within view on the ground, there was something in the "give" and laxity of Corny's posture that augured ill for him in Drake's experienced eyes, and, laying the history aside, he went over and kneeled down beside him. The man's eyes were closed, and a dull, yellowish pallor had taken the place of the usual brick tint of his face. Drake essayed to lift his heavy head and shoulders; but Corny settled back again with a groan.

"Och! wurra! Musther Talcott, lave me alone. It's dead I am, kilt intirely, wid the wakeness. Devil's the bit of wood I've had these two days, and not a cint or a frind to the fore, and I'm jist afther mixin' the male here with wather, thinkin' to ate it that way, but it stuck in me throat, and I'm all on a thrimble, and it's a gone man is Corny Keegan; though it's not fur meself that I'd make moan, sence it's aisier dyin' than livin', only the ould mother and Mary that'll fret and — Holy Mother! there comes the sickness, bad scan to it!"

You see now how it happened unto the History of the Stockade Prison to vanish in smoke; for Drake, having neither wood nor the money to buy it, made a fire with his precious boards, and baked Corny's raw meal in a cake, which the poor fellow devoured with a half-starved avidity that made Drake ashamed of the reluctance with which he had offered up his sacrifice. A little corner of his cake Corny left untouched, saying,—

"That's fur the poor crathur over beyant."

"What poor creature?" asked Drake; but Corny's eyes were fixed on the pens and ink, and the sorry remains of his foolscap, — a half-strip of board.

"Och! murther! Musther Talcott, and wuz it thim bits of board ye 's writin' on? and ye 's burned thim fur me, afther all the throuble ye took wid thim? and to think of the thick head of me, to ate up all that illigant histhry, when I 'd heerd the boys talkin' on it, by the same token, and bad scran to me! The Lord be good to ye fur your kindness, Musther Talcott, and make your bed as soft as your heart is, and give ye a line in the Book of Life fur the one I 've ate, and" —

"But the poor creature, Corny."

"Thru for you; and I 'm a baste fur forgettin' him, and him starvin' the while. It 's jist Cap'n Ireland, if ye chance to mind him. He was the illigant officer and the kind-hearted man; and to see him now! If ye 'll come away, Musther Talcott, I 'm quite done wid the wakeness, and it 's jist over here beyant that 'he 's lyin', poor jon-tleman, that 'll not be long lyin' anywhere out of his grave."

Corny pointed, as he spoke, to a man, or, rather, a bundle of rags having some faint outlines of humanity, on the ground before them, — limbs out helplessly, face set and ghastly, hardly a stir among his tatters to assure them that he yet breathed; and Drake recognized with a thrill of horror, though more wan, more woful, more shadow-like, if possible, the man who had so moved his compassion on the night of his arrival. Keegan knelt beside him, and put his corner of cake to the sufferer's mouth, saying, "Ate a bit, Cap'n dear; thry now"; and then, seeing that the food rested on white and quiet lips, — "Cap'n, don't ye hear me? It 's Corny, that spoke wid ye a while back. Saints be merciful to us, he 's gone!"

"He is not so happy," said Drake, savagely; "he has only fainted. He has days of such torture as this before him. It would be a mercy to him, and I 'm not sure but good religion, to put him outside of the dead line. I wonder why they don't tie us to the cannon's mouth at once. Here! you! guard, there! holla!"

This last was addressed to a soldier in the Rebel gray, who was proceeding leisurely past, but who, on hearing himself so unceremoniously summoned, turned and came slowly towards them.

"Here is a man," said Drake, passionately, "who is dying, not because it pleases God to take him, but because it pleases you to starve him. We have no wood to make a fire, no food to give him, unless it is this scrap of meal that he cannot swallow; but you can save him, and will, if you are a man, and have a man's heart under that dress."

The soldier stared, but, being a phlegmatic animal, heard him quietly to the end, and opened his jaws to answer with due deliberation.

"If you don't like our rules, you should n't have come here, you know. And we have n't any orders about wood: you are to look out for yourselves. As for the man, if he 's sick, why don't you take him to the stockade yonder, where the doctor is examining for admittance to the hospital? — though I don't see the use: he 's too far gone."

Drake and Corny lifted the poor wasted frame, that seemed all too frail to hold the flickering, struggling breath, and carried it to a small stockade crowded with men desirous to enter the hospital. The first assistant to whom they applied was a nervous porcupine, fretted with overwork, and repulsed them roughly.

"What is the use of bringing a dead man here? We have enough living ones on hand."

"Och, and that 's no raison, sence it 's aisy to see thim 's the kind you like best," muttered Corny; but Drake silenced him hastily.

"Keep a civil tongue, Corny. They 're the masters here; and it will only be the worse for poor Ireland, if you anger them. Here 's another; we 'll try him."

But Number Two was Sir Imperturbability, and, without even looking towards them, answered, in a hard, even tone, "Our number is filled; you are too late," and, without lifting an eyelash, went on with his work.



Drake grew white to the lips. The great veins started out on his forehead, and his fingers worked nervously; but it was Corny's turn to interfere.

"Musther Talcott, sure and ye 'll not mind what that spalpeen 's saying; and there 's the docthor himself beyant, and a kind and pleasant jontleman he is. Jist lift the Cap'n, aisy now, and we 'll see what the doctnor 'll say to him."

For the third time, then, Drake made his appeal in behalf of the poor fellow at his feet. The doctor heard him kindly, but answered, as his assistant had done, that their number was full for the day, and was moving on, when Talcott caught him by the arm.

"Doctor," he said, sternly, "one of your assistants refuses my comrade because he is a dying man; another tells me, as you have done, that your number is full for the day. Your own eyes can tell you, that, if not dying now, he will be before to-morrow, of want and exposure. I know nothing of your rules; but I do know, that, if my comrade's life is to be saved, it is to be saved *now*, and that you have the means, if means there are, for its salvation; and let the awful guilt of the cruelty that brought him here weigh down whose neck it will, as there is a God above us, I do not see how you can write yourself free of murder, or think your hands clean from blood, if you send him back to die."

"God forbid! God forbid!" answered the doctor, shrinking from Drake's vehemence. "You are unjust, young man; it is not my will, but my power to help, that is limited. However, he shall not be sent back; we will do for him what we can, if I have to lodge him in my own house."

"And did n't I tell ye the docthor was the kind jontleman?" cried Corny, joyfully. "Though the hospital is no sich great matther: jist a few tints; but thin he 'll be gettin' a bed there, and belike a dhrap of whiskey or a sup of porridge: and if he gits on, it 's you he has to thank for it; fur if it had n't been fur your prachement, my sowl, the docthor would have turned him off, too;

and long life to you, says Corny Keegan, and may you niver be needin' anybody's tongue to do the like fur you!"

Drake made no answer; after the fever comes the chill, and he was thinking drearily of the smouldering "History," and of the intolerable leaden hours stretching out before him; but it was not in Corny's nature to remain silent.

"It 's the ould jontleman wid the scythe that takes us down, after all, Musther Talcott; the hours and hours that we sit mopin', wid our fingers as limp as a lady's, and our stomachs clatterin' like an impty can, and sorra a thing to think of but the poor crathurs that 's dead, rest their souls! and whin our turn 's comin'; and it 's wishin' I am that it was in the days of the fairies, and that the quane of thim ud jist give us a call, till I 'd ask her if she 'd iver a pipe and its full of tobacky about her, — or, failin' that, if she 'd hopen to have a knife in her pocket, till I cut out the ould divil Jeff on the gallows, and give him what he 'd git, if we iver put our hands on him."

"A knife," repeated Drake, starting from his abstraction, and fumbling in his pocket, from which he drew an old bit of iron. "I am not the queen of the fairies; but with this you can hang Jeff and his cabinet in effigy, if you choose, and can find the material to carve."

"Arrah, and that 's aisy, wid illigant bones like these, that chips off like marble or wud itself; but I 'm misdoubtin' I 'm robbin' ye, Musther Talcott."

"I have another," said Drake, producing it; and as he did so, there breathed upon him, like a breeze from home, a recollection of the dim light shining in an old library down on a broad-leaved volume resting on a carved rack, — of a brown-tressed girl who stood with him before it, her head just at his shoulder, looking at the cathedral on its page, — of the chance touch of a little hand on his, — of the brush of a perfumed sleeve, — of the fitting color in her clear cheek, — of a subtle magic, interweaving blush, perfume, picture, and thought of Alice. Dainty pinnacle and massive arch and carved buttress were photographed on

his brain, and arch and pinnacle and buttress could be notched out in bone by his poor skill, — and if he died, some kindly comrade should carry it to Alice, and it should tell her what he had left unsaid, — and if he lived, he would take it to her himself, and it should serve him for the text of his story. That the carving of a design so intricate, on so minute a scale, must prove tedious argued in its favor; and putting off mourning weeds for his history, he took to this new love with a complacency that excited Corny's special admiration.

"Sure, and it's a beautiful thing is religion; and the Devil fly away wid me, if I don't be afther gittin' it meself! Here 's Musther Talcott: if he was fur carving a fort or a big gun, the eyes and the face of him would be little but scowls and puckers; and there he sits, though it 's only the dumb likeness of a church that he 's at, by the same token that it 's no bigger than me thumb, and, by the howly piper, you 'd think the light that flings away from the big colored windy down the church was stramin' in his face, he looks so peaceful-like; and he no better than a heretic nayther, though he 's the heart of a good Catholic, as no one knows better than meself."

Indeed, Corny's gratitude never grew cold. Few sentences of his that did not end, like the one just quoted, in eulogiums on "Musther Talcott." If Drake was busy with his cathedral, there sat Corny, a few paces distant, hacking at Jeff Davis. If Drake, who had resolved himself into a sort of duodecimo edition of the Sanitary Commission, was about his work of mercy, there was Corny, a shadow at his heels, bringing water, lifting the poor groaning wretches, and adding his word of comfort. "Cheer up, honey, and do jist as Musther Talcott says; for it 's nixt to iverything that he knows, and thim things that he don't know is n't worth a body's attintion." And when Drake himself was ailing, it was Corny who tended him with terrified solicitude, foraged for his wood, and cooked his rations. "When Drake was ailing!" —

that was often. His courage was undaunted, his hope perhaps higher, but he had grown perceptibly weak and languid; and there were days — many, alas! — when he lay quietly on the ground, giving an occasional lazy touch to his cathedral, while Corny, as he laughingly said, ruled in his stead.

It was on one of these days that there arose a sudden stir and commotion throughout the camp, a deep and joyful hum, that went from mouth to mouth; and men were seen running hastily from all quarters, the rush setting towards the gate, and drawing in even the sick, who crawled and hobbled along with the stream, at the risk of being trampled by the excited throng, struggling and crowding on pellmell. While Drake looked on in surprise, Corny made his appearance, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"News, Musther Talcott dear! an ye wuz dyin', here 's news to put the strength in yer legs! Letthers from home, and they say there 's five thousand on 'em; and there 's an officer chap, wid a mouth like a thrap, countin' 'em as if he was a machine, for all the wuruld, and bad 'cess to him! wid the poor boys crowdin', and heart-famished for only a look at thim, the crumpled things, for it 's batthered they is! and he, the spalpeen, won't let one of 'em touch 'em, and no more feelin' with him than if he was a gun, instead of the son of one; and I 'm cock-sure I read yer name, Musther Talcott, and there 's mine too on the back of a letther, and that 's from Mary, hurra! and God bless her! and come, Musther Talcott, fur they 'll be dalin' out the letthers or iver we get there."

Drake rose at once; but a description of his sensations, as he hastily made his way towards the throng that surged about the imperturbable official like a sea, is beyond the power of words. The overwhelming surprise and joy of a man who in that evil den had almost forgotten home and the possibility of hearing from it, and his agonizing uncertainty, could be fathomed only by the poor wretches suffering like him, who anx-

iously pressed on the Rebel officer, and clutched at the letters, and fell back sick with impatience and suspense at his formal delay. At last he opened his grim jaws. The men listened breathlessly.

"All right. Men, there is ten cents postage due on each letter."

An instant's stunned pause, and then half a dozen voices speaking together: "Why, man, you must have had ten cents on each of these letters, before they crossed the lines"; and "How can *we* pay postage?" "He *knows* we have no money"; "What good will the bits of paper do him at all, at all?" But the man kept on like an automaton.

"My orders are to collect ten cents on each letter; and I am here to obey orders, not to argue."

Meanwhile those in the rear ranks had heard indistinctly or not at all, and pressed on those in front to know the meaning of the sudden recoil, — for the men had instinctively given back, — and being told, buzzed it on to those behind them; and there began in the crowd a low, deep hum, growing louder, as muttering rose to curses, — growing fiercer, for there is nothing half so savage as despair that has been fooled with a hope, — swelling into a wave of indignation that swept and swayed the whole throng with it, and seemed an instant to threaten and topple over the officer in their midst. But it came to nought. The prudent nudged their neighbors, "With the cannon, boys, they can rake us on all sides"; and the angrier ones fell apart in little groups, and talked in whispers, and glared menacingly at the guard, but made no further demonstration. Those who were happy enough to possess the money received their letters: the feebler ones crawled away with tears furrowing their wan cheeks; and the unmoved official thrust the remaining letters of mother, father, wife, and children of these men into the bags before their longing eyes; and even while the miserable men flung themselves before him, and with outstretched hands tried to hold him back, the gate clanged after him.

Drake, who long ago had spent his little hoard, had received this terrible blow in entire silence, and turned to go without comment or answer to Corny's vociferations. But eyes were dim, or head was reeling; for a few paces on he stumbled, and would have fallen over a soldier lying in his path, but for Corny, who was close behind him, and who at once assailed the man over whom Drake had tripped, and who still lay quietly, without even a stir or motion of his head.

"Ye lazy spalpeen! what the Divil are ye stretched out there for, to break dacent folk's necks over the length of ye? Stir yourself, or I 'll" — Then with a sudden and total change of tone, as he looked more closely into the quiet face, "The Saints pity us! it's Cap'n Ireland; and in the name of Hiven, how came yer Honor here on the — Och! Lord forgive me! Talking to a dead corpse! Och! wurra! wurra! Musther Talcott, it's dead he is, sure! kilt this time intirely!"

"You may well say killed," said a soldier who had joined them. "If ever a man committed murder, then that man did that kicked him out of the hospital to die."

"What is that?" demanded Drake, who had seemed in a sort of stupor, but roused out of it fiercely at the man's last words. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"I think I ought," returned the soldier. "I was in the hospital at the time; I'm only just out; and I saw it myself. The assistant surgeon stops at his bed, where he laid only just breathing like, and says he, 'What man is this? I've seen him before'; and says some one, 'His name is Ireland'; and says the surgeon, like a flash, 'Ireland? Ireland of the —th? Do you know what that is? It is a colored regiment, and this Abolition scoundrel is the captain of it. I knew I had seen him. Here! put him out; let him go and herd with the rest'; and when some one said he was dying any way, said the surgeon, with a string of oaths, 'Put him out, I tell you; the bed is too



good for him'; and then, Sir, when the poor young gentleman, who was dizzy-like, and did n't understand, fell down beside the door, from weakness, that—that infernal brute kicked him, and swore at him, as vermin that cumbered the ground; and the men brought him away here, Sir, it's two days back, and he's just passed away"; and kneeling beside the body, and lifting the poor wasted hands, "I swear, if ever I get back, to revenge his death, and never to let sword or pistol drop while this cursed Rebellion is going on."

"Amin!" said Corny, solemnly, and "Amen" formed itself on Drake's white lips; but by some curious mental process his thoughts would wander away from the stiffening body before him to a vision of home, and Sabbaths when sweet-toned bells called quiet families to church, and little children playing about the doorsteps, and peaceful women in sunny houses, and gay girls waving on men to battle through glittering streets, and prayers, and looks of love, and songs, and flowers, and Alice; and in on this rolled suddenly a sense of what was actually around him, as under a calm sky and out of a still sea swoops sometimes suddenly some huge wave in on the quiet beach. He saw about him rags, filth, men sick, men dying, men dead, men groaning, men cursing, men gibbering. There rose up before him the grim succession of days of hunger, pain, sorrow, and loneliness, already past; there came upon him a terrible threatening of days to come, yet worse, —without hope or relief, unless at the dead line. He rose, staggering, and with a wild and desperate look that startled Corny.

"Fur the Lord's sake, wud ye desthroy yerself?" cried the faithful fellow, throwing his arms about him to hold him fast. "Och, honey! ye're a heretic, and the good Lord's a Catholic; but thin He made us all, and He has pity on the poor crathurs that's sufferin' here, or His heart's harder nor Corny's: the Saints forgive me fur such a spache! Pray, Musther Talcott, pray" —

"Pray!" exclaimed Drake; "is there a God looking down here?" — and dropping on his knees, he gasped out, —

"O God! if Thou dost yet hear, save me—from going mad!" and fell forward at Corny's feet, senseless.

He was carried to the hospital, and lay there weeks, lost in the delirium of a fever; and every morning there peered in at the inner door of the stockade a huge shock of hair, and a red, anxious face, with, —

"The top of the mornin' to ye, doctor, and it's ashamed I am to be afther throublin' ye so often; but will yer Honor please to tell me how Musther Talcott is the day?" — and having received the desired information, Corny would take himself off with blessings "on his Honor, that had consideration for the feelings of the poor Irishman."

One morning there was a change in the programme.

"I have good news for you, Corny," said the kindly doctor. "Talcott is out of danger."

"Hurra! and the Saints be praised fur that!" shouted Corny, cutting a caper.

"But I have better news yet," continued the doctor, watching Corny closely. "His name is on the list of exchanged prisoners, and he will be sent home on Thursday next."

Corny's face fell.

"Is he, yer Honor?" very hesitatingly; and then, suddenly clearing up, "and hurra fur that, too! and I'm an ongrateful baste to be sorry that he's to be clear of this hole, —bad scan to it! —and long life till him, and a blessin' go wid him! and if" — choking — "we don't mate on earth, sure the Lord won't kape him foriver in purgatory, and he so kind and feelin' for the sick."

The doctor could not suppress a laugh at this limited hope.

"But, Corny, what if you are to be sent home too?"

"Me? — and was it me yer Honor was sayin'? Och, Hivin bless ye fur that word! — and it's not laughin' at me is yer Honor? Sure ye'd niver have the

heart to chate a poor boy like that. All the Saints be praised ! I 'm a man agin, and not a starvin' machine ; and I shall see ye, Mary, mavourneen ! but, och, the poor boys that we 're lavin' ! Hurra ! how iver will I ate three males a day, and slape under a blanket, and think of thim on the ground and starvin' by inches ! ”

During the remainder of his stay, Corny balanced between joy and his selfishness in being joyful, in a manner sufficiently ludicrous, — breaking out one moment in the most extravagant demonstration, to be twitched from it the next by a penitential spasm. As for Drake,

hardly yet clear of the shadows that haunted his fever, he but mistily comprehended the change that was before him ; and it will need weeks and perhaps months of home-nursing and watching before body and mind can win back their former strength and tone.

Meanwhile, people of the North, what of the poor boys left behind at Andersonville, starving, as Corny said, by inches, with the winter before them, and their numbers swelled by the hundreds that a late Rebel paper gleefully announces to be on their way from more Northern prisons ?

---

## DOCTOR JOHNS.

### VII.

IT was not easy in that day to bring together the opinions of a Connecticut parish that had been jostled apart by a parochial quarrel, and where old grievances were festering. Indeed, it is never easy to do this, and unite opinions upon a new comer, unless he have some rare gift of eloquence, which so dazes the good people that they can no longer remember their petty griefs, or unless he manage with rare tact to pass lightly over the sore points, and to anoint them by a careful hand with such healing salves as he can concoct out of his pastoral charities. Mr. Johns had neither art nor eloquence, as commonly understood ; yet he effected a blending of all interests by the simple, earnest gravity of his character. He ignored all angry disputation ; he ignored its results. He came as a shepherd to a deserted sheepfold ; he came to preach the Bible doctrines in their literalness. He had no reproofs, save for those who refused the offers of God's mercy, — no commendation, save for those who sought His grace whose favor is life everlasting. There were no metaphysical niceties in his dis-

courses, athwart which keen disputants might poise themselves for close and angry conflict ; he recognized no necessities but the great ones of repentance and faith ; and all the mysteries of the Will he was accustomed to solve by grand utterance of that text which he loved above all others, — however much it may have troubled him in his discussion of Election, — “ Whosoever *will*, let him come and drink of the water of life freely.”

Inheriting as he did all the religious affinities of his mother, these were compacted and made sensitive by years of silent protest against the proud worldly sufficiency of his father, the Major. Such qualities and experience found repose in the unyielding dogmas of the Westminster divines. At thirty the clergyman was as aged as most men of forty-five, — seared by the severity of his opinions, and the unshaken tenacity with which he held them. He was by nature a quiet, almost a timid man ; but over the old white desk and crimson cushion, with the choir of singers in his front and the Bible under his hand, he grew into wonderful boldness. He cherished an exalted idea of the dignity of his office, — a dignity which

for his utterances. Even now, when the sound of falling shackles is in the air, and the smoke of the torment of the oppressor fills the sky, old partisans of freedom cannot quite forget their stupid and hackneyed animosities, but still bemoan the baleful influence of this fiery itinerant. Representative of none but himself, disowned or hated by all parties, acknowledging responsibility to God and his own conscience only, he has done his work, and done it well,—done it amid careful questionings and careless curses,—done it, and been royally paid for it, when speakers who fairly represented the political and religious prejudices of the people could not have called around them a baker's dozen, with tickets at half-price or at no price at all.

When the cloud which now envelops the country shall gather up its sulphurous folds and roll away, tinted in its retiring by the smile of God beaming from a calm sky upon a nation redeemed to freedom and justice, and the historian, in the light of that smile, shall trace home to their fountains the streams of influence and power which will then join to form the river of the national life, he will find one, starting far inland among the mountains, longer than the rest and mightier than most, and will recognize it as the confluent outpouring of living, Christian speech, from ten thousand lecture-platforms, on which free men stood and vindicated the right of man to freedom.

---

## THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

**M**ERIDIAN moments ! grandly given  
 To cheer the warrior's soul from heaven !  
 God's ancient boon, vouchsafed to those  
 Who battle long with Freedom's foes,—  
 Oh, what in life can claim the power  
 To match with that divinest hour ?

I see the avenging angel wave  
 His banner o'er the embattled brave ;  
 I hear above Hate's trumpet-blare  
 The shout that rends the smoking air,  
 And then I know at whose command  
 The victor sweeps the Rebel land !

Enduring Valor lifts his head  
 To count the flying and the dead ;  
 Returning Virtue still maintains  
 The right to break unhallowed chains ;  
 While sacred Justice, born of God,  
 Walks regnant o'er the bleeding sod.



## THE CAUSES OF FOREIGN ENMITY TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE hostility of foreign governments to the United States is due as much at least to dread of their growing power as dislike of their democracy; and accordingly the theory of the Secessionists as to the character of our Union has been as acceptable to the understandings of our foreign enemies as the acts of the Rebels against its government have been pleasing to their sympathies. They well know that a union of States whose government recognized the right of Secession would be as weak as an ordinary league between independent sovereignties; and as the rapid growth of the States in population, wealth, and power is certain, they naturally desire, that, if united, these States shall be an aggregation of forces, neutralizing each other, rather than a fusion of forces, which, for general purposes, would make them a giant nationality. Accordingly, centralized France reads to us edifying homilies on the advantages of disintegration; and England, rich with the spoils of suppressed insurrections, adjoins us most plaintively to respect the sacred rights of rebellion. The simple explanation of this hypocrisy or irony is, that both France and England are anxious that the strength of the United States shall not correspond to their bulk. The looser the tie of union, the greater the number of confederacies into which the nation should split, the safer they would feel. The doctrine of the inherent and undivided sovereignty of the States will therefore find resolute champions abroad as long as it has the most inconsiderable faction to support it at home.

The European nations are kept in order by what is called the Balance of Power, and this policy they would delight to see established on this continent. Should the different States of the American Union be occupied, like the European states, in checking each other, they could not act as a unit, and their

terrific rate of growth in wealth and population, as compared with that of the nations across the Atlantic, would not excite in the latter such irritation and alarm. The magic which has changed English abolitionists into partisans of slaveholders, and French imperialists into champions of insurrection, came from the figures of the Census Reports. It is calculated that the United States, if the rate of growth which obtained between 1850 and 1860 is continued, will have, forty years hence, a hundred millions of inhabitants, and four hundred and twenty thousand millions of dollars of taxable wealth,—over three times the present population, and over ten times the present wealth, of the richest of European nations. It is probable that this concrete fact exerts more influence on the long-headed statesmen of Europe than any abstract dislike of democracy. The only union which they could bring against such a power would be a league, a confederacy, a continuous and subsisting treaty, between sovereign powers. Is it surprising that they should wish our union to be of the same character? Is it surprising that the contemplation of a government, whether despotic or democratic, which could act directly on a hundred millions of people, with the supreme right of taxing property to the amount of four hundred and twenty billions of dollars, should fill them with dismay?

The inherent weakness of a league, even when its general object is such as to influence the passions of the nations which compose it, is well known to all European statesmen. The various alliances against France show the insuperable difficulties in the way of giving to confederacies of sovereign states a unity and efficiency corresponding to their aggregate strength, and the necessity which the leaders of such alliances are always under of expending half their skill and energy in preventing the loosely

compact league from falling to pieces. The alliance under the lead of William III. barely sustained itself against Louis XIV., though William was the ablest statesman in Europe, and had been trained in the tactics of confederacies from his cradle. The alliance under the lead of Marlborough owed its measure of success to his infinite address and miraculous patience as much as to his consummate military genius; and the ignominious "secession" of England, in the treaty of Utrecht, ended in making it one of the most conspicuous examples of the weakness of such combinations. When the exceptional military genius, as in the case of Frederick and Napoleon, has been on the side of the single power assailed, the results have been all the more remarkable. The coalition against Frederick, the ruler of five millions of people, was composed of sovereigns who ruled a hundred millions; and at the end of seven years of war they had not succeeded in wringing permanently from his grasp a square mile of territory. The first coalitions against Napoleon resulted only in making him the master of Europe; and he was crushed at last merely by the dead weight of the nations which the senselessness of his political passions brought down upon his empire. Indeed, the trouble with all leagues is, that they are commanded, more or less, by debating-societies; and a debating-society is weak before a man. The Southern Confederacy is a confederacy only in name; for no despotism in Europe or Asia has more relentless unity of purpose, and in none does debate exercise less control over executive affairs. All the powers of the government are practically absorbed in Jefferson Davis, and a rebellion in the name of State Rights has ended in a military autocracy, in which all rights, personal and State, are suspended.

Now, as it is impossible for European governments to combine efficiently against such a colossal power as the United States promise within a few generations to be, provided the unity of the nation is preserved with its

growth, they naturally favor every element of disintegration which will reduce the separate States to the condition of European states. Earl Russell's famous saying, that "the North is fighting for power, the South for independence," is to be interpreted in this sense. What he overlooked was the striking fact which distinguishes the States of the American Republic from the states of Europe. The latter are generally separated by race and nationality, or, where composed of heterogeneous materials, are held together by military power. The people of the United States are homogeneous, and rapidly assimilate into American citizens the foreigners they so cordially welcome. No man has lifted his hand against the government as an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, a Dane, but only as a slaveholder, or as a citizen of a State controlled by slaveholders. The insurrection was started in the interest of an institution, and not of a race. To compare such a rebellion with European rebellions is to confuse things essentially distinct. The American government is so constituted that nobody has an interest in overturning it, unless his interest is opposed to that of the mass of the citizens with whom he is placed on an equality; and hence his treason is necessarily a revolt against the principle of equal rights. In Europe, it is needless to say, every rebellion with which an American can sympathize is a rebellion in favor of the principle against which the slaveholders' rebellion is an armed protest. An insurrection in Russia to restore serfdom, an insurrection in Italy to restore the dethroned despots, an insurrection in England to restore the Stuart system of kingly government, an insurrection anywhere to restore what the progress of civilization had made contemptible or accursed, would be the only fit parallel to the insurrection of the Southern Confederates. The North is fighting for power which is its due, because it is just and right; the South is fighting for independence, in order to remove all checks on its purpose to op-

press and enslave. The fact that the power for which the North fights is a very different thing from the power which a European monarchy struggles to preserve and extend, the fact that it is the kind of power which oppressed nationalities seek in their efforts for independence, only makes our foreign critics more apprehensive of its effects. It is a dangerous power to them, because, founded in the consent of the people, there is no limit to its possible extension, except in the madness or guilt of that portion of the people who are restive under the restraints of justice and impatient under the rule of freedom.

It would be doing cruel wrong to Earl Russell's intelligence to suppose that he really believed what he said, when he drew a parallel between the American Revolution and the Rebellion of the Confederate States, and asserted that the right of the Southern States to secede from the American Union was identical with the right of the Colonies to sever their connection with Great Britain. We believe the Colonies were right in their revolt. But if the circumstances had been different, — if since the reign of William III. they had nominated or controlled almost every Prime Minister, had shaped the policy of the British Empire, had enjoyed not only a representation in Parliament, but in the basis of representation had been favored with a special discrimination in their favor against Kent and Yorkshire, — if both in the House of Lords and the House of Commons they had not only been dominant, but had treated the Bentincks, Cavenishes, and Russells, the Montagus, Walpoles, and Pitts, with overbearing insolence, — and if, after wielding power so long and so arrogantly, they had rebelled at the first turn in political affairs which seemed to indicate that they were to be reduced from a position of superiority to one of equality, — if our forefathers had acted after this wild fashion, we should not only think that the Revolution they achieved was altogether unjustifiable, but we should

blush at the thought of being descended from such despot-demagogues. This is a very feeble statement of the case which would connect the Revolt of the American Colonies with the Revolt of the American Liberticides; and Earl Russell is too well-informed a statesman not to know that his parallel fails in every essential particular. He threw it out, as he threw out his sounding antithesis about "power" and "independence," to catch ears not specially blessed with brains between them.

But European statesmen, in order to promote the causes of American dissensions, are willing not only to hazard fallacies which do not impose on their own understandings, but to give aid and comfort to iniquities which in Europe have long been antiquated. They thus tolerate chattel slavery, not because they sympathize with it, but because it is an element of disturbance in the growth of American power. Though it has for centuries been outgrown by the nations of Western Europe, and is repugnant to all their ideas and sentiments, they are willing to give it their moral support, provided it will break up the union of the people of the States, or remain as a constantly operating cause of enmity between the sections of a reconstructed Union. They would tolerate Mormonism or Atheism or Diabolism, if they thought it would have a similar effect; but at the same time they would not themselves legalize polygamy, or deny the existence of God, or inaugurate the worship of the Devil. Indeed, while giving slavery a politic sanction, they despise in their hearts the people who are so barbarous as to maintain such an institution; and the Southern rebel or Northern demagogue who thinks his championship of slavery really earns him any European respect is under that kind of delusion which it is always for the interest of the plotter to cultivate in the tool. It was common, a few years ago, to represent the Abolitionist as the dupe or agent of the aristocracies of Europe. It certainly might be supposed that persons who made this foolish charge



were competent at least to see that the present enemy of the unity of the American people is the pro-slavery fanatic, and that it is on his knavery or stupidity that the ill-wishers to American unity now chiefly rely.

For the war has compelled these ill-wishers to modify their most cherished theory of democracy in the United States. They thought that the marvelous energy for military combination, developed by a democracy suddenly emancipated from oppression, such as was presented by the French people in the Revolution of 1789, was not the characteristic of a democracy which had grown up under democratic institutions. The first was anarchy *plus* the dictator; the second was merely "anarchy *plus* the constable." They had an obstinate prepossession, that, in a settled democracy like ours, the selfishness of the individual was so stimulated that he became incapable of self-sacrifice for the public good. The ease with which the government of the United States has raised men by the million and money by the billion has overturned this theory, and shown that a republic, of which individual liberty and general equality form the animating principles, can still rapidly avail itself of the property and personal service of all the individuals who compose it, and that self-seeking is not more characteristic of a democracy in time of peace than self-sacrifice is characteristic of the same democracy in time of war. The overwhelming and apparently unlimited power of a government thus *of* the people and *for* the people is what the war has demonstrated, and it very naturally excites the fear and jealousy of governments which are based on less firm foundations in the popular mind and heart and will.

It is doubtless true that many candid foreign thinkers favor the disintegration of the American Union because they believe that the consolidation of its power would make it the meddlesome tyrant of the world. They admit that the enterprise, skill, and labor of the people, applied to the unbounded un-

developed resources of the country, will enable them to create wealth very much faster than other nations, and that the population, fed by continual streams of immigration, will also increase with a corresponding rapidity. They admit, that, if kept united, a few generations will be sufficient to make them the richest, largest, and most powerful nation in the world. But they also fear that this nation will be an armed and aggressive democracy, deficient in public reason and public conscience, disposed to push unjust claims with insolent pertinacity, and impelled by a spirit of propagandism which will continually disturb the peace of Europe. It is curious that this impression is derived from the actions of the government while it was controlled by the traitors now in rebellion against it, and from the professions of those Northern demagogues who are most in sympathy with European opinion concerning the justice and policy of the war. Mr. Fernando Wood, the most resolute of all the Northern advocates of peace, recommended from his seat in Congress but a month ago, that a compromise be patched up with the Rebels on the principle of sacrificing the negro, and then that both sections unite to seize Canada, Cuba, and Mexico. The kind of "democracy" which Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Fernando Wood represent is the kind of democracy which has always been the great disturber of our foreign relations, and it is a democracy which will be rendered powerless by the triumph of the national arms. The United States of 1900, with their population of a hundred millions, and their wealth of four hundred and twenty billions, will, we believe, be a power for good, and not for evil. They will be strong enough to make their rights respected everywhere; but they will not force their ideas on other nations at the point of the bayonet; they will not waste their energies in playing the part of the armed propagandist of democratic opinions in Europe; and the contagion of their principles will only be the natural re-

sult of the example of peace, prosperity, freedom, and justice, which they will present to the world. In Europe, where power commonly exists only to be abused, this statement would be received with an incredulous smile; but

we have no reason to doubt, that, among the earnest patriots who are urging on the present war for Liberty and Union to a victorious conclusion, it would be considered the most commonplace of truths.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Seer, or Commonplaces Refreshed.* By LEIGH HUNT. In Two Volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

AMONG the books most prized, in our modest private book-room, are some which bear the delicate and graceful autograph of Leigh Hunt, having floated from his deserted library to these American shores. There is the Apollonius from which came the text of his poem of "The Panther";—this is his mark against the legend, on page sixty-nine; and here is the old engraving of Apollonius, which he no doubt inserted as a frontispiece to the book. Here again is his copy of Rousseau's "Confessions," Holyoake's translation, annotated through and through with Hunt's humane and penetrating criticisms on a nature with which his own had much in common, though purer and sweeter. This volume of Milton's "Minor Poems" was his also, with the rich and varied notes of Warton, the edition of whose literary charms he somewhere speaks with such delight. Here also is Forster's "Perennial Calendar," a book of rural gossip, such as Leigh Hunt thoroughly enjoyed; and this copy of Aubrey de Vere's Poems was a present from the author. Above all, perhaps, one dwells with interest on a volume of Hennell's "Christianity and Infidelity," riddled through and through by pen-and-ink underscorings, extending sometimes to every line upon a page. The book ends with a generous paragraph in assertion of the comfort and sufficiency of Natural Religion; and after it comes, written originally in pencil, then in ink again, always with the same firm and elegant handwriting, the indorsement, "Amen. So be it. L. H. July 14th, 1857." This was written in his seventy-third year, two years before his death, and this must have been about the time of Hawthorne's visit to him. Read the

"Amen" in the light of that beautiful description of patient and frugal old age, and it is a touching and noble memorial.

Americans often fancied that they noticed something American in Leigh Hunt's *physique* and manners, without knowing how near he came to owning a Cisatlantic birth. His mother was a Philadelphian; and his father, a West-Indian, resided in this country until within a few years of his death. It is fitting, therefore, that our publishers should keep his writings in the market, and this is well done in this handsome edition of "The Seer." These charming essays will bear preservation; none are more saturated with cultivated taste and literary allusion, and in none are more graceful pictures painted on a slighter canvas. If there is an occasional impression of fragility and superficiality, it is yet wholly in character, and seems not to interfere with the peculiar charm. Hunt, for instance, writes a delightful paper on the theme of "Cricket," without ten allusions to the game, or one indication of ever having stopped to watch it. He discourses deliciously upon Anacreon's "Tettix,"—the modern Cicada,—and then calls it a beetle. There is apt, indeed, to be a pervading trace of that kind of conscious effort which is technically called "book-making," and one certainly finds the entertainment a little frothy, at times, compared with the elder essayists. Nevertheless, Leigh Hunt's roses always bloom, his breezes are always "redolent of joy and youth," and his sunny spirit pervades even a rainy day. Chaucer and Keats never yet have found a more delicate or discriminating critic; and his paper on Wordsworth, beside the fine touches, has solidier qualities that command one's admiration. The personal memorials of the author's literary friends have a peculiar charm to us in this land and generation, for whom Hazlitt and

hoary, because they had been built more than fifty years. To me they seemed uncommonly hoary, and I snuffed antiquity in the dusty purlieus. I now began to study, in good earnest, the wisdom of the past. I saw clearly the value of dead men and mouldy precepts, especially if the former had been entombed a thousand years, and if the latter were well done in sounding Greek and Latin. I began to reverence royal lines of deceased monarchs, and longed to connect my own name, now growing into college popularity, with some far-off mighty one who had ruled in pomp and luxury his obsequious people. The trunk in Snowborough troubled my dreams. In that receptacle still slept the proof of our family distinction. "I will go," quoth I, "to the home of my aunts next vacation and there learn *how* we became mighty, and discover precisely why we don't practise to-day our inherited claims to glory."

I went to Snowborough. Aunt Patience was now anxious to lay before her impatient nephew the proof he burned to behold. But first she must explain. All the old family documents and letters were, no doubt, destroyed in the great fire of '98, as nothing in the shape of parchment or paper implying nobility had ever been discovered in Snowborough, or elsewhere. *But*—there had been preserved, for many years, a suit of imperial clothes, that had been worn by their great-grandfather in England, and, no doubt, in the New World also. These garments had been carefully watched and guarded; for were they not the proof that their owner belonged to a station in life, second, if second at all, to the royal court of King George itself? Precious casket, into which I was soon to have the privilege of gazing! Through how many long years these fond, foolish virgins had lighted their unflickering lamps of expectation and hope at this cherished old shrine!

I was now on my way to the family repository of all our greatness. I went up stairs "on the jump." We all knelt down before the well-preserved

box; and my proud Aunt Patience, in a somewhat reverent manner, turned the key. My heart,—I am not ashamed to confess it now, although it is forty years since the quartette, in search of family honors, were on their knees that summer afternoon in Snowborough,—my heart beat high. I was about to look on that which might be a duke's or an earl's regalia. And I was descended from the owner in a direct line! I had lately been reading Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus"; and I remembered, there before the trunk, the lines,—

"O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility!"

The lid went up, and the sisters began to unroll the precious garments, which seemed all enshrined in aromatic gums and spices. The odor of that interior lives with me to this day; and I grow faint with the memory of that hour. With pious precision the clothes were uncovered, and at last the whole suit was laid before my expectant eyes.

Reader! I am an old man now, and have not long to walk this planet. But, whatever dreadful shock may be in reserve for my declining years, I am certain I can bear it; for I went through that scene at Snowborough, and still live!

When the garments were fully displayed, all the aunts looked at me. I had been to college; I had studied Burke's "Peerage"; I had been once to New York. Perhaps I could immediately name the exact station in noble British life to which that suit of clothes belonged. I could; I saw it all at a glance. I grew flustered and pale. I dared not look my poor deluded female relatives in the face.

"What rank in the peerage do these gold-laced garments and big buttons betoken?" cried all three.

"*It is a suit of servant's livery!*" gasped I, and fell back with a shudder.

That evening, after the sun had gone down, we buried those hateful garments in a ditch at the bottom of the garden. Rest there, perturbed body-coat, yellow trousers, brown gaiters, and all!

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"



By Higginson

115-

## UP THE ST. MARY'S.

J. W. Higginson

IF Sergeant Rivers was a natural king among my dusky soldiers, Corporal Robert Sutton was the natural prime-minister. If not in all respects the ablest, he was the wisest man in our ranks. As large, as powerful, and as black as our good-looking Color-Sergeant, but more heavily built and with less personal beauty, he had a more massive brain and a far more meditative and systematic intellect. Not yet grounded even in the spelling-book, his modes of thought were nevertheless strong, lucid, and accurate; and he yearned and pined for intellectual companionship beyond all ignorant men whom I have ever met. I believe that he would have talked all day and all night, for days together, to any officer who could instruct him, until his companion, at least, fell asleep exhausted. His comprehension of the whole problem of Slavery was more thorough and far-reaching than that of any Abolitionist, so far as its social and military aspects went; in that direction I could teach him nothing, and he taught me much. But it was his methods of thought which always impressed me chiefly: superficial brilliancy he left to others, and grasped at the solid truth. Of course his interest in the war and in the regiment was unbounded; he did not take to drill with especial readiness, but he was insatiable of it and grudged every moment of relaxation. Indeed, he never had any such moments; his mind was at work all the time, even when he was singing hymns, of which he had endless store. He was not, however, one of our leading religionists, but his moral code was solid and reliable, like his mental processes. Ignorant as he was, the "years that bring the philosophic mind" had yet been his, and most of my young officers seemed boys beside him. He was a Florida man, and had been chiefly employed in lumbering and piloting on the St. Mary's River, which divides Florida from Georgia.

Down this stream he had escaped in a "dug-out," and after thus finding the way, had returned (as had not a few of my men, in other cases) to bring away wife and child. "I would n't have leff my child, Cunnel," he said, with an emphasis that sounded the depths of his strong nature. And up this same river he was always imploring to be allowed to guide an expedition.

Many other men had rival propositions to urge, for they gained self-confidence from drill and guard-duty, and were growing impatient of inaction. "Ought to go to work, Sa,—don't believe in we lyin' in camp, eatin' up the pervisions." Such were the quaint complaints, which I heard with joy. Looking over my note-books of that period, I find them filled with topographical memoranda, jotted down by a flickering candle, from the evening talk of the men,—notes of vulnerable points along the coast, charts of rivers, locations of pickets. I prized these conversations not more for what I thus learned of the country than for what I learned of the men. One could thus measure their various degrees of accuracy and their average military instinct; and I must say that in every respect, save the accurate estimate of distances, they stood the test well. But no project took my fancy so much, after all, as that of the delegate from the St. Mary's River.

The best peg on which to hang an expedition in the Department of the South, in those days, was the promise of lumber. Dwelling in the very land of Southern pine, the Department authorities had to send North for it, at a vast expense. There was reported to be plenty in the enemy's country, but somehow the colored soldiers were the only ones who had been lucky enough to obtain any, thus far, and the supply brought in by our men, after flooring the tents of the white regiments and our own, was running low. An expedition of white troops, four companies, with

two steamers and two schooners, had lately returned empty-handed, after a week's foraging; and now it was our turn. They said the mills were all burned; but should we go up the St. Mary's, Corporal Sutton was prepared to offer more lumber than we had transportation to carry. This made the crowning charm of his suggestion. But there is never any danger of erring on the side of secrecy, in a military department; and I resolved to avoid all undue publicity for our plans, by not finally deciding on any until we should get outside the bar. This was happily approved by my superior officers, Major-General Hunter and Brigadier-General Saxton; and I was accordingly permitted to take three steamers, with four hundred and sixty-two officers and men, and two or three invited guests, and go down the coast on my own responsibility. We were, in short, to win our spurs; and if, as among the Araucanians, our spurs were made of lumber, so much the better. The whole history of the Department of the South had been defined as "a military pic-nic," and now we were to take our share of the entertainment.

It seemed a pleasant share, when, after the usual vexations and delays, we found ourselves gliding down the full waters of Beaufort River, the three vessels having sailed at different hours, with orders to rendezvous at St. Simon's Island, on the coast of Georgia. Until then, the flag-ship, so to speak, was to be the "Ben De Ford," Captain Hallett, — this being by far the largest vessel, and carrying most of the men. Major Strong was in command upon the "John Adams," an army gunboat, carrying a thirty-pound Parrott gun, two ten-pound Parrotts, and an eight-inch howitzer. Captain Trowbridge (since promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment) had charge of the famous "Planter," brought away from the Rebels by Robert Small; she carried a ten-pound Parrott gun, and two howitzers. The John Adams was our main reliance. She was an old East-Boston ferry-boat, a "double-end-er," admirable for river-work, but unfit

for sea-service. She drew seven feet of water; the Planter drew only four; but the latter was very slow, and being obliged to go to St. Simon's by an inner passage, would delay us from the beginning. She delayed us so much, before the end, that we virtually parted company, and her career was almost entirely separated from our own.

From boyhood I have had a fancy for boats, and have seldom been without a share, usually more or less fractional, in a rather indeterminate number of punts and wherries. But when, for the first time, I found myself at sea as Commodore of a fleet of armed steamers, — for even the Ben De Ford boasted a six-pounder or so, — it seemed rather an unexpected promotion. But it is a characteristic of army life, that one adapts one's self, as coolly as in a dream, to the most novel responsibilities. One sits on court-martial, for instance, and decides on the life of a fellow-creature, without being asked any inconvenient questions as to previous knowledge of Blackstone; and after such an experience, shall one shrink from wrecking a steamer or two in the cause of the nation? So I placidly accepted my naval establishment, as if it were a new form of boat-club, and looked over the charts, balancing between one river and another, as if deciding whether to pull up or down Lake Quinsigamond. If military life ever contemplated the exercise of the virtue of humility under any circumstances, this would perhaps have been a good opportunity to begin its practice. But as the "Regulations" clearly contemplated nothing of the kind, and as I had never met with any precedent which looked in that direction, I had learned to check promptly all such weak proclivities.

Captain Hallett proved the most frank and manly of sailors, and did everything for our comfort. He was soon warm in his praises of the demeanor of our men, which was very pleasant to hear, as this was the first time that colored soldiers in any number had been conveyed on board a transport, and I know of no place where a white volunteer appears

to so much disadvantage. His mind craves occupation, his body is intensely uncomfortable, the daily emergency is not great enough to call out his heroic qualities, and he is apt to be surly, discontented, and impatient even of sanitary rules. The Southern black soldier, on the other hand, is seldom sea-sick, (at least, such is my experience,) and, if properly managed, is equally contented, whether idle or busy; he is, moreover, so docile that all needful rules are executed with cheerful acquiescence, and the quarters can therefore be kept clean and wholesome. Very forlorn faces were soon visible among the officers in the cabin, but I rarely saw such among the men.

Pleasant still seemed our enterprise, as we anchored at early morning in the quiet waters of St. Simon's Sound, and saw the light fall softly on the beach and the low bluffs, on the picturesque plantation-houses which nestled there, and the graceful naval vessels that lay at anchor before us. When we afterwards landed, the air had that peculiar Mediterranean translucency which Southern islands wear; and the plantation we visited had the loveliest tropical garden, though tangled and desolate, which I have ever seen in the South. The deserted house was embowered in great blossoming shrubs, and filled with hyacinthine odors, among which predominated that of the little Chickasaw roses which everywhere bloomed and trailed around. There were fig-trees and date-palms, crape-myrtles and wax-myrtles, Mexican agaves and English ivies, japonicas, bananas, oranges, lemons, oleanders, jonquils, great cactuses, and wild Florida lilies. This was not the plantation which Mrs. Kemble has since made historic, although that was on the same island; and I could not waste much sentiment over it, for it had belonged to a Northern renegade, Thomas Butler King. Yet I felt then, as I have felt a hundred times since, an emotion of heart-sickness at this desecration of a homestead, — and especially when, looking from a bare upper window of the empty house upon a range of broad,

flat, sunny roofs, such as children love to play on, I thought how that place might have been loved by yet innocent hearts, and I mourned anew the sacrifice of war.

I had visited the flag-ship *Wabash* ere we left Port-Royal Harbor, and had obtained a very kind letter of introduction from Admiral Dupont, that stately and courtly potentate, elegant as one's ideal French marquis; and under these credentials I received polite attention from the naval officers at St. Simon's, — Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Budd, U. S. N., of the gunboat *Potomaska*, and Acting Master Moses, U. S. N., of the barque *Fernandina*. They made valuable suggestions in regard to the different rivers along the coast, and gave vivid descriptions of the last previous trip up the *St. Mary's*, undertaken by Captain Stevens, U. S. N., in the gunboat *Ottawa*, when he had to fight his way past batteries at every bluff in descending the narrow and rapid stream. I was warned that no resistance would be offered to the ascent, but only to our return; and was further cautioned against the mistake, then common, of underrating the courage of the Rebels. "It proved impossible to dislodge those fellows from the banks," my informant said; "they had dug rifle-pits, and swarmed like hornets, and when fairly silenced in one direction, they were sure to open upon us from another." All this sounded alarming, but it was nine months before that the event had happened; and although nothing had gone up the river since, I was satisfied that the resistance now to be encountered was very much smaller. And something must be risked, anywhere.

We were delayed all that day in waiting for our consort, and improved our time by verifying certain rumors about a quantity of new railroad-iron which was said to be concealed in the abandoned Rebel forts on St. Simon's and Jekyll Islands, and which would have much value at Port Royal, if we could only unearth it. Some of our men had worked upon these very batteries, so



that they could easily guide us ; and by the additional discovery of a large flat-boat we were enabled to go to work in earnest upon the removal of the treasure. These iron bars, surmounted by a dozen feet of sand, formed an invulnerable roof for the magazines and bomb-proofs of the fort, and the men enjoyed demolishing them far more than they had relished their construction. Though the day was the 24th of January, 1863, the sun was very oppressive upon the sands ; but all were in the highest spirits, and worked with the greatest zeal. The men seemed to regard these massive bars as their first trophies ; and if the rails had been wreathed with roses, they could not have been got out in more holiday style. Nearly a hundred were obtained that day, besides a quantity of five-inch plank with which to barricade the very conspicuous pilot-houses of the John Adams.

Still another day we were delayed, and could still keep at this work, not neglecting some foraging on the island, from which horses, cattle, and agricultural implements were to be removed, and the few remaining colored families transferred to Fernandina. I had now become quite anxious about the missing steamboat, as the inner passage, by which alone she could arrive, was exposed at certain points to fire from Rebel batteries, and it would have been unpleasant to begin with a disaster. I remember, that, as I stood on deck, in the still and misty evening, listening with strained senses for some sound of approach, I heard a low continuous noise from the distance, more wild and desolate than anything in my memory can parallel. It came from within the vast girdle of mist, and seemed like the cry of a myriad of lost souls upon the horizon's verge ; it was Dante become audible : and yet it was but the accumulated cries of innumerable sea-fowl at the entrance of the outer bay.

Late that night the Planter arrived. We left St. Simon's on the following morning, reached Fort Clinch by four o'clock, and there transferring two hundred men to the very scanty quarters

of the John Adams, allowed the larger transport to go into Fernandina, while the two other vessels were to ascend the St. Mary's River, unless (as proved inevitable in the end) the defects in the boiler of the Planter should oblige her to remain behind. That night I proposed to make a sort of trial-trip up stream, as far as Township Landing, some fifteen miles, there to pay our respects to Captain Clark's company of cavalry, whose camp was reported to lie near by. This was included in Corporal Sutton's programme, and seemed to me more inviting, and far more useful to the men, than any amount of mere foraging. The thing really desirable appeared to be to get them under fire as soon as possible, and to teach them, by a few small successes, the application of what they had learned in camp.

I had ascertained that the camp of this company lay five miles from the landing, and was accessible by two roads, one of which was a lumber-path, not commonly used, but which Corporal Sutton had helped to construct, and along which he could easily guide us. The plan was to go by night, surround the house and negro cabins at the landing, (to prevent an alarm from being given,) then to take the side path, and if all went well, to surprise the camp ; but if they got notice of our approach, through their pickets, we should, at worst, have a fight, in which the best man must win.

The moon was bright, and the river swift, but easy of navigation thus far. Just below Township I landed a small advance force, to surround the houses silently. With them went Corporal Sutton ; and when, after rounding the point, I went on shore with a larger body of men, he met me with a silent chuckle of delight, and with the information that there was a negro in a neighboring cabin who had just come from the Rebel camp, and could give the latest information. While he hunted up this valuable auxiliary, I mustered my detachment, winnowing out the men who had coughs, (not a few,) and sending them ignominiously on board again :

a process I had regularly to perform, during this first season of catarrh, on all occasions where quiet was needed. The only exception tolerated at this time was in the case of one man who offered a solemn pledge, that, if unable to restrain his cough, he would lie down on the ground, scrape a little hole, and cough into it unheard. The ingenuity of this proposition was irresistible, and the eager patient was allowed to pass muster.

It was after midnight when we set off upon our excursion. I had about a hundred men, marching by the flank, with a small advanced guard, and also a few flankers, where the ground permitted. I put my Florida company at the head of the column, and had by my side Captain Metcalf, an excellent officer, and Sergeant McIntyre, his first sergeant. We plunged presently into pine woods, whose resinous smell I can still remember. Corporal Sutton marched near me, with his captured negro guide, whose first fear and sullenness had yielded to the magic news of the President's Proclamation, then just issued, of which Governor Andrew had sent me a large printed supply;—we seldom found men who could read it, but they all seemed to feel more secure when they held it in their hands. We marched on through the woods, with no sound but the peeping of the frogs in a neighboring marsh, and the occasional yelping of a dog, as we passed the hut of some "cracker." This yelping always made Corporal Sutton uneasy: dogs are the detective officers of Slavery's police.

We had halted once or twice, to close up the ranks, and had marched some two miles, seeing and hearing nothing more. I had got all I could out of our new guide, and was striding on, rapt in pleasing contemplation. All had gone so smoothly that I had merely to fancy the rest as being equally smooth. Already I fancied our little detachment bursting out of the woods, in swift surprise, upon the Rebel quarters,—already the opposing commander, after hastily firing a charge or two from his revolver, (of course above my head,) had yielded

at discretion, and was gracefully tendering, in a stage attitude, his unavailing sword, — when suddenly —

There was a trampling of feet among the advanced guard as they came confusedly to a halt, and almost at the same instant a more ominous sound, as of galloping horses in the path before us. The moonlight outside the woods gave that dimness of atmosphere within which is more bewildering than darkness, because the eyes cannot adapt themselves to it so well. Yet I fancied, and others aver, that they saw the leader of an approaching party, mounted on a white horse and reining up in the pathway; others, again, declare that he drew a pistol from the holster and took aim; others heard the words, "Charge in upon them! Surround them!" But all this was confused by the opening rifle-shots of our advanced guard, and, as clear observation was impossible, I made the men fix their bayonets and kneel in the cover on each side the pathway, and I saw with delight the brave fellows, with Sergeant McIntyre at their head, settling down in the grass as coolly and warily as if wild turkeys were the only game. Perhaps at the first shot, a man fell at my elbow. I felt it no more than if a tree had fallen, — I was so busy watching my own men and the enemy, and planning what to do next. Some of our soldiers, misunderstanding the order, "Fix bayonets," were actually *charging* with them, dashing off into the dim woods, with nothing to charge at but the vanishing tail of an imaginary horse, — for we could really see nothing. This zeal I noted with pleasure, and also with anxiety, as our greatest danger was from confusion and scattering; and for infantry to pursue cavalry would be a novel enterprise. Captain Metcalf stood by me well in keeping the men steady, as did Assistant-Surgeon Minor, and Lieutenant, now Captain, Jackson. How the men in the rear were behaving I could not tell, — not so coolly, I afterwards found, because they were more entirely bewildered, supposing, until the shots came, that the column had simply halted

for a moment's rest, as had been done once or twice before. They did not know who or where their assailants might be, and the fall of the man beside me created a hasty rumor that I was killed, so that it was on the whole an alarming experience for them. They kept together very tolerably, however, while our assailants, dividing, rode along on each side through the open pine-barren, firing into our ranks, but mostly over the heads of the men. My soldiers in turn fired rapidly, — too rapidly, being yet beginners, — and it was evident, that, dim as it was, both sides had opportunity to do some execution.

I could hardly tell whether the fight had lasted ten minutes or an hour, when, as the enemy's fire had evidently ceased or slackened, I gave the order to cease firing. But it was very difficult at first to make them desist: the taste of gunpowder was too intoxicating. One of them was heard to mutter, indignantly, — "Why de Cunnel order *Cease firing*, when de Secesh blazin' away at de rate ob ten dollar a day?" Every incidental occurrence seemed somehow to engrave itself upon my perceptions, without interrupting the main course of thought. Thus I know, that, in one of the pauses of the affair, there came wailing through the woods a cracked female voice, as if calling back some stray husband who had run out to join in the affray, — "John, John, are you going to leave me, John? Are you going to let me and the children be killed, John?" I suppose the poor thing's fears of gunpowder were very genuine, but it was such a wailing squeak, and so infinitely ludicrous, and John was probably ensconced so very safely in some hollow tree, that I could see some of the men showing all their white teeth in the very midst of the fight. But soon this sound, with all others, had ceased, and left us in peaceful possession of the field.

I have made the more of this little affair because it was the first stand-up fight in which my men had been engaged, though they had been under fire, in an irregular way, in their small early

expeditions. To me personally the event was of the greatest value: it had given us all an opportunity to test each other, and our abstract surmises were changed into positive knowledge. Hereafter it was of small importance what nonsense might be talked or written about colored troops; so long as mine did not flinch, it made no difference to me. My brave young officers, themselves mostly new to danger, viewed the matter much as I did; and yet we were under bonds of life and death to form a correct opinion, which was more than could be said of the Northern editors, and our verdict was proportionately of greater value.

I was convinced from appearances that we had been victorious, so far, though I could not suppose that this would be the last of it. We knew neither the numbers of the enemy, nor their plans, nor their present condition: whether they had surprised us or whether we had surprised them was all a mystery. Corporal Sutton was urgent to go on and complete the enterprise. All my impulses said the same thing; but then I had the most explicit injunctions from General Saxton to risk as little as possible in this first enterprise, because of the fatal effect on public sentiment of even an honorable defeat. We had now an honorable victory, so far as it went; the officers and men around me were in good spirits, but the rest of the column might be nervous; and it seemed so important to make the first fight an entire success, that I thought it wiser to let well alone; nor have I ever changed this opinion. For one's self, Montrose's verse may be well applied, — "To win or lose it all." But one has no right to deal thus lightly with the fortunes of a race, and that was the weight which I always felt as resting on our action. If my raw infantry force had stood unflinching a night-surprise from "de hoss cavalry," as they reverentially termed them, I felt that a good beginning had been made. All hope of surprising the enemy's camp was now at an end; I was willing and ready to fight the cavalry



over again, but it seemed wiser that we, not they, should select the ground.

Attending to the wounded, therefore, and making as we best could stretchers for those who were to be carried, including the remains of the man killed at the first discharge, (Private William Parsons of Company G,) and others who seemed at the point of death, we marched through the woods to the landing, — expecting at every moment to be involved in another fight. This not occurring, I was more than ever satisfied that we had won a victory; for it was obvious that a mounted force would not allow a detachment of infantry to march two miles through open woods by night without renewing the fight, unless they themselves had suffered a good deal. On arrival at the landing, seeing that there was to be no immediate affray, I sent most of the men on board, and called for volunteers to remain on shore with me and hold the plantation-house till morning. They eagerly offered; and I was glad to see them, when posted as sentinels by Lieutenants Hyde and Jackson, who stayed with me, pace their beats as steadily and challenge as coolly as veterans, though of course there was some powder wasted on imaginary foes. Greatly to my surprise, however, we had no other enemies to encounter. We did not yet know that we had killed the first lieutenant of the cavalry, and that our opponents had retreated to the woods in dismay, without daring to return to their camp. This at least was the account we heard from prisoners afterwards, and was evidently the tale current in the neighborhood, though the statements published in Southern newspapers did not correspond. Admitting the death of Lieutenant Jones, the Tallahassee "Floridian" of February 14th stated that "Captain Clark, finding the enemy in strong force, fell back with his command to camp, and removed his ordnance and commissary and other stores, with twelve negroes on their way to the enemy, captured on that day."

In the morning, my invaluable surgeon, Dr. Rogers, sent me his report

of killed and wounded; and I have been since permitted to make the following extracts from his notes: — "One man killed instantly by ball through the heart, and seven wounded, one of whom will die. Braver men never lived. One man with two bullet-holes through the large muscles of the shoulders and neck brought off from the scene of action, two miles distant, two muskets; and not a murmur has escaped his lips. Another, Robert Sutton, with three wounds, — one of which, being on the skull, may cost him his life, — would not report himself till compelled to do so by his officers. While dressing his wounds, he quietly talked of what they had done, and of what they yet could do. To-day I have had the Colonel *order* him to obey me. He is perfectly quiet and cool, but takes this whole affair with the religious bearing of a man who realizes that freedom is sweeter than life. Yet another soldier did not report himself at all, but remained all night on guard, and possibly I should not have known of his having had a buck-shot in his shoulder, if some duty requiring a sound shoulder had not been required of him to-day." This last, it may be added, had persuaded a comrade to dig out the buck-shot, for fear of being ordered on the sick-list. And one of those who were carried to the vessel — a man wounded through the lungs — asked only if I were safe, the contrary having been reported. An officer may be pardoned some enthusiasm for such men as these.

The anxious night having passed away without an attack, another problem opened with the morning. For the first time, my officers and men found themselves in possession of an enemy's abode; and though there was but little temptation to plunder, I knew that I must here begin to draw the line. I had long since resolved to prohibit absolutely all indiscriminate pilfering and wanton outrage, and to allow nothing to be taken or destroyed but by proper authority. The men, to my great satisfaction, entered into this view at once, and so did (perhaps a shade less read-

ily, in some cases) the officers. The greatest trouble was with the steamboat-hands, and I resolved to let them go ashore as little as possible. Most articles of furniture were already, however, before our visit, gone from the plantation-house, which was now used only as a picket-station. The only valuable article was a piano-forte, for which a regular packing-box lay invitingly ready outside. I had made up my mind to burn all picket-stations, and all villages from which I should be covertly attacked, and nothing else; and as this house was destined to the flames, I should have left the piano in it, but for the seductions of that box. With such a receptacle all ready, even to the cover, it would have seemed like flying in the face of Providence not to put the piano in. I ordered it removed, therefore, and afterwards presented it to the school for colored children at Fernandina. This I mention because it was the only article of property I ever took or knowingly suffered to be taken, in the enemy's country, save for legitimate military uses, from first to last; nor would I have taken this, but for the thought of the school, and, as aforesaid, the temptation of the box. If any other officer has been more rigid, with equal opportunities, let him cast the first stone.

I think the zest with which the men finally set fire to the house at my order was enhanced by this previous abstemiousness; but there is a fearful fascination in the use of fire, which every child knows in the abstract, and which I found to hold true in the practice. On our way down river we had opportunity to test this again.

The ruined town of St. Mary's had at that time a bad reputation, among both naval and military men. Lying but a short distance above Fernandina, on the Georgia side, it was occasionally visited by our gunboats. I was informed that the only residents of the town were three old women, who were apparently kept there as spies,—that, on our approach, the aged crones would come out and wave white handkerchiefs,—that they would receive us hospi-

tably, profess to be profoundly loyal, and exhibit a portrait of Washington,—that they would solemnly assure us that no Rebel pickets had been there for many weeks,—but that in the adjoining yard we should find fresh horse-tracks, and that we should be fired upon by guerrillas the moment we left the wharf. My officers had been much excited by these tales; and I had assured them, that, if this programme were literally carried out, we would straightway return and burn the town, or what was left of it, for our share. It was essential to show my officers and men, that, while rigid against irregular outrage, we could still be inexorable against the enemy.

We had previously planned to stop at this town, on our way down river, for some valuable lumber which we had espied on a wharf; and gliding down the swift current, shelling a few bluffs as we passed, we soon reached it. Punctual as the figures in a panorama, appeared the old ladies with their white handkerchiefs. Taking possession of the town, much of which had previously been destroyed by the gunboats, and stationing the color-guard, to their infinite delight, in the cupola of the most conspicuous house, I deployed skirmishers along the exposed suburb, and set a detail of men at work on the lumber. After a stately and decorous interview with the queens of society at St. Mary's,—is it Scott who says that nothing improves the manners like piracy?—I peacefully withdrew the men when the work was done. There were faces of disappointment among the officers,—for all felt a spirit of mischief, after the last night's adventure,—when, just as we had fairly swung out into the stream and were under way, there came, like the sudden burst of a tropical tornado, a regular little hail-storm of bullets into the open end of the boat, driving every gunner in an instant from his post, and surprising even those who were looking to be surprised. The shock was but for a second; and though the bullets had pattered precisely like the sound of hail upon

the iron cannon, yet nobody was hurt. With very respectable promptness, order was restored, our own shells were flying into the woods from which the attack proceeded, and we were steaming up to the wharf again, according to promise.

Who shall describe the theatrical attitudes assumed by the old ladies as they reappeared at the front door—being luckily out of direct range—and set the handkerchiefs in wilder motion than ever? They brandished them, they twirled them after the manner of the domestic mop, they clasped their hands, handkerchiefs included. Meanwhile their friends in the wood popped away steadily at us, with small effect; and occasionally an invisible field-piece thundered feebly from another quarter, with equally invisible results. Reaching the wharf, one company, under Lieutenant (now Captain) Danilson, was promptly deployed in search of our assailants, who soon grew silent. Not so the old ladies, when I announced to them my purpose, and added, with extreme regret, that, as the wind was high, I should burn only that half of the town which lay to leeward of their house, which did not, after all, amount to much. Between gratitude for this degree of mercy and imploring appeals for greater, the treacherous old ladies manœuvred with clasped hands and demonstrative handkerchiefs around me, impairing the effect of their eloquence by constantly addressing me as “Mr. Captain”; for I have observed, that, while the sternest officer is greatly propitiated by attributing to him a rank a little higher than his own, yet no one is ever mollified by an error in the opposite direction. I tried, however, to disregard such low considerations, and to strike the correct mean betwixt the sublime patriot and the unsanctified incendiary, while I could find no refuge from weak contrition save in greater and greater depths of courtesy; and so melodramatic became our interview that some of the soldiers still maintain that “dem dar ole Secesh women been a-gwine for kiss de Cunnel,” before we ended. But of this monstrous accusa-

tion I wish to register an explicit denial, once for all.

Dropping down to Fernandina unmolested after this affair, we were kindly received by the military and naval commanders, — Colonel Hawley, of the Seventh Connecticut, (now Brigadier-General Hawley,) and Lieutenant-Commander Hughes, U. S. N., of the gunboat Mohawk. It turned out very opportunely that both of these officers had special errands to suggest still farther up the St. Mary's, and precisely in the region where I wished to go. Colonel Hawley showed me a letter from the War Department, requesting him to ascertain the possibility of obtaining a supply of brick for Fort Clinch from the brickyard which had furnished the original materials, but which had not been visited since the perilous river-trip of the Ottawa. Lieutenant Hughes wished to obtain information for the Admiral respecting a Rebel steamer—the Berosa—said to be lying somewhere up the river, and awaiting her chance to run the blockade. I jumped at the opportunity. Berosa and brickyard,—both were near Woodstock, the former home of Corporal Sutton; he was ready and eager to pilot us up the river; the moon would be just right that evening, setting at 3h. 19m. A. M.; and our boat was precisely the one to undertake the expedition. Its double-headed shape was just what was needed in that swift and crooked stream; the exposed pilot-houses had been tolerably barricaded with the thick planks from St. Simon's; and we further obtained some sand-bags from Fort Clinch, through the aid of Captain Sears, the officer in charge, who had originally suggested the expedition after brick. In return for this aid, the Planter was sent back to the wharf at St. Mary's, to bring away a considerable supply of the same precious article, which we had observed near the wharf. Meanwhile the John Adams was coaling from naval supplies, through the kindness of Lieutenant Hughes; and the Ben De Ford was taking in the lumber which we had yesterday brought down. It was a great



disappointment to be unable to take the latter vessel up the river; but I was unwillingly convinced, that, though the depth of water might be sufficient, yet her length would be unmanageable in the swift current and sharp turns. The Planter must also be sent on a separate cruise, as her weak and disabled machinery made her useless for my purpose. Two hundred men were therefore transferred, as before, to the narrow hold of the John Adams, in addition to the company permanently stationed on board to work the guns. At seven o'clock on the evening of January 29th, beneath a lovely moon, we steamed up the river.

Never shall I forget the mystery and excitement of that night. I know nothing in life more fascinating than the nocturnal ascent of an unknown river, leading far into an enemy's country, where one glides in the dim moonlight between dark hills and meadows, each turn of the channel making it seem like an inland lake, and cutting you off as by a barrier from all behind, — with no sign of human life, but an occasional picket-fire left glimmering beneath the bank, or the yelp of a dog from some low-lying plantation. On such occasions, every nerve is strained to its utmost tension; all dreams of romance appear to promise immediate fulfilment; all lights on board the vessel are obscured, loud voices are hushed; you fancy a thousand men on shore, and yet see nothing; the lonely river, unaccustomed to furrowing keels, lapses by the vessel with a treacherous sound; and all the senses are merged in a sort of anxious trance. Three times I have had in full perfection this fascinating experience; but that night was the first, and its zest was the keenest. It will come back to me in dreams, if I live a thousand years.

I feared no attack during our ascent, — that danger was for our return; but I feared the intricate navigation of the river, though I did not fully know, till the actual experience, how dangerous it was. We passed without trouble far above the scene of our first fight, —

the Battle of the Hundred Pines, as my officers had baptized it; and ever, as we ascended, the banks grew steeper, the current swifter, the channel more tortuous and more incumbered with projecting branches and drifting wood. No piloting less skilful than that of Corporal Sutton and his mate, James Bezzard, could have carried us through, I thought; and no side-wheel steamer less strong than a ferry-boat could have borne the crash and force with which we struck the wooded banks of the river. But the powerful paddles, built to break the Northern ice, could crush the Southern pine as well; and we came safely out of entanglements that at first seemed formidable. We had the tide with us, which makes steering far more difficult; and, in the sharp angles of the river, there was often no resource but to run the bow boldly on shore, let the stern swing round, and then reverse the motion. As the reversing machinery was generally out of order, the engineer stupid or frightened, and the captain excited, this involved moments of tolerably concentrated anxiety. Eight times we grounded in the upper waters, and once lay aground for half an hour; but at last we dropped anchor before the little town of Woodstock, after moonset and an hour before daybreak, just as I had planned, and so quietly that scarcely a dog barked, and not a soul in the town, as we afterwards found, knew of our arrival.

As silently as possible, the great flat-boat which we had brought from St. Simon's was filled with men. Major Strong was sent on shore with two companies, — those of Captain James and Captain Metcalf, — with instructions to surround the town quietly, allow no one to leave it, molest no one, and hold as temporary prisoners every man whom he found. I watched them push off into the darkness, got the remaining force ready to land, and then paced the deck for an hour in silent watchfulness, waiting for rifle-shots. Not a sound came from the shore, save the barking of dogs and the morning crow of cocks; the time seemed interminable; but when

daylight came, I landed, and found a pair of scarlet trousers pacing on their beat before every house in the village, and a small squad of prisoners, stunted and forlorn as Falstaff's ragged regiment, already in hand. I observed with delight the good demeanor of my men towards these forlorn Anglo-Saxons, and towards the more tumultuous women. Even one soldier, who threatened to throw an old termagant into the river, took care to append the courteous epithet "Madam."

I took a survey of the premises. The chief house, a pretty one with picturesque outbuildings, was that of Mrs. A., who owned the mills and lumber-wharves adjoining. The wealth of these wharves had not been exaggerated. There was lumber enough to freight half a dozen steamers, and I half regretted that I had agreed to take down a freight of bricks instead. Further researches made me grateful that I had already explained to my men the difference between public foraging and private plunder. Along the river-bank I found building after building crowded with costly furniture, all neatly packed, just as it was sent up from St. Mary's when that town was abandoned. Pianos were a drug; china, glass-ware, mahogany, pictures, all were here. And here were my men, who knew that their own labor had earned for their masters these luxuries, or such as these; their own wives and children were still sleeping on the floor, perhaps, at Beaufort or Fernandina; and yet they submitted, almost without a murmur, to the enforced abstinence. Bed and bedding for our hospitals they might take from those store-rooms,—such as the surgeon selected,—also an old flag which we found in a corner, and an old field-piece, (which the regiment still possesses,)—but after this the doors were closed and left unmolested. It cost a struggle to some of the men, whose wives were destitute, I know; but their pride was very easily touched, and when this abstinence was once recognized as a rule, they claimed it as an honor, in this and all succeeding expeditions. I flatter my-

self, that, if they had once been set upon wholesale plundering, they would have done it as thoroughly as their betters; but I have always been infinitely grateful, both for the credit and for the discipline of the regiment,—as well as for the men's subsequent lives,—that the opposite method was adopted.

When the morning was a little advanced, I called on Mrs. A., who received me in quite a stately way at her own door with "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Sir?" The foreign name of the family, and the tropical look of the buildings, made it seem (as, indeed, did all the rest of the adventure) like a chapter out of "Amyas Leigh"; but as I had happened to hear that the lady herself was a Philadelphian and her deceased husband a New-Yorker, I could not feel even that modicum of reverence due to sincere Southerners. However, I wished to present my credentials; so, calling up my companion, I said that I believed she had been previously acquainted with Corporal Robert Sutton? I never saw a finer bit of unutterable indignation than came over the face of my hostess, as she slowly recognized him. She drew herself up, and dropped out the monosyllables of her answer as if they were so many drops of nitric acid. "Ah," quoth my lady, "*we* called him Bob!"

It was a group for a painter. The whole drama of the war seemed to reverse itself in an instant, and my tall, well-dressed, imposing, philosophic Corporal dropped down the immeasurable depth into a mere plantation "Bob" again. So at least in my imagination; not to that personage himself. Too essentially dignified in his nature to be moved by words where substantial realities were in question, he simply turned from the lady, touched his hat to me, and asked if I would wish to see the slave-jail, as he had the keys in his possession.

If he fancied that I was in danger of being overcome by blandishments and needed to be recalled to realities, it was a master-stroke.

I must say, that, when the door of that

villanous edifice was thrown open before me, I felt glad that my main interview with its lady proprietor had passed before I saw it. It was a small building, like a Northern corn-barn, and seemed to have as prominent and as legitimate a place among the outbuildings of the establishment. In the middle of the floor was a large staple with a rusty chain, like an ox-chain, for fastening a victim down. When the door had been opened after the death of the late proprietor, my informant said a man was found padlocked in that chain. We found also three pairs of stocks of various construction, two of which had smaller as well as larger holes, evidently for the feet of women or children. In a building near by we found something far more complicated, which was perfectly unintelligible till the men explained all its parts: a machine so contrived that a person once imprisoned in it could neither sit, stand, nor lie, but must support the body half raised, in a position scarcely endurable. I have since bitterly reproached myself for leaving this piece of ingenuity behind; but it would have cost much labor to remove it, and to bring away the other trophies seemed then enough. I remember the unutterable loathing with which I leaned against the door of that prison-house; I had thought myself seasoned to any conceivable horrors of Slavery, but it seemed as if the visible presence of that den of sin would choke me. Of course it would have been burned to the ground by us, but that this would have involved the sacrifice of every other building and all the piles of lumber, and for the moment it seemed as if the sacrifice would be righteous. But I forbore, and only took as trophies the instruments of torture and the keys of the jail.

We found but few colored people in this vicinity; some we brought away with us, and an old man and woman preferred to remain. All the white males whom we found I took as hostages, in order to shield us, if possible, from attack on our way down river, explaining to them that they would be put on shore when the dangerous points were passed.

I knew that their wives could easily send notice of this fact to the Rebel forces along the river. My hostages were a forlorn-looking set of "crackers," far inferior to our soldiers in *physique*, and yet quite equal, the latter declared, to the average material of the Southern armies. None were in uniform, but this proved nothing as to their being soldiers. One of them, a mere boy, was captured at his own door, with gun in hand. It was a fowling-piece, which he used only, as his mother plaintively assured me, "to shoot little birds with." As the guileless youth had for this purpose loaded the gun with eighteen buck-shot, we thought it justifiable to confiscate both the weapon and the owner, in mercy to the birds.

We took from this place, for the use of the army, a flock of some thirty sheep, forty bushels of rice, some other provisions, tools, oars, and a little lumber, leaving all possible space for the bricks which we expected to obtain just below. I should have gone farther up the river, but for a dangerous boom which kept back a great number of logs in a large brook that here fell into the St. Mary's; the stream ran with force, and if the Rebels had wit enough to do it, they might in ten minutes so choke the river with drift-wood as infinitely to enhance our troubles. So we dropped down stream a mile or two, found the very brickyard from which Fort Clinch had been constructed,—still stored with bricks, and seemingly unprotected. Here Sergeant Rivers again planted his standard, and the men toiled eagerly, for several hours, in loading our boat to the utmost with the bricks. Meanwhile we questioned black and white witnesses, and learned for the first time that the Rebels admitted a repulse at Township Landing, and that Lieutenant Jones and ten of their number were killed,—though this I fancy to have been an exaggeration. They also declared that the mysterious steamer *Berosa* was lying at the head of the river, but was a broken-down and worthless affair, and would never get to sea. The result has since proved this; for the vessel subsequently



ran the blockade and foundered near shore, the crew barely escaping with their lives. I had the pleasure, as it happened, of being the first person to forward this information to Admiral Dupont, when it came through the pickets, many months after,—thus concluding my report on the *Berosa*.

Before the work at the yard was over, the pickets reported mounted men in the woods near by, as had previously been the report at Woodstock. This admonished us to lose no time; and as we left the wharf, immediate arrangements were made to have the gun-crews all in readiness, and to keep the rest of the men below, since their musketry would be of little use now, and I did not propose to risk a life unnecessarily. The chief obstacle to this was their own eagerness; penned down on one side, they popped up on the other; their officers, too, were eager to see what was going on, and were almost as hard to cork down as the men. Add to this, that the vessel was now very crowded, and that I had to be chiefly on the hurricane-deck with the pilots. Captain Clifton, master of the vessel, was brave to excess, and as much excited as the men; he could no more be kept in the little pilot-house than they below; and when we had passed one or two bluffs, with no sign of an enemy, he grew more and more irrepressible, and exposed himself conspicuously on the upper deck. Perhaps we all were a little lulled by apparent safety; for myself, I lay down for a moment on a settee in a state-room, having been on my feet, almost without cessation, for twenty-four hours.

Suddenly there swept down from a bluff above us, on the Georgia side, a mingling of shout and roar and rattle as of a tornado let loose; and as a storm of bullets came pelting against the sides of the vessel and through a window, there went up a shrill answering shout from our own men. It took but an instant for me to reach the gun-deck. After all my efforts, the men had swarmed once more from below, and already, crowding at both ends of the boat, were loading and firing with inconceivable

rapidity, shouting to each other, "Neb-er gib it up!" and of course having no steady aim, as the vessel glided and whirled in the swift current. Meanwhile the officers in charge of the large guns had their crews in order, and our shells began to fly over the bluffs, which, as we now saw, should have been shelled in advance, only that we had to economize ammunition. The other soldiers I drove below, almost by main force, with the aid of their officers, who behaved exceedingly well, giving the men leave to fire from the open port-holes which lined the lower deck, almost at the water's level. In the very midst of the *mêlée*, Major Strong came from the upper deck, with a face of horror, and whispered to me,— "Captain Clifton was killed at the first shot by my side."

If he had said that the vessel was on fire, the shock would hardly have been greater. Of course, the military commander on board a steamer is almost as helpless as an unarmed man, so far as the risks of water go. A seaman must command there. In the hazardous voyage of last night, I had learned, though unjustly, to distrust every official on board the steamboat except this excitable, brave, warm-hearted sailor; and now, among these added dangers, to lose him! The responsibility for his life also thrilled me; he was not among my soldiers, and yet he was killed. I thought of his wife and children, of whom he had spoken; but one learns to think rapidly in war, and, cautioning the Major to silence, I went up to the hurricane-deck and drew in the helpless body, that it should be safe from further desecration, and then looked to see where we were.

We were now gliding past a safe reach of marsh, while our assailants were riding by cross-paths to attack us at the next bluff. It was Reed's Bluff where we were first attacked, and Scrubby Bluff, I think, was next. They were shelled in advance, but swarmed manfully to the banks again as we swept round one of the sharp angles of the stream beneath their fire. My men were now pretty well imprisoned below

in the hot and crowded hold, and actually fought each other, the officers afterwards said, for places at the open port-holes, from which to aim. Others implored to be landed, exclaiming that they "supposed de Cunnel knew best," but it was "mighty mean" to be shut up down below, when they might be "fightin' de Secesh in de clear field." This clear field, and no favor, was what they thenceforward sighed for. But in such difficult navigation it would have been madness to think of landing, although one daring Rebel actually sprang upon the large boat which we towed astern, where he was shot down by one of our sergeants. This boat was soon after swamped and abandoned, then taken and repaired by the Rebels at a later date, and finally, by a piece of dramatic completeness, was seized by a party of fugitive slaves, who escaped in it to our lines, and some of whom enlisted in my own regiment.

It has always been rather a mystery to me why the Rebels did not fell a few trees across the stream at some of the many sharp angles where we might so easily have been thus imprisoned. This, however, they did not attempt, and with the skilful pilotage of our trusty Corporal — philosophic as Socrates through all the din, and occasionally relieving his mind by taking a shot with his rifle through the high port-holes of the pilot-house—we glided safely on. The steamer did not ground once on the descent, and the mate in command, Mr. Smith, did his duty very well. The plank sheathing of the pilot-house was penetrated by few bullets, though struck by so many outside that it was visited as a curiosity after our return; and even among the gun-crews, though they had no protection, not a man was hurt. As we approached some wooded bluff, usually on the Georgia side, we could see galloping along the hillside what seemed a regiment of mounted riflemen, and could see our shell scatter them ere we approached. Shelling did not, however, prevent a rather fierce fusilade from our old friends of Captain Clark's company at Waterman's Bluff, near

Township Landing; but even this did no serious damage, and this was the last.

It was of course impossible, while thus running the gauntlet, to put our hostages ashore, and I could only explain to them that they must thank their own friends for their inevitable detention. I was by no means proud of their forlorn appearance, and besought Colonel Hawley to take them off my hands; but he was sending no flags of truce at that time, and liked their looks no better than I did. So I took them to Port Royal, where they were afterwards sent safely across the lines. Our men were pleased at taking them back with us, as they had already said, regretfully, "S'pose we leave dem Secesh at Fernandina, General Saxby won't see 'em,"—as if they were some new natural curiosity, which indeed they were. One soldier further suggested the expediency of keeping them permanently in camp, to be used as marks for the guns of the relieved guard every morning. But this was rather an ebullition of fancy than a sober proposition.

Against these levities I must put a piece of more tragic eloquence, which I took down by night on the steamer's deck from the thrilling harangue of Corporal Adam Ashton, one of our most gifted prophets, whose influence over the men was unbounded. "When I heard," he said "de bombshell a-scream-in' troo de woods like de Judgment Day, I said to myself, 'If my head was took off to-night, dey could n't put my soul in de torments, percepts [except] God was my enemy!' And when de rifle-bullets came whizzin' across de deck, I cried aloud, 'God help my congregation! Boys, load and fire!'"

I must pass briefly over the few remaining days of our cruise. At Fernandina we met the Planter, which had been successful on her separate expedition, and had destroyed extensive salt-works at Crooked River, under charge of the energetic Captain Trowbridge, efficiently aided by Captain Rogers. Our commodities being in part delivered at Fernandina, our decks being full, coal nearly out, and time up, we called

once more at St. Simon's Sound, bringing away the remainder of our railroad-iron, with some which the naval officers had previously disinterred, and then steamed back to Beaufort. Arriving there at sunrise, (February 2, 1863.) I made my way with Dr. Rogers to General Saxton's bed-room, and laid before him the keys and shackles of the slave-prison, with my report of the good conduct of the men,—as Dr. Rogers remarked, a message from heaven and another from hell.

Slight as this expedition now seems among the vast events of the war, the future student of the newspapers of that day will find that it occupied no little space in their columns, so intense was the interest which then attached to the novel experiment of employing black troops. So obvious, too, was the value, during this raid, of their local knowledge and their enthusiasm, that it was impossible not to find in its successes new suggestions for the war. Certainly I would not have consented to repeat the enterprise with the bravest white troops, leaving Corporal Sutton and his mates behind, for I should have expected to fail. For a year after our raid the Upper St. Mary's remained unvisited, till in 1864 the large force with which we held Florida secured peace upon its banks; then Mrs. A. took the oath of allegiance, the Government bought her remaining lumber, and the John Adams again ascended with a detachment of my men under Lieutenant Parker, and brought a portion of it to Fernandina. By a strange turn of fortune, Corporal Sutton (now Sergeant) was at this time in jail at Hilton Head, under sentence of court-martial for an alleged act of mutiny,—an affair in which the general voice of our officers sustained him and condemned his accusers, so that he soon received a full pardon, and was restored in honor to his place in the regiment, which he has ever since held.

Nothing can ever exaggerate the fascinations of war, whether on the largest or smallest scale. When we settled down into camp-life again, it seemed

like a butterfly's folding its wings to re-enter the chrysalis. None of us could listen to the crack of a gun without recalling instantly the sharp shots that spilled down from the bluffs of the St. Mary's, or hear a sudden trampling of horsemen by night without recalling the sounds which startled us on the Field of the Hundred Pines. The memory of our raid was preserved in the camp by many legends of adventure, growing vaster and more incredible as time wore on,—and by the morning appeals to the surgeon of some veteran invalids, who could now cut off all reproofs and suspicions with "Doctor, I's been a sickly pusson eber since de *expeditions*." But to me the most vivid remembrancer was the flock of sheep which we had "lifted." The Post Quartermaster discreetly gave us the charge of them, and they filled a gap in the landscape and in the larder,—which last had before presented one unvaried round of impenetrable beef. Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck, when he decided to adopt a pastoral life, and assumed the provisional name of Thyrsis, never looked upon his flocks and herds with more unalloyed contentment than I upon that fleecy family. I had been familiar, in Kansas, with the metaphor by which the sentiments of an owner were credited to his property, and had heard of a pro-slavery colt and an anti-slavery cow. The fact that these sheep were but recently converted from "Secesh" sentiments was their crowning charm. Methought they frisked and fattened in the joy of their deliverance from the shadow of Mrs. A.'s slave-jail, and gladly contemplated translation into mutton-broth for sick or wounded soldiers. The very slaves who once, perchance, were sold at auction with yon aged patriarch of the flock, had now asserted their humanity and would devour him as hospital rations. Meanwhile our shepherd bore a sharp bayonet without a crook, and I felt myself a peer of Ulysses and Rob Roy,—those sheep-stealers of less elevated aims,—when I met in my daily rides these wandering trophies of our wider wanderings.



course at the Commencement exercises of the college from which he had received his degree; and so sterlingly orthodox was his sermon, at a crisis when some sister colleges were bolstering up certain new theological tenets which had a strong taint of heresy, that the old gentlemen who held rank as fellows of his college, in a burst of zeal, bestowed upon the worthy man the title of D. D. It was not an honor he had coveted; indeed, he coveted no human honors; yet this was more wisely given than most: his dignity, his sobriety, his rigid, complete adherence to all the accepted forms of religious belief made him a safe recipient of the title.

The spinster sister, with an ill-concealed pride, was most zealous in the bestowal of it; and before a month had passed, she had forced it into current use throughout the world of Ashfield.

Did a neglectful neighbor speak of the good health of "Mr. Johns," the mistress of the parsonage said,—"Why, yes, the Doctor is working very hard, it is true; but he is quite well; the Doctor is remarkably well."

Did a younger church-sister speak in praise of some late sermon of "the minister," Miss Eliza thanked her in a dignified way, and was sure "the Doctor" would be most happy to hear that his efforts were appreciated.

As for Larkin and Esther, who stumbled dismally over the new title, the spinster plied them urgently.

"Esther, my good woman, make the Doctor's tea very strong to-night."

"Larkin, the Doctor won't ride to-day; and mind, you must cut the wood for the Doctor's fire a little shorter."

Reuben only rebelled, with the mischief of a boy:—

"What for do you call papa Doctor? He don't carry saddle-bags."

To the quiet, staid man himself it was a wholly indifferent matter. In the solitude of his study, however, it recalled a neglected duty, and in so far seemed a blessing. By such paltry threads are the colors woven into our life! It recalled his friend Maverick and his jaunty prediction; and upon that came to

him a recollection of the promise which he had made to Rachel, that he would write to Maverick.

So the minister wrote, telling his old friend what grief had stricken his house,—how his boy and he were left alone,—how the church, by favor of Providence, had grown under his preaching,—how his sister had come to be mistress of the parsonage,—how he had wrought the Master's work in fear and trembling; and after this came godly counsel for the exile.

He hoped that light had shone upon him, even in the "dark places" of infidel France,—that he was not alienated from the faith of his fathers,—that he did not make a mockery, as did those around him, of the holy institution of the Sabbath.

"My friend," he wrote, "God's word is true; God's laws are just; He will come some day in a chariot of fire. Neither moneys nor high places nor worldly honors nor pleasures can stay or avert the stroke of that sword of divine justice which will 'pierce even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow.' Let no siren voices beguile you. Without the gift of His grace who died that we might live, there is no hope for kings, none for you, none for me. I pray you consider this, my friend; for I speak as one commissioned of God."

Whether these words of the minister were met, after their transmission over seas, with a smile of derision,—with an empty gratitude, that said, "Good fellow!" and forgot their burden,—with a stitch of the heart, that made solemn pause and thoughtfulness, and short, vain struggle against the habit of a life, we will not say; our story may not tell, perhaps. But to the mind of the parson it was clear that at some great coming day it *would* be known of all men where the seed that he had sown had fallen,—whether on good ground or in stony places.

The cross-ocean mails were slow in those days; and it was not until nearly four months after the transmission of the Doctor's letter—he having almost

forgotten it—that Reuben came one day bounding in from the snow in mid-winter, his cheeks aflame with the keen, frosty air, his eyes dancing with boyish excitement:—

"A letter, papa! a letter!—and Mr. Troop" (it is the new postmaster under the Adams dynasty) "says it came all the way from Europe. It's got a funny post-mark."

The minister lays down his book, — takes the letter, — opens it, — reads, — paces up and down his study thoughtfully, — reads again, to the end.

"Reuben, call your Aunt Eliza."

There is matter in the letter that concerns her, — that in its issues will concern the boy, — that may possibly give a new color to the life of the parsonage, and a new direction to our story.

OUR FIRST CITIZEN.\*

WINTER'S cold drift lies glistening o'er his breast ;  
For him no spring shall bid the leaf unfold :  
What Love could speak, by sudden grief oppressed,  
What swiftly summoned Memory tell, is told.

Even as the bells, in one consenting chime,  
Filled with their sweet vibrations all the air,  
So joined all voices, in that mournful time,  
His genius, wisdom, virtues, to declare.

What place is left for words of measured praise,  
Till calm-eyed History, with her iron pen,  
Grooves in the unchanging rock the final phrase  
That shapes his image in the souls of men ?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his name,  
While countless tongues his full-orbed life rehearse,  
Love, by his beating pulses taught, will claim  
The breath of song, the tuneful throb of verse, —

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and flow,  
 Moves, like the laboring heart, with rush and rest,  
 Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and slow,  
 Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn breast.

This was a mind so rounded, so complete, —  
No partial gift of Nature in excess, —  
That, like a single stream where many meet,  
Each separate talent counted something less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,  
Holds o'er the fields an undisputed reign ;  
While the broad summit of the table-land  
Seems with its belt of clouds a level plain.

\* Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Jan. 30, 1865.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful slave,  
Unsleeping Memory, strengthening with his toils,  
To every ruder task his shoulder gave,  
And loaded every day with golden spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned supreme  
O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling, thought ;  
True as the dial's shadow to the beam,  
Each hour was equal to the charge it brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill  
That weighs the world of science grain by grain ;  
All realms of knowledge owned the mastering will  
That claimed the franchise of his whole domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,  
Art, history, song, — what meanings lie in each  
Found in his cunning hand a stringless lyre,  
And poured their mingling music through his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our festal days,  
Whose ravishing division held apart  
The lips of listening throngs in sweet amaze,  
Moved in all breasts the self-same human heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries  
To press some care, some haunting sadness down ;  
His smile half shadow ; and to stranger eyes  
The kingly forehead wore an iron crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the storm,  
To fight for homely truth with vulgar power ;  
Grace looked from every feature, shaped his form, —  
The rose of Academe, — the perfect flower !

Such was the stately scholar whom we knew  
In those ill days of soul-enslaving calm,  
Before the blast of Northern vengeance blew  
Her snow-wreathed pine against the Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us ! did we hold too cheap  
The heart we might have known, but would not see,  
And look to find the nation's friend asleep  
Through the dread hour of her Gethsemane ?

That wrong is past ; we gave him up to Death  
With all a hero's honors round his name ;  
As martyrs coin their blood, he coined his breath,  
And dimmed the scholar's in the patriot's fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we raise, —  
Telling our grief, our pride, to unborn years, —  
“He who had lived the mark of all men's praise  
Died with the tribute of a nation's tears.”



## NEEDLE AND GARDEN

THE STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS WHO LAID DOWN HER NEEDLE AND BECAME  
A STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

## CHAPTER IV.

I QUITTED the sewing-school on a Friday evening, intending to put my things in order the following day: for Monday was my birthday, — I should then be eighteen, and was to go with my father and select a sewing-machine.

As before mentioned, he had usually employed all his spare time in winter, when there was no garden-work to be done, in making seines for the fishermen. These were very great affairs, being used in the shad-fishery on the Delaware; and as they were many hundred yards in length, they required a large gang of men to manage them. This employment naturally brought him an extensive acquaintance among the fishermen, by whom he was always invited to participate in their first hauling of the river, at the breaking up of winter. As he was quite as fond of this exciting labor as we had been of fishing along the ditches, he never failed to accept these invitations. He not only enjoyed the sport, but he was anxious to see how well the seines would operate which he had sat for weeks in making. In addition to this, there was the further gratification of being asked to accept of as many of the earliest shad as he could carry away in his hand. It was a perquisite which we looked for and prized as much as he did himself. This recreation was of course attended with much exposure, being always entered on in the gusty, chilly weather of the early spring.

The morning after my quitting school saw him leaving us by daybreak to go on one of these fishing-excursions, taking my brother with him. It was in April, a cold, raw, and blustering time, and they would be gone all day. I

had put my little matters in order, — though there was really very little to do in this way, as neither my wardrobe nor chamber was crowded with superfluities, — and having decided among ourselves where the machine should stand, I sat down with my mother and sister to sew. The weather had changed to quite a snow-storm, with angry gusts of wind; but our small sitting-room was warm and cheerful. We drew round the stove, and discussed the events of the coming week. We were to try the machine on the work which my mother and sister then had in the house, — for Jane had long since left school, and was actively employed at home. She had gone through a similar training with myself. I was to teach both mother and her the use of the machine; and we had determined, that, as soon as Jane had become sufficiently expert as an operator, she was to obtain a situation in some establishment, and our earnings were to be saved, until, with father's assistance, we could purchase machines for her and mother. We made up our minds that we could accomplish this within a year at farthest. Thus there was much before and around us to cheer our hearts and fill them with the brightest anticipations. It seemed to me, that, if I had been travelling in a long lane, I was now approaching a delightful turn, — for it has been said that there is none so long as to be without one.

We had dined frugally, as usual, and mother had set away an ample provision for the two absentees, who invariably came home with great appetites. Our work had been resumed around the stove, and all was calm and comfortable within the little sitting-room; though without the wind had risen higher and

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*J. R. [unclear]*

117-

DEAR SIR,—Your letter come to han',  
Requestin' me to please be funny;  
But I a'n't made upon a plan  
Thet knows wut 's comin', gall or honey:  
Ther' 's times the world doos look so queer,  
Odd fancies come afore I call 'em;  
An' then agin, for half a year,  
No preacher 'thout a call 's more solemn.

You 're 'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,  
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingleish,  
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,  
I 'd take an' citify my English.  
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—  
But when I 'm jokin', no, I thankee;  
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees  
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,  
I tell ye wut, I ha'n't ben foolin';  
The parson's books, life, death, an' time  
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin';  
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,  
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman;  
Why, th' a'n't a bird upon the tree  
But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschooled way  
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger;  
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,  
While book-froth seems to whet your hunger,  
For puttin' in a downright lick  
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther' 's few can match it,  
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick  
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hatchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet 's all,  
For Natur' won't put up with gullin';  
Idees you hev to shove an' haul  
Like a druv pig a'n't wuth a mullein;  
Live thoughts a'n't sent for; thru all rifts  
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,  
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts  
Feel thet the airth is wheelin' sunwards.

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick  
 Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,  
 An' into ary place 'ould stick  
 Without no bother nor objection;  
 But sence the war my thoughts hang back  
 Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,  
 An' substitutes,—wal, *they* don't lack,  
 But then they 'll slope afore you 've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz;  
 I can't see wut there is to hinder,  
 An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,  
 Like bumblebees agin a winder;  
 'Fore these times come, in all airth's row,  
 Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,  
 Where I could hide an' think,—but now  
 It 's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where 's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,  
 When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,  
 An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crust white,  
 Walk the col' starlight into summer;  
 Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell  
 Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer  
 Than the last smile thet strives to tell  
 O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things  
 Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,  
 They filled my heart with livin' springs,  
 But now they seem to freeze 'em over;  
 Sights innercent ez babes on knee,  
 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,  
 Jes' coz they be so, seem to me  
 To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;  
 Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',  
 But leaves my natur' stiff an' dry  
 Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';  
 An' her jes' keepin' on the same,  
 Calmer than clock-work, an' not carin',  
 An' findin' nary thing to blame,  
 Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane  
 The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,  
 But I can't hark to wut they 're say'n',  
 With Grant or Sherman ollers present;  
 The chimbleys shudder in the gale,  
 Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'  
 Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale  
 To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.



Under the yaller-pines I house,  
 When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,  
 An' hear among their furry boughs  
 The baskin' west-wind purr contented, —  
 While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low  
 Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',  
 The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,  
 Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain  
 An' see a hunderd hills like islan's  
 Lift their blue woodts in broken chain  
 Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;  
 The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,  
 Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',  
 Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth  
 Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,  
 An' rattles di'mon's from his granite;  
 Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,  
 An' into psalms or satires ran it;  
 But he, nor all the rest thet once  
 Started my blood to country-dances,  
 Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce  
 Thet ha'n't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street  
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,  
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet  
 Thet follered once an' now are quiet, —  
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,  
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,  
 Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,  
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, ha'n't I held 'em on my knee?  
 Did n't I love to see 'em growin',  
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,  
 Handsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?  
 I set an' look into the blaze  
 Whose natur', jes' like their'n, keeps climbin',  
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,  
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth  
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,  
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth  
 For the gret prize o' death in battle?  
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen  
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men  
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'T a'n't right to hev the young go fust,  
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,  
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust  
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places :  
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,  
 Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,  
 An' thet world seems so fur from this  
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in !

My eyes cloud up for rain ; my mouth  
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners ;  
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,  
 For all they sot among the scornors :  
 I 'd sooner take my chance to stan'  
 At Jedgegment where your meanest slave is,  
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'  
 Ez drippin' red ez your'n, Jeff Davis !

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner bowed  
 For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,  
 But proud, to meet a people proud,  
 With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted !  
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,  
 An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter !  
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt  
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water !

Come, while our country feels the lift  
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,  
 An' knows thet freedom a'n't a gift  
 Thet tarries long in hans' o' cowards !  
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when  
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,  
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,  
 A nation saved, a race delivered !

---

118—

"IF MASSA PUT GUNS INTO OUR HAN'S:" C

THE record of any one American who has grown up in the nurture of Abolitionism has but little value by itself considered ; but as a representative experience, capable of explaining all enthusiasms for liberty which have created "fanatics" and martyrs in our time, let me recall how I myself came to hate Slavery.

The training began while I was a babe

unborn. A few months before I saw the light, my father, mother, and sister were driven from their house in New York by a furious mob. When they came cautiously back, their home was quiet as a fortress the day after it has been blown up. The front-parlor was full of paving-stones ; the carpets were cut to pieces ; the pictures, the furniture, and the chandelier lay in one common wreck ;

and the walls were covered with inscriptions of mingled insult and glory. Over the mantel-piece had been charcoaled "Rascal"; over the pier-table, "Abolitionist." We did not fare as badly as several others who rejoiced in the spoiling of their goods. Mr. Tappan, in Rose Street, saw a bonfire made of all he had in the world that could make a home or ornament it.

Among the earliest stories which were told me in the nursery, I recollect the martyrdom of Nat Turner, — how Lovejoy, by night, but in light, was sent quite beyond the reach of human pelting, — and all the things which Toussaint did, with no white man, but with the whitest spirit of all, to help him. As to minor sufferers for the cause of Freedom, I should know that we must have entertained Abolitionists at our house largely, since even at this day I find it hard to rid myself of an instinctive impression that the common way of testifying disapprobation of a lecturer in a small country-town is to bombard him with obsolete eggs, carried by the audience for that purpose. I saw many at my father's table who had enjoyed the honors of that ovation.

I was four years old when I learned that my father combined the two functions of preaching in a New England college town and ticket-agency on the Underground Railroad. Four years old has a sort of literal mindedness about it. Most little boys that I knew had an idea that professors of religion and professors in college were the same, and that a real Christian always had to wear black and speak Greek. So I could be pardoned for going down cellar and watching behind old hogsheads by the hour to see where the cars came in.

A year after that I casually saw my first passenger, but regretted not also to have seen whether he came up by the coal-bin or the meat-safe. His name was Isidore Smith; so, to protect him from Smith, my father, being a conscientious man, baptized him into a liberty to say that his name was John Peterson. I held the blue bowl which served for

font. To this day I feel a sort of semi-accountability for John Peterson. I have asked after him every time I have crossed the Suspension Bridge since I grew up. In holding that baptismal bowl I suppose I am, in a sense, his godfather. Half a godfather is better than none, and in spite of my size I was a very earnest one.

There are few godchildren for whom I should have had to renounce fewer sins than for thee, brave John Peterson!

John Peterson had been baptized before. No sprinkling that, but an immersion in hell! He had to strip to show it to us. All down his back were welts in which my father might lay his finger; and one gash healed with a scar into which I could put my small, boyish fist. The former were made by the whip and branding-irons of a Virginia planter, — the latter by the teeth of his bloodhounds. When I saw that black back, I cried; and my father might have chosen the place to baptize in, even as John Baptist did Ænon, "because there was much water there."

John stayed with us three or four weeks and then got moody. Nobody in the town twitted him as a runaway. He was inexhaustibly strong in health, and never tired of doing us service as gardener, porter, errand-boy, and, on occasion, cook. In few places could his hard-won freedom be less imperilled than with us. At last the secret of his melancholy came out. He burst into tears, one morning, as he stood with the fresh-polished boots at the door of my father's study, and sobbed, —

"Massa, I 's got to go an' fetch dat yer gal 'n' little Pompey, 'r I 's be done dead afore de yeah 's out!"

As always, a woman in the case!

Had it been his own case, I think I know my father well enough to believe that he would have started directly South for "dat yer gal 'n' little Pompey," though he had to face a frowning world. But being John's counsellor, his rôle was to counsel moderation, and his duty to put before him the immense improbability of his ever making a second passage



of the Red Sea, if he now returned. If he were caught and whipped to death, of what benefit could he be to his wife and child? Why not stay North and buy them?

But the marital and the parental are also the automatic and the immediate. Reason with love! As well with orange-boughs for bearing orange-buds, or water upon its boiling-point! When John's earnestness made my father realize that this is the truth, he gave John all the available funds in the underground till, and started him off at six in the morning. I was not awake when he went, and felt that my luck was down on me. I never should see that hole where the black came up.

For six months the Care-Taker of Ravens had under His sole keeping a brave head as black as theirs, and a heart like that of the pious negro, who, in a Southern revival-hymn is thus referred to:—

"O! O!

Him hab face jus' like de crow,  
But de Lor' gib him heart like snow."

(The most Southern slaves, who had never travelled and seen snow, found greater reality in the image of "cotton wool," and used to sing the hymn with that variation.) At the end of that time, contrary to our most sanguine expectations, John Peterson appeared. Nor John Peterson alone, for when he rang our door-bell he put into the arms of a nice-looking mulatto woman of thirty a little youngster about two years old.

A new servant, with some trepidation, showed them up to "Massa's" study. We had weeded John's dialect of that word before he went away, but he had been six months since then in a servile atmosphere. He stood at the open study-door. My father stopped shaving, and let the lather dry on his face, as he shielded with his hand the eyes he in vain tried to believe. Yes, veritably, John Peterson!

But John Peterson could not speak. He choked visibly; and then, pointing to the two beside him, blurted out,—

"I's done did it, Massa!" and broke entirely down.

Again it was Ænon generally, and there was more baptizing done.

John had made a march somewhat like Sherman's. He had crossed the entire States of Virginia and Maryland, carrying two non-combatants, and no weapon of his own but a knife,—subsisting his army on the enemy all the way,—using negro guides freely, but never sending them back to their masters,—and terminating his brilliant campaign with an act of bold, unconstitutional confiscation. He could n't have found a Chief-Justice in the world to uphold him in it at that time.

Hiding by day and walking by night, with his boy strapped to his back and his wife by his side, he had come within thirty miles of the Maryland line, when one night the full moon flashed its Judas lantern full upon him, and, being in the high-road, he naturally enough "tuk a scar." Freedom only thirty miles off,—that vast territory behind him, three times traversed for her dear sake and Love's,—a slave-owner's stable close by,—a wife and a baby crouching in the thicket,—God above saying, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." No Chief-Justice in the world could have convinced that man.

With an inspired touch,—the *tactus eruditus* of a bitter memory and a glorious hope,—John felt for and found the best horse in the stable, saddled him, led him out without awakening a soul, and, mounting, took his wife before him with the baby in her arms. A pack of deerhounds came snuffing about him as he rode off; but, for a wonder, they never howled.

"Oh, Massa!" said John, "when I see dat, I knowed we was safe anyhow. Dat Lor' dat stop de mous of dem dogs was jus' de same as Him dat shut de mous of de lions in Dannelindelinesden." (I write it as he pronounced it. I think he thought it was a place in the Holy Land.) "When I knowed dat was de same Lor', an' He come down dar to help me, I rode along jus' as quiet as little Pompey dar, an' neber feared no moon."

When he reached the Pennsylvania

border he turned back the horse, and proceeded on his way through a land where as yet there was no Fugitive-Slave Law, and those who sought to obstruct the progress of the negro-hunter were, as they ever have been, many.

After that I got by accident into a Northern school with Southern *principals*.

Æsthetically it was a good school. We wore kid gloves when we went to meeting, and sat in a gallery like a sort of steamer over the boiler, in which deacons and other large good people were stewing, through long, hot Sunday afternoons. If we went to sleep, or ate cloves not to go to sleep, we were punched in the back with a real gold-headed cane. The cane we felt proud of, because it had been presented by the boys, and it was a perpetual compliment to us to see that cane go down the street with our principal after it; but nothing could have exceeded our mortification at being punched with it in full sight of the girls'-school gallery opposite, we having our kid gloves on at the time, and in some instances coats with tails, like men.

When I say "Southern" principals, I do not mean to indicate their nativity; for I suppose no Southerner ever taught a Northerner anything until Bull Run, when the lesson was, not to despise one's enemy, but to beat him. Nor do I intend to call them pro-slavery men in the obnoxious sense. Like many good men of the day, they depended largely on Southern patronage, and opposed all discussion of what they called "political differences." At that day, in most famous schools, "Liberty" used to be cut out of a boy's composition, if it meant anything more than an exhibition-day splurge with reference to the eagle and the banner in the immediate context.

Among the large crowd of young Southerners sent to this school, I began preaching emancipation in my pinafore. Mounted upon a window-seat in an alcove of the great play-hall, I passed recess after recess in haranguing a multi-

tude upon the subject of Freedom, with as little success as most apostles, and with only less than their crown of martyrdom, because, though small boys are more malicious than men, they cannot hit so hard.

On one occasion, brought to bay by a sophism, I answered unwisely, but made a good friend. A little Southerner (as often since a large one) turned on me fiercely and said, —

"Would you marry a nigger?"

Resolved to die by my premises, I gave a great gulp and said, —

"Yes!"

Of course one general shout of derision ascended from the throng. Nothing but the ringing of the bell prevented me from accepting on the spot the challenge to a fist-fight of a boy whom Lee has since cashiered from his colonelcy for selling the commissions in his regiment. After school I was taken in hand by a gentleman, then one of our belles-lettres teachers, but now a well-known and eloquent divine in New York city, who for the first time showed me how to beat an antagonist by avoiding his deductions.

"Tell G. the next time," said the present Rev. Dr. W., "that, if you saw a poor beggar-woman dying of cold and hunger, you would do all in your power to help her, though you might be far enough from wanting to marry her."

How many a *non-sequitur* of people who did n't sit in the boys' gallery has this simple little formula of Dr. W.'s helped me to shed aside since then!

Just after the John Brown raid, I went to Florida. I remained in the State from the first of January till the first week of the May following. I found there the climate of Utopia, the scenery of Paradise, and the social system of Hell.

I am inclined to think that the author of the pamphlet which last spring advocated amalgamation was a Floridian. The most open relations of concubinage existed between white chevaliers and black servants in the town of Jacksonville. I was not surprised at the fact,

but was surprised at its openness. The particular friend of one family belonging to the cream of Florida society was a gentleman in thriving business who had for his mistress the waiting-maid of the daughters. He used to sit composedly with the young ladies of an evening, — one of them playing on the piano to him, the other smiling upon him over a bouquet, — while the woman he had afflicted with the burdens, without giving her the blessings, of marriage, came in curtsying humbly with a tea-tray. Everybody understood the relation perfectly; but not even the pious shrugged their shoulders or seemed to care. One day, a lank Virginian, wintering South in the same hotel with myself, began pitching into me on the subject of "Northern amalgamators." I called to me a pretty little boy with the faintest tinge of umber in his skin, and pointed him to the lank Virginian without a word. The lank Virginian understood the answer, and sat down to read Bledsoe on the Soul. Bledsoe, as a slave-labor growth in metaphysics, (indeed, the only Southern metaphysician, if we except Governor Wise,) is much coddled at the South. I believe, besides, that he proves the divine right of Slavery *a priori*. If he begins with the "Everlasting Me," he must be just the kind of reading for a slave aristocrat.

It is very amusing to hear the Southerners talk of arming their slaves. I often heard them do it in Florida. I have read such Richmond Congress debates as have transpired upon the subject. I do not believe that any important steps will be taken in the matter. I have known a master mad with fear, when he saw an old gun-stock protruding from beneath one of those dog-heaps of straw and sacking called beds, in the negro-quarters. The fact that it had been thrown away by himself, had no barrel attached to it, and was picked up by a colored boy who had a passion for carving, hardly prevented the man from giving the innocent author of his fright a round "nine-and-thirty." When I was in Florida, a peculiar set of marks,

like the technical "blaze," were found on certain trees in that and the adjoining State westward. The people were alive in an instant. There were editorials and meetings. The Southern heart was fired, and fired off. There was every indication of a negro uprising, and those marks pointed the way to the various rendezvous. When they were discovered to be the work of some insignificant rodent, who had put himself on bark- tonic to a degree which had never chanced to be observed before, nobody seemed ashamed, for everybody said, — "Well, it was best to be on the safe side; the thing might have happened just as well as not." I do not believe that one thinking Southern man (if any such there be in the closing hours of a desperate conspiracy) has any more idea of arming his negroes than of translating San Domingo to the threshold of his home. I should like to see the negroes whom I knew most thoroughly intrusted with blockade-run rifles, just by way of experiment. Let me recall a couple of these acquaintances.

The St. John's River is one of the most picturesque and beautiful streams in the world. Its bluffs never rise higher than fifty or sixty feet; it has no abrupt precipices; the whole formation about it is tertiary and drift or modern terrace; but its first eighty miles from its mouth are broad as a bay of the sea, and its narrow upper course above Pilatka, where current supersedes tide, is all one dream of Eden, — an infinitely tortuous avenue, peopled with myriads of beautiful wild-birds, roofed by overhanging branches of oak, magnolia, and cypress, draped with the moss that tones down those solitudes into a sort of day-moonlight, and, in the greatest contrast with this, festooned by the lavish clusters of odorous yellow jasmine and many-hued morning-glory, — the latter making a pillar heavy with triumphal wreaths of every old stump along the plashy brink, — the former swinging from tree-top to tree-top to knit the whole tropic wilderness into



a tangle of emerald chains, drooping lamps of golden fire, and censers of bewildering fragrance.

To the hunting, fishing, and exploration of such a river I was never sorry that I had brought my own boat. It was one of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of my old schoolmate Ingersoll, — a copper-fastened, clinker-built pleasure-boat, pulling two pairs of sculls, fifteen feet long, comfortably accommodating six persons, and adorned by the builder with a complimentary blue and gilt back-board of mahogany and a pair of presentation tiller-ropes twisted from white and crimson silk.

In this boat I and the companion of my exile took much comfort. When we intended only a short row, — some trifle of ten or twelve miles, — we always pulled for ourselves; but on long tours, where the faculties of observation would have been impaired by the fatigue of action, we employed as our oarsman a black man whom I shall call Sol Cutter, — not knowing on which side of the lines he may be at present.

Sol, when we first discovered him, was hovering around the Jacksonville wharves, looking for a job. It is so novel to see that kind of thing in the South, that I asked him if he was a free negro. He replied, that he was the slave of a gentleman who allowed him to buy his time. He said "allowed"; but I suspect that the truer, though less delicate, way of putting it would have been to say "obliged" him to, for the sake of a living. Sol's "Mossa Cutter" had remaining to him none of the paternal acres; and it never having occurred to him, that, when lands and houses all are spent, then learning is most excellent, he possessed none of that *nous* which would have enabled a Northern man to outflank embarrassments by directing his forces into new channels. Having worked a plantation, when he had no longer any plantation to work he was compelled to send his negroes into the street to earn an eleemosynary living for him. This was no obloquy. How many such men has every Southern traveller seen,

— "sons of the first South Carolina families," — parodying the Caryatides against the sunny wall of some low grog-shop during a whole winter afternoon, — their eyes listless, their hands in their pockets, their legs outstretched, their backs bent, their conversation a languid mixture of Cracker dialect and overseer slang, their negroes' earnings running down their throats at intervals, as they change their outside for a temporary inside position, — and all the well-dressed citizens addressing them cheerfully as "Colonel" and "Major," without a blush of shame, as they go by! Goldwin Smith was right in pointing at such men as one of the former palliations for the social invectives of the foreign tourist, — though any such tourist with brains need not have mistaken them for sample Americans, having already been in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The trouble is, that foreign tourists, as a rule, do *not* have brains. At any rate, they may say to us, as Artemus Ward of his gifts of eloquence, — "I *have* them, but — I have n't got them with me."

Sol Cutter paid his master eight dollars a week. As he had to keep himself out of his remainder earnings, he was naturally more enterprising than most slaves; and I took a fancy to him immediately. From the day I found him, he always went out with me on my long rows.

The middle of a river six miles wide is the safest place that can be found at the South for insurrectionary conversation. Even there I used to wonder whether the Southerners had not given secret-service money to the alligators who occasionally stuck their knobby noses above the flood to scent our colloquies.

Sol was pulling away steadily, having "got his second wind" at the end of the first mile. I was sitting with tiller-ropes in hand, and studying his strong-featured, but utterly expressionless face, with deep curiosity. His face was one over which the hot roller of a great agony has passed, smoothing out all its meaning.

"So your master sells you your time?"

"Yes, Mossa." (Always "*Mossa*," never "*Massa*," so far South as this.)

"Do you support your wife and children as be yourself?"

A convulsive gulp on the part of Sol, but no reply.

"Have you never been married?"

"Yes, Mossa."

"Is your wife dead?"

"I hope so,—to de good God, I hope so, Mossa!"

Sol leaned forward on his oars and stopped rowing. He panted, he gnashed his teeth, he frothed at the mouth, and when I thought he must be an epileptic, he lifted himself up with one strong shudder, and turning on me a face stern as Cato's,—

"Nebber, *nebber*, NEBBER, shall I see wife or chil' agin!"

I then said openly that I was an Abolitionist,—that I believed in every man's right to freedom,—and that, as to the safest friend in the world, he might tell me his story,—which he thereupon did, and which was afterward abundantly corroborated by pro-slavery testimony on shore.

"Mossa Cutter" had fallen heir in South Carolina to a good plantation and thirty likely "niggers." At the age of twenty-five he sold out the former and emigrated to Florida with the latter. The price of the plantation rapidly disappeared at horse-races, poker-parties, cock-fights, and rum-shops. If Mossa Cutter speculated, he was always unsuccessful, because he was always hot-headed and always drunk.

In process of time "debts of honor" and the sheriff's hammer had dissipated his entire clientage of blacks, with the exception of Sol, a pretty yellow woman with a nice baby, who were respectively Sol's wife and child, and a handsome quadroon boy of seventeen, who was Mossa Cutter's body-servant.

Sol came to the quarters one night and found his wife and child gone. They were on their way to Tallahassee in a coffin which had been made up as a sudden speculation on the cheerful

Bourse of Jacksonville. Four doors away Mossa Cutter could be seen between the flaunting red curtains of a bar-room window, drinking Sol's heart's blood at sixpence the tumblerful.

Sol, I hear they are going to put an English musket in your hands!

Sol fell paralyzed to the ground. A moment after, he was up on his feet again, and, without thought of nine o'clock, pass, patrol, or whipping-house, rushing on the road likely to be taken by chain-gangs to Tallahassee. He reached the "Piny Woods" timber on the outskirts of the town. No one had noticed him, and he struck madly through the sand that floors those forests, knowing no weariness, for his heart-strings pulled that way. He travelled all night without overtaking them; but just as the first gray dawn glimmered between the piny plumes behind him, he heard the coarse shout of drivers close ahead, and found himself by the fence of a log-hut where the gang had huddled down for its short sleep. It was now light enough to travel, and the drivers were "geeing" up their human cattle.

Sol rushed to his wife and baby. As the man and woman clasped each other in frantic caress, the driver came up, and, kicking them, bade them with an oath to have done.

"Whose nigger are you?" (to Sol.)

"I belong to Mossa Cutter. I's come to be taken along."

"Did he send you?"

"He did so, Sah. He tol' me partic'lar. I done run hard to catch up wid you gemplemen, Mossa. Mossa Cutter he sell me to-day to be sol' in de same lot wid Nancy."

The drivers went aside and talked for a while, then took him on with them, and, for a wonder, did sell Sol and Nancy in the same lot. Nancy's and the baby's price had one good use to Sol, for it kept Mossa Cutter for a week too drunk to know of his loss or care for his recovery.

Sol was the coachman, Nancy the laundress, of a gentleman residing at the capital. Their master had the happy eccentricity of getting more amiable

with every rum-toddy; and as he never for any length of time discontinued rum-toddies, the days of Sol and Nancy at Judge Q.'s were halcyon.

They had not counted on one of the drivers going back to Jacksonville, meeting Mossa Cutter over his libations, and confidentially confessing to him,—

"I tuk a likely boy o' yourn over to Tallahassee in that gang month afore last."

Sol, if they had put a British gun in your hands *then*!

Mossa Cutter swooped down on them in the midst of their happiness,—refused to let Judge Q. ransom Sol at twice his value,—and tore him from his wife and child. Returning with him to Jacksonville, he beat him almost to death,—after which, he sent him out on the wharves to earn their common living.

A few nights after the return of Sol, Mossa Cutter came home with *mania a potu*. His handsome quadroon body-servant was sitting up for him. Mossa Cutter said to him,—

"You have the sideboard-keys,—bring me that decanter of brandy."

The boy replied,—

"Oh, don't, *dear Mossa*! you surely kill you'self!"

Upon this, his master, damning him for a "saucy, disobedient nigger," drew his bowie-knife and inflicted on him a frightful wound across the abdomen, from which he died next day. A Jacksonville jury brought in a verdict of accidental death.

That might have been another good occasion to hand Sol a musket!

Not having any, he remained in the proud and notorious position of "Mossa Cutter's Larst Niggah."

In a certain part of Florida (obvious reasons will show themselves for leaving it indefinite) I enjoyed the acquaintance of two Southern gentlemen,—gentlemen, however, of widely different kinds. One was a general, a lawyer, a rake, a drunkard, and white; the other was a body-servant, a menial, an educated man, a fine man-of-business, a Sir Roger in his manners, and black. The

two had been brought up together, the black having been given to the white gentleman during the latter's second year. "They had played marbles in the same hole," the General said. I know that Jim was unceasing in his attentions to his master, and that his master could not have lived without them. A sort of attachment of fidelity certainly did exist on Jim's side; and the most selfish man must feel an attachment of need for the servant who could manage his bank-account and superintend his entire interests much more successfully than himself,—who could tend him without complaint through a week's sleeplessness, when he had the horrors,—who was in fact, to all intents and purposes, his own only responsible manifestation to the world.

Jim's wife was dead, but had left him two sons and a daughter. When I first saw him, none of them had been sold from him. The boys were respectively eighteen and twenty years old. Their sister had just turned sixteen, and was a nice-looking, modest, mulatto girl, whom her father idolized because she was looking more and more every day "like de oder Sally dat's gone, Mossa."

A week after he said that to me, Sally on earth might well have prayed to Sally in heaven to take her, for she was sold away into the horrors of concubinage to one of the wickedest men on the river.

To describe the result of this act upon Jim is beyond my power, if indeed my heart would allow me to repeat such sorrow. It was not violent,—but, O South, South, lying on a volcano, if all your negroes had been violent, how much better for you!

Jim, I hear they intend to give you a rifle!

Well, as to that, I remember Jim had heard of such things.

Boarding at the same hotel with the General, I sat also at the same table. When he was well enough to come down to his meals, he occupied the third chair below me on the opposite side.

One night, when all the boarders but ourselves had left the tea-room, the General, being confidentially sober, (I say



sober, for when he reached the confidential he was on the rising scale,) began talking politics with me.

"I see in the 'Mercury,'" said the General, "that some of your Northern scum are making preparations for another John Brown raid into Virginia."

"Oh, no, I fancy not. That 's sensation."

"Well, now, you just look h'y'ere! If they do come, d' ye know what I 'm gwine to do! If I 'm too feeble to walk or ride a hoss, I 'll crawl on my knees to the banks of the Potomac, and" —

"What, with those new Northern-made pantaloons on?"

"D' interrupt me, Sir. I 'll crawl on my knees to the bank of the Potomac and defend Old Virginy to the last gasp. She 's my sister, Sir! So 'll all the negroes fight for her. Talk about our not trusting 'em! Here 's Jim. He 's got all the money I have in the world; takes care of me when I 'm sick; comes after me to the Gem when I 'm — a little not myself, you know; sees me home; puts me to bed, and never leaves me. Faithful as a hound, by Heavens! Why, I 'd trust him with my life in a minute, Sir! Yes, Sir, and — Oh, yes! we 'll just arm our niggers, and put 'em in the front ranks to make 'em shoot their brothers, Sir!"

I said, "Ah?" and the General went out to take a drink, leaving Jim and myself alone together at the table.

The remaining five minutes, before I finished my tea, Jim seemed very restless. Just as I rose to go, he said to me, —

"Mossa, could you hab de great kin'-ness to come out to de quarters to see Peter?" (his eldest boy,) — "he done catch bery bad col', Sah."

I was physician in ordinary to the servants in that hotel. In every distress they called on me. I told Jim that I would gladly accompany him. When we got to a considerable distance from the main houses, Jim stopped under an immense magnolia, and, drawing me into its shade, said, after a sweeping glance in all directions, —

"Oh, Mossa! *is* dat true, dat dem

dere Abolitionists is a-comin' down here to save us, — to redeem us, Mossa? Is dey a-comin' to take pity on us, Mossa, an' take dis people out of hell? Oh, *is* dey, *is* dey, Mossa?"

I told Jim that they were very weak and few in number just now; but that in a few years there would be nobody but them at the North, and then they 'd come down a hundred thousand strong. (I said *one* hundred thousand, the modern army not yet having been dreamed of.) I told him to bide the Lord's time.

He cast a fainting glance over to that window in the negro quarters, dark now, where his little Sally used to ply her skilful needle. Then he tossed his hands wildly into the air, and cried out, —

"*Lord's* time! Oh, *is* der any Lord?"

I clasped him by the hand and said, —

"Yes, my poor, broken-hearted — *brother!*"

That word fell on his ear for the first time from a white man's lips, and the stupefaction of it was a countercheck to his grief.

He became perfectly calm, and clasped me by the hands gently, like a child.

"Mossa, you mean dat? To me, Mossa? Dear Mossa, den I *will* try for to bide de Lord's time! But," (here his face grew black in the growing moonlight, with a deeper blackness than complexion,) — "but, if de Mossas only *do* put de guns into our han's, *oh, dey 'll find out which side we 'll turn 'em on!*"

Jim, I hope you have arms in your hands long ere this, and have done good work with them! I hope Sol has also. Either of you has enough of the *vis ab intra* to make a good soldier. As you won't know what that means, Jim and Sol, I 'll tell you, — it 's a broken heart.

But whether Sol and Jim have arms in their hands or not, by all means arm the rest.

Wanted, two hundred thousand British muskets to arm as many likely niggers, — all warranted equal to samples, Sol and Jim, — same make, same temper. Blockade-runners had better apply immediately.

## THE GREAT LAKES: ✓ 119-

## THEIR OUTLETS AND DEFENCES.

FOUR years ago there appeared in this magazine two articles upon the Great Lakes and their Harbors.\* In these papers the commercial importance of the Lakes was set forth, and it was shown that their commerce was at that time nearly equal in amount to the whole foreign trade of the country. Within those four years the relative value of these two branches of commerce has greatly changed. The foreign trade, under the efforts of open foes and secret enemies, has fallen off very largely. A committee of the New York Board of Trade, in an appeal to the Secretary of the Navy for protection against British pirates, made the statement, that the imports into that port during the first quarter of 1860, in American vessels, were \$62,598,326, — in foreign vessels, \$30,918,051; and that in 1863, during the same period, the imports in American vessels were \$23,403,830, — in foreign vessels, \$65,889,853; — in other words, that in three years of war, our navigation on the ocean had declined more than one half, and that of foreign nations had increased in nearly the same proportion.

The two great branches of internal trade before the war consisted of the trade of the Lakes and the canals leading from them to the seaboard, and the trade of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The latter branch being interrupted or destroyed by the Rebellion, it follows that at the present time the principal commerce left to the Atlantic cities is that of the Great Lakes and the States about them, usually known as the Northwest.

This commerce amounts at present to at least twelve hundred millions of dollars annually, and increases so rapidly that all estimates of its prospective value have hitherto fallen far short of

the truth. It employs about two thousand vessels and twenty thousand sailors, besides four great lines of railroad. It sends to the seaboard one hundred million bushels of grain, two million hogs, and half a million of cattle, composing the principal part of the food of the Atlantic States, (it being well known that the wheat crop of New York would hardly feed her people for one third of the year, and that that of New England is sufficient for only about three weeks' consumption,) and affording a large surplus for exportation.

In a memorial of the Hon. S. B. Ruggles of New York to President Lincoln, on the enlargement of the New York canals, he says, — "The cereal wealth yearly floated on these waters now exceeds one hundred million bushels. It is difficult to present a distinct idea of a quantity so enormous. Suffice it to say, that the portion of it (about two thirds) moving to market on the Erie and Oswego Canals requires a line of boats more than forty miles long to carry it." On the Lakes it requires a fleet of five thousand vessels carrying twenty thousand bushels each. If loaded in railroad-cars of the usual capacity, it would take two hundred and fifty thousand of them, or a train more than one thousand miles in length. The four great lines from the Lakes to the seaboard would each have to run four hundred cars a day for half the year to carry this grain to market. Speaking of the grain-trade, Mr. Ruggles says, — "Its existence is a new fact in the history of man. In quantity, it already much exceeds the whole export of cereals from the Russian Empire, the great compeer of the United States, whose total export of cereals was in 1857 but forty-nine million bushels, being less than half the amount carried in 1861 upon the American Lakes. It was the constant aim of ancient Rome,

\* See Nos. for February and March, 1861, — Vol. VII. pp. 226, 313.

even in the zenith of its power, to provision the capital and the adjacent provinces from the outlying portions of the empire. The yearly crop contributed by Egypt was fifteen million bushels. Under the prudent administration of the Emperor Severus, a large store of corn was accumulated and kept on hand, sufficient to guard the empire from famine for seven years. The total amount thus provided was but one hundred and ninety million bushels. The product of 1860 in the five Lake States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, was three hundred and fifty-four million bushels."

Another branch of the Lake trade, which is yet in its infancy, but which promises to reach vast proportions in a few years, is the iron and copper trade of Lake Superior. In 1864 about two hundred and forty-eight thousand tons of iron ore and seventeen thousand tons of copper ore and metal were shipped from that lake, — enough to load thirteen hundred and twenty-five vessels of two hundred tons burden. This trade has wholly grown up within the last ten years.

Let the Erie and Oswego Canals be again enlarged, as advocated so ably by Mr. Ruggles, let the railroad lines be equipped with double tracks, and this trade of the Lake country will still follow them up and outstrip their efforts. The man is now living in Chicago, hardly past middle age, who, less than thirty years ago, shipped the first invoice of grain from that city which now ships fifty millions; and should he live to the common age of mankind, he will probably see the shipment of a hundred millions from that port alone.

The population of Illinois has doubled in each of the last two decades, and there is no reason why it should not continue to do so in the next. That would give it in 1870 about three and a half millions of people, most of them farmers and producers, and farmers who, by help of their fertile soil, the ease of its cultivation, and the general use of agricultural machinery, are able to produce a very large amount of grain or meat to the working hand.

These fleets of sail-vessels and steamers, and these railroad-trains which go Eastward thus loaded with grain and provisions, return West with freight more various, though as valuable. The teas, silks, and spices of India, the coffee of Brazil, the sugar and cigars of Cuba, the wines and rich fabrics of France, the varied manufactures of England, and the products of the New England workshops and factories, all find a market in the Northwest.

What, then, is the proper and sufficient outlet of this commerce? The Canadians, although their share of it is only one quarter as large as our own, have shown us the way. They have constructed canals connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, and others around the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Let us do the same on the American side, so that vessels may load in Chicago or Milwaukee, and deliver their cargoes in New York, Boston, or Liverpool, without breaking bulk. To Europe this is the shorter route, as the figures will show: —

Distance from Chicago to New York	
by lakes, canal, and river	1,500 miles.
Distance from New York to Liverpool	2,980 "
	<hr/>
	4,480 "
Distance from Chicago to Montreal by	
Welland Canal	1,348 miles.
Distance from Montreal to Liverpool	2,740 "
	<hr/>
	4,088 "

The St. Lawrence River is the natural outlet of the Lakes, and, if rendered accessible to us by canals, must be the cheapest outlet. It is well known that a few years ago corn was worth on the prairies of Illinois only ten cents per bushel, when the same article was selling in New York at seventy cents, six sevenths of the price being consumed in transportation. The consequence was, that many farmers found it more for their interest to use their surplus corn for fuel than to sell it for ten cents. The great disturbance in values caused by the war, and the vast demand for grain and forage for the army, have reduced this disproportion in prices very much for the time, but it may be looked for again on the return of peace.

Now it would seem that one of the



most important questions to be settled in this country is how to cheapen food. If, by the construction of these canals to give access to the St. Lawrence, grain can be laid down in New York ten cents a bushel cheaper than it now is done, the saving on the present shipments of breadstuffs from the Lakes would be ten millions of dollars annually. It is probable, however, that the saving in freight would be much greater than this, if the canals were built of sufficient capacity to admit the largest class of Lake vessels. This direct trade between the Upper Lakes and Europe was commenced a few years before the breaking out of the Rebellion, and was beginning to assume important proportions, when the war put a stop to it, as it has to so much of our foreign commerce.

While the present article was in preparation, the bill for the construction of these canals passed the House of Representatives, as also one for the deepening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, concerning which the report of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold of Illinois, chairman of the committee of the House on the defence of lakes and rivers, thus remarks:—"The realization of the grand idea of a ship-canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, for military and commercial purposes, is the great work of the age. In effect, commercially, it turns the Mississippi into Lake Michigan, and makes an outlet for the Great Lakes at New Orleans, and of the Mississippi at New York. It brings together the two great systems of water communication of our country,—the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and the canals connecting the Lakes with the ocean on the east, and the Mississippi and Missouri, with all their tributaries, on the west and south. This communication, so vast, can be effected at small expense, and with no long delay. It is but carrying out the plan of Nature. A great river, rivalling the St. Lawrence in volume, at no distant day was discharged from Lake Michigan, by the Illinois, into the Mississippi. Its banks, its currents, its islands, and deposits can still be easily traced, and it

only needs a deepening of the present channel for a few miles, to reopen a magnificent river from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi."

It is a very important point, in considering this question of the enlargement of existing canals and the construction of new ones, that they have, under the new conditions of naval warfare, come to be an important element in the harbor defences of the Lakes. We have the testimony of Captain Ericsson himself, whose Monitor vessels have already done so much for the country, as to this availability. He writes,—“An impregnable war-vessel, twenty-five feet wide and two hundred feet long, with a shot-proof turret, carrying a gun of fifteen inch calibre, with a ball of four hundred and fifty pounds, and capable of destroying any hostile vessel that can be put on the Lakes, will draw, without ammunition, coal, or stores, but six feet and six inches water, and consequently will need only a canal wide and deep enough to float a vessel of those dimensions, with locks of sufficient size to pass it.”

Great Britain has already secured to herself the means of access to the Lakes by her system of Canadian canals, and the Military Committee of the House express the opinion, that, in case of a war with that power, “a small fleet of light-draught, heavily armed, iron-clad gunboats, could, in one short month, in despite of any opposition that could be made by extemporized batteries, pass up the St. Lawrence, and shell every city and village from Ogdensburg to Chicago. At one blow it could sweep our commerce from that entire chain of lakes. Such a fleet would have it in its power to inflict a loss to be reckoned only by hundreds of millions, so vast is the wealth thus exposed to the depredations of a maritime enemy.” We were saved from such a blow, a few months ago, only by the failure of the Rebel agents in Canada to procure, either by purchase or piracy, a swift armed steamer.

Ever since the War of 1812, England has been preparing, in the event of an-

other war, to strike at this, our vital point. In 1814 the Duke of Wellington declared "that a naval superiority on the Lakes is a *sine qua non* of success in war on the frontier of Canada." Years before, William Hall, Governor of the Northwestern Territory, made the same declaration to our Government, and the capture of Detroit by the British in 1812 was due to their failure to respond to his appeal for a naval force. In 1817 the Lakes were put on a peace establishment of one gun on each side, which was a good bargain for England, she having at that time larger interests on the Lakes than the United States. Now ours exceed hers in the ratio of four to one.

What said the London "Times" in January, 1862, in reference to the Trent excitement? "As soon as the St. Lawrence opens again there will be an end of our difficulty. We can then pour into the Lakes such a fleet of gunboats, and other craft, as will give us the complete and immediate command of those waters. Directly the navigation is clear, we can send up vessel after vessel without any restriction, except such as are imposed by the size of the canals. The Americans would have no such resource. They would have no access to the Lakes from the sea, and it is impossible that they could construct vessels of any considerable power in the interval that would elapse before the ice broke up. With the opening of spring the Lakes would be ours."

This is just what the English did in the War of 1812. They secured the command of the Lakes at the beginning of the war, and kept it and that of all the adjacent country, till Perry built a fleet on Lake Erie, with which he wrested their supremacy from them by hard fighting. Let us not be caught in that way a second time.

There is a party in the country opposed to the enlargement of these canals. It is represented in Congress by able men. Their principal arguments are the following: First, that there is no military necessity for the enlargement; that materials for building gun-

boats can be accumulated at various points on the Lakes, to be used in the event of war. Secondly, that by sending a strong force to destroy the Canadian canals, the enemy's gunboats can be prevented from entering the Lakes. A third argument is, that it is useless to attempt to contend with England, the greatest naval power in the world; that we shall never have vessels enough to afford a fleet on the coast and one on the Lakes; that England would never allow us to equal her in that respect, and that it would be changing the entire policy of the nation to attempt it. A fourth argument which we have seen gravely stated against the canal enlargements is, that the mouth of the St. Lawrence is the place to defend the Lakes, and that, if that hole were stopped, the rats could not enter.

In reply to the first of these arguments, the above quotation from the London "Times" shows that the British Government well know the importance of striking the first blow, and that long before our gunboats could be launched that blow would have been delivered.

As to the second, we may be sure that the Canadian canals would be defended with all the power and skill of England; and we know, by the experience of the last four years, the difference between offensive and defensive warfare, both sides being equally matched in fighting qualities.

The third argument is the same used by Jefferson and his party before the War of 1812. He thought that to build war vessels was only to build them for the British, as they would be sure to take them. As to changing the policy of the nation, by increasing our navy, let us hope that it is already changed, and forever. Its policy has heretofore been a Southern policy, a slave-holders' policy; it has discouraged the navy, and kept it down to the smallest possible dimensions, because a navy is essentially a Northern institution. You cannot man a navy with slaves or mean whites; it must have a commercial marine behind it, and that the South never had. Our navy ought never again to be infe-

rior in fighting strength to that of England. In that way we shall always avoid war.

As to the plan of defending the Lakes at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, we would ask this question: If the blockade of Wilmington was a task beyond the power of our navy, how would it be able to blockade an estuary from fifty to a hundred miles in width?

With these enlarged canals, by which gunboats and monitors could be moved from the Atlantic and the Mississippi to the Lakes, and *vice versa*, and by the system of shore defences recommended some years ago by General Totten, namely, strong fortifications at Mackinaw, perfectly commanding those straits, and serving as a refuge to war steamers, works at the lower end of Lake Huron, at Detroit, and at the entrance of Niagara River, these waters will be protected from all foreign enemies. Lake Ontario will also need a system of works to protect our important canals and railroads, which in many places approach so near the shore as to be in danger from an enterprising enemy. It is recommended by the Military Committee, that a naval depot should be established at Erie, as the most safe and suitable harbor on the lake of that name.

If, as is probable, a naval station and depot should be thought necessary on the Upper Lakes, the city of Milwaukee has strong claims to be chosen for its site. There is the best and safest harbor on Lake Michigan, so situated as to be easily defended, in the midst of a heavily timbered country, accessible to the iron and copper of Lake Superior and the coal of Illinois. Milwaukee enjoys one of the cheapest markets for

food, together with a very healthy climate. Finally, she is connected by rail with the great Western centres of population, so that all the necessary troops for her defence could be gathered about her at twenty-four hours' notice.

It may be well here to remark, that as yet the Northwest has had little assistance from the General Government. Large sums of money have annually been laid out in the defences of the seaboard, both North and South, while this immense Lake region has had the annual appropriation of one eighteen pounder! Every small river and petty inlet on the Southern coast, whence a bale of cotton or a barrel of turpentine could be shipped, has had its fort; while the important post of Mackinaw, the Gibraltar of the Lakes, is garrisoned by an invalid sergeant, who sits solitary on its ruinous walls.

The result at which we arrive is, that these canal enlargements would at once be valuable, both as commercial and military works. They have a national importance, in that they will assist in feeding and defending the nation. The States interested in them have a population of ten millions, they have seventy-one representatives in Congress, and they have furnished fully one half the fighting-men who have gone to defend our flag and protect our nationality in the field. How that work has been done, let the victorious campaigns of Grant and Sherman attest. Those great leaders are Western men, and their invincible columns, who, from Belmont to Savannah, have, like Cromwell's Ironsides, "never met an enemy whom they have not broken in pieces," are men of Western birth or training.



## TO CAROLINA CORONADO.

A LILY anchored by the Spanish main,  
Swaying and shining in the surge of youth,  
Yet holding in thy breast the gold of truth, —

Such didst thou seem above the waves of pain,  
And through the stormy turbulence of war,  
Until we heard thy patriot voice afar!

Now, Sister, with the burning heart of Spain,  
We speak to thee from this New England strand,  
And grasp and hold thee with a firm right hand!

For thou hast touched our people with thy word, —  
Only a gentle woman's word, but one  
With the great work our Nation has begun.

By Liberty thy earnest soul was stirred,  
And waked and urged Estremadura's men  
To pour the heroic wine of life again.

As in the dawn of Summer flits a bird  
From his low nest and springs into the air,  
Hurrying a double concert and a prayer, —

So Liberty, with thy sweet voice allied,  
Walks in thy footsteps, with her laurel strows  
Thy footway, with thy trustful spirit glows.

Esteem her friendship with unwavering pride!  
Teach thou thy children what the years have brought,  
Wisdom and love superior to thy thought!

Once thou hast said, "All men may win her side,  
But women never!" Sister, do not fear,  
Recall thy words, since Love has made truth clear.

For Love is master, and we know no other,  
Save self-compelling service to the right,  
Which is but Love in the seraphic sight.

Teach this thy sons and to each man thy brother, —  
A secret learned in silent joys of home,  
A secret whence the lights of being come.

So guided by this lamp, O wife and mother,  
Turn thine eyes hither to the Western shore,  
Where red streams run and iron thunders roar!

nor even well hide itself. There was a terseness and massiveness in his speech, curiously blended with subtlety and fervor. A question of finance would grow pathetic under his touch, and he could create a soul under the

ribs of statistics. He might vie with Lowell's ideal Jonathan for "calculating fanaticism" and "cast-iron enthusiasm." But, after all, what more need be said than the epitaph proposed for his grave: "*He gave the people bread*"?

## MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AND OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

AT the commencement of the Rebellion it was the general opinion of statesmen and financiers in other countries, and the opinion of many among ourselves, that our resources were inadequate to a long continuance of the war, and that it must soon terminate under pecuniary exhaustion, if from no other cause. Our experience has shown that this view was fallacious. After having sustained for several years the largest army known to modern times, our available resources seem to be unimpaired. The country is, indeed, largely in debt; but its powers of production are so great that it can undoubtedly meet all future demands as easily as it has met those of the past.

The ability or inability of a nation engaged in war to sustain heavy public expenses is to be measured not so much by its nominal debt as by the relation which the sum of its *production* bears to that of its necessary *consumption*. A nation heavily in debt may continue to make large public expenditures and still prosper and increase in wealth, if its powers of production are correspondingly large also. It is a fact of the most encouraging kind, that the power of production exhibited by the United States far exceeds, in proportion to their population, that of any other nation heretofore involved in a long and costly war. The case which most nearly approaches ours, in this regard, is that of England, during her war with Napoleon, from 1803 to 1815. But since the termination of that long con-

test, the progress of discovery, improvements in the machinery and in the processes of manufacture, more effective implements of agriculture, the general introduction of railways,\* and other time- and labor-saving agencies, together with the constantly increasing influence of the applied sciences, have so augmented the productive power of humanity, that the experience of the most advanced nations fifty years ago furnishes no adequate criterion of what the United States can do now.

It is not easy to determine the precise ratio in which production has been increased by these instrumentalities. It is unquestionably very large,—not less, probably, than threefold. That is to say, a given population, including all ages and conditions, can produce the articles necessary for its subsistence, such as food, clothing, and shelter, to an extent three times as great, with these agencies, as it could produce without them. Hence it appears, that, if the people of the loyal States could return to the standard of living that prevailed

\* Some estimate of the influence of railways alone may be formed by reference to the following statement, which occurs in an address of Robert Stephenson before the Institution of Civil Engineers, in 1856:—

"The result, then, is, that, upon the existing traffic of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, railways are affecting a direct saving to the people of not less than forty million pounds per annum; and that sum exceeds by about fifty per cent the entire interest of our national debt. It may be said, therefore, that the railway system neutralizes to the people the bad effects of the debt with which the state is incumbered. It places us in as good position as if the debt did not exist."

fifty years ago, the amount of their production would be sufficient to subsist not only themselves, but twice as many more in addition. To accomplish this, they would have, indeed, to devote themselves more to the production of articles of prime necessity and less to those of mere ornament and luxury. That they have the productive energy necessary to such a result there can be no doubt.

This encouraging view of our condition is fully sustained by official statements, which show that the industrial products of the country increase in a greater ratio than the population. In 1850 the aggregate value of the products of agriculture, mining, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, in the United States, was \$2,345,000,000. In 1860 the aggregate was \$3,756,000,000. This is an increase in ten years of sixty per cent, whereas the increase of population during that decade was only thirty-five and a half per cent. Thus we see that during the ten years ending with 1860 — the date of the last census — the products of the industry of the country increased almost twice as fast as the population increased. If to this we add the remarkable fact that the value of taxable property increased during the same period *a hundred and twenty-six* per cent, we have striking proof of the existence of a vast and rapidly increasing productive power, — a power largely due to the influence of those improvements which have been alluded to.

One obvious effect of war is to transfer a portion of labor from the sphere of effective *production* to that of extraordinary *consumption*. To what extent the relations of production and consumption among us have been changed during the present contest it is impossible to state. That consumption has been largely increased by our military operations is apparent to all. It is equally apparent that production also has been augmented, though not, perhaps, to the same extent. The extraordinary demand for various commodities for war purposes has brought all the producing agencies of the country

into a high state of activity and efficiency, giving to the loyal States a larger aggregate production than they had before the war. Of mining and manufactures this is unquestionably true. As regards the products of the soil, the Commissioner of Agriculture, in his Report for 1863, says, — “Although the year just closed has been a year of war on the part of the Republic, over a wider field and on a grander scale than any recorded in history, yet, strange as it may appear, the great interests of agriculture have not materially suffered in the loyal States. . . . Notwithstanding there have been over a million of men employed in the army and navy, withdrawn chiefly from the producing classes, and liberally fed, clothed, and paid by the Government, yet the yield of most of the great staples of agriculture for 1863 exceeds that of 1862. . . . This wonderful fact of history — a young republic carrying on a gigantic war on its own territory and coasts, and at the same time not only feeding itself and foreign nations, but furnishing vast quantities of raw materials for commerce and manufactures — proves that we are essentially an agricultural people; that three years of war have not as yet seriously disturbed, but rather increased, industrial pursuits; and that the withdrawal of agricultural labor, and the loss of life by disease and battle, have been more than compensated by *machinery* and maturing growth at home, and by the increased influx of immigration from abroad.”

In illustration of the character of those agencies to which we owe the remarkable and gratifying results thus portrayed by the Commissioner, I give the following official statement in regard to two of the more prominent modern implements of agriculture. Mr. Kennedy, in his Census Report for 1860, informs us “that a threshing-machine in Ohio, worked by three men, with some assistance from the farm hands, did the work of seventy flails, and that thirty steam-threshers only were required to prepare for market the wheat crop of two counties in Ohio,



which would have required the labor of forty thousand men." As it took probably less than two hundred men to work the machines, the immense saving in human labor becomes instantly apparent.

Again, in his last Patent-Office Report, Mr. Holloway states "that from reliable returns in his possession it is shown that forty thousand reapers were manufactured and sold in 1863, and that it is estimated by the manufacturers that over ninety thousand will be required to meet the demand for 1864"; and these machines, he says, will save the labor of four hundred and fifty thousand men.

If the aggregate produce of the loyal States, notwithstanding the large amount of labor that has been withdrawn from production by the demands of the war, is actually greater than ever before, and if, as we have already shown, the sum of that produce is three times as great as the people of those States, using proper economy, would *necessarily* consume, surely no one should feel any anxiety in regard to the ability of the United States to meet all their pecuniary obligations.

I have already said that England, in her war with Napoleon, furnishes the best criterion in history for judging of our own financial situation; and though the two cases are far from running parallel to each other, it may be interesting to compare them in some of their aspects.

At the restoration of peace in 1815, the national debt of England amounted in Federal currency to \$4,305,000,000. It is impossible as yet to say what will be the ultimate amount of our national debt. It amounts now to rather more than one half of the debt of Great Britain, and, at its present ratio of increase, it will take nearly four years more to make our debt equal to hers.

Now, for the purposes of this statement, let us assume that it will take four years more to finish the war and to adjust and settle all its contingent claims, and that at the close of that period, say in 1869, we shall be at peace,

with a restored Union, and with a national debt as large as that of England when peace returned to her in 1815,—how will the ability of this country to sustain and pay its debt compare with the ability of England to do the same at the time above referred to?

The simple fact that England was able to assume so vast a debt, and to sustain the burden through half a century, during which her prosperity has scarcely known abatement, and her wealth has been constantly and largely increasing, ought to satisfy every American citizen that his own country can at least do as well. But we can do more and better; for a comparison of the two countries in the matter of ability shows that the preponderance is greatly in our favor.

At the respective periods of comparison just named, to wit, 1815 and 1869, the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain was less than *one half* of what the population of the United States will be, and its amount of foreign trade was less than *one third*. In 1815 the "factory system" was in its infancy and imperfectly organized, the steam-engine was unperfected and in comparatively limited use. The railway, the steamboat, the telegraph, the reaper, the thresher, and many other important improvements and discoveries which tend to augment the productive power of nations, have all come since that day. So far as relates to the question of ability to sustain heavy financial burdens, England, in 1815, can hardly be compared for a moment with a country like our own, possessing as it does, in abundance and perfection, the potent agencies of productive and distributing power just referred to.

It is true that England is now enjoying, to a large extent, the benefit of these important agencies; but she had to supply the capital to create them, after she had assumed the maximum of her enormous debt,—whereas those agencies were all in active operation among us before any part of our national debt was incurred. I hardly need suggest that it makes a vast difference

whether a nation has or has not these material advantages at the time when it is contracting a heavy debt, and that our position in this respect, so far as the question of ability is concerned, is a position of immeasurable superiority.

In regard to the paying of our debt after the return of peace, we possess some decided advantages, to which I will very briefly allude. Of these the most obvious are, a greater ratio in the increase of population, and more extensive natural resources. During the decade which ended in 1861, the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain increased from 27,495,297 to 29,049,540, or less than *six per cent*. In the ten years which ended in 1860, our increase of population was from 23,191,876 to 31,445,089, or *thirty-five and a half per cent*. Thus it appears that during the last ten years for which we have official returns, the population of the United States increased in a

ratio sixfold greater than that of the United Kingdom. This disparity in our favor will undoubtedly increase from year to year.

The home territory of Great Britain is quite inadequate to support even her present population. This circumstance places that country in a position of comparative dependence. While she *must* draw from other countries a very considerable proportion of her breadstuffs and other provisions, we supply not only ourselves, but others largely also. The money which England pays to other nations for bread alone would equal in thirty years the entire amount of her national debt.

We need but a resolute and united purpose to sustain with comparative ease our national burdens, whatever may be their extent. Those who doubt this under-estimate not only the magnitude of our national resources, but the powerful aid which modern improvements lend to their development.

---

## THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

### VI.

#### LITTLE FOXES. — PART V.

##### INTOLERANCE.

“AND what are you going to preach about this month, Mr. Crowfield?”

“I am going to give a sermon on *Intolerance*, Mrs. Crowfield.”

“Religious intolerance?”

“No,—domestic and family and educational intolerance,—one of the seven deadly sins on which I am preaching,—one of ‘the foxes.’”

PEOPLE are apt to talk as if all the intolerance in life were got up and expended in the religious world; whereas religious intolerance is only a small

branch of the radical, strong, all-permeating intolerance of human nature.

Physicians are quite as intolerant as theologians. They never have had the power of burning at the stake for medical opinions, but they certainly have shown the will. Politicians are intolerant. Philosophers are intolerant, especially those who pique themselves on liberal opinions. Painters and sculptors are intolerant. And housekeepers are intolerant, virulently denunciatory concerning any departures from their particular domestic creed.

Mrs. Alexander Exact, seated at her domestic altar, gives homilies on the degeneracy of modern housekeeping equal

Then said one, "He must die!" And they took up the cry,  
"For this last crime of his he must die! he must die!"  
But the slow eldest-born sauntered sad and forlorn,  
For his heart was at home on that fair hunting-morn.

"I remember," he said, "how this fine cub we track  
Has carried me many a time on his back!"  
And he called to his brothers, "Fight gently! be kind!"  
And he kept the dread hound, Retribution, behind.

The dark jaguar on a bough in the brake  
Crouched, silent and wily, and lithe as a snake:  
They spied not their game, but, as onward they came,  
Through the dense leafage gleamed two red eyeballs of flame.

Black-spotted, and mottled, and whiskered, and grim,  
White-bellied, and yellow, he lay on the limb,  
All so still that you saw but just one tawny paw  
Lightly reach through the leaves and as softly withdraw.

Then shrilled his fierce cry, as the riders drew nigh,  
And he shot from the bough like a bolt from the sky:  
In the foremost he fastened his fangs as he fell,  
While all the black jungle reëchoed his yell.

Oh, then there was carnage by field and by flood!  
The green sod was crimsoned, the rivers ran blood,  
The cornfields were trampled, and all in their track  
The beautiful valley lay blasted and black.

Now the din of the conflict swells deadly and loud,  
And the dust of the tumult rolls up like a cloud:  
Then afar down the slope of the Southland recedes  
The wild rapid clatter of galloping steeds.

With wide nostrils smoking, and flanks dripping gore,  
The black stallion bore his bold rider before,  
As onward they thundered through forest and glen,  
A-hunting the dark jaguar to his den.

In April, sweet April, the chase was begun;  
It was April again, when the hunting was done:  
The snows of four winters and four summers green  
Lay red-streaked and trodden and blighted between.

Then the monster stretched all his grim length on the ground;  
His life-blood was wasting from many a wound;  
Ferocious and gory and snarling he lay,  
Amid heaps of the whitening bones of his prey.

Then up spoke the slow eldest son, and he said,  
"All he needs now is just to be fostered and fed!  
Give over the strife! Brothers, put up the knife!  
We will tame him, reclaim him, but take not his life!"



But the Farmer flung back the false words in his face:  
 "He is none of my race, who gives counsel so base!  
 Now let loose the hound!" And the hound was unbound,  
 And like lightning the heart of the traitor he found.

"So rapine and treason forever shall cease!"  
 And they wash the stained fleece of the pale lamb of Peace;  
 When, lo! a strong angel stands wingèd and white  
 In a wonderful raiment of ravishing light!

Peace is raised from the dead! In the radiance shed  
 By the halo of glory that shines round her head,  
 Fair gardens shall bloom where the black jungle grew,  
 And all the glad valley shall blossom anew!

## LATE SCENES IN RICHMOND. 121-

**I**N the July (1864) number of this magazine there is an article entitled "The May Campaign in Virginia," which gives an outline of the operations of the Army of the Potomac in its march from its encampment on the Rapidan, through the tangled thickets of the Wilderness, to the bloody fields of Spottsylvania, across the North Anna, to the old battle-ground of Cold Harbor. The closing paragraph of that article is an appropriate introduction to the present. It is as follows:—

"The line of advance taken by General Grant turned the Rebels from Washington. The country over which the two armies marched is a desolation. There is no subsistence remaining. The railroads are destroyed. Lee has no longer the power to invade the North. On the other hand, General Grant can swing upon the James, and isolate the Rebel army from direct communication with the South. That accomplished, and, sooner or later, with Hunter in the Shenandoah, with Union cavalry sweeping down to Wilmington, Weldon, and Danville, and up to the Blue Ridge, cutting railroads, burning bridges, destroying supplies of ammunition and provisions, the question with Lee must be, not one of earthworks and cannon and powder and ball, but of subsistence.

Plainly, the day is approaching when the Army of the Potomac, unfortunate at times in the past, derided, ridiculed, but now triumphant through unparalleled hardship, endurance, courage, persistency, will plant its banners on the defences of Richmond, crumble the Rebel army beyond the possibility of future cohesion, and, in conjunction with the forces in other departments, crush out the last vestige of the Rebellion."

So it has proved. The railroads are destroyed, the bridges burned, the supplies of ammunition and provision exhausted; the flag of the Union floats over the city which the Rebels have called their capital; the troops of the Union patrol the streets of Richmond, and occupy all the principal towns of Virginia; Lee's army has melted away, and the power of the Rebellion is broken.

Before entering upon a narration of the campaign of a week which gave us Richmond and the Rebel army at the same time, it will widen our scope of vision to inquire

### HOW RICHMOND BECAME THE CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ON the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia in Convention passed an Ordinance of

Secession. The Convention, when elected on the 4th of February preceding, was largely Anti-Secession; but the events which had taken place, — the firing on Sumter, its surrender, with the machinations of the leaders of Secession, — their misrepresentations of the North, of what Mr. Lincoln would do, — their promises that there would be no war, that the Yankees would not fight, — their bullyings when they could not cajole, their threatenings when they could not intimidate, — their rejoicings at the bloodless victory won by South Carolina, single-handed, over a starved garrison, — their bonfires and illuminations, their baskets of Champagne and bottles of whiskey, — all of these forces combined were sufficient to carry the Ordinance of Secession through the Convention. But it was hampered by a proviso submitting it to the people for ratification on the Fourth Thursday of May following.

John Letcher was Governor of Virginia. Weak in intellect, grovelling in his tastes, often drunk, rarely sober, at times making such beastly exhibition of himself that the Richmond press pronounced him a public nuisance, he was a fit tool of the Secession conspirators. Ready to do what he could to commit the State to overt acts against the United States Government, on the evening after the passage of the Ordinance he issued orders to the State militia around Winchester to seize the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, — on his own sole responsibility, and without a shadow of authority from the people of the State, inaugurating civil war, a proceeding which he followed up directly afterwards by proclaiming Virginia a member of the Confederacy, and thus carrying the State at once out of the Union, without awaiting the formality of a popular vote.

Already the intentions of the Confederate Government were manifest.

"I prophesy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here will float over the old Capitol in Washington before the first of May," said Mr. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, the evening after

the fall of Sumter, to a crazy crowd in Montgomery, then the Rebel capital.

"From the mountain-tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard. That filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire," shouted John Mitchell, through the "Richmond Examiner," on the 23d of April.

"Washington City will soon be too hot to hold Abraham Lincoln and his Government," wrote the editor of the "Raleigh Standard" on the 24th.

"We are in lively hope, that, before three months roll by, the Government, Congress, Departments and all, will have been removed to the present Federal capital," wrote the Montgomery correspondent of the "Charleston Courier" on the 28th of the same month.

"We are not in the secrets of our authorities enough to specify the day on which Jeff Davis will dine at the White House, and Ben McCullough take his siesta in General Sickles's gilded tent. We should not like to produce any disappointment by naming too soon or too early a day; but it will save trouble, if the gentlemen will keep themselves in readiness to dislodge at a moment's notice," said the "Richmond Whig" on the 22d of May.

The Rebel Congress had already adjourned, and was on its way to Richmond. Not only Congress, but all the Departments, were on the move, intending to tarry at Richmond but a day or two, till General Scott, and Abraham Lincoln, and the Yankees, who were swarming into Washington, were driven out. Thus Richmond became, though only temporarily, as all hands in the South supposed, the capital of the Confederacy.

A week later Jeff Davis was welcomed to Richmond by the people, says Pollard, the author of the "Southern History of the War," an implacable hater of the North, "with a burst of genuine joy and enthusiasm to which none of the military pageants of the North could furnish a parallel." Pres-

ident Davis, in response to the call of the populace, made a speech, in which he said, —

"When the time and occasion serve, we shall smite the smiter with manly arms, as did our fathers before us, and as becomes their sons. To the enemy we leave the base *acts of the assassin and incendiary*; to them we leave it to insult helpless women: to us belongs vengeance upon men. We will make the battle-fields in Virginia another Buena Vista, drenched with more precious blood than flowed there."

But Colonel Robert E. Lee, who was in command of the Rebel forces in Virginia, was not quite ready to take Washington; and so the Rebel Congress commenced its sessions in the State capital. Mr. Memminger set up his printing-presses, and issued his promises to pay the debts of the Confederacy two years after the treaty of peace with the United States; Mr. Mallory began to consider how to construct rams; while Mr. Toombs, and his successor, Mr. Benjamin, wrote letters of instruction from the State Department to Rebel agents in Europe, and looked longingly and expectantly for immediate recognition of the Confederacy as an independent power among the nations.

The sleepy city awoke to a new life. Regiments of infantry came pouring in, not only from the hills and valleys of the Old Dominion, but from every nook and corner of the Confederate States, — the Palmetto Guards, Marion Rifles, Jeff-Davis Grays, Whippy-Swamp Grenadiers, Chickasaw Braves, Tigers, Dare-Devils, and Yankee-Butchers, — fired with patriotism and whiskey, proud to be in Richmond, to march through its streets, beneath the flags wrought by the fair ladies of the sunny South, for whom each man had sworn to kill a Yankee! Lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, and generals, glittering with golden stars, with clanking sabres, and twinkling spurs, thronged the hotels in all the pomp of modern chivalry. With the marching of troops, and the gathering of men from every precinct of the

Confederacy in search of official position in the bureaux or to obtain contracts from Government, — with the rush and whirl of business, and the inflation of prices of all commodities, — with the stream of gayety and fashion attendant upon the Confederate court, where Mrs. Jefferson Davis was queen-regnant, — with its gilded drinking-saloons and gambling-hells, — Richmond became a Babylon.

#### "ON TO RICHMOND!"

It was a natural cry, that slogan of the North in the early months of the war; for, in ordinary warfare, to capture an enemy's capital is equivalent to conquering a peace. It was thought that the taking of Richmond would be the end of the Rebellion. Time has disabused us of this idea. To have taken Richmond in 1861 would only have been the repacking of the Department trunks for Montgomery or some other convenient Southern city. The vitality of the Rebellion existed not in cities, towns, or capitals, but in that which could die only by annihilation, — Human Slavery. That was and is the "original sin" of the Rebellion, — the total depravity and innate heinousness, to use theological terminology, without which there could not have been treason, secession, and rebellion.

But forgetting all this, — looking constantly at effect, without searching for cause, — hearing only the drum-beat of the armed legions of the South mustering for the overthrow of the nation, — wilfully shutting our ears to the clanking of the chains of the slave-coffle, — deaf to the prayer, "How long, O Lord?" uttered morning, noon, and night by men and women who were turned back to bondage from our lines, — forgetting that Justice and Right are the foundations of the throne of God, — the army of General McDowell marched confidently out to Bull Run on its way to Richmond, and returned to Washington defeated, routed, disorganized, humiliated. And yet we now see that to the South



the victory which set the whole Confederacy on flame was a defeat, and to the North that which seemed an overwhelming disaster was a triumph; for so God changes the warp and woof of human events. The Southern leaders became over-confident. They could have taken Washington, but did not make the attempt to do so till the golden moment had passed, never to return. "We have let Washington slip through our fingers," was the bitter lamentation of the "*Richmond Examiner*," a few days after the Battle of Bull Run,—after the second uprising of the people to save the Union.

When God takes a proud and wayward nation in hand, and instructs it by the hard lessons of adversity,—by plans overthrown, ambition checked, pride humiliated, and hopes disappointed,—lessons which wring tears from the eyes of widows and orphans, and by which men in the prime of life are bowed down to the grave with grief for sons slain in battle,—He does it for a great purpose. But the nation was blind to the moral of the terrible lesson. We are slow to receive and accept eternal truths. And so, instead of aiming at Slavery as the life of the Rebellion, McClellan marched up the Peninsula through the mud to capture Richmond, and conquer a peace simply by taking the Rebel capital. He was learned in military lore, had visited Europe, and made war after the European pattern. But in a war of ideas and principles, the mere taking of an enemy's capital cannot end the contest. In such a strife there is the war of invisible forces,—the marshalling of Cherubim and Seraphim against rebellious hosts,—the old contest of the heavenly fields renewed on earth.

The nation was long in awaking to the consciousness that driving Lee out of Richmond would not end the Rebellion. It was more than this: it was a casting-out of prejudice, a discarding of political chicanery and a time-serving policy, and a recognition of Justice, Right, and Freedom as the true elements of political economy. There was

an increasing desire on the part of the people to root out Slavery from American soil.

It will be for the future historian to trace the providential dealings of God with the nation, and to show how far and in what degree the failure of Burnside at Fredericksburg and of Hooker at Chancellorsville was affected by the want of moral perceptions on the part of the army and of the people at that stage of the war: for there were thousands of officers and soldiers at that time who were not willing to fight by the side of a negro. We have not advanced far enough even now to allow the colored man full privileges of citizenship. We are willing that he should be a soldier, carry a gun, and fire a bullet at the enemy; but are we willing that he should march up to the ballot-box, and fire a peaceful ballot against the same enemy? Strange incongruity!

The colored men of Richmond, of Charleston, of Savannah, of all the South, have been and are now the true Union men of the seceded States. When or where have they raised their hands against the Union? They have fought for the flag of the Union, and have earned by their patriotism and valor a name and a place in history. Citizenship is theirs by natural right; besides, they have earned it. Make the freedman a voter, a land-owner, a taxpayer, permit him to sue and be sued, give him in every respect free franchise, and the recompense will be security, peace, and prosperity. Anything less than absolute right will sooner or later bring trouble in its train. Now, in this day of settlement, this reconstruction of the nation, this renewal of life, it is the privilege of America to become the world's great teacher and benefactor.

After the disaster at Chancellorsville, there came a season of sober reflection, and men began to understand that this is God's war. Then there came a commander who believed that the power of the Rebellion lay not in Richmond, but in the Rebel army, and that the taking of Richmond was altogether a secondary consideration,—that the only

way of subduing the Rebellion was to fight it down. He was ready to employ soldiers of every hue. This brings us to consider

#### HOW RICHMOND WAS TAKEN.

GENERAL GRANT, fresh from his great success at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, having shown that he had military genius of a high order, was created Lieutenant-General, and appointed to the command of all the armies of the Union in the field. It was the beginning of a new *régime*. Up to that time there had been little concert of action between commanders. The armies lacked a head. The President, General Halleck, Secretary Stanton, had ideas of their own upon the best methods and plans for conducting the war. Department commanders worked at cross purposes. Each officer in the field naturally looked upon his sphere of action as the most important of all, and each had his own plan of operations to lay before the Secretary of War. A million men were tugging manfully at the Car of Freedom, which was at a standstill, or moved only by inches, because they had no head. But when the President appointed General Grant to the command, he gave up his own plans, while General Halleck became a subordinate. The department commanders found all their plans set aside. There was not merely concert of action, but unity of action, under the controlling force of an imperial will.

In the article entitled "The May Campaign in Virginia," the movements of the Army of the Potomac, from the Rapidan to Cold Harbor, are given. It is not intended in the present article to dwell in detail upon all the subsequent movements of that army and its allies, the Armies of the James and the Shenandoah. Volumes are needed to narrate the operations around Petersburg,—the battles fought on the 18th and 19th of June east of that city,—the struggles for the Weldon Railroad,—the movements between the James and the Appomattox,

and north of the James,—the failure in the springing of the mine,—the march of the Fifth Corps to Stony Creek,—the battles between the Weldon Road and Hatcher's Run,—the many contests, sharp, fierce, and bloody, between the opposing lines, whenever an attempt was made by either army to erect new works,—the fights on Hatcher's Run,—the attack upon Fort Harrison, north of the James,—the successive attempts of each commander to break the lines of the other, ending with the Fort Stedman affair, the last offensive effort of General Lee. The new campaign which was inaugurated the next day after the attack on Fort Stedman compelled the Rebel chief to stand wholly on the defensive.

The appointment of General Grant to the command of all the armies was not only the beginning of a new *régime*, but the adoption of a new idea,—that Lee's army was the objective point, rather than the city of Richmond.

"The power of the Rebellion lies in the Rebel army," said General Grant to the writer one evening in June last. We had been conversing upon Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing. One by one his staff officers dropped off to their own tents, and we were alone. It was a quiet, starlit night. The Lieutenant-General was enjoying his fragrant Havana cigar, and was in a mood for conversation, not upon what he was going to do, but upon what had been done. He is always wisely reticent upon the present and future, but agreeably communicative upon what has passed into history.

"I have lost a good many men since the army left the Rapidan, but there was no help for it. The Rebel army must be destroyed before we can put down the Rebellion," he continued.\*

There was a disposition at that time on the part of the disloyal press of the North to bring General Grant into bad odor. He was called "The Butcher." Even some Republican Congressmen

\* I write from memory, not pretending to give the exact words uttered during the conversation.

were ready to demand his removal. General Grant alluded to it and said,—

“God knows I don’t want to see men slaughtered; but we have appealed to arms, and we have got to fight it out.”

He had already given public utterance to the expression, — “I intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.”

Referring to the successive flank movements which had been made, from the Rapidan to the Wilderness, to Spottsylvania, to the North Anna, to the Chickahominy, to Petersburg, he said,—

“My object has been to get between Lee and his southern communications.”

At that time the Weldon Road was in the hands of the enemy, and Early was on a march down the Valley, towards Washington. This movement was designed to frighten Grant and send him back by steamboat to defend the capital; but the Sixth Corps only was sent, while the troops remaining still kept pressing on in a series of flank movements, which resulted in the seizure of the Weldon Road. That was the most damaging blow which Lee had received. He made desperate efforts to recover what had been lost, but in vain. It was the beginning of the end. Then the public generally could see the meaning of General Grant’s strategy,—that the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and all the terrible battles which had been fought, were according to a plan, which, if carried out, must end in victory. The Richmond newspapers, which had ridiculed the campaign, and had found an echo in the disloyal press of the North, began to discuss the question of supplies; and to keep their courage up, they indulged in boastful declarations that the Southside Railroad never could be taken.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah and through South Carolina, destroying railroads and supplies,—the taking of Wilmington,—Sheridan’s movement from Winchester up the Valley of the Shenandoah, striking the James River Canal and the Central Railroad, and then the transfer of his whole force from the White House to

the left flank of the Army of the Potomac,—were parts of a well matured design to weaken Lee’s army.

Everything was ready for the final blow. The forces of General Grant were disposed as follows. The Army of the James, composed of the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Corps, and commanded by General Ord, was north of the James River, its right flank resting near the old battle-field of Glendale, and its left flank on the Appomattox. The Ninth Army Corps—the right wing of the Army of the Potomac—was next in line, then the Sixth, and then the Second, its left resting on Hatcher’s Run. The Fifth was in rear of the Second. The line thus held was nearly forty miles in length, defended on the front and rear by strong earthworks and abatis.

General Grant’s entire force could not have been much less than a hundred and thirty thousand, including Sheridan’s cavalry, the force at City Point, and the provisional brigade at Fort Powhatan. Lee’s whole force was not far from seventy thousand,—or seventy-five thousand, including the militia of Richmond and Petersburg; but he was upon the defensive, and held an interior and shorter line.

The work which General Grant had in hand was the seizure of the Southside Railroad by an extension of his left flank. He had attempted it once with the Fifth Corps, at Dabney’s Mill, and had failed; but that attempt had been of value: he had gained a knowledge of the country. His engineers had mapped it, the roads, the streams, the houses. The fight at Dabney’s Mill was a random stroke,—a “feeling of the position,” to use a term common in camp,—which enabled him to detect the weak point of Lee’s lines. To comprehend the movement, it is necessary to understand the geographical and topographical features of the country, which are somewhat peculiar. Hatcher’s Run is a branch of the Nottoway River, which has its rise in a swamp about four miles from the Appomattox and twenty southwest of Peters-



burg. The Southside Railroad runs southwest from Petersburg, along the ridge of land between the Appomattox and the head-waters of the Nottoway, protected by the swamp of Hatcher's Run and by the swamp of Stony Creek, another tributary of the Nottoway.

The point aimed at by General Grant is known as the "Five Forks," a place where five roads meet, on the table-land between the head-waters of Hatcher's Run and Stony Creek. It was the most accessible gateway leading to the railroad. If he could break through at that point, he would turn Lee's flank, deprive him of the protection of the swamps, use them for his own cover, and seize the railroad. To take the Five Forks was to take all; for the long and terrible conflict had become so shorn of its outside proportions, so reduced to simple elements, that, if Lee lost that position, all was lost, — Petersburg, Richmond, his army, and the Confederacy.

Surprise is expressed that the Rebellion went down so suddenly, in a night, at one blow, toppling over like a child's house of cards, imposing to look upon, yet of very little substance; but the calculations of General Grant were to give a finishing stroke.

If, by massing the main body of his troops upon the extreme left of his line, he succeeded in carrying the position of the Five Forks, it would compel Lee to evacuate Richmond. Lee's line of retreat must necessarily be towards Danville; but Grant, at the Five Forks, would be nearer Danville by several miles than Lee; and he would thus, instead of the exterior line, have the interior, with the power to push Lee at every step farther from his direct line of retreat. That Grant saw all this, and executed his plan, is evidence of great military ability. The plan involved not merely the carrying of the Five Forks, but great activity afterwards. The capture of Lee was a forethought, not an afterthought.

"Commissaries will prepare twelve days' rations," was his order, which meant a long march, and the annihilation of Lee's army. An ordinary com-

mander might have been satisfied with merely breaking down the door, and seizing the railroad, knowing that it would be the beginning of dissolution to the Rebel army; but Grant's plan went farther, — the routing of the burglar from his house, and dispatching him on the spot. Perhaps Lee saw what the end would be, and did the best he could with his troops; but inasmuch as he did not issue the order for the transfer of a division from Richmond to the south side till Saturday night, after the Five Forks were lost, it may be presumed that he did not fully comprehend the importance of holding that gateway. If he had seen that Richmond must be eventually evacuated, he might have saved his army by a sudden withdrawal from both Richmond and Petersburg on Friday night, pushing down the Southside Road, and throwing his whole force on Sheridan and the Fifth Corps, which would have enabled him to reach Danville. Not doing that, he lost all.

It is not intended in this article to give the details of the attack at the Five Forks and along the line, but merely to show how the forces were wielded in that last magnificent, annihilating blow.

On the 25th of March, the Twenty-Fourth Corps was transferred from the north side of the James to Hatcher's Run, taking the position of the Second Corps.

The force designed for the attack upon the Five Forks was composed of the Fifth Corps and Sheridan's Cavalry, — the whole under command of Sheridan. The Second Corps was massed across Hatcher's Run, and kept in position to frustrate any attempt which might be made to cut Sheridan off from the support of the main army.

Sheridan found a large force in front of him, along Chamberlain's Creek, three miles west of Dinwiddie Court-House. He had hard fighting, and was repulsed. There was want of cooperation on the part of Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, who was relieved of his command the next morning, General Griffin succeeding him. A heavy rain-storm

came on. Wagons went hub-deep in the mud. The swamps were overflowed. The army came to a stand-still. The soldiers were without tents. Thousands had thrown away their blankets. There was gloom and discouragement throughout the camp. But all the axes and shovels were brought into requisition, and the men went to work building corduroy roads. It was much better for the *morale* of the army than to sit by bivouac-fires waiting for sunny skies. The week passed away. The Richmond papers were confident and boastful of final success.

"We are very hopeful of the campaign which is opening, and trust that we are to reap a large advantage from the operations evidently near at hand. . . . We have only to resolve that we will never surrender, and it will be impossible that we shall ever be taken," said the "Sentinel," in its issue of Saturday morning, April 1st, the last paper ever issued from that office. The editor was not aware of the fact, that on Friday evening, while he was penning this paragraph, Sheridan was bursting open the door at the Five Forks and had the Rebellion by the throat. Lee attempted to retrieve the disaster on Saturday by depleting his left and centre to reinforce his right. Then came the order from Grant, "Attack vigorously all along the line." How splendidly it was executed! The Ninth, the Sixth, the Second, the Twenty-Fourth Corps, all went tumbling in upon the enemy's works, like breakers upon the beach, tearing away *chevaux-de-frise*, rushing into the ditches, sweeping over the embankments, and dashing through the embrasures of the forts. In an hour the C. S. A.,—the Confederate Slave Argosy,—the Ship of State launched but four years ago, which went proudly sailing, with the death's-head and cross-bones at her truck, on a cruise against Civilization and Christianity, hailed as a rightful belligerent, furnished with guns, ammunition, provisions, and all needful supplies, by England and France, was thrown a helpless wreck upon the shores of Time!

It would be interesting to follow the troops in their victorious advance upon Petersburg, their closing in upon Lee, the magnificent tactics of the pursuit, and the scenes of the surrender; but in this article we have space only to glance at

#### SCENES IN RICHMOND.

"My line is broken in three places, and Richmond must be evacuated," was Lee's despatch to Davis, received by the arch-traitor at eleven and a half o'clock in St. Paul's Church. He read it with blanched cheeks, and left the church in haste.

Davis had robbed the banks of Virginia a few days before, seizing the bullion in the name of the Confederacy; and his first thought was how to secure the treasure.

He hurried to the executive mansion, passed up the winding stairway to his business apartment, seated himself at a small table, wrote an order for the removal of the coin to Danville, and for the evacuation of the city.

There was no evening service in the churches on that Sunday. Ministers and congregations were otherwise employed. The Reverend Mr. Hoge, ablest of the Presbyterian pastors, fiercest advocate of them all for Slavery as a divine missionary institution, bitterest hater of the North, packed his carpet-bag and took a long Sabbath-day's journey towards the South. The Reverend Mr. Duncan, of the Methodist Church, did the same work of necessity. Lumpkin, who for many years has kept a slave-trader's jail, also had a work of necessity on hand,—fifty men, women, and children, who must be saved to the missionary institution for the future enlightenment of Africa. Although it was the Lord's day, (perhaps he was comforted by the thought, that, the better the day, the better the deed,) the coffle-gang was made up in the jail-yard, within pistol-shot of Davis's parlor-window, within a stone's throw of the Monumental Church, and a sad and weeping throng,

chained two and two, the last slave-coffe that shall ever tread the streets of Richmond, were hurried to the Danville Depot. Slavery being the corner-stone of the Confederacy, it was fitting that this gang, keeping step to the music of their clanking chains, should accompany Jeff Davis's secretaries, Benjamin and Trenholm, and the Reverend Messrs. Hoge and Duncan, in their flight. The whole Rebel Government was on the move, and all Richmond desired to be. No thoughts of taking Washington now, or of the flag of the Confederacy flaunting in the breeze over the old Capitol! Hundreds of officials were at the depot, to get away from the doomed city. Public documents, the archives of the Confederacy, were hastily gathered up, tumbled into boxes and barrels, and taken to the trains, or carried into the streets and set on fire. Coaches, carriages, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, everything in the shape of a vehicle was brought into use. There was a jumble of boxes, chests, trunks, valises, carpet-bags, — a crowd of excited men sweating as they never sweat before, — women with dishevelled hair, unmindful of their wardrobes, wringing their hands, — children crying in the crowd, — sentinels guarding each entrance to the train, pushing back at the point of the bayonet the panic-stricken multitude, giving precedence to Davis and the high officials, and informing Mr. Lumpkin that his niggers could not be taken. Oh, what a loss was there! It would have been fifty thousand dollars out of somebody's pocket in 1861, but millions now of Confederate promises to pay, which the hurrying multitude and that coffled gang were treading under foot, — literally trampling the bonds of the Confederate States of America in the mire, as they marched to the station; for the streets were as thickly strown with four per cents, six per cents, eight per cents, as the forest with last year's leaves.

"The faith of the Confederate States is pledged to provide and establish sufficient revenues for the regular payment of the interest, and for the redemption of the principal," read the bonds;

but there was a sudden eclipse of faith, and not merely an eclipse, but a collapse, a shrivelling up, like a parched scroll, of the entire Confederacy, which, like its bonds, notes, and certificates of indebtedness, was old rags!

In the Sabbath evening twilight, the trains, with the fugitive Government, its stolen bullion, and its Doctors of Divinity on board, moved out from the city.

At the same hour, the Governor of Virginia, William Smith, and the Assembly, were embarked in a canal-boat, on the James River and Kanawha Canal, moving for Lynchburg. On all the roads were men, women, and children, in carriages of every description, with multitudes on horseback and on foot, fleeing from the Rebel capital. Men who could not get away were secretly at work, during those night-hours, burying plate and money in gardens; ladies secreted their jewels, barred and bolted their doors, and passed a sleepless night, fearful of the morrow, which would bring the hated, despised, Vandal horde of Yankee ruffians: for such were the epithets which they had persistently applied to the soldiers of the Union throughout the war.

But before the entrance of the Union army they had an experience from their friends. Following the example of the Government, which had robbed the banks, the soldiers pillaged the city, breaking open stores, and helping themselves to whatever suited their convenience and taste, of clothing, fancy goods, eatables, and drinkables.

But the Government itself was not quite through with its operations in Richmond. The Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge, with General Ewell, remained till daylight on Monday morning to clear up things, — not to burn public archives in order to destroy evidence of Confederate villany, but to commit more crime, so deep, damning, that the stanchest friends of the Confederacy recoil with horror from the act.

To prevent the United States from obtaining possession of a few thousand hogsheads of tobacco, a thousand houses



were destroyed by fire, the heart of the city was eaten out,—all of the business portions, all the banks and insurance-offices, half of the newspapers, mills, depots, bridges, foundries, workshops, dwellings, churches, thirty squares in all, swept clean by the devouring flames. It was the work of the Confederate Government. And not only this, but human life was remorselessly sacrificed.

In the outskirts of the city, on the Mechanicsville road, was the almshouse, filled with the lame, the blind, the halt, the bedridden, the sick, and the poor. Ten rods distant was a magazine containing fifteen or twenty kegs of powder, of little value to a victorious army with full supplies of ammunition. They could have been rolled into the creek near at hand; but the order of Jeff Davis was to blow up the magazines, and the order must be executed.

"We give you fifteen minutes to get out of the way," was the sole notice to that crowd of helpless creatures lying in their cots, at three o'clock in the morning. Men and women begged for mercy. In vain their cries. The officer in charge of the matter was inexorable. Clothless and shoeless, the inmates of the almshouse ran in terror from the spot to seek shelter in the ravines. But there were those who could not run, who, while the train was laying, rent the air with shrieks of terror. The train was fired at the expiration of the allotted time. The whole side of the house went in with a crash, as if it were no more than pasteboard. Windows flew into minutest particles. Bricks, stones, timbers, beams, and boards went whirling through the air. Trees were wrenched off as though a giant had twisted them into withes. The city rocked as if upheaved by an earthquake. The dozen poor wretches remaining in the almshouse were torn to pieces. Their bodies were but blackened masses of flesh, when the fugitives who had sought shelter in the fields returned to the shattered ruins.

How stirring the events of that morning! Lee retreating, Grant pursuing;

Davis a fugitive; the Governor and Legislature of Virginia seeking safety in a canal-boat; Doctors of Divinity fleeing from the wrath to come; the troops of the Union marching up the streets; the old flag waving over the Capitol; Rebel iron-clads blowing up; Richmond in flames; the fiery billows rolling on from house to house, from block to block, from square to square, unopposed in their progress by the panic-stricken, stupefied, bewildered crowd; and the Northern Vandals laying aside their arms, manning the engines, putting out the fire, and saving the city from total destruction! Through the terrible day, all through the succeeding night, the smoke of its torment went up to heaven. Strange, weird, the scenes of that Monday night,—the glimmering flames, the clouds of smoke hanging like a funeral pall above the ruins, the crowd of woe-begone, houseless, homeless creatures wandering through the streets:—

"Such resting found the soles of unblest feet!"

#### VISIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AMONG the memorable events of the week was the visit of President Lincoln to the city of Richmond. He had been tarrying at City Point, holding daily consultations with General Grant, visiting the army and the iron-clads at Aiken's Landing,—thus avoiding the swarm of place-hunters that darkened the doors of the executive mansion.

On Tuesday noon a tug-boat belonging to the navy was seen steaming up the James, regardless of torpedoes and obstructions. A mile below the city, where the water becomes shoal, President Lincoln, accompanied by Admiral Porter, Captain Adams of the navy, Captain Penrose of the army, and Lieutenant Clemmens of the Signal Corps, put off from the tug in a launch manned by twelve sailors, whose long, steady oar-strokes quickly carried the party to the landing-place,—a square above Libby Prison.

There was no committee of reception,

no guard of honor, no grand display of troops, no assembling of an eager multitude to welcome him.

He entered the city unheralded; six sailors, armed with carbines, stepped upon the shore, followed by the President, who held his little son by the hand, and Admiral Porter; the officers followed, and six more sailors brought up the rear. The writer of this article was there upon the spot, and, joining the party, became an observer of the memorable event.

There were forty or fifty freedmen, who had been sole possessors of themselves for twenty-four hours, at work on the bank of the canal, securing some floating timber, under the direction of a Lieutenant. Somehow they obtained the information that the man who was head and shoulders taller than all others around him, with features large and irregular, with a mild eye and pleasant countenance, was President Lincoln.

"God bless you, Sah!" said one, taking off his cap and bowing very low.

"Hurrah! hurrah! President Linkum hab come!" was the shout which rang through the street.

The Lieutenant found himself without a command. What cared those freedmen, fresh from the house of bondage, for floating timber or military commands? Their deliverer had come,—he who, next to the Lord Jesus, was their best friend! It was not an hurrah that they gave, but a wild, jubilant cry of inexpressible joy.

They gathered round the President, ran ahead, hovered upon the flanks of the little company, and hung like a dark cloud upon the rear. Men, women, and children joined the constantly increasing throng. They came from all the by-streets, running in breathless haste, shouting and hallooing and dancing with delight. The men threw up their hats, the women waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, clapped their hands, and sang, "Glory to God! glory! glory! glory!"—rendering all the praise to God, who had heard their wailings in the past, their moanings for wives, husbands, children, and friends sold

out of their sight, had given them freedom, and, after long years of waiting, had permitted them thus unexpectedly to behold the face of their great benefactor.

"I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum!" was the exclamation of a woman who stood upon the threshold of her humble home, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands gave thanks aloud to the Saviour of men.

Another, more demonstrative in her joy, was jumping and striking her hands with all her might, crying,—  
"Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!" as if there could be no end of her thanksgiving.

The air rang with a tumultuous chorus of voices. The street became almost impassable on account of the increasing multitude. Soldiers were summoned to clear the way. How strange the event! The President of the United States—he who had been hated, despised, maligned above all other men living, to whom the vilest epithets had been applied by the people of Richmond—was walking their streets, receiving thanksgivings, blessings, and praises from thousands who hailed him as the ally of the Messiah! How bitter the reflections of that moment to some who beheld him!—memory running back, perhaps, to that day in May, 1861, when Jefferson Davis, their President, entered the city,—the pageant of that hour, his speech, his promise to smite the smiter, to drench the fields of Virginia with richer blood than that shed at Buena Vista! How that part of the promise had been kept!—how their sons, brothers, and friends had fallen!—how all else predicted had failed!—how the land had been filled with mourning!—how the State had become a desolation!—how their property, their hoarded wealth, had disappeared! They had been invited to a gorgeous banquet; the fruit was fair to the eye, of golden hue and beautiful; but it had turned to ashes. They had been promised a place among the nations, a position of commanding influ-

ence and fame. Cotton was the king of kings, and England, France, and the whole civilized world would bow in humble submission to his Majesty. That was the promise; but now their king was dethroned, their government overthrown, their President and his cabinet vagrants, driven from house and home to be wanderers upon the earth. They had been promised affluence, Richmond was to be the metropolis of the Confederacy, and Virginia the all-powerful State of the new nation. How terrible the cheat! Their thousand-dollar bonds were not worth a penny. A million dollars would not purchase a dinner. Their money was valueless, their slaves were freemen, the heart of their city was eaten out. They had been cheated in everything. Those whom they had trusted had given the unkindest cut of all, — adding arson and robbery to their other crimes. Thus had they fallen from highest anticipation of bliss to deepest actual woe. The language of the Arch-Rebel of the universe, in "Paradise Lost," was most appropriate to them: —

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"  
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat,  
That we must change for heaven, this mournful  
gloom  
For that celestial light?'"

Abraham Lincoln was walking their streets; and, worst of all, that plain, honest-hearted man was recognizing the "niggers" as human beings by returning their salutations! The walk was long, and the President halted a moment to rest. "May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!" said an old negro, removing his hat, and bowing with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat, and bowed in silence; but it was a bow which upset the forms, laws, customs, and ceremonies of centuries. It was a death-shock to chiv-

alry, and a mortal wound to caste. Recognize a nigger! Faugh! A woman in an adjoining house beheld it, and turned from the scene in unspeakable disgust. There were men in the crowd who had daggers in their eyes; but the chosen assassin was not there, the hour for the damning work had not come, and that great-hearted man passed on to the executive mansion of the late Confederacy.

Want of space compels us to pass over other scenes, — the visit of the President to the State-House, — the jubilant shouts of the crowd, — the rush of freedmen into the Capitol grounds, where, till the appearance of their deliverer, they had never been permitted to enter, — the ride of the President through the streets, — his visit to Libby Prison, — the distribution of bread to the destitute, — the groups of heart-broken men amid the ruins, who beheld nought but ruins, — a ruined city, a ruined State, a ruined Confederacy, a ruined people, — ruined in hopes and expectations, — ruined for the past, the present, and the future, — without power, influence, or means of beginning life anew, — deceived, subjugated, humiliated, — poverty-stricken in everything. All that they had possessed was irretrievably lost, and they had nothing to show for it. All their heroism, valor, courage, hardship, suffering, expenditure of treasure, and sacrifice of blood had availed them nothing. There could be no comfort in their mourning, no alleviation to their sorrow.

Forgetting that Justice is the mightiest power of the universe, that Righteousness is eternal, and that anything short of it is transitory, they planned a gorgeous edifice with Slavery for its corner-stone; but suddenly, and in an hour, their superstructure and foundation crumbled. They grasped at dominion, and sank in perdition.



## DOWN!

(APRIL, 1865.)

YARD-ARM to yard-arm we lie  
Alongside the Ship of Hell;  
And still, through the sulphury sky,  
The terrible clang goes high, —  
Broadside and battle-cry,  
And the pirates' maddened yell!

Our Captain 's cold on the deck;  
Our brave Lieutenant 's a wreck, —  
He lies in the hold there, hearing  
The storm of fight going on overhead,  
Tramp and thunder to wake the dead,  
The great guns jumping overhead,  
And the whole ship's company cheering!

Four hours the Death-Fight has roared,  
(Gun-deck and berth-deck blood-wet!)  
Her mainmast 's gone by the board,  
Down come topsail and jib!  
We 're smashing her, rib by rib,  
And the pirate yells grow weak, —  
But the Black Flag flies there yet,  
The Death's Head grinning apeak!

Long has she haunted the seas,  
Terror of sun and breeze;  
Her deck has echoed with groans;  
Her hold is a horrid den,  
Piled to the orlop with bones  
Of starved and of murdered men!  
They swarm 'mid her shrouds in hosts,  
The smoke is murky with ghosts!

But to-day her cruise shall be short!  
She 's bound to the Port she cleared from,  
She 's nearing the Light she steered from, —  
Ah, the Horror sees her fate!  
Heeling heavy to port,  
She strikes, but all too late!  
Down with her cursèd crew,  
Down with her damnèd freight,  
To the bottom of the Blue,  
Ten thousand fathom deep!  
With God's glad sun o'erhead, —  
That is the way to weep,  
So will we mourn our dead!

THE PLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN HISTORY. *B. Lincoln*

THE funeral procession of the late President of the United States has passed through the land from Washington to his final resting-place in the heart of the Prairies. Along the line of more than fifteen hundred miles his remains were borne, as it were, through continued lines of the people; and the number of mourners and the sincerity and unanimity of grief were such as never before attended the obsequies of a human being; so that the terrible catastrophe of his end hardly struck more awe than the majestic sorrow of the people. The thought of the individual was effaced; and men's minds were drawn to the station which he filled, to his public career, to the principles he represented, to his martyrdom. There was at first impatience at the escape of his murderer, mixed with contempt for the wretch who was guilty of the crime; and there was relief in the consideration, that one whose personal insignificance was in such a contrast with the greatness of his crime had met with a sudden and ignoble death. No one stopped to remark on the personal qualities of Abraham Lincoln, except to wonder that his gentleness of nature had not saved him from the designs of assassins. It was thought then, and the event is still so recent it is thought now, that the analysis and graphic portraiture of his personal character and habits should be deferred to less excited times; as yet the attempt would wear the aspect of cruel indifference or levity, inconsistent with the sanctity of the occasion. Men ask one another only, Why has the President been struck down, and why do the people mourn? We think we pay the best tribute to his memory and the most fitting respect to his name, if we ask after the relation in which he stands to the history of his country and his fellow-men.

Before the end of 1865, it will have been two hundred and forty-six years since the first negro slaves were landed

in Virginia from a Dutch trading-vessel, two hundred and twenty-eight since a Massachusetts vessel returned from the Bahamas with negro slaves for a part of its cargo, two hundred and twenty years since men of Boston introduced them directly from Guinea. Slavery in the United States had not its origin in British policy: it sprung up among Americans themselves, who in that respect acquiesced in the customs and morals of the age. But at a later day the importation of slaves was insisted upon by the government of the mother country, under the influence of mercantile avarice, with the further purpose of weakening the rising Colonies, and impeding the establishment among them of branches of industry that might compete with the productions of England. Climate and the logical consequences of the principles of the Puritans checked the increase of slaves in Massachusetts, from which it gradually disappeared without the necessity of any special act of manumission; in Virginia, the country within the reach of tide-water was crowded with negroes, and the marts were supplied by continuous importations, which the Colony was not suffered to prohibit or restrain.

The middle of the eighteenth century was marked by a rising of opinion in favor of freedom. The statesmen of Massachusetts read the great work of Montesquieu on the Spirit of Laws; and in bearing their first very remarkable testimony against slavery, they simply adopted his words, repeated without passion, — for they had no dread of the increase of slavery within their own borders, and never doubted of its speedy and natural decay. The great men of Virginia, on the contrary, were struck with terror as they contemplated its social condition; they drew their lessons, not from France, not from abroad, but from themselves and the scenes around them; and half in the hope of rescuing that ancient Commonwealth from the

corrupting element of slavery, and half in the agony of despair, they went in advance of all the world in their reprobation of the slave-trade and of slavery, and of the dangerous condition of the white man as the master of bondmen. In the years preceding the war of the Revolution, the Ancient Dominion rocked with the strife of contending parties: the King with all his officers and many great slaveholders on the one side, against a hardy people in the back country and the best of the slaveholders themselves. On the side of liberty many were conspicuous, — among them Richard Henry Lee, George Wythe, Jefferson, who from his youth was the pride of Virginia; but all were feeble in comparison with the enthusiastic fervor and prophetic instincts of George Mason. They reasoned, that slavery was inconsistent with Christianity, was in conflict with the rights of man; that it was a slow poison, daily contaminating the minds and morals of their people; that, by reducing a part of their own species to abject inferiority, they lost the idea of the dignity of man, which the hand of Nature had implanted within them for great and useful purposes; that, by the habit from infancy of trampling on the rights of human nature, every liberal sentiment was extinguished or enfeebled; that every gentleman was born a petty tyrant, and by the practice of cruelty and despotism became callous to the finer dictates of the soul; that in such an infernal school were to be educated the future legislators and rulers of Virginia. And before the war broke out, the House of Burgesses of Virginia was warned of the choice that lay before them: either the Constitution must by degrees work itself clear by its own innate strength and the virtue and resolution of the community, or the laws of impartial Providence would avenge on their posterity the injury done to a class of unhappy men debased by their injustice.

At the opening of the war of the Revolution, the Narragansett country of Rhode Island, the Southern part of Long Island, New York City and the

counties on the Hudson, and East New Jersey had in their population about as large a proportion of slaves as Missouri four years ago. In all the Colonies collectively the black men were to the white men as five to twenty-one. The British authorities unanimously held that the master lost his claim to his slave by the act of rebellion. In Virginia a system of emancipation was inaugurated; and the emancipation of slaves by success in arms Jefferson pronounced to be right. But the system of emancipation took no large proportions: partly because the invaders in the beginning of the war were driven from the Chesapeake; partly because the large slaveholders of South Carolina, on the subjugation of the low country in that State, renewed their allegiance to the Crown; and partly because British officers chose to ship slaves of rebels to the markets of the West Indies. Yet the continued occupation of Rhode Island, Long Island, and New York City, and the exodus of slaves with other refugees at the time of peace, facilitated the movements in Rhode Island and New York for the abrogation of slavery. At the end of the war the proportion of free people to slaves was greatly increased; and, whatever wilful blindness may assert, the free black had the privileges of a citizen.

Here, then, was an opening for relieving the body politic from the great anomaly of bondage in the midst of freedom. But though divine justice never slumbers, the opportunity was but partially seized. The diminution of the number of laborers at the South revived the importation of slaves. The first Congress had agreed not to tolerate that traffic; the Confederacy left its encouragement or prohibition to the pleasure of each State; and the Constitution continued that liberty for twenty years. At the same time slavery was excluded from the whole of the territory of the United States. The vote of New Jersey only was wanting to have sustained the proposition of Jefferson, by which it would have been excluded not only from all the territory



then in their possession, but from all that they might gain.

The jealousy of the Southern States of the power of the North may be traced through the annals of Congress from the first, which assembled in 1774. The old notions of the independence and sovereignty of each separate State, though the Constitution was framed for the express purpose of modifying them, clung to life with tenacity. When John Adams was elected President, before any overt act, before any other cause of alarm than his election, the Legislature of Virginia took steps for an armed organization of the State, and old and long-cherished sentiments adverse to Union were renewed. The continuance of the Union was in peril. It was then that the great Virginia statesman, now perfectly satisfied with the amended Constitution, came to the rescue. By the simple force of ideas, embodying in one system all the conquests of the eighteenth century in behalf of human rights, the freedom of conscience, speech, and the press, he ruled the willing minds of the people. The South, where his great strength lay with the poor whites, and where he was known as the champion of human freedom, trusted in his zeal for individual liberty and for the adjusted liberty of the States; the North heard from him sincere and consistent denunciations of slavery, such as had never been surpassed, except by George Mason. The thought never crossed the mind of Jefferson that the General Government had not proper powers of coercion. On taking the office of President, his watchword was, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans"; and the two principles of universal freedom and equality, and the right of each State to regulate its own internal domestic affairs, became not so much the doctrine of a party as the accepted creed of the nation. In his administration of affairs, Jefferson did not suffer one power of the General Government to be weakened. No one man did so much as he towards consolidating the Union.

But the question of Slavery was not

solved. The purchase of Louisiana increased the States in which slaves were tolerated; the settlement of the Northwest strengthened the power of freedom; but as yet there had been no fracture in public opinion. Missouri asked to be admitted to the Union, and it was found, that, without any party organization, without formal preparation, a majority of the House of Representatives desired to couple its admission with the condition that it should emancipate its slaves. That slavery was evil was still the undivided opinion of the nation; but it was perceived that the friends of freedom had missed the proper moment for action, — that Congress had tolerated slavery in Missouri as a Territory, and were thus inconsistent in claiming to suppress slavery in the State; and they escaped from the difficulty by what was called a Compromise. It was agreed that for the future slavery should never be carried to the north of the southern boundary of Missouri; and this was interpreted by the South as the devoting of all the territory south of that line to the owners of slaves.

From that day Slavery became the foundation of a political party, under the guise of a zeal for the rights of States. It began to be perceptible at the next Presidential election; but Calhoun, who was willing to be considered a candidate for the Presidency, was still as decidedly for the Union as John Quincy Adams or Webster. Walking one day with Seaton of the "Intelligencer" on the banks of the Potomac, Seaton dissuaded him from being at that day a candidate for the Presidency, giving as a reason, that, in case of success and reelection, he would go out of the public service in the vigor of life. "I will, at the end of my second term, go into retirement and write my memoirs," was Calhoun's answer: a proof that at that time Disunion had not crossed his mind.

The younger Adams had been undoubtedly at the South the candidate of the Union party. The incipient opposition to Union threw itself with the intensest heat into the opposition to Adams; and Jackson, who was victori-

ous through his own popularity, was elected by a vast majority. Jackson was honest, patriotic, and brave: he refused his confidence to the oligarchical party, represented by Calhoun and Macduffie; and after passionate struggles, which convulsed the country, he defied their hostility, and told them to their faces, "The Union must be preserved."

The bitterness of disappointed ambition led to the formation and gradual enunciation of new political opinions. In the strife about the practical effects of Nullification, the question was raised by the Nullifiers, whether obedience to the laws of a State was a good plea for resistance to the laws of the United States; and so, for the first time in our history, a political party came to the principle, that primary allegiance was due to the State, a secondary one only to the United States; and this view was taught in schools and colleges and popular meetings. The second theory, that grew up with the first, was, that slavery was a divine institution, best for the black man and best for the white.

At the election which followed the retirement of Jackson, the Democratic party stood by its old tradition of the evil of slavery, and the hope that by the innate vigor of the respective States it would gradually be thrown off; the opposite party likewise held to the same tradition, in the belief that the progress of commerce and domestic industry would in due time quietly remove what all sound political economy condemned. The new party, the party of State Sovereignty and Slavery, — for the two heads sprung from one root, — had not power enough to prevent the election of one who represented the policy of Jackson. But they were full of passionate ardor and of restless activity; and in the next Presidential election they threw themselves upon the Whig party, with which they joined hands. The Whig party was at that day strong enough to have done without them; but the uncontrollable wish for success, which had been long delayed, led to the cry of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and this

meant a union of the interests of the North with the interest of Slavery. Harrison had votes enough to elect him without one vote from the Southern oligarchy; but the compact was made; Harrison was elected and died, and the representative of the oligarchy, a man at heart false to the national flag, became President for nearly four years.

His administration is marked by the annexation of Texas to the United States: a measure sure, in the belief of Calhoun, to confirm the empire of Slavery, — sure, as others believed, to prevent the foundation of an adventurous government, that, if left to independence, would have reopened the slave-trade and subdued by force of arms all California and Mexico to the sway of Slavery. The faith of the last proved the true one. Under the administration of Polk, California was annexed, not to independent, slave-holding Texas, but to the Union. This constitutes the turning-point in the series of events; the first emigrants to her borders formed a constitution excluding slavery.

At the next election a change took place, profoundly affecting the Democratic party, and, as a consequence, the country. Hitherto the position of the Northern Democracy had been that of Jefferson, that slavery was altogether evil; and Cass, the Democratic candidate, still expressed his prayer for the final doom of slavery. Against his election a third party was formed; and Van Buren, a former Democratic President, who had been sustained by the South as well as by the North, taking with him one half the Democracy of New York, consented to be the candidate of that party. We judge not his act; but the consequences were sad. To the South his appearance as a candidate on that basis had the aspect of treachery; at the North the Democratic party lost its power to resist the arrogance of the South: for, in the first place, large numbers of its best men had left its ranks; and next, those who remained behind were eager to clear themselves of the charge of sectional

narrowness; and those who had gone out and come back, in their zeal to recover the favor of the South, went beyond all bounds in their professions of repentance. The old compromise of Jefferson fell into disrepute; the Democratic party itself was thrown into confusion; the power of any one of its distinguished men to resist the increasing arrogance of the slaveholders was taken away; a word in public for what twenty years before had been the creed of every one was followed by the ban of the majority of the party. So fell one bulwark against slavery.

Still another bulwark against it was destined to fall away. The annexation of California brought with it the question of the admission of California as a State of freemen. The only way to have avoided convulsing the country was to have confined the discussion to the one question of the admission of California. Unhappily, Clay, truly representing a State which halted in its choice between freedom and slavery, proposed a combination of measures. Further, the representation of the Free States had steadily increased from the origin of the Government; the admission of California threatened, at last, to open the way for a corresponding disproportion in the Senate. The country, remembering how Webster, on a great occasion, had greatly resisted the heresy of Nullification, looked to him now to clear away the mists of artful misrepresentations of the Constitution, and show that neither in that Constitution nor in the history of the country at the time of its formation had there been any justification of the demand for such equality of representation. But this time the great orator failed; the passionate desire for being President led him to make a speech intended to conciliate the support of the South. In that he failed miserably at the moment; a few days later, Calhoun, on his death-bed, avowed himself the adviser of a secession of the whole body of the slaveholding States. Still blinded by ambition, Webster, on a tour through New York, as a candidate, formally

proposed the establishment of a party representing the property of the country, crystallizing round the slaveholders, and including the commercial and corporate industrial wealth of the North. The effect on his own advancement was absolutely nothing. In due time, as a candidate, he fell stone dead; and it is to his credit that he did so. The South knew that he was a Union man, and would not answer their purpose. As he heard of the slight given by those whom he had courted, his large head fell on his breast, his voice faltered, and big tears trickled down his cheeks. His cheerfulness never returned; he languished and died; but the evil that lived after him was, that the great party to which he had belonged was no more able to stem the rising fury of the South, and broke to pieces.

Thus, by untoward circumstances, the truth that could alone confirm the Union, and which heretofore had been substantially supported by both the great traditional parties of the country, no longer had a clear and commanding exponent in either of them. The result of the next election showed that the old Whig party had lost all power over the public mind. The strife went on, and hope centred in the supreme judicial tribunal of the land, to whose members a secure tenure of office had been given, that they might be above all temptation of serving the time. The politicians of the North were becoming alarmed by the issues which were forced upon them by those of the South with whom they still wished to be friends; they longed to shift the responsibility of the decision upon the Supreme Court. The Court was slow to be swerved. The case of Dred Scott was before them; and the decision of the Court was embodied in an opinion which would have produced no excitement. But the Court was entreated to give their decision another form. They long resisted, and were long divided; but perseverance overcame them; and at last a most reluctant majority, a bare majority, was won to enter the arena of politics, and attempt the suppression



of differences of opinion: for, said one of the judges, "the peace and harmony of the country require the settlement of Constitutional principles of the highest importance,"—not knowing that injustice overturns peace and harmony, and that a depraved judiciary portends civil war.

The man who took the Presidential chair in 1857 had no traditional party against him; he owed his nomination to confidence in his moderation and supposed love of Union. He might have united the whole North and secured a good part of the South. Constitutionally timid, on taking the oath of office, he betrayed his own weakness, and foreshadowed the forthcoming decision of the Supreme Court. Under the wing of the Executive, Chief-Justice Taney gave his famed disquisition. The delivery of that opinion was an act of revolution. The truth of history was scorned; the voice of passion was put forward as the rule of law; doctrines were laid down which, if they are just, give a full sanction to the rebellion which ensued. The country was stung to the quick by the reckless conduct of a body which it needed to trust, and which now was leading the way to the overthrow of the Constitution and the dismemberment of the Republic. At the same time, the President, in selecting the members of his cabinet, chose four of the seven from among those who were prepared to sacrifice the country to the interests of Slavery. In time of peace the finances were wilfully ill-administered, and in the midst of wealth and credit the country was saved from bankruptcy only by the patriotism of the city of New York, against the treacherous intention of the Secretary of the Treasury. Cannon and muskets and military stores were sent in numbers where they could most surely fall into the hands of the coming rebellion; troops of the United States were placed under disloyal officers and put out of the way; the navy was scattered abroad. And then, that nothing might be wanting to increase the agony of the country, an attempt to force the institution

of Slavery on the people of Kansas, that refused it, received the encouragement and aid of the President. The conspirators resolved at the next Presidential election to compel the choice of a candidate of their own, or of one against whom they could unite the South; and all the influence of the Administration, through its patronage, was used to confine the election to that issue.

Virginia statesmen, more than ninety years ago, had foretold that each State Constitution must work itself clear of the evil of slavery by its own innate vigor, or await the doom of impartial Providence. Judgment slumbered no longer,—though wise men after the flesh were not chosen as its messengers and avengers.

The position of Abraham Lincoln, on the day of his inauguration, was apparently one of helpless debility. A bark canoe in a tempest on mid-ocean seemed hardly less safe. The vital tradition of the country on Slavery no longer had its adequate expression in either of the two great political parties, and the Supreme Court had uprooted the old landmarks and guides. The men who had chosen him President did not constitute a consolidated party, and did not profess to represent either of the historic parties which had been engaged in the struggles of three quarters of a century. They were a heterogeneous body of men, of the most various political attachments in former years, and on many questions of economy of the most discordant opinions. Scarcely knowing each other, they did not form a numerical majority of the whole country, were in a minority in each branch of Congress except from the wilful absence of members, and they could not be sure of their own continuance as an organized body. They did not know their own position, and were startled by the consequences of their success. The new President himself was, according to his own description, a man of defective education, a lawyer by profession, knowing nothing of administration beyond having been master of a very small post-office, knowing nothing of war but as

a captain of volunteers in a raid against an Indian chief, repeatedly a member of the Illinois Legislature, once a member of Congress. He spoke with ease and clearness, but not with eloquence. He wrote concisely and to the point, but was unskilled in the use of the pen. He had no accurate knowledge of the public defences of the country, no exact conception of its foreign relations, no comprehensive perception of his duties. The qualities of his nature were not suited to hardy action. His temper was soft and gentle and yielding; reluctant to refuse anything that presented itself to him as an act of kindness; loving to please and willing to confide; not trained to confine acts of good-will within the stern limits of duty. He was of the temperament called melancholic, scarcely concealed by an exterior of lightness of humor,—having a deep and fixed seriousness, jesting lips, and wanness of heart. And this man was summoned to stand up directly against a power with which Henry Clay had never directly grappled, before which Webster at last had quailed, which no President had offended and yet successfully administered the Government, to which each great political party had made concessions, to which in various measures of compromise the country had repeatedly capitulated, and with which he must now venture a struggle for the life or death of the nation.

The credit of the country had not fully recovered from the shock it had treacherously received in the former administration. A part of the navy-yards were intrusted to incompetent agents or enemies. The social spirit of the city of Washington was against him, and spies and enemies abounded in the circles of fashion. Every executive department swarmed with men of treasonable inclinations, so that it was uncertain where to rest for support. The army officers had been trained in unsound political principles. The chief of staff of the highest of the general officers, wearing the mask of loyalty, was a traitor at heart. The country

was ungenerous towards the negro, who in truth was not in the least to blame,—was impatient that such a strife should have grown out of his condition, and wished that he were far away. On the side of prompt decision the advantage was with the Rebels; the President sought how to avoid war without compromising his duty; and the Rebels, who knew their own purpose, won incalculable advantages by the start which they thus gained. The country stood aghast, and would not believe in the full extent of the conspiracy to shatter it in pieces; men were uncertain if there would be a great uprising of the people. The President and his cabinet were in the midst of an enemy's country and in personal danger, and at one time their connections with the North and West were cut off; and that very moment was chosen by the trusted chief of staff of the Lieutenant-General to go over to the enemy.

Every one remembers how this state of suspense was terminated by the uprising of a people who now showed strength and virtues which they were hardly conscious of possessing.

In some respects Abraham Lincoln was peculiarly fitted for his task, in connection with the movement of his countrymen. He was of the Northwest; and this time it was the Mississippi River, the needed outlet for the wealth of the Northwest, that did its part in asserting the necessity of Union. He was one of the mass of the people; he represented them, because he was of them; and the mass of the people, the class that lives and thrives by self-imposed labor, felt that the work which was to be done was a work of their own: the assertion of equality against the pride of oligarchy; of free labor against the lordship over slaves; of the great industrial people against all the expiring aristocracies of which any remnants had tided down from the Middle Age. He was of a religious turn of mind, without superstition; and the unbroken faith of the mass was like his own. As he went along through his difficult journey, sounding his way, he held fast by the hand of the people, and

"tracked its footsteps with even feet." "His pulse's beat twinned with their pulses." He committed faults; but the people were resolutely generous, magnanimous, and forgiving; and he in his turn was willing to take instructions from their wisdom.

The measure by which Abraham Lincoln takes his place, not in American history only, but in universal history, is his Proclamation of January 1, 1863, emancipating all slaves within the insurgent States. It was, indeed, a military necessity, and it decided the result of the war. It took from the public enemy one or two millions of bondmen, and placed between one and two hundred thousand brave and gallant troops in arms on the side of the Union. A great deal has been said in time past of the wonderful results of the toil of the enslaved negro in the creation of wealth by the culture of cotton; and now it is in part to the aid of the negro in freedom that the country owes its success in its movement of regeneration,—that the world of mankind owes the continuance of the United States as the example of a Republic. The death of President Lincoln sets the seal to that Proclama-

tion, which must be maintained. It cannot but be maintained. It is the only rod that can safely carry off the thunderbolt. He came to it perhaps reluctantly; he was brought to adopt it, as it were, against his will, but compelled by inevitable necessity. He disclaimed all praise for the act, saying reverently, after it had succeeded, "The nation's condition God alone can claim."

And what a futurity is opened before the country when its institutions become homogeneous! From all the civilized world the nations will send hosts to share the wealth and glory of this people. It will receive all good ideas from abroad; and its great principles of personal equality and freedom—freedom of conscience and mind,—freedom of speech and action,—freedom of government through ever-renewed common consent—will undulate through the world like the rays of light and heat from the sun. With one wing touching the waters of the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, it will grow into a greatness of which the past has no parallel; and there can be no spot in Europe or in Asia so remote or so secluded as to shut out its influence.

## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

The Refugee. By Herman Melville, Author of "Omoo," etc. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 286. \$2.00.

Three Years in the Army of the Potomac. By Henry N. Blake, late Captain in the Eleventh Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. Boston. Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 319. \$1.50.

Too Strange not to be True. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Three Volumes in One. With Illustrations. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. paper. pp. 274. \$1.50.

The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart. By William L. Stone. In Two Volumes. Albany. J. Munsell. 8vo. pp. xvi., 555; xvi., 544. \$7.00.

Lord Oakburn's Daughters. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 370. \$2.00.

Lyrical Recreations. By Samuel Ward. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. xvi., 271. \$2.00.

Virginia, and Other Poems. By John Henry Vosburg. New York. James Miller. 16mo. pp. 180. \$1.25.

High Life in Washington. A True Picture from Life of Real Persons and Characters. By Mrs. N. P. Lasselle. Philadelphia. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 396. \$2.00.

Trial of John Y. Beall, as a Spy and Guerrillero, by Military Commission. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. paper. pp. 94. 50 cts.



How they went down  
 Never was known in the still old town :  
 Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,  
 With the look of despair that was half a frown,  
 Faced his fate in the furious night,  
 Faced the mad billows with hunger white,  
 Just within hail of the beacon-light,  
 That shone on a woman sweet and trim,  
 Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,  
 Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells !  
 His was the anguish a moment tells, —  
 The passionate sorrow Death quickly knells ;  
 But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe  
 Is left for the desolate heart to know,  
 Whose tides with the dull years come and go,  
 Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,  
 Thinking of him.

# ASSASSINATION.<sup>c</sup>

THE assassination of President Lincoln threw a whole nation into mourning, — the few exceptions to those who deplored the President's violent and untimely end only serving to make the general regret the more manifest. Of all our Presidents since Washington, Mr. Lincoln had excited the smallest amount of that feeling which places its object in personal danger. He was a man who made a singularly favorable impression on those who approached him, resembling in that respect President Jackson, who often made warm friends of bitter foes, when circumstances had forced them to seek his presence ; and it is probable, that, if he and the honest chiefs of the Rebels could have been brought face to face, there never would have been civil war, — at least, any contest of grand proportions ; for he would not have failed to convince them that all that they had any right to claim, and therefore all that they could expect their fellow-citizens to fight for,

would be more secure under his government than it had been under the governments of such men as Pierce and Buchanan, who made use of sectionalism and slavery to promote the selfish interests of themselves and their party. The estimation in which he was latterly held by the most intelligent of the Secessionists indicates, that, had they been acquainted with him, their Secessionism never would have got beyond the nullification of the Palmetto Nullifiers ; and that was all fury and fuss, without any fighting in it. Ignorance was the parent of the civil war, as it has been the parent of many other evils, — ignorance of the character and purpose of the man who was chosen President in 1860-61, and who entered upon official life with less animosity toward his opponents than ever before or since had been felt by a man elected to a great place after a bitter and exciting contest. There is not the slightest reason for doubting the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln's declara-

123-

tion, that his administration should be Constitutional in its character; nor can it be said that the earlier Rebels ever supposed that he would invade their Constitutional rights. They rebelled because circumstances enabled them to attempt the realization of their long-cherished dream of a slave-holding Confederacy, and because they saw that never again, in their time, would another such opportunity be offered to effect a traitorous purpose. It was clear to every mind that a year of quiet under the new administration would dispel the delusion that the North was about to overthrow the old polity; and therefore the violent men of the South were determined that that administration never should have a fair trial. Their action at Charleston, in 1860, by rendering the election of the Republican candidate certain, shows that they wished an occasion for revolt; and the course of President Buchanan, who refused to take the commonest precautions for the public safety, gave them a vantage-ground which they speedily occupied, and so made war inevitable.

That one of the most insignificant of their number should have murdered the man whose election they declared to be cause for war is nothing strange, being in perfect keeping with their whole course. The wretch who shot the chief magistrate of the Republic is of hardly more account than was the weapon which he used. The real murderers of Mr. Lincoln are the men whose action brought about the civil war. Booth's deed was a logical proceeding, following strictly from the principles avowed by the Rebels, and in harmony with their course during the last five years. The fall of a public man by the hand of an assassin always affects the mind more strongly than it is affected by the fall of thousands of men in battle; but in strictness, Booth, vile as his deed was, can be held to have been no worse, morally, than was that old gentleman who insisted upon being allowed the privilege of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter. Ruffin's act is not so disgusting as Booth's; but of the two men, Booth exhibited the greater

courage, — courage of the basest kind, indeed, but sure to be attended with the heaviest risks, as the hand of every man would be directed against its exhibitor. Had the Rebels succeeded, Ruffin would have been honored by his fellows; but even a successful Southern Confederacy would have been too hot a country for the abode of a wilful murderer. Such a man would have been no more pleasantly situated even in South Carolina than was Benedict Arnold in England. And as he chose to become an assassin after the event of the war had been decided, and when his victim was bent upon sparing Southern feeling so far as it could be spared without injustice being done to the country, Booth must have expected to find his act condemned by every rational Southern man as a worse than useless crime, as a blunder of the very first magnitude. Had he succeeded in getting abroad, Secession exiles would have shunned him, and have treated him as one who had brought an inefaceable stain on their cause, and also had rendered their restoration to their homes impossible. The pistol-shot of Sergeant Corbett saved him from the gallows, and it saved him also from the denunciations of the men whom he thought to serve. He exhibited, therefore, a species of courage that is by no means common; for he not only risked his life, and rendered it impossible for honorable men to sympathize with him, but he ran the hazard of being denounced and cast off by his own party. This places him above those who would have assassinated their country, but who took care to keep themselves within the rules of honorable action, as the world counts honor. He perilled everything, while they staked only their lives and their property. Their success would have justified them in general estimation, but his success would have been his ruin. He was fortunate in meeting death so soon, and not less so in the mode of his exit from the stage of life. All Secessionists who retain any self-respect must rejoice that one whose doings brought additional ignominy on a cause that could

not well bear it has passed away and gone to his account. It would have been more satisfactory to loyal men, if he had been reserved for the gallows; but even they must admit that it is a terrible trial to any people who get possession of an odious criminal, because they may be led so to act as to disgrace themselves, and to turn sympathy in the direction of the evil-doer. No fouler murder ever was perpetrated than that of which Booth was guilty; and had he been taken alive and sound, it is possible that our conduct would not have been of such a character as it would have been pleasing to think of after our just passion should have cooled. We should recollect, that, a hundred and sixty years after its occurrence, the shouting of Englishmen over the verdict of *Guilty* rendered against Charnock and his associates, because of their part in the Assassination Plot, is condemned by the greatest of English historians, who was the last man to be suspected of sympathizing with men who sought to murder William III. A disposition to insult the fallen, no matter how vile may be their offences or how just their fall, is not an American characteristic; but so wide-spread and well-founded was the indignation caused by the basest murder of modern times, that we might have been unjust to ourselves, if the murderer had come whole into our hands. Therefore the shot of Sergeant Corbett is not to be regretted, save that it gave too honorable a form of death to one who had earned all that there is of disgraceful in that mode of dying to which a peculiar stigma is attached by the common consent of mankind.

Whether Booth was the agent of a band of conspirators, or was one of a few vile men who sought an odious immortality, it is impossible to say. We have the authority of a high Government official for the statement that "the President's murder was organized in Canada and approved at Richmond"; but the evidence in support of this extraordinary announcement is, doubtless for the best of reasons, withheld at the time we write. There is nothing improbable in

the supposition that the assassination plot was formed in Canada, as some of the vilest miscreants of the Secession side have been allowed to live in that country. We know that there were other plots formed in that country against us, — plots that were to a certain extent carried into execution, and which led to loss of life. The ruffians who were engaged in the St. Albans raid — which was as much an insult to England as it was a wrong to us — were exactly the sort of men to engage in a conspiracy to murder Federal magistrates; but it is not probable that British subjects had anything to do with any conspiracy of this kind. The Canadian error was in allowing the scum of Secession to abuse the "right of hospitality" through the pursuit of hostile action against us from the territory of a neutral. If injustice is done their country in this instance, Canadians should recollect that what is known to have been done there for our injury is quite sufficient to warrant the suspicion that more was there done to increase the difficulties of our situation than now distinctly appears. The country that contains such justices as Coursol and Smith cannot complain, if its sense of fairness is not rated very high by its neighbors, — neighbors who have suffered from Secessionists being allowed to make Canada a basis of operations against the United States, though the United States and Great Britain are at peace.

That a plan to murder President Lincoln should have been approved at Richmond is nothing strange; and though such approval would have been supremely foolish, what but supreme folly is the chief characteristic of the whole Southern movement? If the seal of Richmond's approval was placed on a plan formed in Canada, something more than the murder of Mr. Lincoln was intended. It must have been meant to kill every man who could legally take his place, either as President or as President *pro tempore*. The only persons who had any title to step into the Presidency on Mr. Lincoln's death were Mr.



Johnson, who became President on the 15th of April, and Mr. Foster, one of the Connecticut Senators, who is President of the Senate. There was no Speaker of the House of Representatives; so that one of the officers designated temporarily to act as President, on the occurrence of a vacancy, had no existence at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, has none at this time, and can have none until Congress shall have met, and the House of Representatives have chosen its presiding officer. It does not appear that any attempt was made on the life of Mr. Foster, though Mr. Johnson was on the list of those doomed by the assassins; and the savage attack made on Mr. Seward shows what those assassins were capable of. But had all the members of the Administration been struck down at the same time, it is not at all probable that "anarchy" would have been the effect, though to produce that must have been the object aimed at by the conspirators. Anarchy is not so easily brought about as persons of an anarchical turn of mind suppose. The training we have gone through since the close of 1860 has fitted us to bear many rude assaults on order without our becoming disorderly. Our conviction is, that, if every man who held high office at Washington had been killed on the 14th of April, things would have gone pretty much as we have seen them go, and that thus the American people would have vindicated their right to be considered a self-governing race. It would not be a very flattering thought, that the peace of the country is at the command of any dozen of hardened ruffians who should have the capacity to form an assassination plot, the discretion to keep silent respecting their purpose, and the boldness and the skill requisite to carry it out to its most minute details: for the neglect of one of those details might be fatal to the whole project. Society does not exist in such peril as that. Does any one suppose, that, if the Gunpowder Plot had been a success,—that, if King, Lords, and Commons had all been hoisted by Mr. Fawkes, the English nation would have gone to

wreck, that it could not have survived the loss of most of the royal family, the greater part of the peerage, and most of the gentlemen who had been chosen to serve in the House of Commons? England would have survived such a blow as that blowing-up would have inflicted on her, though for the time she might have been in a very confused condition; and so we should have survived—and we believe without exhibiting much confusion—all the efforts of assassins to murder our leading men, had those efforts been entirely successful.

It is possible, and indeed very probable, that Booth and his associates were originally moved to become assassins by that sentiment which has caused many other men to assail public characters, and sometimes with the bloodiest success. This supposition does not exclude the action of more eminent persons from the tragedy, who may have urged on those hot-headed fools to the completion of their work. Booth was precisely that sort of man who was likely to be the victim of the astounding delusion that to kill President Lincoln would place him in history alongside of those immortal tyrant-killers whose names are in most people's mouths, and whose conduct is seldom condemned and very often is warmly approved. There is constant praise going on of those who, in classic times, put to death men who held, or who aspired to obtain, improper power, or whose conduct was cruel. Booth thought that Mr. Lincoln was a usurper, and that his conduct was cruel; and he could have cited abundance of evidence from the speeches and writings of Northern men, professing to be sound Unionists, in support of the position that the President was a usurper and a tyrant. Having convinced himself that such was the position and character of the President, it was the most natural thing in the world that he, a Southern man, and brought up on those sensational tragedies in which human life is easily taken on all occasions, should have jumped to the conclusion that it was his duty to

kill the man whose plan and actions he had so strangely misconceived. If, while he was thus deluding himself with the notion that he was about to rival Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and other Grecian foes of tyrants, there came to him men who had too much sense to be deluded by such nonsense, but who, nevertheless, were not above profiting, they regarded profit, from his folly, it is all but certain that he may have had accomplices who have not yet been suspected, persons to whom exposure would be a much greater punishment than death. Those old Greek and Roman writers have much to answer for, as they have conferred a sort of sanctity upon assassination, provided the victim be rightly selected; and who is to decide whether he is so selected or not? If murderers are to decide upon the deserts of their victims, there never was a murder committed. Much of the literature that furnishes material for the instruction of youth is devoted to the laudation of bloodshedding, provided always the blood that is shed is that of a tyrant; and who is to say whether it is so or not? Why, the tyrant-killer, to be sure. This is an admirable arrangement for securing simplicity of proceedings, but it admits of some doubt whether it can be quite approved on the score of impartiality. When a man unites in his own person the characters of accuser, judge, and executioner, it is within the limits of possibility that he may be slightly untrustworthy. But in what is known as classical literature, not only are tyrant-slayers allowed to have their own way and say, but their action is upheld and defended by great geniuses who never killed anybody with their own hands, but who had a marvellous fondness for those whose hands were bloodstained. Cicero, for example, is never tired of sounding the praises of eminent homicides. He scarcely praised himself more than he eulogized illustrious murderers of other days. And on his eloquent words in honor of assassination are the "ingenuous youth" of Christian countries trained and taught.

That some of them should go astray under such teaching is nothing to wonder at. This has happened in other countries, and why should it not happen here? Assassination is not an American crime; \* but it is not the less true that Brutuses have been invoked in this country, and that more than once President Jackson was pointed at as one from whose tyranny the country might advantageously be relieved after "the high Roman fashion." One man fired at him,—an Englishman, named Laurence, in 1834; but he proved to be insane, and was treated as a madman. Lieutenant Randolph, a Virginian, assaulted President Jackson, but not with the view to assassinate him. Brooks's assault on Senator Sumner was an assassin's act, and a far more cowardly deed than that which Booth perpetrated, though it had a less tragical termination. The assassinating spirit has been increasing fast in the South, which is one proof of the growth of the aristocratical sentiment there,—assassination being much more in vogue among aristocrats than among monarchists or democrats, and most of the renowned assassins and conspirators having been aristocrats. It denotes the change in our condition that has been wrought by slavery and civil war, that assassination should have been much talked of here, and that at last the head of the Republic should have fallen before an assassin's fire. In other countries assassination has often been resorted to by parties and by individuals, but until very recently no public man can be said to have been taken off by an assassin in America. Booth and his

\* The word *assassin*, according to that eminent Orientalist, Sylvestre de Sacy, is derived from *hashish*, being the liquid preparation on which the Old Man of the Mountain used to intoxicate his operators, and which appears to have been an uncommonly powerful tippie. The men whom he thus drugged, or *hocused*, when they were to commit murder, "were called, in Arabic, *Hashishin* in the plural, and *Hashishi* in the singular." The Crusaders brought the word from the East. The ancients had not the word, but they had the thing, as the English suffer from *ennui*, but have no name for it. A temperance lecturer might turn this connection between blind drunkenness and reckless murder to some good purpose.

associates stand alone in our history. Others may have talked pistols and daggers, but it was left for them to use weapons so odious for purposes of the same nature. Under the belief that the reader may not be indisposed to see what has been done by assassins in other countries, we shall here cite some remarkable instances of their deeds, passing over classic antiquity and modern Italy.

In the sixteenth century assassination flourished to an extent never before or since known: the hundred years that followed Luther's appearance on the great stage forming murder's golden age, whether we consider the number or the quality of the persons slain or conspired against, or the sort of persons who condescended to act on the principle that killing is no murder. Reformers and reactionists had their assassins; but it must be acknowledged that the latter had the best (which was the worst) of the game, so that nearly all the infamous names that have come down to us won immortality in their service. It was a great, a stirring time, one that was fertile in all manner of crimes, and in which a gentleman that had much nerve and no scruples was sure of constant and well-paid employment, and might make his fortune—or that of his family, if he chanced to be cut off because he had cut down some eminent personage whose life was a great inconvenience to this or that sovereign or party. The conflict that was waged was one of opinion, and therefore was fertile of fanatics, a class of men who have furnished a large force of assassins, who have generally acted on principle, without being always heedless of their interests. In the fierce struggle between old ideas and new, every weapon was employed, and the talents and dispositions of all kinds of men were made available by the great managers who had the casting of the performers in the numerous tragedies that were played. There was not a country in which assassination was unknown; and in most countries it was common, kings and churchmen being

its patrons, and not unfrequently perishing by the very arts which under their fostering care had been carried to the highest pitch of artistic perfection. Philip II. was the most powerful monarch of those days. His regal career began just as the Reformation was at its height, and when the Reaction was about to begin. He was a sort of Christian Old Man of the Mountain; and assassination was with him a regular business, a portion of his mode of governing the many races that owned his sway. Mignet, in his "*Antonio Perez et Philippe II.*," after mentioning that Philip gave instructions to put Escovedo to death, says,—“This order would appear strange on the part of the King, if we did not call to mind the practices as well as the theories of that violent age, so fertile in assassinations. Death was then the last argument of belief, the extreme, but frequent means employed by parties, kings, and subjects. They were not satisfied with killing; they believed they had the right. Certain casuists attributed this right, some to princes, others to the people. Here is what the friar Diego de Chaves, Philip's confessor, wrote upon the very subject of Escovedo's death: ‘According to my view of the laws, the secular prince, who has power over the life of his inferiors or subjects, even as he can deprive them of it for a just cause and by judgment in form, may also do so without all this, since superfluous forms and all judicial proceedings are no laws for him who may dispense with them. It is, consequently, no crime on the part of a subject who by a sovereign order has put another subject to death. We must believe that the prince has given this order for a just cause, even as the law always presumes that there is one in all the actions of the sovereign.’” When such a king as Philip II. has such a ghostly father as Diego de Chaves, assassination may become common. Escovedo was murdered; but there were others besides the King concerned in his taking off, one of them being the Princess of Eboli, widow of Philip's first favorite, Ruy Gomez de Silva, and



Antonio Perez; and it was because the King believed they had tricked him in the business, that Perez fell, and, when in exile, had his life sought by some of his old master's assassins. Two Irishmen were authorized to kill him, by Philip's Governor of the Netherlands, but failed, and were hanged in London. Baron de Pinella tried to kill Perez at Paris, was detected, and executed. As he had been himself an active assassin, Perez could not well complain of these attempts; but they illustrate the theory and practice of the powerful Spanish monarch. Perez was one of those persons who labored to bring about the assassination of William (the Silent) of Orange. Writing to Escovedo, who was Secretary to Don John of Austria, then in the Netherlands, Perez observes. — "Let it never be absent from your mind that a good occasion must be found for finishing Orange, since, besides the service which will thus be rendered to our master, and to the States, it will be worth something to ourselves"; to which highly moral injunction Escovedo replied, — "You know that the finishing of Orange is very near my heart." There is something almost comical in this correspondence, considering its circumstances: Perez urging upon the man whom he was soon to assassinate the duty of procuring the assassination of the Prince of Orange, to whose party in Europe he was destined ere long to join himself. Philip has been suspected of having procured the death of his half-brother, Don John of Austria, by poison; but in this instance he is entitled at least to the Scotch verdict of *Not proven*. He did bring about the assassination of his ablest enemy, the Prince of Orange, though not until after failures so numerous as would have served to discourage a man of less persistent mind. Five unsuccessful attempts to kill the Prince were made in two years: the sixth was successful, that of Balthazar Gérard, who shot the Dutch deliverer on the 10th of July, 1584, in his house at Delft. Like Booth, Gérard used the pistol, a weapon that seems to have been invented for the promotion of murder. He

made a determined effort to get off, and might have succeeded, had he not stumbled over a heap of rubbish. To all these attacks on Orange some of the most eminent Spanish statesmen and soldiers of that time were parties, and Spain was then the premier nation. The Prince of Parma, one of the foremost men of a period in which there was an absolute glut of talent, spoke of Gérard's detestable crime as a "laudable and generous deed," and strongly recommended that the reward which had been offered for the Prince's murder should be conferred on his parents, a suggestion with which Philip gladly complied. Those parents were made noble, and were further rewarded by the grant of certain estates in Franche-Comté, the property of their son's victim. This was to reverse the old saying, "Happy is the child whose father goeth to the Devil!" — for the happiness of the father was made by the child's taking the downward road. "At a later day," says Motley, "when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain, after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip II., provided he would continue to pay a fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer. The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn. The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes, until the union of Franche-Comté with France, when a French governor tore the documents to pieces, and trampled them under foot."

It would be tedious to mention all the assassinations with which Philip II. was connected. He and his proconsuls and ambassadors were concerned in many of the plots that were directed against the peace of countries whose power was dreaded by Spain, or against the lives

of their sovereigns or other eminent personages. Elizabeth of England was to have been served after the same fashion as Orange. Alva sent assassins to take her off. Much of the assassination-work that was done in France proceeded from Spain. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was a Spanish inspiration. In these days it would be called a *coup d'état*. All Philip's proceedings toward his enemies were characterized by the spirit of assassination. The murder of Montigny is a strong case in point; and the artful manner in which Egmont and Horn were inveigled into his toils shows that he was a master-hand at conspiracy. Had there been two Philips in Europe, one would have assassinated the other, and it would have been dangerous to bet on the success of either.

France had her grand assassinations in the sixteenth century; and a perfect crop they were, in which kings were conspirators or were conspired against, killed or were killed, according to the supposed requirements of state policy or the necessities of high-placed individuals. At earlier dates assassination was far from being unknown in France; and some remarkable cases occurred there in those awful times when the Burgundian and Armagnac parties existed. The Duke of Orleans was assassinated, and, later, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XI., who had rebelled against his father, is believed to have murdered his brother, and also to have sought the death of Charles of Burgundy. But it was in the sixteenth century that French assassinations were of the most striking order. The marriage of Catharine de' Medici with that French prince who became Henry II. is supposed to have been attended with the effect of debauching French morals, as the Italians had a prodigiously bad reputation as assassins, and particularly as poisoners. Catharine was totally unscrupulous, having about as much of moral sense as goes to the making of a tigress; but it needed not that she should marry into the House of Valois to render assassination a Gallic crime.

It would have existed in France all the same, had she never been born. It was a moral plague that ran over Europe, as the Black Death made the same tour a couple of hundred years earlier. Poltrot killed Francis, Duke of Guise, the greatest man of a great race. Henry, Duke of Guise, Francis's son, was concerned in a plot to murder the Admiral Coligny, shortly before the St. Bartholomew, and was one of the Admiral's murderers in the Massacre. Henry of Guise was assassinated by Henry III., last of the Valois kings of France, who took upon himself to act in accordance with the principles laid down by Diego de Chaves, which James II. had acted on in the case of the Black Douglas, and on which Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, afterward acted toward Wallenstein, who was basely murdered. Henry III. was soon made to follow his victim, being assassinated by Jacques Clément, a Jacobin monk and a Leaguer. Henry IV. was killed by François Ravillac, a Romish fanatic, who was in bad odor with all respectable Catholics who knew him. Richelieu lived in a condition not unlike that which Cromwell knew, being often conspired against. Louis XV. was attacked by Damiens, who was put to death by cruel tortures. In the Revolution there were several assassins, the most noted of whom was Charlotte Corday, praises of whom are so common as to weaken the force of that feeling which should ever be directed against murder. Granted that Marat was as bad as he is painted, no individual had the right to slay him. Bonaparte was in great danger from assassins; and it was not until he had the Duc d'Enghien assassinated that he obtained a respite from their attacks, which were regarded with ill-disguised approbation even by respectable persons who were his enemies or those of France. A German youth endeavored to kill Napoleon in 1809, and was shot. In the "Declaration" put forth by the Congress of Vienna against Napoleon, after his return from Elba, the Emperor was deliberately delivered over to assassins in the following terms:

“Les Puissances déclarent en conséquence, que Napoléon Bonaparte s'est placé hors des relations civiles et sociales, et que, comme ennemi et perturbateur du repos du monde, il s'est livré à la vindicte publique.” To the paper containing this rascally sentence stands affixed the name of Wellington, who, however, indignantly denied that he ever meant to authorize or to suggest the assassination of Napoleon. No doubt his denial was honestly made, but the legitimate construction of the words is favorable to the opposite view. A French officer named Cantallon was charged with having attempted to assassinate Wellington, and was tried and acquitted; and Napoleon bequeathed ten thousand francs to Cantallon, which bequest was paid after Napoleon III. became master of France, much to the indignation of some Englishmen. The Duc de Berri, son of the Comte d'Artois, (later Charles X.) and the hope of the Bourbons, was killed by Louvel, at the opera, in February, 1820; and his son, the present Comte de Chambord, was born in the following autumn. Louis Philippe, when King of the French, was so often attacked with fire-arms and infernal-machines that one becomes dizzy in thinking of his escapes. Napoleon III. has been in great peril from assassins. Orsini's attempt to kill was a terrible piece of butchery, causing the death or mutilation of many persons, resembling in that respect the result of Fieschi's attempt to murder Louis Philippe. Had Orsini's attempt proved as successful as Booth's, it is probable that there never would have been a Secession War in this country. The Rebels counted much on European intervention, as they supposed that France and England would act together in their behalf; and had the Emperor been killed in 1858, the “cordial understanding” between the great nations of Western Europe would have come to an end, and perhaps they would have gone to war. The state of foreign affairs in 1860 had much more to do with bringing on our civil war than appears on the surface of things.

Scotland is a country in which assassins have figured largely, and her history is more disfigured by their acts than that of any other modern nation, due allowance being made for the smallness of her territory and the limited number of her people. This peculiarity in Scotch history is principally owing to the circumstance, that, as a rule, Scotland has been more aristocratically dominated than any other community; and aristocracies are more prolific of assassins than democracies or monarchies, as before said. Aristocrats, members of privileged classes, are less patient of restriction, and more prone to take the righting of what they call their wrongs into their own hands, than are other men. Violence of all kinds was for centuries more common in Scotland than in any other European country that had made the same advances in civilization; and the troubles that overtook so many of her monarchs were the natural consequences of their position. The House of Stuart has been called “the Fated Line”; and it deserved the name, because it stood nominally at the head of a nation that really was ruled by the fiercest aristocracy that ever plagued a people or perplexed monarchs. The independence of Scotland, her salvation from that English rule with which she was threatened by Edward I., whose success would have made her what Ireland became under English ascendancy, was based on a deed which even some Scotch writers have not hesitated to speak of as reprehensible,—the killing, namely, of Comyn in a church at Dumfries, by Bruce and Kirkpatrick; and it seems as if the blood-stain then and there contracted clung to the Stuarts, who were descended from Bruce by the female line. The Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III., and heir-apparent, was murdered by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, whose purpose was to divert the crown to his own branch of the family. Rothesay's brother became James I., and he was assassinated by Sir Robert Graham,—the King's offence being that he wished to introduce



something like regular government into Scotland, having learned the value of order in England, where he had passed many years as a prisoner. Grahame was one of the most ferocious of the savages who then formed the Scotch aristocracy, and he had no idea of seeing radicalism made rampant in his country; and so he headed a conspiracy against the King and murdered him. James II. was himself an assassin, as he stabbed the Earl of Douglas, who had come to him under an assurance of safety, and who was cut to pieces by some of the royal retainers, after their master had set them an example. The King's excuse was, that the Douglas had become too powerful to be proceeded against regularly; and, indeed, the question then before Scotland was, whether that country should be ruled by the House of Douglas or the House of Stuart, and we cannot wonder that a king in the fifteenth century should conclude rather to murder than to be murdered. James II. overthrew the Black Douglas, and in his case assassination *did* prosper. James III. was assassinated while flying from a field of battle on which he had been beaten by rebels. Mary Stuart, daughter of James V., is believed by many historical inquirers to have been a party to the assassination of her husband, (Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, who was her relative,) the question whether she did thus act forming the turning-point in that famous Marian Controversy which has raged for three hundred years, and which seems to be no nearer a decision now than it was before Loch Leven and Fotheringay, — Mr. Froude, the last of the great champions in the fight, having pronounced, with all his usual directness, adversely to the Rose of Scotland. Whether Mary was an assassin or not, it is beyond all doubt that her husband was one of the assassins of her servant Rizzio, who was murdered in her very presence. Mary's son, James VI., stands in the strangest relation to an extraordinary assassination of any man in history. The Gowrie Conspiracy is yet a riddle. According to one class of his-

torical critics, the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, were bent upon assassinating the King; while another class are quite as positive that the King was bent upon assassinating the Ruthvens, and that he accomplished his purpose. We confess that we are strongly inclined to go with those who say that the Ruthvens were victims, and not baffled assassins; and we have always admired the reply of the clergyman to whom the King condescended to tell his story, in the hope of convincing him of its truth. "Doubtless," said that skeptical, but pious personage, "I must believe it, since your Majesty says you saw it; but I would not have believed it, had I seen it with my own eyes." Was ever a king more cleverly told that he was a liar? The Earl of Murray, Mary Stuart's bastard brother, and the first of many regents who ruled Scotland during her son's minority, was the victim of the most pardonable act of assassination that we know of, — if such a crime be ever pardonable. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was one of those Scotchmen who joined Mary Stuart after her escape from Loch Leven, and was condemned to death after her failure, but had his life spared, while his estate was confiscated. He might have borne this loss of property, but he became enraged when he heard that his wife had been so treated, when ejected from what had been her own property before her marriage, as to go mad and die. The person who misused her had received the estate from the Earl of Murray; and upon the latter Hamilton resolved to take vengeance. He carried out his plans, which were very cleverly formed, with great skill and coolness, and consequently was successful, taking off his great enemy, and getting off himself. He shot Murray as he was passing through the town of Linlithgow, stationing himself in a house that belonged to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, in and around which everything had been prepared for the killing of one man and the escape of another. It is beyond all doubt that the Archbishop was a party to the

crime, or Bothwellhaugh could not have had the facilities which were his for obtaining revenge and striking a great blow for the Queen's party. The princely House of Hamilton generally approved of the deed. Let not those, however, who see in the Archbishop's conduct the natural effect of Catholicism, be in too great hurry to attribute his conduct to his religious belief; for there were Protestant assassins in Scotland in those days, and later. Only a few years before, a very eminent Catholic, Cardinal Beaton, who was Archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered by Norman Lesley; and John Knox associated himself with Lesley, and those by whom he was aided, to hold the castle of St. Andrews against the Government's forces. The murderers of Rizzio were not Catholics, and their victim belonged to the old church. Some of Darnley's murderers were Protestants. In the next century some remarkable cases of Scotch assassination took place. Montrose stands charged with having attempted to take the lives of Argyle and Hamilton; but we hesitate to believe the story, so great is our admiration of that wonderful man. After the Restoration, (1660,) the ultra Protestants, perverting various passages of Scripture, assumed to execute judgment on those whom they held to be enemies of God and the true Kirk. The man for whom they felt most hatred was James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, — a title that seems to have had peculiar attractions for assassins. Sharpe was accused, not untruthfully, of having sold his cause to Government; and he became a marked man with those whom he had betrayed. A preacher named Mitchell fired a pistol into Sharpe's carriage, and wounded the Bishop of the Orkneys so severely that that prelate ultimately died of the injury. Years later Mitchell was about to make a second attempt on the Archbishop, when he was arrested, tried, imprisoned for some time, condemned, and executed, at the Archbishop's earnest request. The next year Sharpe was slain by a num-

ber of Protestants, who were looking for a minor persecutor, and who thought that Heaven had specially delivered the Archbishop into their hands when they encountered his carriage, from which they made him descend, and murdered him in presence of his daughter, using swords and pistols. Among the many stories told of Claverhouse (then Viscount of Dundee) is one to the effect that he was shot on the battle-field of Killiecrankie by one of his servants, who used a silver button from his livery-coat, the great Grahame being impervious to lead.\* About the same time, Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session, and head of the Scotch tribunals, was assassinated by Chiesly of Dalry, who was angry because the President had assigned to Mrs. Chiesly, with whom her husband had quarrelled, a larger alimony than that husband thought she should have. The business of divorcing, and discriminating as to the amount of ladies' allowances, is a safer one in these times, and fortunate for the judges that it is, considering how much of such business they have to perform. If every hundred divorce cases produced one assassination, lawyers would be rapidly promoted — and shot.

\* Mr. De Quincey's immortal *Connoisseur*, who delivered the Williams Lecture on Murder, speaking of the supposed assassination of Gustavus Adolphus, at the Battle of Lutzen, says, — "The King of Sweden's assassination, by-the-by, is doubted by many writers, — Harte amongst others; but they are wrong. He was murdered; and I consider his murder unique in its excellence; for he was murdered at noonday, and on the field of battle, — a feature of original conception, which occurs in no other work of art that I remember." His memory was bad. He must have heard the story that Desaix was murdered on the field of Marengo, after coming up to save Bonaparte from destruction; and he must also have heard the story that Dundee was murdered at Killiecrankie. Mr. Hawthorne mentions that he saw, in an old volume of Colonial newspapers, "a report that General Wolfe was slain, not by the enemy, but by a shot from his own soldiers." All these reports are just as well founded as that which represents Gustavus Adolphus as having been assassinated. Harte's doubts are, as the reader can see by referring to his work, well sustained, and leave the impression that the King was killed in fair fight. We have heard a very ingenious argument in support of the proposition that Stonewall Jackson was assassinated by some of his own men, — and there is some mystery about the cause or occasion of his death.

England has contributed a large number of assassinations to the pages of that Newgate serial which is known by the grave name of history. One of her kings, Edward II., is known to have been murdered after his deposition; and it is supposed that he perished by a peculiarly horrible form of death. William Rufus is believed to have been assassinated in the New Forest, though the popular notion is, that he was accidentally killed by an arrow from the bow of Walter Tirrel, which must have been a long-bow. Richard II. was probably killed in prison, after deposition. Henry VI. is believed to have been killed in 1471, he being then a prisoner in the hands of the triumphant Yorkists,—but there is no proof that he was killed. Edward V., a boy-monarch, is one of the princes whom Richard III.'s enemies said he had smothered in the Tower,—a story to be maintained only by smothering all evidence. Many English sovereigns were attacked by assassins, but escaped. Edward I. was stabbed by a Mussulman when he was crusading in the East,—and we had almost said that he was rightly served; for what business had he in that remote part of the world? Henry V. was to have been assassinated, according to the statement of himself and his friends; but he had the satisfaction of killing the conspirators judiciously. Elizabeth, as became her superiority to most sovereigns, was a favorite with persons with a taste for assassination strongly developed. She was under the Papal ban, and was an object of the indelicate attentions of that prince of assassins, Philip II.; and his underlings, who were all great people, made her life so uncertain that there never lived the actuary who was capable of estimating the probabilities of its duration. That she escaped is as wonderful as anything in her history, for she does not appear to have been very heedful of her personal safety; yet she could punish detected ruffians sharply enough. James I. was once in no slight danger. No conspiracy ever came so near making a great noise in the world, of a kind very different from that which it did make, as

the Gunpowder Plot; and the silence which marked its course is quite as astonishing as the excitement that followed its disclosure. That so many persons should have kept so deadly a secret so long and so faithfully is as great a mystery as ever was invented by a writer of the sensation school; and when Catholics declare that there never was a plot, except that which was formed against their religion by artful men for the worst purposes, they do not talk so unreasonably as at the first blush it should seem. This plot was emphatically a gentlemanly transaction. There was hardly a person who had part in it who was not a gentleman by birth or education, or both. Catesby, Percy, Rookwood, Digby, the Winters, Grant, Tresham, Keyes, and the Littletons were all members of good families, and some of them of very high families,—as Percy, Digby, Rookwood, and Catesby. Some of them had been Protestants,—as Catesby and Percy; and Digby had been brought up in a Protestant house. Fawkes was of respectable parentage and of good education. Father Garnet, on his trial, was spoken of by Sir Edward Coke as having “many excellent gifts and endowments of nature: by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar, by art learned, and a good linguist.” He was brought up a Protestant. That Catholics of such standing, and with such training as should have taught them better, should have engaged in so wicked a conspiracy, was one of the chief reasons why adherents of the ancient religion were treated so cruelly in England for more than two centuries. Titus Oates's invention, the Popish Plot, never would have found believers, had not men remembered the Gunpowder Plot. In Cromwell's time, and during the civil war that preceded it, assassination plots were common, and some succeeded. The Cavaliers had very loose notions on the subject. They killed an English envoy in Holland and another in Spain. Cromwell was almost as much a target as Louis Philippe became after he was converted, for his sins, into a Citizen King. It is even asserted that



he feared assassination, and he was not in the habit of fearing many things. The court of the exiled Stuarts teemed with assassins; and projects for murdering the Protector were there formed, as well as in England. Nothing but the good intelligence which Cromwell purchased saved his life. Charles II., in his turn, became the object of assassins' attentions. Some of those who meant to kill him were superior men, — as Richard Rumbold, who was able, brave, honest, and pious. True, Rumbold in dying expressed his abhorrence of assassination, and denied that he ever had countenanced it; but the distinction which he made, and on which his dying expressions were founded, can deceive no one, and we find it difficult to believe that they deceived Rumbold himself. To have killed the King and the Duke of York after the manner spoken of by the Rye-House plotters would have been to assassinate them, and no amount of sophistry could have given to the conspiracy any other character than that of an assassination plot. William III. lived in almost as great danger of dying by the hand of an assassin as his immortal ancestor whom Gérard shot. It shows how common was assassination in those times, and how loose was public morality, that Louis XIV. was a party to at least two of the plots that were formed for taking William's life, — that of Grandval and that of Barclay, the latter known in English history as the Assassination Plot *par excellence*, and which would have succeeded, had two or three of the parties to it been left out. James II., William's father-in-law, was also concerned in both these plots; and his illegitimate son, the Duke of Berwick, a man of the highest personal integrity, was aware of what Barclay was about. Since William's time English sovereigns have had but little trouble from assassins, and that little has proceeded from insane creatures. George III. was struck at by a crazy woman, one Peg Nicholson, and fired at, in a theatre, by a crazy man named Hadfield. We can recollect three persons firing at Queen Victoria,

none of whom were executed, though they all richly deserved hanging.

Englishmen of note have been assassinated from time to time. Becket's death was an act of assassination. Two Dukes of Gloucester, of the blood royal, were assassinated in prison, — one in the reign of Richard II., and the other in that of Henry VI. Not a few eminent persons in England were "done to death" by the abuse of judicial proceedings, which were in fact acts of assassination. Most of Henry VIII.'s great victims perished by means fouler than any of those to which Richard III. is accused of having had resort; and the manner in which his father, Henry VII., murdered the Earl of Warwick, last of the male Plantagenets, and only because he was a Plantagenet, was a deed worthy of a devil. Elizabeth, unless she is much libelled, would have avoided the execution of Mary Stuart by resort to assassination, only that her instruments were found scrupulous. The first Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family was assassinated by John Felton, in Charles I.'s reign. Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, was stabbed by a Frenchman, named Guiscard, Harley being then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Anne's reign. Mr. Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury, was shot by a lunatic named John Bellingham, in 1812, the scene being the lobby of the House of Commons. In 1819 the Cato-Street Conspiracy was formed by Arthur Thistlewood and others. It was meant to kill the British Ministers, and the mode in which it was finally resolved to proceed was to attack them when they should be assembled at a Cabinet dinner, to be given by the Earl of Harrowby, Lord President of the Council. Government knew all about the conspiracy, and allowed it to ripen, and then "bagged" the conspirators. This was in February, 1820; and on the first of May five of the assassins were hanged and five others transported. When Sir Robert Peel was last Prime-Minister, a fellow named M'Naughten sought his life, and killed his private secretary, Mr. Drummond. Sir Rob-

ert was so indiscreet as to charge Mr. Cobden with inciting persons to take his life !

Russia has lost several of her sovereigns through assassination, accompanied or preceded by deposition. Ivan VI. was assassinated in prison, almost a quarter of a century after the crown had been taken from him. Peter III. survived his downfall but a week, when he was poisoned, beaten, and strangled. The Czar Paul was so unreasonable as to resist those who were deposing him, and they were under the disagreeable necessity of squeezing his throat so long and so tightly, that breathing became difficult, and at last stopped altogether. The murderers of both Peter and Paul became great personages, held high offices, did important deeds, and were received in the very best society, as well abroad as at home. Macaulay, in his article on Madame D'Arblay, (Fanny Burney,) mentions the number, the variety, and the greatness of the company which her father, Dr. Burney, assembled frequently at his house. "On one evening, of which we happen to have a full account," he says, "there was present Lord Mulgrave, Lord Bruce, Lord and Lady Edgumbe, Lord Barington from the War Office, Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, Lord Ashburnham, with his gold key dangling from his pocket, and the French Ambassador, M. de Guignes, renowned for his fine person and for his success in galantry. But the great show of the night was the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, whose gigantic figure was all in a blaze of jewels, and in whose demeanor the untamed ferocity of the Scythian might be discerned through a thin varnish of French politeness. As he stalked about the small parlor, brushing the ceiling with his toupee, the girls whispered to each other, with mingled admiration and horror, that he was the favored lover of his august mistress [Catharine II.]; that he had borne the chief part in the revolution to which she owed her throne; and that his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had given the last squeeze to the

windpipe of her unfortunate husband." He must have been a nice man for a small party, and a peculiarly edifying spectacle for young ladies. And then how fit to be ambassador at a court the first woman of which was good Queen Charlotte ! Many words have been wasted on the question, whether Catharine II. and Alexander I. consented to the murder, the one of her husband and the other of his father; but the question is absurdly framed. They consented to the act of deposition in each case, and that was the same as to sign the death-warrant. The old saying, that short is the passage of a dethroned monarch from a prison to a grave, applies with peculiar force to Russia : Catharine II. well knew that there was no hope for her husband; and Alexander I. could not have been deceived on such a point. While she was at the height of her power, Catharine herself was in danger of being assassinated. Some of the nobles suggested to her son, the Grand Duke Paul, that she should be deposed and murdered, and offered to do the job, quite as a matter of course, and with no more of shame than so many English Parliament-men might have felt for proposing to vote a minister out of office. It was *their* mode of effecting a change of ministry, and they regarded the proposition as showing that they were members of the constitutional opposition. As Talleyrand told Bonaparte, when news of Paul's murder reached Paris, "T is a way they have there !" Paul rejected the offer to rid him of his mother with horror. His own son was not so moral, in after days. Alexander was a haunted man, and remorse made him the crazy wreck that he was in his last years, and shortened his life. He was threatened with assassination by the Russian constitutional opposition, when it was thought that he was giving up too much to Napoleon I.; and the eventful war of 1812 was the result of his fears of that opposition. When he was at Vienna, attending the memorable Congress, he frankly said that he durst not go back to Russia without having added all of Poland that

he claimed to his dominions,—that it was as much as his life was worth to comply with the demands of Austria, France, and England with regard to the Poles. This was the real reason why the Polish question was so clumsily disposed of, and left to make trouble for the future. Alexander preferred quarrelling with his allies rather than with his nobles, exactly as he had done when Napoleon I. was his foreign antagonist. There have been persons enough to argue that Alexander I. was assassinated, after all, and also that Nicholas was disposed of in the same constitutional way; but we can see no evidence on which to found any such argument. When, in the days of the Polish War, (1831,) the Grand Duke Constantine and Marshal Diebitsch died rather suddenly, it was generally believed that they had been assassinated by order of Nicholas, but without any foundation for the belief.

One of the last of the Swedish kings of the line of Vasa, Gustavus III., was assassinated in 1792, being shot by Count Anckarstroem, at a masked ball, March 16th. This murder was the result of an aristocratical conspiracy, the King having done much to lessen the power of the nobility. He was engaged at the time he was shot in getting up a crusade against revolutionary France, of which he purposed being the head. He survived his wound thirteen days.

An attempt to assassinate Joseph I., King of Portugal, was made in 1758,

when the celebrated Marquis of Pomal was the real ruler of that country. Many executions took place, including several of the highest nobles. The Jesuits, who were then very unpopular, and against whom most European governments were directing their power, were charged with this crime, and some of them were put to death, and the rest banished from Portugal.

In the year 1831, Count Capo d' Istria, then President of Greece, was assassinated at Nauplia, by the brothers Mauromichalis. He was supposed to be a mere tool of Russia, in whose service much of his life had passed. He was by birth a Greek of the Ionian Islands; and after they had become a portion of Napoleon I.'s empire, he took office in Russia, rising very high. Employed to look after Russia's interests in Greece, he was ultimately chosen President of the latter country in 1827. Popular at first, he soon became odious, and was nothing but a Russian agent. His death probably cut short plans which, had they succeeded, would have had much effect on the course of European events. In the old land, where it was considered a sacred duty to kill tyrants, he was suddenly slain as he was entering a church. His death caused little regret, though the deed of the Mauromichalis was warmly condemned, many persons being ready to profit from crimes the perpetration of which they are swift to condemn, and as ready to execute the perpetrators.



## THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

## VII.

## LITTLE FOXES. — PART VI.

## DISCOURTESY.

“FOR my part,” said my wife, “I think one of the greatest destroyers of domestic peace is Discourtesy. People neglect, with their nearest friends, those refinements and civilities which they practise with strangers.”

“My dear Madam, I am of another opinion,” said Bob Stephens. “The restraints of etiquette, the formalities of ceremony, are beauteous enough in out-door life; but when a man comes home, he wants leave to take off his tight boots and gloves, wear the gown and slippers, and speak his mind freely without troubling his head where it hits. Home-life should be the communion of people who have learned to understand each other, who allow each other a generous latitude and freedom. One wants one place where he may feel at liberty to be tired or dull or disagreeable without ruining his character. Home is the place where we should expect to live somewhat on the credit which a full knowledge of each other’s goodness and worth inspires; and it is not necessary for intimate friends to go every day through those civilities and attentions which they practise with strangers, any more than it is necessary, among literary people, to repeat the alphabet over every day before one begins to read.”

“Yes,” said Jennie, “when a young gentleman is paying his addresses, he helps a young lady out of a carriage so tenderly, and holds back her dress so adroitly, that not a particle of mud gets on it from the wheels; but when the mutual understanding is complete, and the affection perfect, and she is his wife, he sits still and holds the horse and lets her climb out alone. To be sure, when pretty Miss Titmouse is visiting them, he still shows himself gallant, flies from the carriage, and holds back

her dress: that’s because he does n’t love her nor she him, and they are *not* on the ground of mutual affection. When a gentleman is only engaged, or a friend, if you hem him a cravat or mend his gloves, he thanks you in the blandest manner; but when you are once sure of his affection, he only says, ‘Very well; now I wish you would look over my shirts, and mend that rip in my coat, — and be sure don’t forget it, as you did yesterday.’ For all which reasons,” said Miss Jennie, with a toss of her pretty head, “I mean to put off marrying as long as possible, because I think it far more agreeable to have gentlemen friends with whom I stand on the ground of ceremony and politeness than to be restricted to one who is living on the credit of his affection. I don’t want a man who gapes in my face, reads a newspaper all breakfast-time while I want somebody to talk to, smokes cigars all the evening, or reads to himself when I would like him to be entertaining, and considers his affection for me as his right and title to make himself generally disagreeable. If he has a bright face, and pleasant, entertaining, gallant ways, I like to be among the ladies who may have the benefit of them, and should take care how I lost my title to it by coming with him on to the ground of domestic affection.”

“Well, Miss Jennie,” said Bob, “it is n’t merely our sex who are guilty of making themselves less agreeable after marriage. Your dapper little fairy creatures, who dazzle us so with wondrous and fresh toilettes, who are so trim and neat and sprightly and enchanting, what becomes of them after marriage? If *he* reads the newspaper at the breakfast-table, perhaps it’s because there is a sleepy, dowdy woman opposite, in a faded gingham wrapper, put on in the sacredness of domestic privacy, and per-

sons why brothers and sisters or children so often diverge from the family-circle in the choice of confidants is, that extraneous friends are bound by certain laws of delicacy not to push inquiries, criticisms, or advice too far.

"Parents would do well to remember in time when their children have grown up into independent human beings, and use with a wise moderation those advisory and admonitory powers with which they guided their earlier days. Let us give everybody a right to live his own life, as far as possible, and avoid imposing our own personalities on another.

"If I were to picture a perfect family, it should be a union of people of individual and marked character, who through love have come to a perfect appreciation of each other, and who so wisely understand themselves and one another that each may move freely along his or her own track without jar or jostle,—a family where affection is always sympathetic and receptive, but never inquisitive,—where all per-

sonal delicacies are respected,—and where there is a sense of privacy and seclusion in following one's own course, unchallenged by the watchfulness of others, yet withal a sense of society and support in a knowledge of the kind dispositions and interpretations of all around.

"In treating of family discourtesies, I have avoided speaking of those which come from ill-temper and brute selfishness, because these are sins more than mistakes. An angry person is generally impolite; and where contention and ill-will are, there can be no courtesy. What I have mentioned are rather the lackings of good and often admirable people, who merely need to consider in their family-life a little more of whatsoever things are lovely. With such the mere admission of anything to be pursued as a duty secures the purpose; only in their somewhat earnest pursuit of the substantial of life they drop and pass by the little things that give it sweetness and perfume. To such a word is enough, and that word is said."

---

## ACCOMPLICES.

VIRGINIA, 1865.

THE soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves

By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower

Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;

The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves

Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.

Hark, what a burst of music from yon wood!

The Southern nightingale, above its brood,

In its melodious summer madness raves.

Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,

With what sweet voices, Nature seeks to screen

The awful Crime of this distracted land,—

Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green

Mantle of velvet where the Murdered lie,

As if to hide the horror from God's eye!

## THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY. C

ON the eve of the last general election, the country was startled by the publication of a Report from the Judge Advocate of the United States, disclosing the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy at the West, which had for its object the overthrow of the Union. This conspiracy, the Report stated, had a military organization, with a commander-in-chief, general and subordinate officers, and five hundred thousand enrolled members, all bound to a blind obedience to the orders of their superiors, and pledged to "take up arms against any government found waging war against a people endeavoring to establish a government of their own choice."

The organization, it was said, was in every way hostile to the Union, and friendly to the so-called Confederacy; and its ultimate objects were "a general rising in Missouri," and a similar "rising in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Kentucky, in coöperation with a Rebel force which was to invade the last-named State."

Startling and incredible as the Report seemed, it told nothing but the truth, and it did not tell the whole truth. It omitted to state that the organization was planned in Richmond; that its operations were directed by Jacob Thompson, who was in Canada for that purpose; and that wholesale robbery, arson, and midnight assassination were among its designs.

The point marked out for the first attack was Camp Douglas, at Chicago. The eight thousand Rebel soldiers confined there, being liberated and armed, were to be joined by the Canadian refugees and Missouri "Butternuts" engaged in their release, and the five thousand and more members of the treasonable order resident in Chicago. This force, of nearly twenty thousand men, would be a nucleus about which the conspirators in other parts of Illinois could gather; and, being joined by the

prisoners liberated from other camps, and members of the order from other States, would form an army a hundred thousand strong. So fully had everything been foreseen and provided for, that the leaders expected to gather and organize this vast body of men within the space of a fortnight! The United States could bring into the field no force capable of withstanding the progress of such an army. The consequences would be, that the whole character of the war would be changed; its theatre would be shifted from the Border to the heart of the Free States; and Southern independence, and the beginning at the North of that process of disintegration so confidently counted on by the Rebel leaders at the outbreak of hostilities, would have followed.

What saved the nation from being drawn into this whirlpool of ruin? Nothing but the cool brain, sleepless vigilance, and wonderful sagacity of one man, — a young officer never read of in the newspapers, — removed from field-duty because of disability, but commissioned, I verily believe, by Providence itself to ferret out and foil this deeper-laid, wider-spread, and more diabolical conspiracy than any that darkens the page of history. Other men — and women, too — were instrumental in dragging the dark iniquity to light; but they failed to fathom its full enormity, and to discover its point of outbreak. He did that; and he throttled the tiger when about to spring, and so deserves the lasting gratitude of his country. How he did it I propose to tell in this paper. It is a marvellous tale; it will read more like romance than history; but, calling to mind what a good man once said to me, "Write the truth; let people doubt, if they will," I shall narrate the facts.

There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this young man. Nearly six feet high, he has an erect, military carriage, a frank, manly face, and looks every inch a soldier, — such a soldier as



would stand up all day in a square hand-to-hand fight with an open enemy; but the keenest eye would detect in him no indication of the crafty genius which delights to follow the windings of wickedness when burrowing in the dark. But if not a Fouché or a Vidocq, he is certainly an able man; for, in a section where able men are as plenty as apple-blossoms in June, he was chosen to represent his district in the State Senate, and, entering the army a sub-altern officer, rose, before the Battle of Perryville, to the command of a regiment. At that battle a Rebel bullet entered his shoulder, and crushed the bones of his right elbow. This disabled him for field duty, and so it came about that he assumed the light blue of the veterans, and on the second day of May, 1864, succeeded General Orme in command of the military post at Chicago.

When fairly settled in the low-roofed shanty which stands, a sort of mute sentry, over the front gateway of Camp Douglas, the new Commandant, as was natural, looked about him. He found the camp — about sixty acres of flat, sandy soil, inclosed by a tight board fence, an inch thick, and fourteen feet high — had a garrison of but two regiments of veteran reserves, numbering, all told, only seven hundred men fit for duty. This small force was guarding eight thousand Rebel prisoners, one third of whom were Texas rangers, and guerrillas who had served under Morgan, — wild, reckless characters, fonder of a fight than of a dinner, and ready for any enterprise, however desperate, that held out the smallest prospect of freedom. To add to the seeming insecurity, nearly every office in the camp was filled with these prisoners. They served out rations and distributed clothing to their comrades, dealt out ammunition to the guards, and even kept the records in the quarters of the Commandant. In fact, the prison was in charge of the prisoners, not the prisoners in charge of the prison. This state of things underwent a sudden change. With the exception of a very few, whose

characters recommended them to peculiar confidence, all were at once placed where they belonged, — on the inner side of the prison-fence.

A post-office was connected with the camp, and this next received the Commandant's attention. Everything about it appeared to be regular. A vast number of letters came and went, but they all passed unsealed, and seemed to contain nothing contraband. Many of them, however, were short epistles on long pieces of paper, a curious circumstance among correspondents with whom stationery was scarce and greenbacks were not over-plenty. One sultry day in June, the Commandant builded a fire, and gave these letters a warming; and lo! presto! the white spaces broke out into dark lines breathing thoughts blacker than the fluid that wrote them. Corporal Snooks whispered to his wife, away down in Texas, "The forthe of July is comin', Sukey, so be a man; fur I 'm gwine to celerbrate. I 'm gwine up loike a rocket, ef I does come down loike a stick." And Sergeant Blower said to John Copperhead of Chicago, "Down in 'old Virginny' I used to think the fourth of July a humbug, but this prison has made me a patriot. Now I 'd like to burn an all-fired sight of powder, and if you help, and God is willing, I shall do it." In a similar strain wrote half a score of them.

Such patriotism seemed altogether too wordy to be genuine. It told nothing, but it darkly hinted at dark events to come. The Commandant bethought him that the Democratic Convention would assemble on the fourth of July; that a vast multitude of people would congregate at Chicago on that occasion; and that, in so great a throng, it would be easy for the clans to gather, attack the camp, and liberate the prisoners. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the young Commandant was vigilant. Soon Prison-Square received a fresh instalment of prisoners. They were genuine "Butternuts," out at the toes, out at the knees, out at the elbows, out everywhere, in fact, and of everything but their senses. Those

they had snugly about them. They fraternized with Corporal Snooks, Sergeant Blower, and others of their comrades, and soon learned that a grand pyrotechnic display was arranged to come off on Independence-day. A huge bonfire was to be built outside, and the prisoners were to salute the old flag, but not with blank cartridges.

But who was to light the outside bonfire? That the improvised "Butternuts" failed to discover, and the Commandant set his own wits to working. He soon ascertained that a singular organization existed in Chicago. It was called "The Society of the Illini," and its object, as set forth by its printed constitution, was "the more perfect development of the literary, scientific, moral, physical, and social welfare of the conservative citizens of Chicago." The Commandant knew a conservative citizen whose development was not altogether perfect, and he recommended him to join the organization. The society needed recruits and initiation-fees, and received the new member with open arms. Soon he was deep in the outer secrets of the order; but he could not penetrate its inner mysteries. Those were open to only an elect few who had already attained to a "perfect development" — of villany. He learned enough, however, to verify the dark hints thrown out by the prisoners. The society numbered some thousands of members, all fully armed, thoroughly drilled, and impatiently waiting a signal to explode a mine deeper than that in front of Petersburg.

But the assembling of the Chicago Convention was postponed to the twenty-ninth of August, and the fourth of July passed away without the bonfire and the fireworks.

The Commandant, however, did not sleep. He still kept his wits a-working; the bogus "Butternuts" still ate prisoners' rations; and the red flame still brought out black thoughts on the white letter-paper. Quietly the garrison was reinforced, quietly increased vigilance was enjoined upon the sentinels; and the tranquil, assured look of

the Commandant told no one that he was playing with hot coals on a barrel of gunpowder.

So July rolled away into August, and the Commandant sent a letter giving his view of the state of things to his commanding general. This letter has fallen into my hands, and, as might sometimes make right, I shall copy a portion of it. It is dated August 12, and, in the formal phrase customary among military men, begins: —

"I have the honor respectfully to report, in relation to the supposed organization at Toronto, Canada, which was to come here in squads, then combine, and attempt to rescue the prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, that there is an armed organization in this city of five thousand men, and that the rescue of our prisoners would be the signal for a general insurrection in Indiana and Illinois. . . .

"There is little, if any, doubt that an organization hostile to the Government and secret in its workings and character exists in the States of Indiana and Illinois, and that this organization is strong in numbers. It would be easy, perhaps, at any crisis in public affairs, to push this organization into acts of open disloyalty, if its leaders should so will. . . .

"Except in cases of considerable emergency, I shall make all communications to your head-quarters on this subject by mail."

These extracts show, that, seventeen days before the assembling of the Chicago Convention, the Commandant had become convinced that mail-bags were safer vehicles of communication than telegraph-wires; that five thousand armed traitors were then domiciled in Chicago; that they expected to be joined by a body of Rebels from Canada; that the object of the combination was the rescue of the prisoners at Camp Douglas; and that success in that enterprise would be the signal for a general uprising throughout Indiana and Illinois. Certainly, this was no little knowledge to gain by two months' burrowing in the dark. But the con-

spirators were not fools. They had necks which they valued. They would not plunge into open disloyalty until some "crisis in public affairs" should engage the attention of the authorities, and afford a fair chance of success. Would the assembling of the Convention be such a crisis? was now the question.

The question was soon answered. About this time, Lieutenant-Colonel B. H. Hill, commanding the military district of Michigan, received a missive from a person in Canada who represented himself to be a major in the Confederate service. He expressed a readiness to disclose a dangerous plot against the Government, provided he were allowed to take the oath of allegiance, and rewarded according to the value of his information. The Lieutenant-Colonel read the letter, tossed it aside, and went about his business. No good, he had heard, ever came out of Nazareth. Soon another missive, of the same purport, and from the same person, came to him. He tossed this aside also, and went again about his business. But the Major was a Southern Yankee, — the "cutest" sort of Yankee. He had something to sell, and was bound to sell it, even if he had to throw his neck into the bargain. Taking his life in his hand, he crossed the frontier; and so it came about, that, late one night, a tall man, in a slouched hat, rusty regimentals, and immense jack-boots, was ushered into the private apartment of the Lieutenant-Colonel at Detroit. It was the Major. He had brought his wares with him. They had cost him nothing, except some small sacrifice of such trifling matters as honor, fraternal feeling, and good faith towards brother conspirators, whom they might send to the gallows; but they were of immense value, — would save millions of money and rivers of loyal blood. So the Major said, and so the Lieutenant-Colonel thought, as, coolly, with his cigar in his mouth and his legs over the arm of his chair, he drew the important secrets from the Rebel officer. Something good might, after all, come out

of Nazareth. The Lieutenant-Colonel would trust the fellow, — trust him, but pay him nothing, and send him back to Toronto to worm out the whole plan from the Rebel leaders, and to gather the whole details of the projected expedition. But the Major knew with whom he was dealing. He had faith in Uncle Sam, and he was right in having it; for, truth to tell, if Uncle Sam does not always pay, he can always be trusted.

It was not long before the Major reappeared with his budget, which he duly opened to the Lieutenant-Colonel. Its contents were interesting, and I will give them to the reader as the Union officer gave them to the General commanding the Northern Department. His communication is dated August 16. It says: —

"I have the honor to report that I had another interview last evening with Major —, whose disclosures in relation to a Rebel plot for the release of the prisoners at Camp Douglas I gave you in my letter of the 8th instant. I have caused inquiries to be made in Canada about Major —, and understand that he does possess the confidence of the Rebel agent, and that his statements are entitled to respect.

"He now informs me that he proceeded to Toronto, as he stated he would when I last saw him; that about two hundred picked men, of the Rebel refugees in Canada, are assembled at that place, who are armed with revolvers and supplied with funds and transportation-tickets to Chicago; and that already one hundred and fifty have proceeded to Chicago. That he (Major —) and the balance of the men are waiting for instructions from Captain Hines, who is the commander of the expedition; that Captain Hines left Toronto last Thursday for Chicago, and at this time is doubtless at Niagara Falls, making the final arrangements with the chief Rebel agents.

"Major — states that Saunders, Holbrook, and Colonel Hicks were at Toronto while he was there, engaged in making preparations, etc. The general plan is to accomplish the release



of the prisoners at Camp Douglas, and in doing so they will be assisted by an armed organization at Chicago. After being released, the prisoners will be armed, and being joined by the organization in Chicago, will be mounted and proceed to Camp Morton, (at Indianapolis,) and there accomplish a similar object in releasing prisoners. That for months, Rebel emissaries have been travelling through the Northwest; that their arrangements are fully matured; and that they expect to receive large accessions of force from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. They expect to destroy the works at Ironton.

"Major — says further that he is in hourly expectation of receiving instructions to proceed to Chicago with the balance of the party; that he shall put up at the City Hotel, corner of Lake and State Streets, and register his name as George —; and that he will then place himself in communication with Colonel Sweet, commanding at Chicago."

The Major did not "put up at the corner of Lake and State Streets," and that fact relieved the Government from the trouble of estimating the value of his services, and, what is more to be deplored, rendered it impossible for the Commandant to recognize and arrest the Rebel leaders during the sitting of the Chicago Convention. What became of the Major is not known. He may have repented of his good deeds, or his treachery may have been detected and he put out of the way by his accomplices.

It will be noticed how closely the Rebel officer's disclosures accorded with the information gathered through indirect channels by the astute Commandant. When the report was conveyed to him, he may have smiled at this proof of his own sagacity; but he made no change in his arrangements. Quietly and steadily he went on strengthening the camp, augmenting the garrison, and shadowing the footsteps of all suspicious new-comers.

At last the loyal Democrats came together to the great Convention, and

with them came Satan also. Bands of ill-favored men, in bushy hair, bad whiskey, and seedy homespun, staggered from the railway-stations, and hung about the street-corners. A reader of Dante or Swedenborg would have taken them for delegates from the lower regions, had not their clothing been plainly perishable, while the devils wear everlasting garments. They had come, they announced, to make a Peace President, but they brandished bowie-knives, and bellowed for war even in the sacred precincts of the Peace Convention. But war or peace, the Commandant was ready for it.

For days reinforcements had poured into the camp, until it actually bristled with bayonets. On every side it was guarded with cannon, and, day and night, mounted men patrolled the avenues to give notice of the first hostile gathering. But there was no gathering. The conspirators were there, two thousand strong, with five thousand Illini to back them. From every point of the compass, — from Canada, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, and even loyal Vermont, bloody-minded men had come to give the Peace candidate a red baptism. But "discretion is the better part of valor." The conspirators saw the preparations and disbanded. Not long afterward one of the leaders said to me, "We had spies in every public place, — in the telegraph-office, the camp itself, and even *close by* the Commandant's head-quarters, and knew, hourly, all that was passing. From the observatory, opposite the camp, I myself saw the arrangements for our reception. We outnumbered you two to one, but our force was badly disciplined. Success in such circumstances was impossible; and on the third day of the Convention we announced from head-quarters that an attack at that time was impracticable. It would have cost the lives of hundreds of the prisoners, and perhaps the capture or destruction of the whole of us." So the storm blew over, without the leaden rain, and its usual accompaniment of thunder and lightning.

A dead calm followed, during which the Illini slunk back to their holes ; the prisoners took to honest ink ; the bogus "Butternuts" walked the streets clad like Christians, and the Commandant went to sleep with only one eye open. So the world rolled around into November.

The Presidential election was near at hand,—the great contest on which hung the fate of the Republic. The Commandant was convinced of this, and wanted to marshal his old constituents for the final struggle between Freedom and Despotism. He obtained a furlough to go home and mount the stump for the Union. He was about to set out, his private secretary was ready, and the carriage waiting at the gateway, when an indefinable feeling took possession of him, holding him back, and warning him of coming danger. It would not be shaken off, and reluctantly he postponed the journey till the morrow. Before the morrow facts were developed which made his presence in Chicago essential to the safety of the city and the lives of the citizens. The snake was scotched, not killed. It was preparing for another and a deadlier spring.

On the second of November, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, openly a Secessionist, but secretly a loyal man, and acting as a detective for the Government, left that city in pursuit of a criminal. He followed him to Springfield, traced him from there to Chicago, and on the morning of November fourth, about the hour the Commandant had the singular impression I have spoken of, arrived in the latter city. He soon learned that the bird had again flown.

"While passing along the street," (I now quote from his report to the Provost Marshal General of Missouri,) "and trying to decide what course to pursue,—whether to follow this man to New York, or return to St. Louis,—I met an old acquaintance, a member of the order of 'American Knights,' who informed me that Marmaduke was in Chicago. After conversing with him awhile, I started up the street, and about one block farther on met Dr. E. W. Edwards, a practising physician in Chicago,

(another old acquaintance,) who asked me if I knew of any Southern soldiers being in town. I told him I did ; that Marmaduke was there. He seemed very much astonished, and asked how I knew. I told him. He laughed, and then said that Marmaduke was at his house, under the assumed name of Burling, and mentioned, as a good joke, that he had a British passport, *vised* by the United States Consul under that name. I gave Edwards my card to hand to Marmaduke, (who was another 'old acquaintance,') and told him I was stopping at the Briggs House.

"That same evening I again met Dr. Edwards on the street, going to my hotel. He said Marmaduke desired to see me, and I accompanied him to his house." There, in the course of a long conversation, "Marmaduke told me that he and several Rebel officers were in Chicago to coöperate with other parties in releasing the prisoners of Camp Douglas, and other prisons, and in inaugurating a Rebellion at the North. He said the movement was under the auspices of the order of 'American Knights,' (to which order the Society of the Illini belonged,) and was to begin operations by an attack on Camp Douglas on election-day."

The detective did not know the Commandant, but he soon made his acquaintance, and told him the story. "The young man," he says, "rested his head upon his hand, and looked as if he had lost his mother." And well he might ! A mine had opened at his feet ; with but eight hundred men in the garri-son it was to be sprung upon him. Only seventy hours were left ! What would he not give for twice as many ? Then he might secure reinforcements. He walked the room for a time in silence, then, turning to the detective, said, "Do you know where the other leaders are ?"—"I do not."—"Can't you find out from Marmaduke ?"—"I think not. He said what he did say voluntarily. If I were to question him, he would suspect me." That was true, and Marmaduke was not of the stuff that betrays a comrade on compulsion. His arrest, there-

fore, would profit nothing, and might hasten the attack for which the Commandant was so poorly prepared. He sat down and wrote a hurried dispatch to his General. Troops! troops! for God's sake, troops! was its burden. Sending it off by a courier,—the telegraph told tales,—he rose, and again walked the room in silence. After a while, with a heavy heart, the detective said, "Good night," and left him.

What passed with the Commandant during the next two hours I do not know. He may have prayed,—he is a praying man,—and there was need of prayer, for the torch was ready to burn millions of property, the knife whetted to take thousands of lives. At the end of the two hours, a stranger was ushered into the apartment where the Commandant was still pacing the floor. From the lips and pen of this stranger I have what followed, and I think it may be relied on.

He was a slim, light-haired young man, with fine, regular features, and that indefinable air which denotes good breeding. Recognizing the Commandant by the eagle on his shoulder, he said, "Can I see you alone, Sir?"—"Certainly," answered the Union officer, motioning to his secretary to leave the room. "I am a Colonel in the Rebel army," said the stranger, "and have put my life into your hands, to warn you of the most hellish plot in history."—"Your life is safe, Sir," replied the other, "if your visit is an honest one. I shall be glad to hear what you have to say. Be seated."

The Rebel officer took the proffered chair, and sat there till far into the morning. In the limits of a magazine article I cannot attempt to recount all that passed between them. The written statement the Rebel Colonel has sent to me covers fourteen pages of closely written foolscap; and my interview with him on the subject lasted five hours, by a slow watch. He disclosed all that Judge Holt has made public, and a great deal more. Sixty days previously he had left Richmond with verbal dispatches from the Rebel Secretary of War

to Jacob Thompson, the Rebel agent in Canada. These dispatches had relation to a vast plot, designed to wrap the West in flames, sever it from the East, and secure the independence of the South. Months before, the plot had been concocted by Jeff Davis at Richmond; and in May previous, Thompson, supplied with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in sterling exchange, had been sent to Canada to superintend its execution. This money was lodged in a bank at Montreal, and had furnished the funds which fitted out the abortive expeditions against Johnson's Island and Camp Douglas. The plot embraced the order of "American Knights," which was spread all over the West, and numbered five hundred thousand men, three hundred and fifty thousand of whom were armed. A force of twelve hundred men—Canadian refugees, and bushwhackers from Southern Illinois and Missouri—was to attack Camp Douglas on Tuesday night, the 8th of November, liberate and arm the prisoners, and sack Chicago. This was to be the signal for a general uprising throughout the West, and for a simultaneous advance by Hood upon Nashville, Buckner upon Louisville, and Price upon St. Louis. Vallandigham was to head the movement in Ohio, Bowles in Indiana, and Walsh in Illinois. The forces were to rendezvous at Dayton and Cincinnati in Ohio, New Albany and Indianapolis in Indiana, and Rock Island, Chicago, and Springfield in Illinois; and those gathered at the last-named place, after seizing the arsenal, were to march to aid Price in taking St. Louis. Prominent Union citizens and officers were to be seized and sent South, and the more obnoxious of them were to be assassinated. All places taken were to be sacked and destroyed, and a band of a hundred desperate men was organized to burn the larger Northern cities not included in the field of operations. Two hundred Confederate officers, who were to direct the military movements, had been in Canada, but were then stationed throughout the West, at the various points to be attacked, waiting the out-



break at Chicago. Captain Hines, who had won the confidence of Thompson by his successful management of the escape of John Morgan, had control of the initial movement against Camp Douglas; but Colonel Grenfell, assisted by Colonel Marmaduke and a dozen other Rebel officers, was to manage the military part of the operations. All of these officers were at that moment in Chicago, waiting the arrival of the men, who were to come in small squads, over different railroads, during the following three days. The Rebel officer had known of the plot for months, but its atrocious details had come to his knowledge only within a fortnight. They had appalled him; and though he was betraying his friends, and the South which he loved, the humanity in him would not let him rest till he had washed his hands of the horrible crime.

The Commandant listened with nervous interest to the whole of this recital; but when the Southern officer made the last remark, he almost groaned out, —

“Why did you not come before?”

“I could not. I gave Thompson my opinion of this, and have been watched. I think they have tracked me here. My life on your streets to-night would n't be worth a bad half-dollar.”

“True; but what must be done?”

“Arrest the ‘Butternuts’ as they come into Chicago.”

“That I can do; but the leaders are here, with five thousand armed Illini to back them. I must take them. Do you know them?”

“Yes; but I do not know where they are quartered.”

At two o'clock the Commandant showed the Rebel officer to his bed, but went back himself, and paced the floor until sunrise. In the morning his plan was formed. It was a desperate plan; but desperate circumstances require desperate expedients.

In the prison was a young Texan who had served on Bragg's staff, and under Morgan in Kentucky, and was, therefore, acquainted with Hines, Grenfell, and the other Rebel officers. He

fully believed in the theory of State Rights, — that is, that a part is greater than the whole, — but was an honest man, who, when his word was given, could be trusted. One glance at his open, resolute face showed that he feared nothing; that he had, too, that rare courage which delights in danger, and courts heroic enterprise from pure love of peril. Early in the war, he had encountered Colonel De Land, a former commandant of the post, on the battlefield, and taken him prisoner. A friendship then sprang up between the two, which, when the tables were turned, and the captor became the captive, was not forgotten. Colonel De Land made him chief clerk in the medical department, and gave him every possible freedom. At that time it was the custom to allow citizens free access to the camp; and among the many good men and women who came to visit and aid the prisoners was a young woman, the daughter of a well-known resident of Chicago. She met the Texan, and a result as natural as the union of hydrogen and oxygen followed. But since Adam courted Eve, who ever heard of wooing going on in a prison? “It is not exactly the thing,” said Colonel De Land; “had you not better pay your addresses at the lady's house, like a gentleman?” A guard accompanied the prisoner; but it was shrewdly guessed that he stayed outside, or paid court to the girls in the kitchen.

This was the state of things when the present Commandant took charge of the camp. He learned the facts, studied the prisoner's face, and remembered that he, too, once went a-courting. As he walked his room that Friday night, he bethought him of the Texan. Did he love his State better than he loved his affianced wife? The Commandant would test him.

“But I shall betray my friends! Can I do that in honor?” asked the Texan.

“Did you ask that question when you betrayed your country?” answered the Commandant.

“Let me go from camp for an hour. Then I will give you my decision.”

"Very well."

And, unattended, the Texan left the prison.

What passed between the young man and the young woman during that hour I do not know, and could not tell, if I did know,—for I am not writing romance, but history. However, without lifting the veil on things sacred, I can say that her last words were, "Do your duty. Blot out your record of treason." God bless her for saying them! and let "Amen" be said by every American woman!

On his return to camp, the Texan merely said, "I will do it," and the details of the plan were talked over. He was to escape from the prison, ferret out and entrap the Rebel leaders. How to manage the first part of the dangerous programme was the query of the Texan. The Commandant's brain is fertile. An adopted citizen, in the scavenger line, makes periodical visits to the camp in the way of his business, and him the Commandant sends for.

"Arrah, yer Honor," the Irishman says, "I ha'n't a tr-aitor. Bless yer beautiful sowl! I love the kinty; and besides, it might damage me good name and me purty profession."

He is assured that his name will be all the better for dieting a few weeks in a dungeon, and—did not the same thing make Harvey Birch immortal?

Half an hour before sunset the scavenger comes into camp with his wagon. He fills it with dry bones, broken bottles, decayed food, and the rubbish of the prison; and down below, under a blanket, he stows away the Texan. A hundred comrades gather round to shut off the gaze of the guard; but outside is the real danger. He has to pass two gates, and run the gauntlet of half a dozen sentinels. His wagon is fuller than usual; and the late hour—it is now after sunset—will of itself excite suspicion. It might test the pluck of a braver man; for the sentries' bayonets are fixed, and their guns at the half-trigger; but he reaches the outer gate in safety. Now St. Patrick help him!

for he needs all the impudence of an Irishman. The gate rolls back; the Commandant stands nervously by, but a sentry cries out,—

"You can't pass; it's agin orders. No wagens' kin go out arter drum-beat."

"Arrah, don't be a fool! Don't be afther obstructin' a honest man's business," answers the Irishman, pushing on into the gateway.

The soldier is vigilant, for his officer's eye is on him.

"Halt!" he cries again, "or I'll fire!"

"Fire! Waste yer powder on yer friends, like the bloody-minded spalpeen ye are!" says the scavenger, cracking his whip, and moving forward.

It is well he does not look back. If he should, he might be melted to his own soap-grease. The sentry's musket is levelled; he is about to fire, but the Commandant roars out,—

"Don't shoot!" and the old man and the old horse trot off into the twilight.

Not an hour later, two men, in big boots, slouched hats, and brownish buttonnits, come out of the Commandant's quarters. With muffled faces and hasty strides, they make their way over the dimly lighted road into the city. Pausing, after a while, before a large mansion, they crouch down among the shadows. It is the house of the Grand Treasurer of the Order of American Knights, and into it very soon they see the Texan enter. The good man knows him well, and there is great rejoicing. He orders up the fatted calf, and soon it is on the table, steaming hot, and done brown in the roasting. When the meal is over, they discuss a bottle of Champagne and the situation. The Texan cannot remain in Chicago, for there he will surely be detected. He must be off to Cincinnati by the first train; and he will arrive in the nick of time, for warm work is daily expected. Has he any money about him? No, he has left it behind, with his Sunday clothes, in the prison. He must have funds; but the worthy gentleman can lend him none, for he is a loyal man; of course he is! was he not the "people's candidate" for Governor? But no one ever heard

of a woman being hanged for treason. With this he nods to his wife, who opens her purse, and tosses the Texan a roll of greenbacks. They are honest notes, for an honest face is on them. At the end of an hour good-night is said, and the Texan goes out to find a hole to hide in. Down the street he hurries, the long, dark shadows following.

He enters the private door of a public house, speaks a magic word, and is shown to a room in the upper story. Three low, prolonged raps on the wall, and — he is among them. They are seated about a small table, on which is a plan of the prison. One is about forty-five,—a tall, thin man, with a wiry frame, a jovial face, and eyes which have the wild, roving look of the Arab's. He is dressed after the fashion of English sportsmen, and his dog—a fine gray bloodhound—is stretched on the hearth-rug near him. He looks a reckless, desperate character, and has an adventurous history.\* In battle he is said to be a thunderbolt,—lightning harnessed and inspired with the will of a devil. He is just the character to lead the dark, desperate expedition on which they are entered. It is St. Leger Grenfell.

At his right sits another tall, erect man, of about thirty, with large, prominent eyes, and thin, black hair and moustache. He is of dark complexion, has a sharp, thin nose, a small, close mouth, a coarse, harsh voice, and a quick, boisterous manner. His face tells of dissipation, and his dress shows the dandy; but his deep, clear eye and pale, wrinkled forehead denote a cool, crafty intellect.† This is the notorious Captain Hines, the right-hand man of Morgan, and the soul and brains of the Conspiracy. The rest are the meaner sort of villains. I do not know how they looked, and if I did, they would not be worth describing.

Hines and Grenfell spring to their feet, and grasp the hand of the Texan.

He is a godsend,—sent to do what no man of them is brave enough to do,—lead the attack on the front gateway of the prison. So they affirm, with great oaths, as they sit down, spread out the map, and explain to him the plan of operations.

Two hundred Rebel refugees from Canada, they say, and a hundred "Butternuts" from Fayette and Christian Counties, have already arrived; many more from Kentucky and Missouri are coming; and by Tuesday they expect that a thousand or twelve hundred desperate men, armed to the teeth, will be in Chicago. Taking advantage of the excitement of election-night, they propose, with this force, to attack the camp and prison. It will be divided into five parties. One squad, under Grenfell, will be held in reserve a few hundred yards from the main body, and will guard the large number of guns already provided to arm the prisoners. Another—command of which is offered to the Texan—will assault the front gateway, and engage the attention of the eight hundred troops quartered in Garrison Square. The work of this squad will be dangerous, for it will encounter a force four times its strength, well armed and supplied with artillery; but it will be speedily relieved by the other divisions. Those, under Marmaduke, Colonel Robert Anderson of Kentucky, and Brigadier-General Charles Walsh of Chicago, Commander of the American Knights, will simultaneously assail three sides of Prison Square, break down the fence, liberate the prisoners, and, taking the garrison in rear, compel a general surrender. This accomplished, small parties will be dispatched to cut the telegraph-wires and seize the railway-stations; while the main body, reinforced by the eight thousand and more prisoners, will march into the city and rendezvous in Court-House Square, which will be the base of further operations.

The first blow struck, the insurgents will be joined by the five thousand Illini, (American Knights,) and, seizing the arms of the city,—six brass field-pieces, and eight hundred Springfield muskets,

\* See Fremantle's "Three Months in the Southern States," p. 148.

† Detective's description.



— and the arms and ammunition stored in private warehouses, will begin the work of destruction. The banks will be robbed, the stores gutted, the houses of loyal men plundered, and the railway-stations, grain-elevators, and other public buildings burned to the ground. To facilitate this latter design, the water-plugs have been marked, and a force detailed to set the water running. In brief, the war will be brought home to the North; Chicago will be dealt with like a city taken by assault, given over to the torch, the sword, and the brutal lust of a drunken soldiery. On it will be wreaked all the havoc, the agony, and the desolation which three years of war have heaped upon the South; and its upgoing flames will be the torch that shall light a score of other cities to the same destruction!

It was a diabolical plan, conceived far down in hell amid the thick blackness, and brought up by the arch-fiend himself, who sat there, toying with the hideous thing, and with his cloven foot beating a merry tune on the death's-head and cross-bones under the table.

As he concludes, Hines turns to the new comer, —

"Well, my boy, what do you say? Will you take the post of honor and of danger?"

The Texan draws a long breath, and then, through his barred teeth, blurts out, —

"I will!"

On those two words hang thousands of lives, millions of money!

"You are a trump!" shouts Grenfell, springing to his feet. "Give us your hand upon it!"

A general hand-shaking follows, and during it, Hines and another man announce that their time is up: —

"It is nearly twelve. Fielding and I never stay in this d—d town after midnight. You are fools, or you would n't."

Suddenly, as these words are uttered, a slouched hat, listening at the keyhole, pops up, moves softly through the hall, and steals down the stairway. Half an hour later the Texan opens the private

door of the Richmond House, looks cautiously around for a moment, and then stalks on towards the heart of the city. The moon is down, the lamps burn dimly, but after him glide the shadows.

In a room at the Tremont House, not far from this time, the Commandant is walking and waiting, when the door opens, and a man enters. His face is flushed, his teeth are clenched, his eyes flashing. He is stirred to the depths of his being. Can he be the Texan?

"What is the matter?" asks the Commandant.

The other sits down, and, as if only talking to himself, tells him. One hour has swept away the fallacies of his lifetime. He sees the Rebellion as it is, — the outbreak and outworking of that spirit which makes hell horrible. Hitherto, that night, he has acted from love, not duty. Now he bows only to the All-Right and the All-Beautiful, and in his heart is that psalm of work, sung by one of old, and by all true men since the dawn of creation: "Here am I, Lord! Send me!"

The first gray of morning is streaking the east, when he goes forth to find a hiding-place. The sun is not up, and the early light comes dimly through the misty clouds, but about him still hang the long, dark shadows. This is a world of shadows. Only in the atmosphere which soon inclosed him is there no night and no shadow.

Soon the Texan's escape is known at the camp, and a great hue-and-cry follows. Handbills are got out, a reward is offered, and by that Sunday noon his name is on every street-corner. Squads of soldiers and police ransack the city and invade every Rebel asylum. Strange things are brought to light, and strange gentry dragged out of dark closets; but nowhere is found the Texan. The search is well done, for the pursuers are in dead earnest; and, Captain Hines, if you don't trust him now, you are a fool, with all your astuteness!

So the day wears away and the night cometh. Just at dark a man enters the private door of the Tremont House, and goes up to a room where the Command-

ant is waiting. He sports a light rattan, wears a stove-pipe hat, a Sunday suit, and is shaven and shorn like unto Samson. What is the Commandant doing with such a dandy? Soon the gas is lighted; and lo, it is the Texan! But who in creation would know him? The plot, he says, thickens. More "Butternuts" have arrived, and the deed will be done on Tuesday night, as sure as Christmas is coming. He has seen his men,—two hundred, picked, and every one clamoring for pickings. Hines, who carries the bag, is to give him ten thousand greenbacks, to stop their mouths and stuff their pockets, at nine in the morning.

"And to-morrow night we'll have them, sure! And, how say you, give *you* shackles and a dungeon?" asks the Commandant, his mouth wreathing with grim wrinkles.

"Anything you like. Anything to blot out my record of treason."

He has learned the words,—they are on his heart, not to be razed out forever.

When he is gone, up and down the room goes the Commandant, as is his fashion. He is playing a desperate game. The stake is awful. He holds the ace of trumps,—but shall he risk the game upon it? At half past eight he sits down and writes a dispatch to his General. In it he says:—

"My force is, as you know, too weak and much overworked,—only eight hundred men, all told, to guard between eight and nine thousand prisoners. I am certainly not justified in waiting to take risks, and mean to arrest these officers, if possible, before morning."

The dispatch goes off, but still the Commandant is undecided. If he strikes to-night, Hines may escape, for the fox has a hole out of town, and may keep under cover till morning. He is the king-devil, and much the Commandant wants to cage him. Besides, he holds the bag, and the Texan will go out of prison a penniless man among strangers. Those ten thousand greenbacks are lawful prize, and should be the country's dower with the maiden. But are not republics grateful? Did not one give

a mansion to General McClellan? Ah, Captain Hines, that was lucky for you, for, beyond a doubt, it saved your bacon!

The Commandant goes back to camp, sends for the police, and gets his blue-coats ready. At two o'clock they swoop to the prey, and before daybreak a hundred birds are in the talons of the eagle. Such another haul of buzzards and night-hawks never was made since Gabriel caged the Devil and the dark angels.\*

\* Since the foregoing was written the Commandant's official report has been published. In reference to these arrests, he says, in a dispatch to General Cook, dated Camp Douglas, Nov. 7, 4 o'clock, A. M.:—

"Have made during the night the following arrests of Rebel officers, escaped prisoners of war, and citizens in connection with them:—

"Morgan's Adjutant-General, Colonel G. St. Leger Grenfell, in company with J. T. Shanks, [the Texan,] an escaped prisoner of war, at Richmond House; Colonel Vincent Marmaduke, brother of General Marmaduke; Brigadier-General Charles Walsh, of the 'Sons of Liberty'; Captain Cantrill, of Morgan's command; Charles Traverse (Butternut). Cantrill and Traverse arrested in Walsh's house, in which were found two cart-loads of large size revolvers, loaded and capped, two hundred stands of muskets loaded, and ammunition. Also seized two boxes of guns concealed in a room in the city. Also arrested Buck Morris, Treasurer of 'Sons of Liberty,' having complete proof of his assisting Shanks to escape, and plotting to release prisoners at this camp.

"Most of these Rebel officers were in this city on the same errand in August last, their plan being to raise an insurrection and release prisoners of war at this camp. There are many strangers and suspicious persons in the city, believed to be guerrillas and Rebel soldiers. Their plan was to attack the camp on election-night. All prisoners arrested are in camp. Captain Nelson and A. C. Coventry, of the police, rendered very efficient service.

"B. J. SWEET, Col. Com."

In relation to the general operations I have detailed, the Commandant in this Report writes as follows:—

"Adopting measures which proved effective to detect the presence and identify the persons of the officers and leaders and ascertain their plans, it was manifest that they had the means of gathering a force considerably larger than the little garrison then guarding between eight and nine thousand prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, and that, taking advantage of the excitement and the large number of persons who would ordinarily fill the streets on election-night, they intended to make a night attack on and surprise this camp, release and arm the prisoners of war, cut the telegraph-wires, burn the railroad-depots, seize the banks and stores containing arms and ammunition, take possession of the city, and commence a campaign for the release of other prisoners of war in the States of Illinois and Indiana, thus organizing an army to effect and give success to the general uprising so long contemplated by the 'Sons of Liberty.'"

At the Richmond House Grenfell was taken in bed with the Texan. They were clapped into irons, and driven off to the prison together. A fortnight later, the Texan, relating these details to a stranger, while the Commandant was sitting by at his desk writing, said, —

“Words cannot describe my relief when those handcuffs were put upon us. At times before, the sense of responsibility almost overpowered me. Then I felt like a man who has just come into a fortune. The wonder to me now is, how the Colonel could have trusted so much to a Rebel.”

“Trusted!” echoed the Commandant, looking up from his writing. “I had faith in you; I thought you would n’t betray me; but I trusted your own life in your own hands, that was all. Too much was at stake to do more. Your every step was shadowed, from the moment you left this camp till you came back to it in irons. Two detectives were constantly at your back, sworn to take your life, if you wavered for half a second.”

“Is that true?” asked the Texan in a musing way, but without moving a muscle. “I did n’t know it, but I felt it in the air!”

In the room at the Richmond House, on the table around which were discussed their hellish plans, was found a slip of paper, and on it, in pencil, was scrawled the following:—

“COLONEL, — You *must* leave this house *to-night*. Go to the Briggs House.

“J. FIELDING.”

Fielding was the assumed name of the Rebel who burrowed with Hines out of town, where not even his fellow-fiends could find him. Did the old fox scent the danger? Beyond a doubt he did. Another day, and the Texan’s life might have been forfeit. Another day, and the camp might have been sprung upon a little too suddenly! So the Com-

mandant was none too soon; and who that reads this can doubt that through it all he was led and guided by the good Providence that guards his country?

But what said Chicago, when it awoke in the morning? Let one of its own organs answer.

“A shiver of genuine horror passed over Chicago yesterday. Thousands of citizens, who awoke to the peril hanging over their property and their heads in the form of a stupendous foray upon the city from Camp Douglas, led by Rebel officers in disguise and Rebel guerrillas without disguise, and concocted by home Copperheads, whose houses had been converted into Rebel arsenals, were appalled as though an earthquake had opened at their feet. . . . Who can picture the horrors to follow the letting loose of nine thousand Rebel prisoners upon a sleeping city, all unconscious of the coming avalanche? With arms and ammunition stored at convenient locations, with confederates distributed here and there, ready for the signal of conflagration, the horrors of the scene could scarcely be paralleled in savage history. One hour of such a catastrophe would destroy the creations of a quarter of a century, and expose the homes of nearly two hundred thousand souls to every conceivable form of desecration.”\*

But the men of Chicago not only talked, they acted. They went to the polls and voted for the Union; and so told the world what honest Illinois thought of treason.

More arrests were made, more arms taken, but the great blow was struck and the great work over. Its head gone, the Conspiracy was dead, and it only remained to lay out its lifeless trunk for the burial. Yet, even as it lay in death, men shuddered to look on the hideous thing out of which had gone so many devils.

\* Chicago Tribune, Nov. 8, 1864.



## MY SECOND CAPTURE.

THE Adjutant T—and myself, not inexperienced in battles, though, perhaps, like most Americans, infants in warfare, were captured in September last, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Nature's noble art-gallery, on the west side of Opequan Creek, a stream that is a picture at almost any point. In one of the gallant charges which our eager cavalry, under General Sheridan, made before the great charge that captured Winchester and the Valley, our regiment had the right, and gained a fine position in the end. But two or three encounters were very close. The sea of battle surged back and forth, tormented only, however, by the mild breezes of a day like May; and as the waves of our army withdrew from the ridge on which the enemy rested, to gain greater impetus, my poor horse was shot under me, stranded, and left rolling upon the ground, midway between friend and foe. The orderly, my attendant, had another in the rear of the retreating column; but, inasmuch as that was now swept by the swift-receding current far beyond us, he could neither have me mounted nor command other present means whereby to get me off. I reclined, like Adonis, upon a soft bed of meadow-grass studded here and there with wild-flowers, an emerald velvet with silver spangles,—but suffering, unlike him, from bruises, and with my best soulless friend dead at my side. I was somewhat sprained by the fall the dying beast had given me. The enemy was close at hand, following with yells and chaotic eagerness upon our troops.

"We 'll take a march to Libby," said my orderly, dropping on his knees to feel my bones.

He drew his arm through his rein, (having had no idea of deserting me in his sound health by the aid of his ready animal,) and continued his examination; whilst his sturdy favorite chopped the short grass within reach of his breathing

hitching-post as closely as his long bit would allow. In a very few moments the Rebel foam was surging like wild beyond us,—a private pausing at me for a second, to poke me in the ribs with his piece.

"There 's life there, Grayback," growled my attendant; and the Rebel ordered us to the rear.

Indeed, had we remained where we were, we would soon have been in the rear, so impetuously did the foe sweep by us. But private soldiers, the potent keystones of the Rebel arch, built to crush the voice of the many, command the Southern armies in every great engagement; and one of these important atoms had given us our hint to move. You never see anything but the rank and file in the heart of a Rebel corps. Our new commander mounted my orderly's horse, and soon was lost in the distance.

It is not, I have found, a very diverting entertainment to wander free a few moments (a free prisoner) in search of some authority, out of the myriads who have the opportunity, who shall choose to take charge of one. I felt peculiarly as I stood irresolute, now framing one thought, now another, casting about in my mind, weighing the odds with no light fancy-scales, which of the rushing demons on all sides would draw up before me with a curse, and command me to follow him. Our regiment, our corps, our whole army, (this last had not left its works for the little fight,) were far in the distance now; and the ground on which I stood, and which but a short time since was tramped by Northern troops, had, in the mutations of war, become a portion of the Rebel dominions. The September sun shone brightly through the white fleece of the cloud-swans swimming in the morning air; and the early spring breeze that I have mentioned—for Æolus had given freedom to but a tender dove-zephyr—played with the silk fringe of the meadow

grass, finding no olive-branch here, venturing its ripple, with the audacity of innocence, under the very heels of the contending forces. Possibly the feeling of loneliness which overwhelms a man at such a time as this is the most acute of all his feelings. I looked my orderly in the face as he supported me on his shoulder. He was gazing coolly before him.

"If we have to march soon, you had better rest," he said, deliberately. "There 's a tree you can sit under. And if you have money or a watch, you had better hide them in your arm-pits."

We went to the tree, and set ourselves against it.

The fresh air that brushed by us, like fine steel points, relieved me of my oozing faintness, and in the ease of my circumstances I could attend somewhat to my bruises. With the aid of my canteen, I relaxed the strained muscles. It was my desire to have my loins girt about and my limbs in good order for the foot-journey that I doubted not was before us. They would march us to Gordonsville, and thence to Libby, carrying us through in an incredibly short time, and without boots at that. I had two objects to labor for, as I began to get myself into condition: first, to be taken in charge by an officer; and then—to escape from him that night, whilst the train was in disorder. I was of opinion that my companion, a taciturn machine, who labored, like the miners, well with his little light, had some such plan of his own, as I saw him buckling his belt beneath his trousers. He was stowing away his watch and a photograph,—which every soldier must have, of some poor maid or other who toils in the shades of obscurity at home,—and making himself ready for a run at any favorable moment. I thought that I would sound him.

"You had better do it, orderly, soon in the day," I said; "since the enemy will march you between two files, and you will then have but little chance."

"So I think," he replied. "I thought no time better than now. But then"—

"But what?" I asked.

"Well, it 's rather hard to leave you here. What with your sprain, and your blow on the head, you 're pretty sure to halt at Libby."

I had no chance to answer, for the Rebel was before me who was to have the honor of my capture.

He was of the flabby white-flesh species of the genus Rebel, a Quaker scarecrow with matty locks, that many of my brethren in arms have met; harmless in units, but ponderous, as even scarecrows will be, if hurled back and forth in thousands, swarms; lank, cadaverous, and whining; snuff-chewing, and grossly filthy, even under the best of circumstances. His flesh was set dough, and his hair was long and yellow. He spoke through the dirty causeway of his nose. The road-dust and drab of his uniform, so called in satire, have often been described. These gentlemen's faces, to me, who incline to an intelligent expression on the human index, look like tallow-vats or nursery-suet, pliable and swill-fed; and their mien and carriage have never impressed me favorably. I had seen them rush with a wild yell, an army like the Paris mob of intoxicated rags, upon our Gibraltar at Gettysburg; and had myself charged upon their Attila-works (behind which they had their household gods piled up and ready for burning) at Fredericksburg. I had even taken a ball from one of them in the shoulder, whilst skirmishing, in the shiftings of my experience; and they had before had the honor of my capture, in sunny, grape-growing Maryland. Perhaps all these scenes passed in panorama before my mind's eye, as I rose to my captor and eyed his dirty linen. Here was an indignity, indeed. My soul revolted at the thought of a journey southward, and all my instincts warned me against so dire an undertaking. I stood before the Rebel with my determination in my eye.

"A couple of Yanks, lolling under a tree," he screamed to his companions, pointing the finger, and garnishing his speech, in Rebel manner, with an oath.

"P'rhaps you thought you were off," he chuckled.

He was "goin'" to take us to the "Gen'ral." He muttered more oaths with his orders, and directed us to be "right smart," and to "git."

I glanced at my orderly, who was inaugurating an onset upon the weaker side of this mean battery, or ditch-work, — and who evidently counted upon effecting a breach by rapid, electric charges, — by handing over his pistol. It was freely offered, before demanded, and the recipient took it in silence. He then drew out his tobacco, a treasure with which, I well knew, he would not willingly part, and which was the little ewe-lamb of his unjewelled life, — which, also, was taken quickly, but under a nod of acknowledgments from the Rebel. The battery was shaken, but, in truth, continued to draw fire. "Give me your boots," said the critical captor, and the orderly knocked off his leathers in the best good-humor in the world. When we had walked a little farther, the orderly, now marching as the Moslems do on holy ground, asked our guide if he had any grub about him; and accepted a piece of pork. There was a variety of viands in the haversack from which this fragment came, — both pork and bacon, — but the fire-eaters, I have noticed, always prefer the latter meat. I divined at once that my orderly was laying in stores for a solitary tramp, and making a raven in this, to him, strange desert, of the ill-omened bird that had pounced upon us. He would conciliate his enemy, and when the latter was growing careless he would spring into some woods. The pork, with the berries to be found there, would sustain him after he had broken leash, — and would be all that he would eat, no doubt, in the course of two or three suns.

We noticed a great stir on all sides of us, converging streams of stragglers, wounded men, and prisoners, as we made our way, scattering grasshoppers, over the fields, and soon mingled with the throng of troops on the open road to Winchester. It was about three miles

from this town that our capture had taken place; and from the immense wagon-trains rumbling along with us, and the excited manner of their officers, I augured not as well for the Rebel cause. Perhaps Fortune had altered her humor, and the white eagles of victory had settled with the opposite side. Other parties of Union prisoners journeyed with us, and through the urgent manner of their guards I thought I could discern a sunlit loop-hole to freedom. In five minutes' time I was assured that the Rebels were preparing to retreat. Their six-horse teams were rushing to the rear, and their outlying bodies of cavalry were being hurriedly dispatched the other way. My mind was very busy upon the new aspect of affairs.

The last I saw of my orderly was when he had divested himself of the workman's incumbrance, — his coat, — and was tramping, bootless, haltingly along in the dustiest part of the road. He had conciliated his watchman into almost indifference, and was spreading himself with the sand, (tossed knee-high in little clouds by his feet,) having then become quite a Rebel in looks. In five minutes I turned upon him; but he had fallen out of the squad. I have never seen him since.

My own plans would keep me in the Rebel lines some hours longer. It was my object to escape; but I had already decided upon the evening, when darkness, and, I hoped, rain, would settle down upon us. I indulged a hasty prayer in behalf of the vanished man, and durst not more than snatch a look at where he should have been, lest the guard should miss him also. At one mile beyond Winchester, which town we had avoided by a branching road, we came to the office of the provost marshal, a very humble shell-work; and those of us who wore shoulder-straps were hustled into his presence. He stood, the central figure in a dun picture, in an atmosphere of smoke, a dirty-looking Georgian in flying coat and high-boots. With hands in pocket he surveyed the objects brought before him, concisely delivering his orders over the



stem of his teeth-clasped pipe. His clerk was at a table near, on which lay the papers of his office; and the splintered rafters behind him made the background to a cabinet-picture that should have been done in chocolate.

We were placed in charge of a rather mild-looking officer, who wore his rank upon his sleeve in so elegantly twisted a knot that I could not make out his degree, and who had on a brand-new riding-jacket, of a dark blue, to which the sleeve was attached, adorned with the staff-buttons of our army. It was his duty to command the guard that drove the captives of the Rebel hosts, in which safe branch of the service, as I afterwards learned, he had been engaged since '62. No doubt his many opportunities for demanding what he wanted, and for seizing, like Ahab, what was denied him, had furnished alike the jacket and the buttons; and were it not for his placid countenance, I should have fathered his entire outfit upon the Yankees,—as having fallen to his shoulders by the same easy process. He was directed to drive us to the road at once, and to keep his herd in motion all the time. Hurried orders had come from head-quarters, that set all the small bees about this lesser hive in a whirl of confused labors, whereby our departure was delayed for some moments. The provost-marshal's clerk was even then packing up his rattling desk, pigeon-holing papers that would hatch knotty questions in the coop, and making due preparation for the departure of the Georgian magnate himself. I observed that their army-wagons kept trailing southward, like chalk vertebræ, in an unbroken string, and promised for a long while yet to obstruct the road. It was growing a little cloudy, too. It was now three hours after noon, and I hoped nervously for a sullen night.

Just before we set out on our melancholy march, I saw a man make a move towards me, and hastily clap one finger across his firm lips. It was the Adjutant T—, of whom I have spoken, and who did not wish me to recognize him. It was his object to approach me,

and to walk as a stranger at my side, so that the guards should not part us,—and, I knew at once, to speak of a project common to both. The old stories of our camp-fires had flitted across his mind, and had blanched his cheek since morning. His blood was just thawing as he signalled me. I took no notice of him till after we had started, a company of men with bent brows, and he had marched on my right some forty rods. I then muttered slowly, "Speak little, and to the point"; whereat he waved his hand. It was singular and sad to ignore thus an old companion in the very hour of need, when surely a bitterness hung upon our souls that more than ever required balm. We were, perforce, to play the stranger, when at no time in life did we more thirst for the tender friend. Doubtless, our hopes of escape depended much upon each other; and we could but communicate those plans in insufficient monosyllables, which, if misunderstood, would lead to disaster. If ever plentiful words, in great ear-measures, are pardonable, it is at such moments as this,—when even half-words—diamonds flashing betrayal—are imprudent. The Adjutant edged a little closer.

"Before dark, or after?" he asked.

To which I replied,—

"After."

He gradually glided away from me, and for some time marched at the other side of the column.

I had noticed that he was walking without his jacket. The guards were accosting the officers in their neighborhood, and had taken his among other vestments. Most of the party of sad victims were well peeled ere their melancholy was an hour older. A rough boor turned to me and demanded my gauntlets. A basilisk fire shone through his eyes, and the breath which he blew through the grating of his teeth, over his thin, livid lips, and into my face, was freighted heavily with the fumes of whiskey. When I made bold to refuse him, he was dumbfounded in astonishment, and was pleased to compress his jaws.

"You d—d Yankee!" he screamed,

profanely, red with the inspiration of his anger, "if you don't give me your gauntlets, I'll tear your hands from your body."

There was enough energy in his action to have guarantied even a more vehement manœuvre; and as he made his threat, he raised his arm above me. But I had it in my mind to see myself through the affair in the course that I had chosen; and having noticed our mild officer a few paces in the rear of us, mounted upon his horse, and placidly sitting with his hand upon the pommel, I turned to him at once.

"If you will do me the favor, Sir," I said, with some gravity of manner, "I would like you to accept my gauntlets, — a new pair from the box, that has only seen this day's work."

"They've had an unlucky birthday," he said, not inaptly, and rather courteously, as he took them.

"Yes, my gloves heretofore have all been spoiled by the sabre," I replied, keeping step with his charger. "I don't know but that you have to thank a drunken guard for the pair, Sir; since he threatened to kill me, if I kept them on my hands."

He gave a hasty look for his orderly.

"Point out the man, if you can, Sir," he said to me, and beckoned a trooper to his side.

"I am obliged to you for your interference," I answered. "The man marches third on the left there, and has his piece slung behind him. I hope that some day, Sir, I may do you a favor."

A sense of humor, for which I must be grateful, considering the sombre dejection of my marching mates, filled my breast as I thanked him for putting one under guard for attempting (drunk) what he himself so soberly accomplished, — the capture of my buckskins. He kept the gauntlets very willingly, and ordered a sergeant to accompany me. But there was generosity and magnificence in his action; the acquisition, per duress, of others' property was a daily habit with him, — and to have a sergeant for a guard was a considerable favor.

It was my desire to cultivate the Ser-

geant thus cast within my reach, who otherwise might be a marplot, and who had good of some sort in him, I judged from his appearance; although, as with his kind, it was evidently very barren winter in his purse, and his summer clothes were apparently too open. His butternut jacket, a poor tweed with a cotton filling, was clasped about his throat with a shred of twine, flying away thence loosely, showing a dirty cotton shirt beneath, and the rough edge of the waistband of his pantaloons. The material of which these last were made was a very impressive jean, and marked the number of his journeys, could one but decipher them, in stains and intricate creases. He had the same face of lifeless suet, and the yellow hair, that I have noticed as very prevalent in the Rebel armies, — but withal an elasticity of carriage that seemed too honest for the cause, an almost openness of countenance, a cast of features tending towards amiability, which imbued me with a trembling hope. I had designs upon the Sergeant, and intended opening upon him with rhetoric, after, perhaps, some amicable skirmishing. His detail to guard my person was a compliment to me which only the initiated — those who have made the same journey — can appreciate. The young provost-officer with the sleeve-knots desired to offer me a delicate attention in return for my hand-furniture, and, perhaps, to impress me in some sort with his sense of right, even though he was of so wrong-headed a company. What a dainty, dew-sipping bunch of violets would be to conscious beauty, — what a quaint volume of old matter, dust-breeding and crumbling, would be to the blinking scholar, — what refined gold, or gold ore, or gold stamped in the mint, would be to a Wall-Street broker, — was this sergeant to myself. He was the gift of a royal potentate who stood not upon little matters. There was no calculation in the largess. I was to have the entire sergeant as all my own. We fell a rod behind the officer, and trudged evenly along.

Although big with an evil design, I

did not intend to address my companion at once. The monotony of my walk, as I had at present nought else to think of, I allowed to engage a number of my thoughts. I hazarded conjectures upon many idle points, as my narrative will show. I fell to watching my feet, and to placing them, as far as practicable, directly in the footmarks of him who marched before me, instituting a sort of comparison between our soles, finding his smaller than mine, as, behind his back, I ventured upon his measure. I watched the ruts in the road, made by the wagons in advance of us, and wondered if those behind us had axletrees as wide to an inch,—as they would have, if made by the same contractor;—in which case, I mused, it is just possible the coming train may move in this same rut. It seemed, then, a comfortable sort of place. I saw the clouds of dust that had been provoked into rising in anger and rolling away sullenly many a day that weary summer, and that almost buried the wretched company in which we journeyed, hover heavily above the road-side, and choke the pretty weeds blooming there, by way of a mean revenge upon its human tormentors. Thereupon I envied the blue things, not their incubus, but their insignificance: for neither artillery, nor camp wagon, nor passing prisoner was aught to them. I wondered what each man here would say, if each man could tell his thoughts. Primarily, I was convinced, each captive would declare himself sick at heart: that is the only expression which will convey the sinking feeling. Once I heard a bird sing gayly a clear-throated song from a clump of trees; at which my heart grew sick also, to render me as miserable as the rest.

My mind reverted to the Adjutant T—, of the manner of whose capture I knew nothing, and whom I had left that morning in camp, as the regiment set out for the fight. I doubted not but that he would be with me in a moment, to throw another mild projectile, a half-sentence, at me. I had myself a catechism of one question with which

to greet him. As some little parley might be necessary between us, which could not go on without the consent of our guardian, I concluded that then was the time to throw a sop to my sergeant. I turned coolly upon him.

"We are marching rather briskly, are we not, Sergeant?" I said, endeavoring to insinuate the independence of unconcern in my bearing.

"Wal, — right smart," he replied.

"I cannot tell by your uniform," I continued, with a half-smile, for the fellow was all beggar's rags and patches, "whether you are in the cavalry or not; but a pair of spurs, at any rate, may not come amiss to you,—and I can have no use for mine for some time yet. They don't allow us, I believe, to kick one another in Libby?"

I took my long spurs from my boots, like fringe from my heart-strings, (of which the officer had directed my sergeant to allow no one to deprive me, — the boots, not the heart-strings, they being inaccessible: I would, possibly, not lose those till I arrived in Richmond,) and handed them over to him.

"I'm of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry," he said, "but do right smart duty on horseback" (he liked the steel). "I'm detailed to the provost marshal. They do treat a fellow rather hard down there."

I augured ever so much good from the Sergeant's "do," upon which there was an emphasis.

"Were you ever a prisoner, Sergeant?" I asked, always careful to bestow his title.

"Once," he said, laconically.

"Well! it's all one in the end," I said, carelessly turning from him, to show that I had no desire for the conversation, if he did not relish it. "You have a chance now to give me the devil of a time, in revenge for your treatment among my friends. 'T is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

My sang-froid had the savor of a good pickle. It was a very peculiar turn to give the affair, I must own; but I saw that the Sergeant was struck by it. Possibly, that one was my best stroke



of the day. I have, at any rate, ever since deemed it so.

I walked along as before, speculating, not lightly, upon the dejected beings about me, who marched, spectre-fashion, in the dust, like the unhappy (would-be) crew on the shores of the Styx, trying to appease Charon. They never would be at rest till he ferried them over to the shades of the world of death,—or (what to them seemed impossible) till they were remanded back to life among the loved ones of their race. I remember particularly one trifle of this momentous march, that threatened towards night to gnaw into my very brain-tissues. Soldiers, it is known, are not over-careful in their dress, when in daily action in the field, nor have they time to grow fastidious during the fighting summer months. They then, perforce, disregard tapes with a loftier indifference to appearances than that which distinguishes the noble cynic of the world. But officers generally use tapes about their ankles (perhaps to keep some garment in place immediately upon the stocking); and I have known them myself, for prudence' sake, to tie them in hard knots. A poor limping lieutenant, a little to the left, and some ten feet in advance of me, had not adopted this precaution, and now, consequently, more as a punishment to me than to him, one of his nursery ties had come undone, and was trailing after his foot in shadow-like persistency. I had here a world of torture in a nutshell. When, unluckily, my eyes fastened upon this appendage, I could not keep them from it. It fascinated me with more than the juggler's success upon the serpent. I fell to conjecturing how long the affair might be,—if four inches or five; and pondered the allowance to be made in the calculation by reason of the man's distance; merging this view of the matter in another, as I watched his heel touch the ground, and noted the time which elapsed between that and the jumping forward of the foot, with the string, ever faithful, behind it. I conjectured how much dust the tape took up at each step, and

wondered, if, in a long march, merely by accretion thereof, the end of it would not be a sort of dirt-coil, perhaps a tenth of an inch in diameter,—soaring higher, too, in my delirium of nervousness, till I could imagine the incalculable increase in size which would be insured, should the lieutenant step into a puddle, and get the thing all wet: he would wear a sand rope for ankle-fetter, upon entering Richmond.

But the most provoking of all the phases to which my humor was reduced, and which my dilapidated body had to submit to, by means of this tape, was the almost irresistible desire to spring lightly forward, and to catch the thing beneath my toe. It invoked me to all sorts of gymnastic efforts. The impulse racked my breast, and set up an argument against every reason in favor of a jog-trotting march for the balance of the daylight. I surveyed the poor lieutenant from head to foot, and pictured to myself his surprise, should he find himself hitched to the ground. He would turn, I thought, with open, questioning eyes, and perhaps look flushed by the accident. He might only hop a step farther on, and trust to my not again overreaching him. He might, impelled by the influence that tormented me, fall behind me. I had an unwavering conviction that that tape would never be removed,—and that, consequently, in some way, the lieutenant, who played guide to it, would be my haunting demon all the weary hours of my march.

Soon after I had conferred my tart speech upon the Sergeant, and had so sealed my failure to gain his grace in behalf of my friend and myself, the Adjutant was at my side. A hale, hearty, well-made man, unperturbed usually, he was now almost another person than himself. I thought I knew what causes produced the pallor on his face and the quiver about the loose-hanging underlip. The good fellow had had in his jacket (before it was stolen) the leave-of-absence which was to have carried him home to be married, and he was to have availed himself of it in a week.

Perhaps the thought of his lady gave him the woebegone expression. All sorts of sweet dreams, that had illumined his life for months, and filled up the wide chinks of camp monotony, were now quite bitterly ended, — capped by the reality worse than the dream which is called nightmare. His smiling eyes were hooded only a little sooner than were those milder ones at home, no doubt under traced eyebrows and with far finer lashes. The marriage, perforce, was put off. The view of home was put off. Perhaps the Adjutant's solemn quietus, like an extinguisher of the light of his and his sweetheart's hopes, would drop upon him in loathsome Libby, and cancel the leave forever. This, being the weightier thought, was evidently bearing upon his mind.

I had resolved, in a business way, upon two points, — perchance brought to my decision through some such tender passage as the above: first, that, as we could not escape from the lines together, he must take the earlier, because, as in mortgages, the better risk; and second, that if he did not answer in a satisfactory manner the one question that I had kept for some time uppermost in my brain to propound to him, he must pocket my North Star.

"Have you a compass?" I muttered, as he edged by me.

"No," he replied.

My second resolution, then, was, that he should carry my compass.

"I've been robbed of everything," he said.

"Take — my — compass — quick!" I returned, and pressed it into his hand.

He was not as good an astronomer as I. He looked a hurried remonstrance at me; but was obliged to hide it at once, and could not, I knew, waste any eloquence now. Although, moreover, he was a lover, Nature had never endowed him with the art of speaking through the eye. There were stronger reasons in favor of his escape than of mine, — worldly, if not spiritual, — and he suffered from a dangerous nervous-

ness, in dwelling upon the magnitude of the issue before him, which was not in my way.

"It is now five," I said; "at seven, if in such woods as this, you must watch your chance and double."

"Which way?" he asked.

"Travel north-northeast, seven miles," I whispered.

Then, as if anxious to burst into a flood of eager words, he began, —

"But you" —

I looked at him fixedly, and moved off towards my Sergeant. That cursed tape before me now again made a twist in my brain.

I was astonished at my Sergeant's opening a conversation.

We were travelling (wearily enough) through a piece of woods, overarching and autumn-tinted, the road being cut down, and, consequently, either side of it walled in by upheaving embankments, green-covered and yellow-fringed, over which the declining sun could not dart its rays upon us. The heavy trains of the entire army were making the march along with us, disturbing the modest influences of the spot, — some trundling forward in the van, others toiling after in our rear, the tending angels of all being drowsy, in the shape of the lazy teamsters astride their beasts. Only that peculiar music, made up of the ponderous *thud* (the birds had all grown still) or tramp of the men for a bass, — of the clink and clatter of the canteens for a treble, — and of a little broken conversation, in the whining, drawling tones of the guard, on their own side of the lines, and so with no quieting weight upon their tongues, for a *viva-voce* accompaniment, — broke the sweet summer stillness. The shafts of sunlight bridging the road above our heads, making a golden ether-plank for the air-insects to cross upon, and lighting up the veins in the trembling leaves as the breeze put them to confusion, set me to thinking of the eyebrows that the Adjutant was engaged to, and, no doubt, of eyebrows in general. A cool air, smelling of mould and fallen leaves, perhaps a little damp, fell upon us here.

The charms of Nature may have loosened the Sergeant's tongue.

"I was captured in Mar'land," he began, looking straight before him, but of course honoring me with his address.

I was grateful to him, a little for companionship's sake, but chiefly for here giving me a chance that I had hoped for, as I deemed it of considerable value,—I mean, a chance to dig down to the mine of good feeling, to the heart of this gray-covered, slumbering crater, that, an hour since, had thrust out that "do"; and also, I was beholden to him for taking my thoughts from the tape.

"How did our boys treat you?" I asked.

"Very fair," he said quickly, with a faint Judas-start, as if it were a matter of conscience, and he had now twitched it out. "They done well by me."

Here was good fortune, indeed! The mine, with all its riches, mine without any digging.

"I am glad of it," I said, briefly; for I saw that laconics were his jewels, perhaps from a sense of expediency as well as of beauty. "We always try to treat you well, whenever we are not firing our guns at you."

This he acknowledged with a nod, but without turning from his look directly front.

"I lay two months in hosp't'l," he began again,— "in Fred'r'k, in Mar'land. I was wounded in the hip."

"In '62, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes,—at Boonsboro'."

Here the conversation ended as suddenly as it had opened. It was very clear that the Sergeant had said his last word for some time. But I was convinced in my own mind that at length more good would fall to my lot.

He pondered the matter some ten minutes, and then quite overwhelmed me with his story.

"One of your boys," he began, "lay wounded by me on the field,—of a ball in the lungs,—and wanted some water. Whenever he spoke, he threw out blood, and was n't likely to live, nohow. I said,—

"'Yank, will you take my tin?'—for there was a drop in it yet, and I rolled on my side and gave it him.

"'I am goin' to die,' he said.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'They 'll treat you well,' he said; 'they 'll carry you to the hosp't'l, and I hope you 'll live to git home.'

"'Thank you,' says I.

"He gave me some 'baccy and a roll of money.

"'The paymaster 's been about, and he gave me more 'n I want now. You 'll want 'baccy in hosp't'l,— you 'll want it all,' he said.

"And he run over in blood and died. He gave me right smart of money. I rolled away from him when he died, and they took me to hosp't'l."

The Sergeant paused for my comment.

Under my peculiar circumstances, I was very much touched by this story.

"Poor fellow! many such a one has gone to his account," I said, sadly.

"And I want to give back some of the money to you," said the Sergeant.

I looked at him in astonishment.

"You 'll want it down there, as much as you can git. I have no need of it. It a'n't mine. It 's his'n."

The Sergeant had evidently taken it in trust.

"What claim have I to it?" I asked.

"Any poor fellow 's got a claim to it. It 's meant to help poor fellows, that money is. It 's a dead man's work."

I was more than ever touched now, in the presence of the wealth of this mine which I had tapped.

"I will take some of it, Sergeant," I replied; "and I shall do my best to use it as well as you have."

(This incident, strange to say, in its display of human purity, almost tempted me to abandon my scheme of escape, and to go with the Sergeant down to Richmond. But he was no measure of his fellows.)

After that we chatted easily off and on, and had a feeling of confidence in each other which a two or three days' march could not alone have created.



At about half after six that night, (I had made the Sergeant take my watch, which otherwise I should surely be robbed of, I told him; and he gave me the time.)—at about half after six, two officers came riding furiously up to our mild officer and kept along with him for a while, making three dim figures above our heads (they only were mounted) in the forest shades, in place of the one that, unlike the *erl-king*, had continued on his way harmlessly from our outset. Their consultation over, the two strangers dashed over snapping weeds and underbrush to the command on ahead, and our mild officer ordered our column (of prisoners) to halt. We were in the woods still, but we had emerged from between those sun-spanned embankments some time since. The ground was ill chosen by our gentle ruler, but he may have depended much upon his men, whose vigilance, no doubt, he had before tried in the fall of day. They seemed to me but a handful, and only a sieve for their charge to dribble through, the latter aided by the time and place in their work of dropping off. I drew closer to the Adjutant.

"Say what you have to say for home, in case we miss," I said,—and in the confusion of the halt I could talk rather freely. "Your time has come now."

"You will write, if I'm not heard from,—and—my love to my"—he gurgled.

"Yes, yes," I said, cheerily. "All right, old fellow,—we'll both laugh over this, some day."

I gave him a moment.

"You'll do me the same favor, if I don't happen to turn up," I said; and we seized each other's hands. "You have the compass,—you know the way. There is nothing more, I believe, Ned?" I said, hastily, and looked into his eyes.

"I shall watch my chance as the wagons pass; there is nothing more," he replied; and we parted immediately.

It was as if we had agreed to toss pennies for the guillotine. I had no time to think further of him, for my own plans were maturing.

It was soon whispered about that we were to let the trains get ahead of us, since it was necessary that they should move faster; and the Rebel authorities, I presume, had decided to save their transportation, at the risk even of their captives. One or other, then, it seemed likely, would be taken. The Yankees were driving us before them, having reversed the fortunes of the day, and, perhaps, might liberate the prisoners who so impeded this retreat. We stood, I presume, for half an hour, drawn up in a compressed mass upon the skirt of the highway, whilst, startled by fear, a powerful task-master over teamsters, the late drowsy drivers urged forward their toil-worn trains. It was seasonable, but I believed that my time had not yet come. The deep shades encouraged me, but I awaited the hour that I had hit upon. I thought for a moment of the Adjutant, perhaps then ducking his head beneath the bushes, and watching, with his heart beating time, the heavy mass by degrees moving on. I trusted that the wheel of Fortune, whilst these other wheels were moving Rebelward, had turned in his favor.

At a little after seven we again fell into line, not having allowed all the teams to pass us; and as the same Fortune would have it, we left the woods behind us, and marched between open meadows. It had now grown quite dark. My face wore a look of anxiety as I noted the wide stretch of open field beyond me.

But there were as anxious faces as mine among the groups of Rebel officers who rode slowly along the lines. This was the chill season of perturbation to the hot-blooded gentlemen. Some communications were passing rapidly between the commander of our detachment and the commander of the army. Things were not working satisfactorily to either. Orderlies were dispatched to the front and to the rear, and the air-blasting bugle was sounded on ahead, as if to chide the teamsters. When we had marched up an ascent, and were on the brow of a low ridge, we were halted,

and then turned into an open field. It was decided, apparently, that the rest of the train should pass us.

No doubt I should here have all the graces of a ready pen at my beck, honey-dipped, or Vulcan-forged, in accordance with my humor, whether sad or harsh, in making up the climax of my account; for at this spot the good writer would be most impressive in his language, and set the reader in a tremble. We waited for seventy minutes in this road-side field, the prisoners resignedly huddling together, with the callous guards making a circle about them. Let me enlarge upon our circumstances. The time, about eight o'clock; the atmosphere thick and murky; the sky overcast, promising a warm September night. I asked the Sergeant if it would rain, and said carelessly some other trifles. I feigned an excess of sleepiness. Our detachment lay some thirty yards from the highway, spread into a thin line of no evenness, running parallel with the road, which, in the gloom, our eyes could scarcely find. The exigencies of the service had proved the ruin of the fences; and only here and there in the vague darkness could one make out the black bunch of a shadowy tree. Just beyond us—for my Sergeant and myself stood at the rear extremity, the land's-end of this shoal of prisoners, outside of the ring of guards sparsely posted, on the very top of the ridge which we had ascended—was a low clump of bushes, (perhaps neck-high,) squat and opaque, with much the appearance of a ball of garden boxwood. The hill, I thought, rolled away on either side,—taking some comfort to myself in the conjecture; and the inky leaf-globe, only a little more sombre than its background, could not be seen in a hasty glance. This clump, in its innocent blackness, would cover my purposed guilt; and I resolved to confide to it alone the secret crime of my attempted escape.

But there were calculations to be made, which I set about with the eagerness which the occasion required, watching my Sergeant very closely as my head ran

over its prospectus. And, first, if he stood by my side, I revolved, I could not by any chance whisper my tale to the silent bushes; although, if, at the favorable moment, when the squad was ordered to march, he but stepped a feather's-throw in advance of me, the confession could be readily made. His presence would frustrate my plans. There was one expedient at my beck, but quite hazardous, by the adoption of which against odds I might compass his death and my freedom,—a thought which I dismissed on the instant, as it savored of murder and ingratitude. I must trust that he would give me his back, in spite of his sense of responsibility, for a breathing-space ere we “fell in.” With his fellow watch-dogs my ruminations had nothing to do. The nearest of them, owing to their scarcity, (and they had grown trebly valuable this campaign, as they had grown rarer,) was not within twenty yards of me. My new world was scarce that distance in the rear. The moment of all moments, the crisis, the vision of a life-time, eddying through the brain in the flash of a powder-pan, and stamping red-hot impressions there, (which in some cases bleach men's hair-roots,) was finally upon me. My Sergeant turned from me, and I glided with tiger-tread to the bushes, and laid myself down.

I was, of course, between him and my new friends, and I pretended to sleep, so that, if he found me, he could scarce suppose that I meditated leaving him in so loose a manner; and, moreover, my being asleep would follow naturally upon my reiterated statement that I was sleepy. It would have been madness to have taken the other side, since, if there found, the case against me would have been clear. I depended, as is ever man's wont, upon mere shadows to do much for me where I was.

I have thought often since, however, (then other than the deliberate thought which every man in trying circumstances has experienced, and which centres upon one subject, being so severe a tension of all the faculties as to seem no thought

at all, was impossible,) that it would be unwise, and perhaps a stumbling-block to future Union captives in the custody of that horrid host, to ascribe my unbroken rest under those dry, dusty bush-branches simply to the heavy darkness of the evening, excluding all other causes from participation in my affairs. It was unusually cloudy, the sky resting overhead like a hanging pall, and threatening rain with thunder every moment, as is almost always the case after a hotly contested engagement. The fight that morning had been a grand one, (quite a Horace Vernet picture,) and hence the clouds that night. But I must own that I give my Sergeant a place in my memory now with a feeling of gratitude, induced thereto by the strong supposition that he did not allow himself to see me as I glided under cover. I count much upon his heart, as shown in his little proffered narrative. The other guards on the line might readily have failed to notice me, the more so as I had a special attendant to see to my wants; and I should have been very sorry, indeed, had one of them disturbed my rest. But my Sergeant was not three body-lengths from me when I slipped away from his protection; and although he had his back turned, I am inclined to think that he had only fewer eyes than Argus. His general reputation, to be read in his bearing, pronounced him vigilant, and his every act betokened circumspection. Far be it from me, however, to bespatter his character by avowing him negligent in performing his duty in this case, whilst lauding him for his honest devotion to his masters. Perhaps it may have been a part of his care to see the squad "fall in," and he could not abandon that line of his duty to search for a stray officer, smooth-spoken and amiable, to whom he had just shown a kindness. The bustle and unnatural darkness of the moment could not inspire one who was not a demon with a demoniacal desire to set a screeching and rash body of troopers upon my track. The detachment of melancholy mutes was moving off when I tried my fate; and he could have had but little time to think ere the miserable

men were in the distance. The farther my Sergeant journeyed, the more likely he was to keep quiet upon my subject.

I experienced very peculiar emotions as I lay there and found myself alone. I even seemed to hear the whine of the soldiery, the ringing of canteens and sabres, and the peculiar sound of the tramping feet, long after they had passed away, — chanting, in my soul's depths, my fluttering song of triumph to that imagined accompaniment. I had an almost accurate idea of where I was, having observed our course quite closely during the day, and proposed going over very nearly the same ground in the next twenty-four hours. I had already decided in my own mind that the Rebel general was making a retreat before the gallant General Sheridan, whose outposts I hoped soon to come upon. But dangers many, and some hidden, lay thick-strewn upon my path, which had not run over roses hither; and I deemed it best to encumber the cold earth for an hour, ere I sallied from my Moses-harbor.

The highway lay within a hundred feet of me; and as I intended taking up my lost stitches of the morning in a peculiar (and, I hoped, original) manner, having no knowledge of the country beyond the line of our late march, I was obliged to count upon keeping within sound of the troops and wagons travelling there, if I desired at all to gain my end. The Adjutant T—— had my compass, and was, I trusted, quite free from danger as I remained supinely within hail of men who would be delighted to shoot me. His image, as I fancied him, cumbersome and crouching, as he hurried along, dodging from tree to tree, reminded me of the hunts which the chivalry indulge in farther south, (near that very horrible Andersonville slaughter-house,) where the bay of the blood-hound rings over the marshes, and the pack is let loose in the clear morning air, crystal-bright and all aglow, to lap up the dew with overhanging tongues, and to run down escaped prisoners. There is no poetical charm attaching to that pack, although Pan



never played his reeds in a more poetical country; and its existence and employment are solemnly sober truths. They made me very grave, suggesting, as they did, some other dangers to which I was then liable. After working myself into a nervous state of body, I began pulling off my coat, leaving my shoulder-straps therewith, to play the part of asterisks, and explain who was within. My pantaloons the soil would soon make as white as a gray-back's; and my cap was to stay with the uniform, to grace some indigent discoverer of the other side.

When I had secreted my money in my waistband, (not deeming my orderly's suggestion feasible,) and had strapped my suspenders tightly about my body, I worked my way round the bushes to the other side of the clump. As I had expected, I found an even sweep downwards of meadow-land, stretching parallel with the road, and as far before me as I could see through the darkness.

I got myself flat upon the ground, with my feet, as in Christian burial, pointing towards the east,—for there the highway ran,—and with my handkerchief bound about my head. I then commenced rolling as gently as possible down the grassy declivity.

I should be unable to give any account of my thoughts during the first ten minutes of my novel evolutions. I moved at one time slowly, at another rapidly, as the ideas of prudence and danger by turns reigned in my bosom. I risked much in being obliged to keep in line with the current of life flowing so noisily the other way, the thought of which spurred me onward; and I had far to go, and not very great endurance to fall back upon,—a reflection which counselled a cautious expenditure of effort. I was anon anxious to fly over the hard lumps of earth and pricking straw-blades,—anon, eager to move gently, with deliberate hand upon the brake. I suffered much at my elbows, which were crushed as my body passed over them, (a pulverizing process,) and which, as I had clasped my arms across my breast, were most palpably in the way.

It seemed as if they would be unhinged. My feet, too, demonstrated to me the causes of the circular motion of a penholder or a ruler when started down a desk-lid, and had the same influence upon my course as the pin-point has upon the whole pin when in motion. My head and upper members inclined to swing in a circle about my feet. I spent much labor upon this defaulting portion of Æsop's body of sovereign independencies, which threatened the greatest difficulties. My neck, also, in the narrow space between the band of my low woollen shirt and my hair-roots, was harassed at every turn by the needle-bed of short grass that I passed over; and the loose stones, stubble, and gravel, that had irritated the skin, worked their way beneath the garment. I was quite a child's rattle, full of pebbles. I could have endured all this for a long while, however, the spirit then actuating me being one of those unreflecting forces which would (as a last resort) have carried me down the same slope in a Regulus-cask. But after travelling quite a distance, I began to revolve, not any complete remedy for these manifold ills, but some amelioration of the exaggerated violence of their sway. I tore one sleeve from my undershirt and wound that around my neck. I held my arms straight down my side and flat against my body. Nothing short of amputation could have crushed the rebellion in my lower members, and so (with the power to amputate not abandoned) I nursed them into insolence with a compromise.

A psychological history of the uneven progress of that billowy retreat would be as far beyond my reach as of the ten minutes of outset trial. I thought only vaguely of my home, of my regiment, of my moments of danger in past life. I listened during that night till my sense of hearing changed from a passive to an active sense. I got my neck sadly cramped in lifting my head from the ground every time my body rolled face upward to gain some knowledge of the enemy. My imagination started up all sorts of shapes about me.

The damp, heavy atmosphere sent a chill through my veins. I apprehended rain. I soon, also, began to think of daylight, (before which I had many hours,) and to wonder how I should secrete myself after sunrise. I did not feel hungry; but I had not gone far before I felt the faint longings of thirst.

The ground, too, over which I traveled, was not all meadow land, and had worse features than grass-swords and gravel bullets. I did not find many fences, but I crossed innumerable small streams and one heavy hedge.

I noticed that by degrees, judging from the sound, the Rebel troops were getting by, only dropping along finally in dish-water dribbles,—and that, at last, but scattering bodies of infantry, and at intervals some wagons, occupied the road, moving like dark lobsters in the midnight mists. I could not take to it myself, because of them; and I knew too well how full it would be of stragglers, those worthless gleanings of an army, even after the rear-guard had swept onwards. But I did not hesitate to erect my body from its voluntary abasement and to make walking a branch of my exercise, when convinced that only vagrants could chance to see me. They never capture prisoners on either side. Thus was I enabled for two hours before sun-rise to accomplish more than twice as much as my five hours' rolling labors had attained.

The long-expected rain began to fall in a heavy mist at about dawn, and shortly grew in importance, till the windows of heaven were wide open and it became a settled pour. Most fortunately, by that time I had entered some of the first woods we had passed through in the journey of the previous day, and had fair shelter (from Aurora, not Pluvius) within my reach. It was a colossal pepper-box lid, that could keep men from seeing through it, but not the rain from dropping in. My first impulse was to make a fire, so chilled to the very marrow was I in the early morning air, that chilliest of all atmospheres, and so wet was I also in my light summer garments. But of

course Prudence had no word in that matter, nor any countenance for a suggestion so reckless, and my soberer senses got to casting about for a fitting retreat ere broad day lay before me. I must reconnoitre, I thought, dripping at every point, like a convict in the marshes, before I continued a tramp here that might expose me to a scouting-party at any moment. That hunger, too, which had not troubled me in the night-hours, came upon me now and urged very suggestive hints. I had made a cup of my hands more than once, and slaked my thirst from the streams in my way, Narcissus-fashion; but nothing solid had passed my lips for seventeen hours. First, logs and leaves for a cover, then food, then a critical examination of my position, were my objects, as I hastily settled my plans. The thought of the intelligent contraband, so beyond ordinary human excellence in the richness of his heart, who might minister to all my wants, (as without question many such had done to my distressed brethren flying from Libby,) and whose homely traits become to us golden virtues in moments of suffering, crossed my brain as the depression of hunger increased. Very dim visions of clean and savory cooking haunted me as I took off my boots and shook the water from them. I could not imagine anything to equal in value a good steak or a hot hash; nor could I check my feeling of discontent, a hopeless feeling, at having many a time and oft partaken of like viands, perhaps, unappreciatively. The slimy dirt of my uppers soiled my hands, as I endeavored to make myself less uncomfortable, and I took the shirt-sleeve from my neck as the driest article about me upon which to wipe them. Near by lay the trunk of a large walnut-tree, water-logged and growing sponge-moss; and small bushes, like coral reefs in this sea of troubles, were on all sides of me. I had not accomplished much when I heard distinctly the sound of a bugle.

It was, I supposed, about half a mile distant; but there was no knowing how near the wet horsemen whom it sig-

nalled might be to my proposed hiding-place ; and, accordingly, I got hastily down by the walnut, a good squirrel-cover, without shelter or head-piece. I lay along that side of it which was farthest from the road, and durst not move for fear of capture. The woods were quite thick at that place, and from the hidden pathway (now become scarce a highway) a body of the enemy might emerge at any moment. The unwelcome music of their bugle broke the Sabbath stillness of the morning, and interrupted the harmony of the falling rain-drops as they pattered through the great cathedral branches overhead. I spent, I presume, two hours in this lazy manner, without thought of any food, and scarce daring to look about me. During the first half of that period I heard the bugle thrice send its clear, ringing notes — for it is sometimes lark-throated — through the tree-aisles and under the half-arches above me, the tones lingering in waves on the air, and not failing to startle me. At the first commanding blast I got to watching for the troops that did not come forth at all. Being quite three grasshopper's flights from the road, I could reconnoitre the few rods of it passing near me with comparative ease and safety, and the intentness of my look-out drove thoughts of discomfort from my head. The silence grew oppressive to one who had been perforce so long alone. The thought that at times man has to avoid his fellow-beings in his misery, lest his misery be augmented, was productive of a tender feeling of self-pity in my bosom, which, perhaps, (strange to say,) was a source of some comfort to me. I had, I found, awakened a present sympathy in my case, the passive part of my nature having enlisted its kindly feelings in behalf of the bespattered, dripping gentleman who lay there before it, a sad mass of ooze, soaking on wet leaves. I was growing reflective over my woes, when the second blast broke upon my ear, and I started much as young ladies do at the sudden gun which, on the boards, sends the unholy Caspar to his account.

In a word, I was worn out, wet, and hungry ; and had become so unstrung, in the accumulated discomforts of the roll from Rebeldom, and the rain of the last stages of my journey, that I could not control my growing nervousness. Having waited a full hour from the third signal-call of the bugle, I jumped desperately to my feet, with a mind made up to hazard everything. Many unlucky fellows, escaping from their captors, have toiled with a wonderful energy, and have failed, when worthy of immediate success, if we rate them by (the war standard) their bravery and coolness. They succumb to fever, and despair finally, but a few moments ere the the object of their toils would drop before them. It is ill-advised ever to cast one's hopes adrift as long as life is in us,—an imprudence of which I myself was guilty, and which might have carried me back to thralldom. The dragging anchor may fasten, spell-bound by some fluke-enamored reef, as the vessel seems on the point of striking. I jumped to my feet in desperation, and walked hastily a few rods nearer home. I allowed no after-thought in the premises, but decided to dodge from tree to tree, like the hunting Indian, as long as my present humor impelled me.

I know not how far I advanced thus, through the most desperate (but to the reader, whom I commiserate, least interesting) stage of my adventure,—nor anything of my thoughts or emotions, after the hot resolve had taken hold of me. I was in a fever, a mad fever, the evidence of cold, and the handiwork of the past night's rolling-mill, and, I doubt not, was entirely unfitted to evade the enemy with presence of mind or skill. I did not pause till I heard the sound of axes, and the confused noises of a body of men.

I then again took the serpent's position upon the earth, after he, like myself, had lost his Eden, and summoned my oft-trusted counsellors, my ears, to their familiar duty of serving for all my senses in one. The sounds were very distinct indeed ; I could even hear the men's voices, chopped up by their



active tools ; and I knew, by the noise of their labors, that they were driving stakes into the ground. It could scarce be the Rebels, I thought, in camp this distance in the rear : it might be our men, I hoped, pushing our advance up the Valley. I drew carefully forward on hands and knees.

In a little while I saw a bending figure, with its back to me, holding something that I could not see over a smoking bundle of fagots. There was a poncho about the neck, that covered it down to the ground, and in the morning gray, the figure, the colonnade of tree-trunks, the lazy smoke, a cabinet picture, wore an India-rubber look.

Presently another came up to my first discovery, as if emerging from the bustle elsewhere, and stood erect before him, seeming almost as wet as myself. There was a tasselled bugle in his hand, covered with a corner of his poncho, under which he had a cavalry sabre. He wore, also, a dripping cavalry cord round his hat. After a few words, the two sat upon their heels before the fire, which they bent over, paternally, to protect, watching the thing that was cooking.

Having drawn myself cautiously nearer, I waited a long while for one of the men to display his colors.

The bugler was burnishing his instrument upon his blouse beneath his rubber, hazarding some chance notes under shelter, as he laughed and chatted with his friend. He would, apparently, consult with him of his performance ; and he finally lifted himself upon his feet, with the instrument tight to his lips. He then blew a rasping, grating blast upon the air, ear-splitting and dissonant, that was his own rendition of a few bars of Yankee Doodle.

The blouse, being dark, had given me

much hope ; the air gave me certainty ; and before the bugler could wind his final note, I became one of the group.

My pantaloons showed that I was an officer, but in all other respects I appeared less than a highwayman. Accustomed to roughnesses, however, the men before me would not have divined that I was miserable, had not my appearance been by a few degrees more wretched than that of the most dilapidated of warriors. They gave over, the one his mess, the other his music, for a second, to inquire into my circumstances, and then conducted me to the Major who had command of the detachment some quarter of a mile in the rear.

The eight days' leave-of-absence that was given me, after a full report at headquarters, garnished with less ornament than the present record, afforded me an opportunity to reach my physician in time to have it extended by ten more ; and in that period I learned from a letter, written in a thin, peaked hand, that the Adjutant T—— had escaped, but had been shot in the thigh. The compass, that had been his cloud by day and pillar of fire by night during his sad exodus, was returned to me, with his old lady-mother's thanks. Many simple, yet touching, speeches welled up from her rich heart, and shone on the thin white paper ; and, no doubt, her great, manly son was tended by another, whilst, at her *escritoire*, the kindly epistle was made for me. In the subsequent hurry of camp-life, I received a second, that contained all those mournful expressions of resignation, and dependence upon the Higher Power, which broken-hearted Christians so sweetly utter. The Adjutant T——, indeed, had received his solemn quietus in running from the Libby Prison, and the extinguisher of his life was down.

Peace has come, and we take up all our blessings restored and brightened ; but if we look, we shall see on every blessing a bloody cross.

When three brave men broke through the ranks of the enemy, to bring to King David a draught from the home-well, for which he longed, the generous-hearted prince would not drink it, but poured it out as an offering before the Lord ; for he said, " Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives ? "

Thousands of noble hearts have been slowly consumed to secure to us the blessings we are rejoicing in.

We owe a duty to these our martyrs, — the only one we can pay.

In every place, honored by such a history and example, let a monument be raised at the public expense, on which shall be inscribed the names of those who died for their country, and the manner of their death.

Such monuments will educate our young men in heroic virtue, and keep alive to future ages the flame of patriotism. And thus, too, to the aching heart of bereaved love shall be given the only consolation of which its sorrows admit, in the reverence which is paid to its lost loved ones.

---

## PEACE.

**D**AYBREAK upon the hills !  
 Slowly, behind the midnight murk and trail  
 Of the long storm, light brightens, pure and pale,  
 And the horizon fills.

Not bearing swift release, —  
 Not with quick feet of triumph, but with tread  
 August and solemn, following her dead,  
 Cometh, at last, our Peace.

Over thick graves grown green,  
 Over pale bones that graveless lie and bleach,  
 Over torn human hearts her path doth reach,  
 And Heaven's dear pity lean.

O angel sweet and grand !  
 White-footed, from beside the throne of God,  
 Thou movest, with the palm and olive-rod,  
 And day bespreads the land !

His Day we waited for !  
 With faces to the East, we prayed and fought ;  
 And a faint music of the dawning caught,  
 All through the sounds of War.

Our souls are still with praise !  
 It is the dawning ; there is work to do :  
 When we have borne the long hours' burden through,  
 Then we will pæans raise.

God give us, with the time,  
His strength for His large purpose to the world !  
To bear before Him, in its face unfurled,  
His gonfalon sublime !

Ay, we *are* strong ! Both sides  
The misty river stretch His army's wings :  
Heavenward, with glorious wheel, one flank He flings ;  
And one front still abides !

Strongest where most bereft !  
His great ones He doth call to more command.  
For whom He hath prepared it, they shall stand  
On the Right Hand and Left !

126--

## RECONSTRUCTION AND NEGRO SUFFRAGE. °

*E. P. Whipple.*

THE submission of the Rebel armies and the occupation of the Rebel territory by the forces of the United States are successes which have been purchased at the cost of the lives of half a million of loyal men and a debt of nearly three thousand millions of dollars ; but, according to theories of State Rights now springing anew to life, victory has smitten us with impotence. The war, it seems, was waged for the purpose of forcing the sword out of the Rebel's hands, and forcing into them the ballot. At an enormous waste of treasure and blood, we have acquired the territory for which we fought ; and lo ! it is not ours, but belongs to the people we have been engaged in fighting, in virtue of the constitution we have been fighting for. The Federal government is now, it appears, what Wigfall elegantly styled it four years ago, — nothing but "the one-horse concern at Washington" : the real power is in the States it has subdued. We are therefore expected to act like the savage, who, after thrashing his Fetich for disappointing his prayers, falls down again and worships it. Our Fetich is State Rights, as perversely misunderstood. The Rebellion would have been soon put down,

had it been merely an insurrectionary outbreak of masses of people without any political organization. Its tremendous force came from its being a revolt of States, with the capacity to employ those powers of taxation and conscription which place the persons and property of all residing in political communities at the service of their governments. And now that characteristic which gave strength to the Rebel communities in war is invoked to shield them from Federal regulation in defeat. We are required to substitute technicalities for facts ; to consider the Rebellion — what it notoriously was not — a mere revolt of loose aggregations of men owing allegiance to the United States ; and to hold the States, which endowed them with such a perfect organization and poisonous vitality, as innocent of the crime. The verbal dilemma in which this reasoning places us is this : that the Rebel States could not do what they did, and therefore we cannot do what we must. Among other things which it is said we cannot do, the prescribing of the qualifications of voters in the States occupies the most important place ; and it is necessary to inquire whether the Rebel communities now held by our military power are



States, in the sense that word bears in the Federal Constitution. If they are, we have not only no right to say that negroes shall enjoy in them the privilege of voting, but no right to prescribe any qualifications for white voters.

In the American system, the process by which constitutions are made and governments instituted is by conventions of the people. The State constitutions were ordained by conventions of the people of the several States; the constitution of the United States was made the supreme law of the land by conventions of the people of all the States; and the only method by which a State could be released, with any show of legality, from its obligations to the United States, would be the assent of the same power which created the Federal constitution, — namely, conventions of the people of *all* the States. The course adopted by the so-called “seceding” States was separate State action by popular conventions in the States seceding. This was an appeal to the original authority from which State governments and constitutions derived their powers, but a violation of solemn faith towards the government and constitution decreed by the people of all the States, and which, by the assent of each State, formed a vital part of each State constitution. No State convention could be called for the purpose of separating from the Union, — of destroying what the officers calling it had sworn to support, — without making official perjury the preliminary condition of State sovereignty. Looked at from the point of view of the State seceding, the act was an assertion of State independence; looked at from the point of view of the constitution of the United States, it was an act of State suicide. The State so acting through a convention of its people was no longer a State, in the meaning that word bears in the Federal constitution; for, whatever it may have been before it was one of the United States, it was transformed into a different political society by making the Federal constitution a part of its own organic law.

In cutting that bond, it bled to death as a State, as far as the Federal constitution knows a State, to rise again as a Rebel community, holding a portion of the Federal territory by force of arms. A State, in the meaning of the Federal constitution, is a political community forbidden to exercise sovereign powers, and at once a part of the Federal government and owing allegiance to it. Is South Carolina, which has exercised sovereign powers, which has broken its allegiance to the Federal government, and which at present is certainly not a part of it, such a political society?

It is, we know, contended by some reasoners on the subject, that the Rebel States *could not* do what they palpably *did*. This course of argument is sustained only by confounding duties with powers. By the constitution a State cannot (that is, has no right to) secede, only as, by the moral law, a man cannot (that is, has no right to) commit murder; nevertheless, States have broken away from their obligations to the Union, as murderers have broken away from their obligations to the moral law. It is folly to claim that criminal acts are impossible because they are unjustifiable. The real question relates to the condition in which the criminal acts of the Rebel States left them as political societies. They cannot claim, as some of their Northern champions do for them, that, being *in* the Union in our view, and *out* of it in their own, the only result of defeating them as Rebels is to restore them as citizens. This would be playing a political game of “Heads I win, tails you lose,” which they must know can hardly succeed with a nation which has made such enormous sacrifices of treasure and blood in putting them down. After having, by a solemn act of their own, through conventions of the people, forsworn their duties to the constitution, they by that act forfeited its privileges. In our view they became Rebel enemies, against whom we had both the rights of sovereignty and the rights of war; in their own view, they became foreigners; and from that moment they had no more “constitutional” control of the area they

occupied, were no more "States," than if they had transferred their allegiance to a European power, and the war had been prosecuted to wrest the territory they occupied, and the people they ruled, from the clutch of England or France. Even if we consider the Union a mere partnership of States, the same principle will apply; for partnership implies mutual obligations, and no partner can steal the property of his firm, and abscond with it, and then, after he has been hunted down and arrested, claim the rights in the business he enjoyed before he turned rogue.

But it is sometimes asserted that the small minority of citizens in the Rebel States claiming to be, and to have been, loyal, constitute the States in the constitutional meaning of the term. Now without insisting on the fact that it is so plainly impossible to accurately distinguish these from the disloyal, that an oath, not required by State constitutions, has, in the recent attempt at reconstruction, been imposed by Federal authority on all voters alike, it is plain that no minority in a political society can claim exemption from political evils it had not power to prevent. Had we gone to war with Great Britain, the property of Cobden and Bright on the high seas would have been as liable to capture as that of Lindsay or Laird. No loyal citizens at the South could have been more bitterly opposed to Secession than some of our Northern Copperheads were to the war for the Union; and yet the persons of the Copperheads were as liable to conscription, and their property to taxation, as those of the most enthusiastic Republicans. There would be an end to political societies, if men should refuse to be held responsible for all public acts except those they personally approved. A member of a community whose people, in a convention, broke faith with the United States, and made war against it, the Southern Unionist was forced into complicity with the crime. By the pressure of a power he could not resist he was compelled to pay Confederate taxes, serve in Confederate armies, and become a portion of the Con-

federate strength. More than this: the property in human beings, which he held by local law, was confiscated by the Federal government's edict of emancipation, equally with the same kind of property held by the most disloyal. And now that the war is over, he and those who sympathized with him are not the State, which was extinguished by its own act when it rebelled. He and his friends may be the objects of sympathy, of honor, of reward; but in the work of reconstruction the interest and safety of the great body of loyal citizens of the United States, of the persons who have bought the territory at such a terrible price, are to be primarily consulted. And not simply because such a course is expedient, but because the Southern Unionists can advance no valid claim to be the political societies which were recognized by the Federal constitution as States before the Rebellion. If they were, they might proceed at once to assume the powers of the States, without any authority from Washington, and without calling any convention to form a *new* constitution. If, on the breaking out of the Rebellion, they had rallied in defence of the old constitutions within State limits, preserved the organization of the States in all departments, raised and equipped armies, and conducted a war against the Confederates as traitors to their respective States as well as to the United States, they might present some claims to be considered the States; but this they did not do, and they were not powerful enough to do it. The large proportion of them were compelled to form a part of the Rebel power.

And this brings us directly to the heart of the matter. It is asserted that the Acts of Secession, being unconstitutional, were inoperative and void. But they were passed by the people of the several States which seceded, and the persons and property of the whole people were indiscriminately employed in making them effective. The States held by Rebel armies were Rebel States. All the population were necessarily, in the view of the Federal government, Rebel enemies. Consequently the ter-

ritory of the States was as "void" of citizens of the United States as the Acts of Secession were "void." The only things left, then, were the inoperative ideas of States.

Again, to put the argument in another form, it is asserted, that, though the people of a State may commit treason, the State itself remains unaffected by the crime. A distinction is here made between a State and the people who constitute it, — between the State and the persons who create its constitution and organize its government. The State constitution which existed while it was a State, in the Federal meaning of the word, was destroyed in an essential part by the same authority which created it, namely, a convention of the people of the State; and yet it is said that the State remained unaffected by the deed. By this course of reasoning, a State is defined an abstract essence which can comfortably exist in all its rights and privileges, *in potentia*, apart from all visible embodiment; a State which is the possibility of a State and not the actuality of one; a State which can be brought into the line of real vision only by some such contrivance as that employed by the German playwright, who, in a drama on the subject of the Creation, represented Adam crossing the stage *going* to be created.

There is, it is true, one method of getting a kind of body to this abstract State, but it is a method which may well frighten the hardiest American reasoner. It was employed by Burke in one of the audacities of his logic directed against the governments established after the French Revolution of 1789. He took the ground, that France was not in the French territory or in the French people, but in the persons who represented its old polity, and who had escaped into England and Germany. These constituted what he called "Moral France," in distinction from "Geographical France"; and Moral France, he said, had emigrated.

But as few or none will be inclined to take the ground that South Carolina and Georgia exist in the persons who

left their soil on the breaking out of the Rebellion, we are forced back to the conception of an invisible spiritual soul and essence of a State, surviving its bodily destruction. But even this abstraction must still, from the point of view of the Federal constitution, be conceived of as owing allegiance to the Federal government; and it can confessedly get a new body only by the exercise of Federal authority. Its leading institution has been destroyed by Federal power. Its old legislature and governor, who alone, on State principles, could call a convention of the people, are spotted all over with treason, and might be hanged as traitors, by the law of the United States, while engaged in measures to repair the broken unity of the State life, — a fact which is of itself sufficient to show that the old State is dead beyond all bodily resurrection. The white inhabitants who occupy its old geographical limits are defeated Rebels, and not one can exercise the privilege of voting without taking an oath which no real "State" prescribes. They are all born again into citizens by a Federal fiat; they are "pardoned" into voters; they derive their rights, not from their old charters, but from an act of amnesty. Far from any discrimination being made between loyal and disloyal, the great body of both classes are compelled to submit to Federal terms of citizenship or be disfranchised; and they are called upon, not to revive the old State, but to make a new one, within the old State lines. And all this would result from the necessity of the case, even if it were not made justifiable by the essential sovereignty of the United States, of which the war-power is but an incident. But if the Federal government can thus give the white inhabitants, or any portion of them, the right of suffrage, cannot it confer that right upon the black freedmen? It will not do, at this stage, to say that the Federal government has no right to prescribe the qualifications of voters in the States: because, in the case of the whites, it does and must prescribe them; and President



Johnson has just the same right to say that negroes shall vote as to say that pardoned Rebels shall vote. The right of States to decide on the qualifications of its electors applies only to loyal States; it cannot apply to political communities which have lost by Rebellion the Federal character of "States," which notoriously have no legitimate State authority to decide the question of qualification, and which are now taking the preparatory steps of forming themselves into States through the agency of provisional Federal governors, directing voters, constituted such by Federal authority, to elect delegates to a convention of the people. It is a misuse of constitutional language to call North Carolina and Mississippi "States," in the same sense in which we use the term in speaking of Ohio and Massachusetts. When their conventions have framed State constitutions, when their State governments are organized, and when their senators and representatives have been admitted into the Congress of the United States, then, indeed, they will be States, entitled to all the privileges of Ohio and Massachusetts; and woe be to us, if they are reconstructed on wrong principles!

It is often said, that, although the Federal government may have the right and power to decide who shall be considered "the people" of the Rebel States, in so important a matter as the conversion of them into States of the Federal Union, it is still politic and just to make the qualifications of voters as nearly as possible what they were before the Rebellion. Conceding this, we still have to face the fact, that a large body of men, held before the war as slaves, have been emancipated, and added to the body of the people. They are now as free as the white men. The old constitutions of the Slave States could have no application to the new condition of affairs. The change in the circumstances, by which four years have done the ordinary work of a century, demands a corresponding change in the application of old rules, even admitting

that we should take them as a guide. Having converted the loyal blacks from slaves into the condition of citizens of the United States, there can be no reason or justice or policy in allowing them to be made, in localities recently Rebel, the subjects of whites who have but just purged themselves from the guilt of treason.

The question of negro suffrage being thus reduced to a question of expediency, to be decided on its own merits, the first argument brought against it is based on the proposition, that it is inexpedient to give the privilege of voting to the ignorant and unintelligent. This sounds well; but a moment's reflection shows us that the objection is directed simply against deficiencies of education and intelligence which happen to be accompanied with a black skin. Three fifths or three fourths of the poor whites of the South cannot read or write; and they are cruelly belied, if they do not add to their ignorance that more important disqualification for good citizenship, — indisposition or incapacity for work. In general, the American system proceeds on the idea that the best way of qualifying men to vote is voting, as the best way of teaching boys to swim is to let them go into the water. "Our national experience," says Chief-Justice Chase, in a letter to the New Orleans freedmen, "has demonstrated that public order reposes most securely on the broad base of Universal Suffrage. It has proved, also, that universal suffrage is the surest guaranty and most powerful stimulus of individual, social, and political progress." But even if we take the ground, that education and suffrage, though not actually, should properly be, identical, the argument would not apply to the case of the freedmen. What we need primarily at the South is loyal citizens of the United States, and treason there is in inverse proportion to ignorance. If, in reconstructing the Rebel communities, we make suffrage depend on education, we inevitably put the local governments into the hands of a small minority of prominent Confederates whom we have recently defeated; of

men physically subdued, but morally rebellious; of men who have used their education simply to destroy the prosperity created by the industry of the ignorant and enslaved, and who, however skilful they may be as "architects of ruin," have shown no capacity for the nobler art which repairs and rebuilds. If, on the other hand, we make suffrage depend on color, we disfranchise the only portion of the population on whose allegiance we can thoroughly rely, and give the States over to white ignorance and idleness led by white intrigue and disloyalty. We are placed by events in that strange condition in which the safety of that "republican form of government" we desire to insure the Southern States has more safeguards in the instincts of the ignorant than in the intelligence of the educated. The right of the freedmen, not merely to the common privileges of citizens, but to *own themselves*, depends on the connection of the States in which they live with the United States being preserved. They must know that Secession and State Independence mean their reënslavement. Saulsbury of Delaware, and Willey of West Virginia, declared in the Senate, in 1862, that the Rebel States, when they came back into the Union, would have the legal power to reënslave any blacks whom the National government might emancipate; and it is only the plighted faith of the United States to the freedmen, which such a proceeding would violate, which can prevent the crime from being perpetrated. It is as citizens of the United States, and not as inhabitants of North Carolina or Mississippi, that their freedom is secure. Their instincts, their interests, and their position will thus be their teachers in the duties of citizenship. They are as sure to vote in accordance with the most advanced ideas of the time as most of the embittered aristocracy are to vote for the most retrograde. They will, though at first ignorant, necessarily be in political sympathy with the most educated voters of New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts; if they were as low in the scale of being as their bitterest revilers

assert, they would still be forced by their instincts into intuitions of their interests; and their interests are identical with those of civilization and progress. We suppose that those who think them most degraded would be willing to concede to them the possession of a little selfish cunning; and a little selfish cunning is enough to bring them into harmony with the purposes, if not the spirit, of the largest-minded philanthropy and statesmanship of the North.

It is claimed, we know, by some of the hardest dealers in assertion, that the freedmen will vote as their former masters shall direct; but as this argument is generally put forward by those whose sympathies are with the former masters rather than with the emancipated bondmen, one finds it difficult to understand why they should object to a policy which will increase the power of those whom they wish to be dominant. The circumstances, however, under which credulous ignorance becomes the prey of unscrupulous intelligence are familiar to all who have observed our elections. An ignorant Irish Catholic may be the victim of a pro-slavery demagogue, because the latter flatters his prejudices; but can he be deceived by a bigoted Know-Nothing, who is the object of them? The only demagogue who could control the negro would be an abolition demagogue, and he could control him to his harm only when the negro was deprived of his rights. The slave-masters were wont to pay considerable attention to zoölogy,—not because they were interested in science, but because in that science they thought they could obtain arguments for expelling blacks from the human species. In their zoölogical studies, did they ever learn that mice instinctively seek the protection of the cat, or that the deer speeds to, instead of from, the hunter? The persons whose votes the late masters would be most likely to control would palpably be those whose votes they always have controlled, namely, the poor whites; for, in the late Slave States, white aristocrat is still bound to white democrat by the strong tie of a common

contempt of "the nigger." Meanwhile it is not difficult to believe, that, among four millions of black people, there are enough plantation Hampdens and Adamses to give political organization to their brethren, and make their votes efficient for the protection of their interests.

We think, then, it may be taken for granted, that, while ignorant, the freedmen will vote right by the force of their instincts, and that the education they require will be the result of their possessing the political power to demand it. Free schools are not the creations of private benevolence, but of public taxation; it is useless to expect a system of universal education in a community which does not rest on universal suffrage; and the children of the poor freeman are educated at the public expense, not so much by the pleading of the children's needs as by the power of the father's ballot. To take the ground, that the "superior" race will educate the "inferior" race it has but just held in bondage, that it will humanely set to work to prepare and qualify the "niggers" to be voters, only escapes from being considered the artifice of the knave by charitably referring it to the credulity of the simpleton. We do not send, as Mr. Sumner has happily said, "the child to be nursed by the wolf"; and he might have added, that the only precedent for such a proceeding, the case of Romulus and Remus, has lost all the little force it may once have had by the criticism of Niebuhr.

If the negroes do not get the power of political self-protection in the conventions of the people which are now to be called, it is not reasonable to expect they will ever get it by the consent of the whites. Legal State conventions are called by previous law. There is no previous State law applicable to the Rebel communities, because, revolutionized by rebellion, the very persons who are qualified by the old State laws to call conventions are disqualified by the laws of the United States. The result is, that the people are an unorgan-

ized mass, to be reorganized under the lead of the Federal government; and of this mass of people—literally, in this case, "the masses"—the free blacks are as much a part as the free whites. As soon, however, as the machinery of State governments is set in motion by these conventions,—as soon as these governments are recognized by the President and Congress,—no conventions to alter the constitutions agreed upon can be called, except by previous State laws. If negro suffrage is not granted in the election of members to the present conventions, the power will pass permanently into the hands of the whites, and the only opportunity for a peaceful settlement of the question will be lost. At the very time when, abstractly, no party has legal rights, and only one party has claims, we propose to deliberately sacrifice the party that has claims to the party which will soon acquire legal rights to oppress the claimants. For, disguise it as we may, the United States government really holds and exercises the power which gives vitality to the preliminaries of reconstruction, and it is therefore responsible for all evils in the future which shall spring from its neglect or injustice in the present.

The addition, too, of four millions of persons to the people of the South, without any corresponding addition of voters, will increase the political power of the ruling whites to an alarming extent, while it will remove all checks on its mischievous exercise. The constitution declares that "representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included in this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons." The unanswerable argument presented at the time against the clause relating to the slaves did not prevent its adoption. "If," it was said, "the negroes are property, why is other property not



represented? if men, why three fifths?" Still the South has always enjoyed the double privilege of treating the negro as an article of merchandise and of using three fifths of him as political capital. He has thus added to the power by which he was enslaved, and has been represented in Congress by persons who regarded him either as a beast or as "a descendant of Ham." In 1860, when the ratio of representation was about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, the South had, by the three-fifths rule, the right to eighteen more representatives in Congress, and eighteen more electoral votes, than it would have had, if only free persons had been counted. The emancipation of the slaves will give it twelve more; for the blacks will now no longer be constitutional fractions, but constitutional units. The three-fifths arrangement was a monstrous anomaly; but the five-fifths will be worse, if negro suffrage be denied. Four millions of free people will, by the mere fact of being inhabitants of Southern territory, confer a political power equal to thirty members of Congress, and yet have no voice in their election. It has been computed by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in a paper on the subject, published in the New York "Tribune," that in some States, where the blacks and whites are about equal in number, and where two thirds of the whites shall "qualify" as voters, this new condition of things will give the Southern white voter, in a Presidential or Congressional election, three times as much political influence as a Northern voter. And on whom shall we, in many localities, confer this immense privilege? Here is Mr. Owen's description of a specimen of the class of Southern "poor whites" we propose thus to exalt.

"I have often encountered this class. I saw many of them last year, while visiting, as member of a Government commission, some of the Southern States. Labor degraded before their eyes has extinguished within them all respect for industry, all ambition, all honorable ex-

ertion to improve their condition. When last I had the pleasure of seeing you at Nashville, I met there, in the office of a gentleman charged with the duty of issuing transportation and rations to indigent persons, black and white, a notable example of this strange class. He was a Rebel deserter, — a rough, dirty, uncouth specimen of humanity, — tall, stout, and wiry-looking, rude and abrupt in speech and bearing, and clothed in tattered homespun. In no civil tone, he demanded rations. When informed that all rations applicable to such a purpose were exhausted, he broke forth, —

"What am I to do, then? How am I to get home?"

"You can have no difficulty," was the reply. 'It is but fifteen or eighteen hours down the river' (the Cumberland) 'by steamboat to where you live. I furnished you transportation; you can work your way.'

"Work my way!' (with a scowl of angry contempt.) 'I never did a stroke of work since I was born; and I never expect to, till my dying day.'

"The agent replied, quietly, —

"They will give you all you want to eat on board, if you help them to wood."

"Carry wood!' he retorted, with an oath. 'Whenever they ask me to carry wood, I'll tell them they may set me on shore; I'd rather starve for a week than work for an hour; I don't want to live in a world that I can't make a living out of without work.'

"Is it for men like that, ignorant, illiterate, vicious, fit for no decent employment on earth except manual labor, and spurning *all* labor as degradation, — is it in favor of such insolent swaggerers that we are to disfranchise the humble, quiet, hard-working negro? Are the votes of three such men as Stanton or Seward, Sumner or Garrison, Grant or Sherman, to be neutralized by the ballot of one such worthless barbarian?"

But this great power, wielded by a population imperfectly qualified to vote, in the name of a population which do

not vote at all, — a power equivalent to thirty members of Congress and thirty electoral votes, — will be directed as much against Northern interests as against negro interests. Added to the power which the South will derive from its voting population, it will enable that section to control one third of all the votes in the House of Representatives; and, says Professor Parsons, “if they stand together, and vote as a unit, they will need only about one sixth more to get and hold control of our national legislation and all our foreign and domestic policy.” Our political experience has unfortunately not been such as to justify us in believing it to be impossible for any party, under a resolute Southern lead, to obtain one sixth of the Northern strength in Congress. What would be the result of such a combination? Why, the National government would be substantially in the hands of those who have been engaged in a desperate struggle to overthrow it; and it would be a government converted into a great military and naval power by the war which resulted in their defeat, and fully competent to enforce its decisions at home and abroad by the strong hand. Nothing is purchased at such a frightful price as the indulgence of a prejudice; the cry against “nigger equality” is a prejudice of the most mischievous kind; and it may be we shall hereafter find cause to deplore, that, when we had to choose between “nigger equality” and Southern predominance, our choice was to keep the “nigger” down, even if we failed to keep ourselves up.

One result of Southern predominance everybody can appreciate. The national debt is so interwoven with every form of the business and industry of the loyal States that its repudiation would be the most appalling of evils. A tax to pay it at once would not produce half the financial derangement and moral disorder which repudiation would cause; for repudiation, as Mirabeau well observed, is nothing but taxation in its most cruel, unequal, iniquitous, and calamitous form. But what reason have we to think that a reconstructed South,

dominant in the Federal government, would regard the debt with feelings similar to ours? The negroes would associate it with their freedom, of which it was the price; their late masters would view it as the symbol of their humiliation, which it was incurred to effect. We must remember that the South loses the whole cost of Rebellion, and is at the same time required to pay its share of the cost of suppressing Rebellion. The cost of Rebellion is, in addition to the devastation of property caused by invasion, the whole Southern debt of some two or three thousand millions of dollars, and the market value of the slaves, which, estimating the slaves at five hundred dollars each, is two thousand millions of dollars more. The portion of the cost of suppressing Rebellion which the South will have to pay can be approximately reached by taking a recent calculation made in the Census Office of the Department of the Interior.

Estimating the national debt at twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, and apportioning it according to the number of the white male adults over twenty years of age in the different sections of the country, it has been found that the proportion of the New England States is \$308,689,352.07; of the Middle States, \$740,195,342.32; of the Western States, \$893,288,781.01; of the Southern States, \$461,929,846.85; and of the Pacific States, \$95,896,677.75. This calculation makes the South responsible for over four hundred and sixty millions of the debt. What amount have the Southerners invested in it? Where both interest and passion furiously impel men to repudiation, can they be trusted with the care of the public credit? “But,” the Northern people may exclaim, “in case of such an execrable violation of justice, we would revolt, — we would” — Ah! but in whose hands would then be “the war power”?

From every point of view, then, in which we can survey the subject, negro suffrage is, unless we are destitute of the commonest practical reason, the logical sequence of negro emancipation. It is not more necessary for the protec-

tion of the freedmen than for the safety and honor of the nation. Our interests are inextricably bound up with their rights. The highest requirements of abstract justice coincide with the lowest requirements of political prudence. And the largest justice to the loyal blacks is the real condition of the widest clemency to the Rebel whites. If the Southern communities are to be re-organized into Federal States, it is of the first importance that they should be States whose power rests on the proscription or degradation of no class of their population. It would be a great evil, if they were absolutely governed by a faction, even if that faction were a minority of the "loyal" people, whose

loyalty consisted in merely taking an oath which the most unscrupulous would be the readiest to take, because the readiest to break. We are bound either to give them a republican form of government, or to hold them in the grasp of the military power of the nation; and we cannot safely give them anything which approaches a republican form of government, unless we allow the great mass of the free people the right to vote. And least of all should we think of proscribing that particular class of the free people who most thoroughly represent in their localities the interests of the United States, and whose ballots would at once do the work and save the expense of an army of occupation.

---

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Life of Horace Mann.* By his Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co.

THE American readers of Mr. Spencer's "Social Statics" have raised their eyes in wholesome wonderment at the condemnation which is there found of all systems of national education. It is unfortunate that a writer who has given effective presentation to many truths should have failed to scrutinize his inductions by the light of certain ascertainable facts. The presumed requirements of a system caused him to prejudge what should have been investigated; and hence, upon the great theme of state education his rare illuminating powers shed a few side-lights of suggestion, and nothing more. The rough common sense of our humblest citizen disperses the philosopher's subtleties of logic with some such decisive sentence as that with which Dr. Johnson cut the meshes of the Fate-argument, or President Lincoln carried the pious defences of man-stealing. "We know we 're free, and there 's an end on 't." "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." If the state has no right to educate, it has no right to protect itself from the assaults of ignorance, and consequently no right to exist at all. This, to be sure, is dogmatism; but with loyal Americans to-day it comes

so near being a moral instinct that it may be provisionally assumed and tested at leisure by the experience to which it has conducted us. In the crisis through which the nation has just passed, education as a state expediency has received its fullest vindication. The people whom the state educated up to an appreciation of the republican idea arose to be its saviours. No magnetism of personal leadership was given them. It was the instructed sense of the community which overcame the perils of faction and the incompetence of chiefs. And now, while we gratefully recognize those who at the critical moment fell or suffered or wrought for the Republic, let us not forget the unapplauded heroism which in time past laboriously accumulated the force lately revealed in many manly acts. The Trent Catechism declares that a final judgment is necessary, in order that the bad may be punished for the evil which in future time results from their mortal acts. If it may be held, conversely, that the conduct of the good is entitled to ever-increasing honor, we think it well that the biography of Horace Mann, educator and statesman, has been withheld to this day. It is nobly prophetic of the perfected faith in popular government and universal liberty which fills our hearts. It is in deep accordance with the



psalm of victory which rises from loyal lips.

The present volume supplies materials for filling up the admirable outline of Mr. Mann's life which appeared in Livingston's "Law Journal," and was copied in other publications. For it must necessarily be materials for the study of a majestic character, rather than any critical *dicta* concerning it, that Mrs. Mann can offer us. And this is not to be regretted. The judgments of an impartial biographer would have been dearly purchased at the sacrifice of that sweetest testimony of household reverence which only the most intimate relation can supply. The little glimpses of Horace Mann, with his children about him, are worth many discriminating estimates of services and judicial investigations into the merits of forgotten controversies. We are made fully acquainted with the noble spirit in which he labored, and this is a better bequest to the American people than even the noble results it brought to pass. Poor enough seems any halting, sentimental interest in human well-being in the presence of that sturdy life, throbbing with executive energy, and dignified by thorough disinterestedness.

Horace Mann was born into the narrow circumstances of a small New England farm. His father died when he was still a boy. The educational opportunities offered by the poorest district of the little town of Franklin, Massachusetts, were meagre enough. Knowledge in the husk was thrown before the pupils, who were allowed the privilege of picking out what they might. The training which stimulates memory had not given place to that which encourages thought. In spite of all obstructions, Horace displayed an irrepressible love of learning, and obtained that sort of education which was probably the best possible for the work he had to do. For it was from vividly realizing the hindrances which he had the strength partially to surmount that he was able to adjust the means for their removal. His youth was far from being a happy one. The poverty of his parents subjected him to continual privation, and the remorseless logic of the current theology weighed upon his sensitive spirit. Having obtained the consent of his guardian to prepare for college, he entered Brown University in 1816. His graduating oration was upon the progressive character of the human race, — a subject prophetic of his subsequent mission. A tutorship of the Latin and Greek languages gave the oppor-

tunity to perfect himself in classical culture. Afterwards he studied law, and in 1823 was admitted to the Norfolk bar. From this time his life was devoted to the welfare of the ignorant and unfortunate. As a leading member of the State Legislature, both in the House and afterwards as President of the Senate, Mr. Mann took an active part in forwarding measures relating to public charities and education. The establishment of the State Insane Hospital at Worcester was wholly due to his vigorous advocacy. In 1837 he retired from the distinguished professional and political career that was opening before him, and devoted his rare abilities to the service of common schools. As Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, he effected a thorough reform in the school system of the State. Of the unexampled labor and self-denial of eleven successive years his Annual Reports and the "Common School Journal" are noble, though inadequate memorials. In 1848 Mr. Mann was sent to Congress as successor to John Quincy Adams. Here his powers were at once concentrated in resisting the usurpations of Slavery. Two years later came his memorable collision with Mr. Webster. In opposing the doctrines of the famous 7th of March speech, and in his subsequent criticism of its author, Mr. Mann well knew the bitter judgments he would provoke and the social position he must sacrifice. He counted the cost and accepted the duty. Insight lent him the fire with which foresight kindled the prophets. He saw in the slave system those inner depths of cruelty and baseness which Andersonville and Port Hudson have lately revealed. At the ensuing election in November, Mr. Mann's renomination was defeated in the Whig Convention. Appealing to the people as an independent candidate, he was re-elected to Congress, and there served until he was offered the Presidency of Antioch College in 1852. The toil, the perseverance, the self-renunciation which associate Mr. Mann with Antioch are too great for conventional phrases of eulogy. Whether judged by the mighty things he accomplished, or by the harmonious development of the moral, intellectual, and affectional nature which he displayed, there are few human records which show an appreciation of duty so exhaustive united to a performance so heroic.

The life of Horace Mann was full of severe work. Few men have had the grace to return so uncompromising an answer to the question whether their service was to

But soon as his thanks the poor dissonant thing  
 Began to bray forth when he strove to sing,  
 "Poor creature!" quoth Jove, "spite of all my pains,  
 Your spirit shines out in your donkey strains!  
 Though plumed like an angel, the ass remains."

So you see, love, that goodness is better than grace.  
 For the proverb fails in the peacock's case,  
 Which says that fine feathers make fine birds, too;  
 This other old adage is far more true,—  
 They only are handsome that handsomely do.

---

### UP THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

*J. W. Higginson.*

THERE was not much stirring in the Department of the South early in 1863, and the St. Mary's expedition had afforded a new sensation. Of course the few officers of colored troops, and a larger number who wished to become such, were urgent for further experiments in the same line; and the Florida tax-commissioners were urgent likewise. I well remember the morning when, after some preliminary correspondence, I steamed down from Beaufort, S. C., to Hilton Head, with General Saxton, Judge S., and one or two others, to have an interview on the matter with Major-General Hunter, then commanding the Department.

Hilton Head, in those days, seemed always like some foreign military station in the tropics. The long, low, white buildings, with piazzas and verandas on the water-side; the general impression of heat and lassitude, existence appearing to pulsate only with the sea-breeze; the sandy, almost impassable streets; and the firm, level beach, on which everybody walked who could get there: all these suggested Jamaica or the East Indies. Then the head-quarters at the end of the beach, the Zouave sentinels, the successive anterooms, the lounging aids, the good-natured and easy General,—easy by habit and energetic by impulse,—all had a certain air of Southern languor, rather picturesque, but perhaps not altogether bracing. General

Hunter received us, that day, with his usual kindliness; there was a good deal of pleasant chat; Miles O'Reilly was called in to read his latest verses; and then we came to the matter in hand.

Jacksonville, on the St. John's River, in Florida, had been already twice taken and twice evacuated; having been occupied by Brigadier-General Wright, in March, 1862, and by Brigadier-General Brannan, in October of the same year. The second evacuation was by Major-General Hunter's own order, on the avowed ground that a garrison of five thousand was needed to hold the place, and that this force could not be spared. The present proposition was to take and hold it with a brigade of less than a thousand men, carrying, however, arms and uniforms for twice that number, and a month's rations. The claim was, that there were fewer Rebel troops in the Department than formerly, and that the St. Mary's expedition had shown the advantage possessed by colored troops, in local knowledge, and in the confidence of the loyal blacks. It was also urged, that it was worth while to risk something, in the effort to hold Florida, and perhaps bring it back into the Union.

My chief aim in the negotiation was to get the men into action, and that of the Florida Commissioners to get them into Florida. Thus far coinciding, we could heartily coöperate; and though General Hunter made some reasonable

127-

objections, they were yielded more readily than I had feared; and finally, before half our logical ammunition was exhausted, the desired permission was given, and the thing might be considered as done.

We were now to leave, as we supposed forever, the camp which had thus far been our home. Our vast amount of surplus baggage made a heavy job in the loading, inasmuch as we had no wharf, and everything had to be put on board by means of flat-boats. It was completed by twenty-four hours of steady work; and after some of the usual uncomfortable delays which wait on military expeditions, we were at last afloat.

I had tried to keep the plan as secret as possible, and had requested to have no definite orders, until we should be on board ship. But this larger expedition was less within my own hands than was the St. Mary's affair, and the great reliance for concealment was on certain counter reports, ingeniously set afloat by some of the Florida men. These reports rapidly swelled into the most enormous tales, and by the time they reached the New York newspapers, the expedition was "a great volcano about bursting, whose lava will burn, flow, and destroy,"—"the sudden appearance in arms of no less than five thousand negroes,"—"a liberating host,"—"not the phantom, but the reality, of servile insurrection." What the undertaking actually was may be best seen in the instructions which guided it.\*

\* HEAD-QUARTERS, BEAUFORT, S. C.,

March 5, 1863.

COLONEL, — You will please proceed with your command, the 1st and 2d Regts. S. C. Volunteers, which are now embarked upon the steamers John Adams, Boston, and Burnside, to Fernandina, Florida.

Relying upon your military skill and judgment, I shall give you no special directions as to your procedure after you leave Fernandina. I expect, however, that you will occupy Jacksonville, Florida, and intrench yourselves there.

The main objects of your expedition are to carry the proclamation of freedom to the enslaved; to call all loyal men into the service of the United States; to occupy as much of the State of Florida as possible with the forces under your command; and to neglect no means consistent with the usages of civilized warfare to weaken, harass, and annoy those who are in rebellion against the Government of the United States.

In due time, after touching at Fernandina, we reached the difficult bar of the St. John's, and were piloted safely over. Admiral Dupont had furnished a courteous letter of introduction,\* and we were cordially received by Commander Duncan of the Norwich, and Lieutenant Watson, commanding the Uncas. Like all officers on blockade duty, they were impatient of their enforced inaction, and gladly seized the opportunity for a different service. It was some time since they had ascended as high as Jacksonville, for their orders were strict, one vessel's coal was low, the other was in infirm condition, and there were rumors of cotton-clads and torpedoes. But they gladly agreed to escort us up the river, so soon as our own armed gunboat, the John Adams, should arrive,—she being unaccountably delayed.

We waited twenty-four hours for her, at the sultry mouth of that glassy river, watching the great pelicans which floated lazily on its tide, or sometimes shooting one, to admire the great pouch, into which one of the soldiers could insert his foot, as into a boot. "He hold one quart," said the admiring experimentalist. "Hi! boy," retorted another quickly, "neber you bring dat quart measure in *my* peck o' corn." The protest came very promptly, and was certainly fair; for the strange receptacle would have held nearly a gallon.

We went on shore, too, and were

Trusting that the blessing of our Heavenly Father will rest upon your noble enterprise,

I am yours, sincerely,

R. SAXTON,

*Brig.-Gen., Mil. Gov. Dept. of the South.*

Colonel ———, Comdg. Expeditionary Corps.

\* FLAG SHIP WABASH,

PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., March 6, 1863.

SIR, — I am informed by Major-General Hunter that he is sending Colonel ——— on an important mission in the southerly part of his Department.

I have not been made acquainted with the objects of this mission, but any assistance that you can offer Colonel ———, which will not interfere with your other duties, you are authorized to give.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

S. F. DUPONT,

*Rear-Adm. Comdg. S. Atl. Block. Squad.*

To the Senior Officer present at the different Blockading Stations on the Coast of Georgia and Florida.



shown a rather pathetic little garden, which the naval officers had laid out, indulging a dream of vegetables. They lingered over the little microscopic sprouts, pointing them out tenderly, as if they were cradled babies. I have often noticed this touching weakness, in gentlemen of that profession, on lonely stations.

We wandered among the bluffs, too, in the little deserted hamlet once called "Pilot Town." The ever-shifting sand had in some cases almost buried the small houses, and had swept around others a circular drift, at a few yards' distance, overtopping their eaves, and leaving each the untouched citadel of this natural redoubt. There was also a dismantled lighthouse, an object which always seems the most dreary symbol of the barbarism of war, when one considers the national beneficence which reared and kindled it. Despite the service rendered by this once brilliant light, there were many wrecks which had been strown upon the beach, victims of the most formidable of the Southern river-bars. As I stood with my foot on the half-buried ribs of one of these vessels, — so distinctly traced that one might almost fancy them human, — the old pilot, my companion, told me the story of the wreck. The vessel had formerly been in the Cuba trade; and her owner, an American merchant residing in Havana, had christened her for his young daughter. I asked the name, and was startled to recognize that of a favorite young cousin of mine, beside the bones of whose representative I was thus strangely standing, upon this lonely shore.

It was well to have something to relieve the anxiety naturally felt at the delay of the John Adams, — anxiety both for her safety and for the success of our enterprise. The Rebels had repeatedly threatened to burn the whole of Jacksonville, in case of another attack, as they had previously burned its mills and its great hotel. It seemed as if the news of our arrival must surely have travelled thirty miles by this time. All day we watched every smoke that

rose among the wooded hills, and consulted the compass and the map, to see if that sign announced the doom of our expected home. At the very last moment of the tide, just in time to cross the bar that day, the missing vessel arrived; all anxieties vanished; I transferred my quarters on board, and at two the next morning we steamed up the river.

Again there was the dreamy delight of ascending an unknown stream, beneath a sinking moon, into a region where peril made fascination. Since the time of the first explorers, I suppose that those Southern waters have known no sensations so dreamy and so bewitching as those which this war has brought forth. I recall, in this case, the faintest sensations of our voyage, as Ponce de Leon may have recalled those of his wandering search, in the same soft zone, for the secret of the mystic fountain. I remember, how, during that night, I looked for the first time through a powerful night-glass. It had always seemed a thing wholly inconceivable, that a mere lens could change darkness into light; and as I turned the instrument on the preceding gunboat, and actually discerned the man at the wheel and the officers standing about him, — all relapsing into vague gloom again at the withdrawal of the glass, — it gave a feeling of childish delight. Yet it seemed only in keeping with the whole enchantment of the scene; and had I been some Aladdin, convoyed by genii or giants, I could hardly have felt more wholly a denizen of some world of romance.

But the river was of difficult navigation; and we began to feel sometimes, beneath the keel, that ominous, sliding, grating, treacherous arrest of motion which makes the heart shudder, as the vessel does. There was some solicitude about torpedoes, also, — a peril which became a formidable thing, one year later, in the very channel where we found none. Soon one of our consorts grounded, then another, every vessel taking its turn, I believe, and then in turn getting off, until the Norwich lay hopelessly stranded, for that

tide at least, a few miles below Jacksonville, and out of sight of the city, so that she could not even add to our dignity by her visible presence from afar.

This was rather a serious matter, as the Norwich was our main naval reliance, the Uncas being a small steamer of less than two hundred tons, and in such poor condition, that Commander Duncan, on finding himself aground, at first quite declined to trust his consort any farther alone. But, having got thus far, it was plainly my duty to risk the remainder with or without naval assistance; and this being so, the courageous officer did not long object, but allowed his dashing subordinate to steam up with us to the city. This left us one naval and one army gunboat; and, fortunately, the Burnside, being a black propeller, always passed for an armed vessel among the Rebels, and we rather encouraged that pleasing illusion.

We had aimed to reach Jacksonville at daybreak; but these mishaps delayed us, and we had several hours of fresh, early sunshine, lighting up the green shores of that lovely river, wooded to the water's edge, with sometimes an emerald meadow, opening a vista to some picturesque house, — all utterly unlike anything we had yet seen in the South, and suggesting rather the Penobscot or Kennebec. Here and there we glided by the ruins of some saw-mill burned by the Rebels on General Wright's approach; but nothing else spoke of war, except, perhaps, the silence. It was a delicious day, and a scene of fascination. Our Florida men were wild with delight; and when we rounded the point below the city, and saw from afar its long streets, its brick warehouses, its white cottages, and its overshadowing trees, — all peaceful and undisturbed by flames, — it seemed, in the men's favorite phrase, "too much good," and all discipline was merged, for the moment, in a buzz of ecstasy.

The city was still there for us, at any rate; though none knew what perils might be concealed behind those quiet buildings. Yet there were children playing on the wharves; careless men,

here and there, lounged down to look at us, hands in pockets; a few women came to their doors, and gazed listlessly upon us, shading their eyes with their hands. We drew momentarily nearer, in silence and with breathless attention. The gunners were at their posts, and the men in line. It was eight o'clock. We were now directly opposite the town: yet no sign of danger was seen; not a rifle-shot was heard; not a shell rose hissing in the air. The Uncas rounded to, and dropped anchor in the stream; by previous agreement, I steamed to an upper pier of the town, Colonel Montgomery to a lower one; the little boat-howitzers were run out upon the wharves, and presently to the angles of the chief streets; and the pretty town was our own without a shot. In spite of our detention, the surprise had been complete, and not a soul in Jacksonville had dreamed of our coming.

The day passed quickly, in eager preparations for defence; the people could or would give us no definite information about the Rebel camp, which was, however, known to be near, and our force did not permit our going out to surprise it. The night following was the most anxious I ever spent. We were all tired out; the companies were under arms, in various parts of the town, to be ready for an attack at any moment. My temporary quarters were beneath the loveliest grove of linden-trees, and as I reclined, half-dozing, the mocking-birds sang all night like nightingales, — their notes seeming to trickle down through the sweet air from amid the blossoming boughs. Day brought relief and the sense of due possession, and we could see what we had won.

Jacksonville was now a United States post again: the only post on the mainland in the Department of the South. Before the war, it had three or four thousand inhabitants, and a rapidly growing lumber-trade, for which abundant facilities were evidently provided. The wharves were capacious, and the blocks of brick warehouses along the lower street were utterly unlike anything we

had yet seen in that region, as were the neatness and thrift everywhere visible. It had been built up by Northern enterprise, and much of the property was owned by loyal men. It had been a great resort for invalids, though the Rebels had burned the large hotel which once accommodated them. Mills had also been burned; but the dwelling-houses were almost all in good condition. The quarters for the men were admirable; and I took official possession of the handsome brick house of Colonel Sunderland, the established head-quarters through every occupation, whose accommodating flagstaff had literally and repeatedly changed its colors. The seceded Colonel, reputed author of the State ordinance of Secession, was a New-Yorker by birth, and we found his law-card, issued when in practice in Easton, Washington County, New York. He certainly had good taste in planning the inside of a house, though time had impaired its condition. There was a neat office with ample bookcases and no books, a billiard-table with no balls, gas-fixtures without gas, and a bathing-room without water. There was a separate building for servants' quarters, and a kitchen with every convenience, even to a few jars of lingering pickles. On the whole, there was an air of substance and comfort about the town, quite alien from the picturesque decadence of Beaufort.

The town rose gradually from the river, and was bounded on the rear by a long, sluggish creek, beyond which lay a stretch of woods, affording an excellent covert for the enemy, but without great facilities for attack, as there were but two or three fords and bridges. This brook could easily be held against a small force, but could at any time and at almost any point be readily crossed by a large one. North of the town the land rose a little, between the river and the sources of the brook, and then sank to a plain, which had been partially cleared by a previous garrison. For so small a force as ours, however, this clearing must be extended nearer to the town; otherwise our lines would be too long for our numbers.

This deficiency in numbers at once

became a source of serious anxiety. While planning the expedition, it had seemed so important to get the men a foothold in Florida that I was willing to risk everything for it. But this important post once in our possession, it began to show some analogies to the proverbial elephant in the lottery. To hold it permanently with nine hundred men was not perhaps impossible, with the aid of a gunboat; (I had left many of my own regiment sick and on duty in Beaufort, and Colonel Montgomery had as yet less than one hundred and fifty;) but to hold it, and also to make forays up the river, certainly required a larger number. We came in part to recruit, but had found scarcely an able-bodied negro in the city; all had been removed farther up, and we must certainly contrive to follow them. I was very unwilling to have, as yet, any white troops under my command, with the blacks. Finally, however, being informed by Judge S. of a conversation with Colonel Hawley, commanding at Fernandina, in which the latter had offered to send four companies and a light battery to swell our force,—in view of the aid given to his position by this more advanced post,—I decided to authorize the energetic Judge to go back to Fernandina and renew the negotiation, as the John Adams must go thither at any rate for coal.

Meanwhile all definite display of our force was avoided; dress parades were omitted; the companies were so distributed as to tell for the utmost; and judicious use was made, here and there, of empty tents. The gunboats and transports moved impressively up and down the river, from time to time. The disposition of pickets was varied each night to perplex the enemy, and some advantage taken of his distrust, which might be assumed as equalling our own. The citizens were duly impressed by our supply of ammunition, which was really enormous, and all these things soon took effect. A loyal woman, who came into town, said that the Rebel scouts, stopping at her house, reported that there were "sixteen hundred negroes all over



the woods, and the town full of them besides." "It was of no use to go in. General Finnegan had driven them into a bad place once, and should not do it again." "They had lost their captain and their best surgeon, in the first skirmish, and if the Savannah people wanted the negroes driven away, they might come and do it themselves." Unfortunately, we knew that they could easily come from Savannah at any time, as there was railroad communication nearly all the way; and every time we heard the steam-whistle, the men were convinced of their arrival. Thus we never could approach to any certainty as to their numbers, while they could observe, from the bluffs, every steamboat that ascended the river.

To render our weak force still more available, we barricaded the approaches to the chief streets by constructing barriers or felling trees. It went to my heart to sacrifice, for this purpose, several of my beautiful lindens; but it was no time for aesthetics. As the giants lay on the ground, still scenting the air with their abundant bloom, I used to rein up my horse and watch the children playing hide-and-seek among their branches, or some quiet cow grazing at the foliage. Nothing impresses the mind in war like some occasional object or association that belongs apparently to peace alone.

Among all these solitudes, it was a great thing that one particular anxiety vanished in a day. On the former expedition the men were upon trial as to their courage; now they were to endure another test, as to their demeanor as victors. Here were five hundred citizens, nearly all white, at the mercy of their former slaves. To some of these whites it was the last crowning humiliation, and they were, or professed to be, in perpetual fear. On the other hand, the most intelligent and lady-like woman I saw, the wife of a Rebel captain, rather surprised me by saying that it seemed pleasanter to have these men stationed there, whom they had known all their lives, and who had generally borne a good character, than

to be in the power of entire strangers. Certainly the men deserved the confidence, for there was scarcely an exception to their good behavior. I think they thoroughly felt that their honor and dignity were concerned in the matter, and took too much pride in their character as soldiers, — to say nothing of higher motives, — to tarnish it by any misdeeds. They watched their officers vigilantly and even suspiciously, to detect any disposition towards compromise; and so long as we pursued a just course, it was evident that they could be relied on. Yet the spot was pointed out to me where two of our leading men had seen their brothers hanged by Lynch law; many of them had private wrongs to avenge; and they all had utter disbelief in all pretended loyalty, especially on the part of the women. One man alone was brought to me in a sort of escort of honor by Corporal Prince Lambkin, — one of the color-guard, and one of our ablest men, — the same who had once made a speech in camp, reminding his hearers that they had lived under the American flag for eighteen hundred and sixty-two years, and ought to live and die under it. Corporal Lambkin now introduced his man, a German, with the highest compliment in his power: "He hab true colored-man heart." Surrounded by mean, cajoling, insinuating white men, and women who were all that and worse, I was quite ready to appreciate the quality he thus proclaimed. A colored-man heart, in the Rebel States, is a fair synonyme for a loyal heart, and it is about the only such synonyme. In this case, I found afterwards that the man in question, a small grocer, had been an object of suspicion to the whites from his readiness to lend money to the negroes, or sell to them on credit; in which, perhaps, there may have been some mixture of self-interest with benevolence.

I resort to a note-book of that period, well thumbed and pocket-worn, which sometimes received a fragment of the day's experience.

"*March 16, 1863.* — Of course, droll things are constantly occurring. Every

white man, woman, and child is flattering, seductive, and professes Union sentiment; every black ditto believes that every white ditto is a scoundrel, and ought to be shot, but for good order and military discipline. The Provost Marshal and I steer between them as blandly as we can. Such scenes as succeed each other! Rush of indignant Africans. A white man, in woman's clothes, has been seen to enter a certain house, — undoubtedly a spy. Further evidence discloses the Roman Catholic priest, a peaceful little Frenchman, in his professional apparel. — Anxious female enters. Some sentinel has shot her cow by mistake for a Rebel. The United States cannot think of paying the desired thirty dollars. Let her go to the Post-Quartermaster and select a cow from his herd. If there is none to suit her, (and, indeed, not one of them gave a drop of milk, — neither did hers,) let her wait till the next lot comes in, — that is all. — Yesterday's operations gave the following total yield: — Thirty 'contrabands,' eighteen horses, eleven cattle, ten saddles and bridles, and one new army wagon. At this rate, we shall soon be self-supporting *cavalry*.

"Where complaints are made of the soldiers, it almost always turns out that the women have insulted them most grossly, swearing at them, and the like. One unpleasant old Dutch woman came in, bursting with wrath, and told the whole narrative of her blameless life, diversified with sobs: —

"'Last January I ran off two of my black people from St. Mary's to Fernandina,' (sob,) — 'then I moved down there myself, and at Lake City I lost six women and a boy,' (sob,) — 'then I stopped at Baldwin for one of the wenches to be confined,' (sob,) — 'then I brought them all here to live in a Christian country' (sob, sob). 'Then the blockheads' [blockades, that is, gunboats] 'came, and they all ran off with the blockheads,' (sob, sob, sob,) 'and left me, an old lady of forty-six, obliged to work for a living.' (Chaos of sobs, without cessation.)

"But when I found what the old sin-

ner had said to the soldiers, I rather wondered at their self-control in not throttling her."

Meanwhile skirmishing went on daily in the outskirts of the town. There was a fight on the very first day, when our men killed, as before hinted, a Rebel surgeon, which was oddly metamorphosed in the Southern newspapers into their killing one of ours, which certainly never happened. Every day, after this, they appeared in small mounted squads in the neighborhood, and exchanged shots with our pickets, to which the gunboats would contribute their louder share, their aim being rather embarrassed by the woods and hills. We made reconnoissances, too, to learn the country in different directions, and were apt to be fired upon during these. Along the farther side of what we called the "Debatable Land" there was a line of cottages, hardly superior to negro huts, and almost all empty, where the Rebel pickets resorted, and from whose windows they fired. By degrees all these nests were broken up and destroyed, though it cost some trouble to do it, and the hottest skirmishing usually took place around them.

Among these little affairs was one which we called "Company K's Skirmish," because it brought out the fact that this company, which was composed entirely of South Carolina men, and had never shone in drill or discipline, stood near the head of the regiment for coolness and courage, — the defect of discipline showing itself only in their extreme unwillingness to halt when once let loose. It was at this time that the small comedy of the Goose occurred, — an anecdote which Wendell Phillips has since made his own.

One of the advancing line of skirmishers, usually an active fellow enough, was observed to move clumsily and irregularly. It soon appeared that he had encountered a fine specimen of the domestic goose, which had surrendered at discretion. Not wishing to lose it, he could yet find no way to hold it but between his legs; and so he went on,

loading, firing, advancing, halting, always with the goose writhing and struggling and hissing in this natural pair of stocks. Both happily came off unwounded, and retired in good order at the signal, or some time after it; but I have hardly a cooler thing to put on record.

Meanwhile, another fellow left the field less exultingly; for, after a thoroughly courageous share in the skirmish, he came blubbering to his captain, and said, —

“Capten, make Cæsar gib me my cane.”

It seemed, that, during some interval of the fighting, he had helped himself to an armful of Rebel sugar-cane, such as they all delighted in chewing. The Roman hero, during another pause, had confiscated the treasure; whence these tears of the returning warrior. I never could accustom myself to these extraordinary interminglings of manly and childish attributes.

Our most untiring scout during this period was the chaplain of my regiment, — the most restless and daring spirit we had, and now exulting in full liberty of action. He it was who was daily permitted to stray singly where no other officer would have been allowed to go, so irresistible was his appeal, — “You know I am only a chaplain.” Methinks I see our regimental saint, with pistols in belt and a Ballard rifle slung on shoulder, putting spurs to his steed, and cantering away down some questionable wood-path, or returning with some tale of Rebel haunt discovered, or store of foraging. He would track an enemy like an Indian, or exhort him, when apprehended, like an early Christian. Some of our devout soldiers shook their heads sometimes over the chaplain's little eccentricities.

“Woffor Mr. Chapman made a preacher for?” said one of them, as usual transforming his title into a patronymic. “He 's *de fightingest more Yankee* I eber see in all my days.”

And the criticism was very natural, though they could not deny, that, when the hour for Sunday service came, Mr.

F. commanded the respect and attention of all. That hour never came, however, on our first Sunday in Jacksonville; we were too busy, and the men too scattered; so the chaplain made his accustomed foray beyond the lines instead.

“Is it not Sunday?” slyly asked an unregenerate lieutenant.

“Nay,” quoth his Reverence, waxing fervid; “it is the Day of Judgment.”

This reminds me of a raid up the river, conducted by one of our senior captains, an enthusiast whose gray beard and prophetic manner always took me back to the Fifth-Monarchy men. He was most successful, that day, bringing back horses, cattle, provisions, and prisoners; and one of the latter complained bitterly to me of being held, stating that Captain R. had promised him speedy liberty. But that doughty official spurned the imputation of such weak blandishments, in this day of triumphant retribution.

“Promise him!” said he, “I promised him nothing but the Day of Judgment and Periods of Damnation!”

Often since have I rolled beneath my tongue this savory and solemn sentence, and I do not believe that since the days of the Long Parliament there has been a more resounding anathema.

In Colonel Montgomery's hands, these up-river raids reached the dignity of a fine art. His conceptions of foraging were rather more Western and liberal than mine, and on these excursions he fully indemnified himself for any undue abstinence demanded of him when in camp. I remember being on the wharf, with some naval officers, when he came down from his first trip. The steamer seemed an animated hen-coop. Live poultry hung from the foremast shrouds, dead ones from the mainmast, geese hissed from the binnacle, a pig paced the quarter-deck, and a duck's wings were seen fluttering from a line which was wont to sustain duck-trousers. The naval heroes, mindful of their own short rations, and taking high views of one's duties in a conquered country, looked at me reproachfully, as who should say, “Shall these things be?”



In a moment or two the returning foragers had landed.

"Captain —," said Montgomery, courteously, "would you allow me to send a remarkably fine turkey for your use on board ship?"

"Lieutenant —," said Major Corwin, "may I ask your acceptance of a pair of ducks for your mess?"

Never did I behold more cordial relations between army and navy than sprang into existence at those sentences. So true it is, as Charles Lamb says, that a single present of game may diffuse kindly sentiments through a whole community.

These little trips were called "rest"; there was no other rest during those ten days. An immense amount of picket- and fatigue-duty had to be done. Two redoubts were to be built to command the Northern Valley; all the intervening grove, which now afforded lurking-ground for a daring enemy, must be cleared away; and a few houses must be reluctantly razed for the same purpose. Colonel Montgomery had the left of the defensive line, and Lieutenant-Colonel Billings, commanding my own regiment, the right. The fort under charge of the former was named Fort Higginson, and that on the right, in return, Fort Montgomery. The former was necessarily a hasty work, and is now, I believe, in ruins; the latter was far more elaborately constructed, on lines well traced by the Fourth New Hampshire during the previous occupation. It did great credit to Captain Trowbridge, of my regiment, (formerly of the New York Volunteer Engineers,) who had charge of its construction.

How like a dream seems now that period of daily skirmishes and nightly watchfulness! The fatigue was so constant that the days hurried by. I felt the need of some occasional change of ideas, and having just received from the North Mr. Brooks's beautiful translation of Jean Paul's "Titan," I used to retire to my bedroom for some ten minutes every afternoon, and read a chapter or two. It was more refreshing than a nap, and will always be to me

one of the most fascinating books in the world, with this added association. After all, what concerned me was not so much the fear of an attempt to drive us out and retake the city,—for that would be against the whole policy of the Rebels in that region,—as of an effort to fulfil their threats and burn it, by some nocturnal dash. The most valuable buildings belonged to Union men, and the upper part of the town, built chiefly of resinous pine, was combustible to the last degree. In case of fire, if the wind blew towards the river, we might lose steamers and all. I remember regulating my degree of disrobing by the direction of the wind; if it blew from the river, it was safe to make one's self quite comfortable; if otherwise, it was best to conform to Suwarrow's idea of luxury, and take off one spur.

So passed our busy life for ten days. There were no tidings of reinforcements, and I hardly knew whether I wished for them,—or rather, I desired them as a choice of evils; for our men were giving out from overwork, and the recruiting excursions, for which we had mainly come, were hardly possible. At the utmost, I had asked for the addition of four companies and a light battery. Judge of my surprise, when two infantry regiments successively arrived! I must resort to a scrap from the diary. Perhaps diaries are apt to be thought tedious; but I would rather read a page of one, whatever the events described, than any later narrative,—it gives glimpses so much more real and vivid.

*"Head-Quarters, Jacksonville, March 20, 1863, Midnight.* — For the last twenty-four hours we have been sending women and children out of town, in answer to a demand by flag of truce, with a threat of bombardment. [N. B. I advised them not to go, and the majority declined doing so.] It was designed, no doubt, to intimidate; and in our ignorance of the force actually outside, we have had to recognize the possibility of danger, and work hard at our

defences. At any time, by going into the outskirts, we can have a skirmish, which is nothing but fun ; but when night closes in over a small and weary garrison, there sometimes steals into my mind, like a chill, that most sickening of all sensations, the anxiety of a commander. This was the night generally set for an attack, if any, though I am pretty well satisfied that they have not strength to dare it, and the worst they could probably do is to burn the town. But to-night, instead of enemies, appear friends, — our devoted civic ally, Judge S., and a whole Connecticut regiment, the Sixth, under Major Meeker ; and though the latter are aground twelve miles below, yet they enable one to breathe more freely. I only wish they were black ; but now I have to show, not only that blacks can fight, but that they and white soldiers can act in harmony together.”

That evening the enemy came up for a reconnoissance, in the deepest darkness, and there were alarms all night. The next day the Sixth Connecticut got afloat, and came up the river ; and two days after, to my continued amazement, arrived a part of the Eighth Maine, under Lieutenant-Colonel Twichell. This increased my command to four regiments, or parts of regiments, half white and half black. Skirmishing had almost ceased, — our defences being tolerably complete, and looking from without much more effective than they really were. We were safe from any attack by a small force, and hoped that the enemy could not spare a large one from Charleston or Savannah. All looked bright without, and gave leisure for some small anxieties within.

It was the first time in the war (so far as I know) that white and black soldiers had served together on regular duty. Jealousy was still felt towards even the *officers* of colored regiments ; and any difficult contingency would be apt to bring it out. The white soldiers, just from shipboard, felt a natural desire to stray about the town ; and no attack from an enemy would be so dis-

astrous as the slightest collision between them and the black provost-guard. I shudder, even now, to think of the train of consequences, bearing on the whole course of subsequent national events, which one such mishap might then have produced. It is almost impossible for us now to remember in what a delicate balance then hung the whole question of negro enlistments, and consequently of Slavery. Fortunately for my own serenity, I had great faith in the intrinsic power of military discipline, and also knew that a common service would soon produce mutual respect among good soldiers ; and so it proved. But the first twelve hours of this mixed command were to me a more anxious period than any outward alarms had created.

Let us resort to the note-book again.

“*Jacksonville, March 22, 1863.* — It is Sunday ; the bell is ringing for church, and Rev. Mr. F., from Beaufort, is to preach. This afternoon our good quartermaster establishes a Sunday school for our little colony of ‘contrabands,’ now numbering seventy.

“*Sunday Afternoon.* — The bewildering report is confirmed ; and in addition to the Sixth Connecticut, which came yesterday, appears part of the Eighth Maine. The remainder, with its colonel, will be here to-morrow, and, report says, Major-General Hunter. Now my hope is that we may go to some point higher up the river, which we can hold for ourselves. There are two other points, [Magnolia and Pilatka,] which, in themselves, are as favorable as this, and, for getting recruits, better. So I shall hope to be allowed to go. To take posts, and then let white troops garrison them, — that is my programme.

“What makes the thing more puzzling is, that the Eighth Maine has only brought ten days’ rations, so that they evidently are not to stay here ; and yet where they go, or why they come, is a puzzle. Meanwhile we can sleep sound o’ nights ; and if the black and white babies do not quarrel and pull hair, we shall do very well.”

Colonel Rust, on arriving, said frankly that he knew nothing of the plans prevailing in the Department, but that General Hunter was certainly coming soon to act for himself; that it had been reported at the North, and even at Port Royal, that we had all been captured and shot, (and, indeed, I had afterwards the pleasure of reading my own obituary in a Northern Democratic journal,) and that we certainly needed reinforcements; that he himself had been sent with orders to carry out, so far as possible, the original plans of the expedition; that he regarded himself as only a visitor, and should remain chiefly on shipboard, — which he did. He would relieve the black provost-guard by a white one, if I approved, — which I certainly did. But he said that he felt bound to give the chief opportunities of action to the colored troops, — which I also approved, and which he carried out, not quite to the satisfaction of his own eager and daring officers.

I recall one of these enterprises, out of which we extracted a good deal of amusement; it was baptized the *Battle of the Clothes-Lines*. A white company was out scouting in the woods behind the town, with one of my best Florida men for a guide; and the captain sent back a message that he had discovered a Rebel camp with twenty-two tents, beyond a creek, about four miles away; the officers and men had been distinctly seen, and it would be quite possible to capture it. Colonel Rust at once sent me out with two hundred men to do the work, recalling the original scouts, and disregarding the appeals of his own eager officers. We marched through the open pine woods, on a delightful afternoon, and met the returning party. Poor fellows! I never shall forget the longing eyes they cast on us, as we marched forth to the field of glory, from which they were debarred. We went three or four miles out, sometimes halting to send forward a scout, while I made all the men lie down in the long thin grass and beside the fallen trees, till one could not imagine that there was a person there. I

remember how picturesque the effect was, when, at the signal, all rose again, like Roderick Dhu's men, and the green wood appeared suddenly populous with armed life. At a certain point forces were divided, and a detachment was sent round the head of the creek to flank the unsuspecting enemy; while we of the main body, stealing with caution nearer and nearer, through ever denser woods, swooped down at last in triumph upon a solitary farm-house, — where the family-washing had been hung out to dry!

It is due to Sergeant Greene, my invaluable guide, to say that he had from the beginning discouraged any high hopes of a crossing of bayonets. He had early explained that it was not he who claimed to have seen the tents and the Rebel soldiers, but one of the officers, — and had pointed out that our undisturbed approach was hardly reconcilable with the existence of a hostile camp so near. This impression had also pressed more and more upon my own mind, but it was our business to put the thing beyond a doubt. Probably the place may have been occasionally used for a picket station, and we found fresh horse-tracks in the vicinity, and there was a quantity of iron bridles in the house, of which no clear explanation could be given; so that the armed men may not have been wholly imaginary. But camp there was none. After enjoying to the utmost the fun of the thing, therefore, we borrowed the only horse on the premises, hung all the bits over his neck, and as I rode him back to camp, they clanked like broken chains. We were joined on the way by our dear and devoted surgeon, whom I had left behind as an invalid, but who had mounted his horse and ridden out alone to attend to our wounded, his green sash looking quite in harmony with the early spring verdure of those lovely woods. So came we back in triumph, enjoying the joke all the more because some one else was responsible. We mystified the little community at first, but soon let out the secret, and witticisms abounded for a day



or two, the mildest of which was the assertion that the author of the alarm must have been "three sheets in the wind."

Another expedition was of more exciting character. For several days before the arrival of Colonel Rust a reconnaissance had been planned in the direction of the enemy's camp, and he finally consented to its being carried out. By the energy of Major Corwin, of the Second South Carolina Volunteers, aided by Mr. Holden, then a gunner on the Paul Jones, and afterwards made captain in the same regiment, one of the ten-pound Parrott guns had been mounted on a hand-car, for use on the railway. This it was now proposed to bring into service. I took a large detail of men from the two white regiments and from my own, and had instructions to march as far as the four-mile station on the railway, if possible, examine the country, and ascertain if the Rebel camp had been removed, as was reported, beyond that distance. I was forbidden going any farther from camp, or attacking the Rebel camp, as my force comprised half our garrison, and should the town meanwhile be attacked from some other direction, it would be in great danger.

I never shall forget the delight of that march through the open pine barren, with occasional patches of uncertain swamp. The Eighth Maine, under Lieutenant-Colonel Twichell, was on the right, the Sixth Connecticut, under Major Meeker, on the left, and my own men, under Major Strong, in the centre, having in charge the cannon, to which they had been trained. Mr. Heron, from the John Adams, acted as gunner. The mounted Rebel pickets retired before us through the woods, keeping usually beyond range of the skirmishers, who in a long line—white, black, white—were deployed transversely. For the first time I saw the two colors fairly alternate on the military chessboard; it had been the object of much labor and many dreams, and I liked the pattern at last. Nothing was said about the novel fact by anybody,—it all seemed to come as matter-of-course; there appeared to be no mutual distrust among the

men, and as for the officers, doubtless "each crow thought its own young the whitest,"—I certainly did, although doing full justice to the eager courage of the Northern portion of my command. Especially I watched with pleasure the fresh delight of the Maine men, who had not, like the rest, been previously in action, and who strode rapidly on with their long legs, irresistibly recalling, as their gaunt, athletic frames and sunburnt faces appeared here and there among the pines, the lumber regions of their native State, with which I was not unfamiliar.

We passed through a former camp of the Rebels, from which everything had been lately removed; but when the utmost permitted limits of our reconnaissance were reached, there were still no signs of any other camp, and the Rebel cavalry still kept provokingly before us. Their evident object was to lure us on to their own stronghold, and had we fallen into the trap, it would perhaps have resembled, on a smaller scale, the Olustee of the following year. With a good deal of reluctance, however, I caused the recall to be sounded, and, after a slight halt, we began to retrace our steps.

Straining our eyes to look along the reach of level railway which stretched away through the pine barren, we began to see certain ominous puffs of smoke, which might indeed proceed from some fire in the woods, but were at once set down by the men as coming from the mysterious locomotive battery which the Rebels were said to have constructed. Gradually the smoke grew denser, and appeared to be moving up along the track, keeping pace with our motion, and about two miles distant. I watched it steadily through a field-glass from our own slowly moving battery: it seemed to move when we moved and to halt when we halted. Sometimes in the dim smoke I caught a glimpse of something blacker, raised high in the air like the threatening head of some great gliding serpent. Suddenly there came a sharp puff of lighter smoke that seemed like a forked tongue,

and then a hollow report, and we could see a great black projectile hurled into the air, and falling a quarter of a mile away from us, in the woods. I did not at once learn that this first shot killed two of the Maine men and wounded two more. This was fired wide, but the numerous shots which followed were admirably aimed, and seldom failed to fall or explode close to our own smaller battery.

It was the first time that the men had been seriously exposed to artillery fire,—a danger more exciting to the ignorant mind than any other, as this very war has shown.\* So I watched them anxiously. Fortunately there were deep trenches on each side the railway, with many stout projecting roots, forming very tolerable bomb-proofs for those who happened to be near them. The enemy's gun was a sixty-four-pound Blakely, as we afterward found, whose enormous projectiles moved very slowly and gave ample time to cover,—insomuch, that, while the fragments of shell fell all around and amongst us, not a man was hurt. This soon gave the men the most buoyant confidence, and they shouted with childish delight over every explosion.

The moment a shell had burst or fallen unburst, our little gun was invariably fired in return, and that with some precision, so far as we could judge, its range also being nearly as great. For some reason they showed no disposition to overtake us, in which attempt their locomotive would have given them an immense advantage over our heavy hand-car, and their cavalry force over our infantry. Nevertheless I rather

hoped that they would attempt it, for then an effort might have been made to cut them off in the rear by taking up some rails. As it was, this was out of the question, though they moved slowly, as we moved, keeping always about two miles away. When they finally ceased firing, we took up the rails beyond us before withdrawing, and thus kept the enemy from approaching so near the city again. But I shall never forget that Dantean monster, rearing its black head amid the distant smoke, nor the solicitude with which I watched for the puff which meant danger, and looked round to see if my chickens were all under cover. The greatest peril, after all, was from the possible dismounting of our gun, in which case we should have been very apt to lose it, if the enemy had showed any dash. There may be other such tilts of railway artillery on record during the war; but if so, I have not happened to read of them, and so have dwelt the longer on this.

This was doubtless the same locomotive battery which had previously fired more than once upon the town,—running up within two miles and then withdrawing, while it was deemed inexpedient to destroy the railroad, on our part, lest it might be needed by ourselves in turn. One night, too, the Rebel threat had been fulfilled, and they had shelled the town with the same battery. They had the range well, and every shot fell near the post head-quarters. It was exciting to see the great Blakely shell, showing a light as it rose, and moving slowly towards us like a comet, then exploding and scattering its formidable fragments. Yet, strange to say, no serious harm was done to life or limb, and the most formidable casualty was that of a citizen who complained that a shell had passed through the wall of his bedroom, and carried off his mosquito curtain in its transit.

Little knew we how soon these small entertainments would be over. Colonel Montgomery had gone up the river with his two companies, perhaps to remain permanently; and I was soon to follow. On Friday, March 27th, I wrote

\* "The effect was electrical. The Rebels were the best men in Ford's command, being Lieutenant-Colonel Showalter's Californians, and they are brave men. They had dismounted and sent their horses to the rear, and were undoubtedly determined upon a desperate fight, and their superior numbers made them confident of success. But they never fought with artillery, and a cannon has more terror for them than ten thousand rifles and all the wild Camanches on the plains of Texas. At first glimpse of the shining brass monsters there was a visible wavering in the determined front of the enemy, and as the shells came screaming over their heads the scare was complete. They broke ranks, fled for their horses, scrambled on the first that came to hand, and skeddaddled in the direction of Brownsville." — *New York Evening Post*, Sept. 25, 1864.

home,—"The Burnside has gone to Beaufort for rations, and the John Adams to Fernandina for coal; we expect both back by Sunday, and on Monday I hope to get the regiment off to a point farther up,—Magnolia, thirty-five miles, or Pilatka, seventy-five,—either of which would be a good post for us. General Hunter is expected every day, and it is strange he has not come." The very next day came an official order recalling the whole expedition, and for the third time evacuating Jacksonville.

A council of military and naval officers was at once called, (though there was but one thing to be done,) and the latter were even more disappointed and amazed than the former. This was especially the case with the senior naval officer, Captain Steedman, a South-Carolinian by birth, but who had proved himself as patriotic as he was courteous and able, and whose presence and advice had been of the greatest value to me. He and all of us felt keenly the wrongfulness of breaking the pledges which we had been authorized to make to these people, and of leaving them to the mercy of the Rebels once more. Most of the people themselves took the same view, and eagerly begged to accompany us on our departure. They were allowed to bring their clothing and furniture also, and at once developed that insane mania for aged and valueless trumpery which always seizes upon the human race, I believe, in moments of danger. With the greatest difficulty we selected between the essential and the non-essential, and our few transports were at length loaded to the very water's edge on the morning of March 29th,—Colonel Montgomery having by this time returned from up-river, with sixteen prisoners, and the fruits of foraging in plenty.

And upon that last morning occurred an act on the part of some of the garrison, most deeply to be regretted, and not to be excused by the natural indignation at their recall,—an act which, through the unfortunate eloquence of one newspaper correspondent, rang through the nation,—the attempt to burn the town. I fortunately need not dwell

much upon it, as I was not at the time in command of the post,—as the white soldiers frankly took upon themselves the whole responsibility,—and as all the fires were made in the wooden part of the city, which was occupied by them, while none were made in the brick part, where the colored soldiers were quartered. It was fortunate for our reputation that the newspaper accounts generally agreed in exculpating us from all share in the matter;\* and the single exception, which one correspondent asserted, I could never verify, and do not believe to have existed. It was stated by Colonel Rust in his official report, that some twenty-five buildings in all were burned, and I doubt if the actual number was greater; but this was probably owing in part to a change of wind, and did not diminish the discredit of the transaction. It made our sorrow at departure no less, though it infinitely enhanced the impressiveness of the scene.

The excitement of the departure was intense. The embarkation was so laborious that it seemed as if the flames must be upon us before we could get on board, and it was also generally expected that the Rebel skirmishers would be down among the houses, wherever practicable, to annoy us to the utmost, as had been the case at the previous evacuation. They were, indeed, there, as we afterwards heard, but did not venture to molest us. The sight and roar of the flames, and the rolling clouds of smoke, brought home to the impressible minds of the black soldiers all their favorite imagery of the Judgment Day; and those who were not too much depressed by disappointment were excited by the spectacle, and sang and exhorted without ceasing.

\* "The colored regiments had nothing at all to do with it; they behaved with propriety throughout."—*Boston Journal Correspondence*. ("Carleton.")

"The negro troops took no part whatever in the perpetration of this Vandalism."—*New York Tribune Correspondence*. ("N. P.")

"We know not whether we are most rejoiced or saddened to observe, by the general concurrence of accounts, that the negro soldiers had nothing to do with the barbarous act."—*Boston Journal Editorial*, April 10, 1863.



With heavy hearts their officers floated down the lovely river, which we had ascended with hopes so buoyant; and from that day to this, the reasons for our recall have never been made public. It was commonly attributed to proslavery advisers, acting on the rather impulsive nature of Major-General Hunter, with a view to cut short the career of the colored troops, and stop their recruiting. But it may have been sim-

ply the scarcity of troops in the Department, and the renewed conviction at head-quarters that we were too few to hold the post alone. The latter theory was strengthened by the fact, that, when General Seymour reoccupied Jacksonville, the following year, he took with him twenty thousand men instead of one thousand, — and the sanguinary battle of Olustee found him with too few.

### A NEW ART CRITIC.\*

IT has been said that our painters merely continue tendencies that have had their origin in Europe, and just as English and French painters are abandoning theories which they have exhausted, we are entertaining those theories as new discoveries, and repeating a discord that abroad has been outgrown. There is some truth in the charge, and we are not always well enough informed to anticipate the next development in the artistic world. While we are overrun by the maggots that have crawled out of the literary body of John Ruskin, the English painters, already emancipated from the bondage of that powerful sectarian, are working under new influences, and showing tendencies that, without subverting the truths so eloquently expounded by Ruskin, supplement them. Under the form of a continuation of the work begun by the great sectarian of English Art criticism, we have a literary exponent of the reaction; and the pictures of Mr. Whistler, an American almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic, have been taken by the late "London Fine Arts Quarterly Review" as examples of this reaction in practice. Mr. Whistler has been called the man of highest genius and most daring eccentricity in the new school; and Tom Taylor amiably

writes that he is equally capable of exquisite things and gross impertinences. We give place to Mr. Whistler's name merely to indicate that artists anticipate critics. In the latest literature of Art we do not find positive reaction, but continuation. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, however, meets conditions and covers ground not treated by Ruskin, and more practical, but less eloquent, defines the relation of the painter to Nature and the limitations of imitation. Ruskin splendidly opened the campaign for modern Art, and he has found servile and ignorant executive officers; but Hamerton is an independent officer, who crosses the enemy's country, beats his foe in detail, and according to his own method. Ruskin is superb in his combinations; Hamerton exact in his method, and careful to protect his rear. Therefore the most *useful* books that could be placed in the hands of the American Art public at present are Hamerton's "Painter's Camp" and "Thoughts about Art." The latter volume is most carefully considered, and is the result of unwearied practice in the study of Art and Nature. For Mr. Hamerton has studied Nature as a man indoctrinated with the ideas of Ruskin; he has generalized about Art as one who has emancipated himself from a master in thought; and he has enlarged his views by varied reading and familiarity with ancient and modern painting. In some

\* *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, and *Thoughts about Art*. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co.

respects Mr. Hamerton's books may be taken as the literary proof of a school which is said to include "many men of rare gifts and uncommon culture," and which, profiting by the reform introduced by Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti, yet also supplements that reform with a more catholic taste and a less ascetic manner than were shown by the immediate agents of the first great revolution in English Art. It follows that some account of Mr. Hamerton's writings is called for, and will be welcomed. He is at once able, useful, and representative of the latest tendencies of Art criticism.

Mr. Hamerton's first volume, entitled "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," we regret to say, is not a felicitous introduction to the valuable "Thoughts about Art," which give the title to the second. It is unpleasantly inlaid with egotism and enamelled with self-consciousness. Mr. Hamerton's critics cannot withhold attention from so prominent a feature of his book. The obtrusiveness of his personality invites attention. He seems not to have learned the art of existing fully in his work, without dreaming to speak of himself. True, any account of a painter's camp necessarily solicits much consideration of its occupant; but it does not follow that we should be bored with trivial details, and anecdotes simply flattering to the personal appearance of the painter. If Mr. Hamerton proposed to write a book of gossip, if he were ambitious of the honors of a Montaigne, he might tell us how he ties his shoe-strings and how he shapes his moustache; but since we know that Mr. Hamerton is a cultivated gentleman and serious student, we regret that he exposes himself to the charge of being an English snob. Our simple American Thoreau was endowed with better taste; for, though he wrote a very detailed account of his hermit-life on the shore of Walden Pond, his book is entirely free from vulgarity. Thoreau knew how to elevate the trivial and confer dignity on the meanest. But Mr. Hamerton, hearty, healthful, self-reliant Englishman that

he is, contrives to let us know that he is also a very elegant fellow even in camp. The personality revealed in Mr. Hamerton's "Painter's Camp" is very English; and when we have said this, we have said all. But let no one be deterred from making the acquaintance of Mr. Hamerton even in his "Painter's Camp"; for he is young, he is hearty, he is interesting, and he is manly.

We know of no books which are the result of more faithful study and practical consideration of the painter's function, and which, at the same time, are so free from technical jargon. Mr. Hamerton is preëminently a useful writer on Art; he is certainly accurate and comprehensive. Carefully going over the ground which he occupies with his "Thoughts about Art," we have been surprised and delighted by the seriousness and conscientiousness of his expositions. He spares no pains to make his reader understand the present condition of Art, and he fairly states and answers some of the most puzzling questions that have agitated modern painters and confused simple students. He at all times escapes cheap rhetoric and that facile enthusiasm begotten in some by the very name of Art. He leaves all that to the *dilettanti*, and addresses in a simple business-like style men who are not less serious and earnest than himself. Yet Mr. Hamerton does not write a bald and meagre style, nor is he insensible to the poetic and imaginative elements of his theme. He can quicken a glow and arouse an emotion, when he writes of the mighty poetry of Turner's *Téméraire*, or of the mysterious, the melancholy charm of a portrait opposite the great Veronese in the Louvre. Mr. Hamerton's literary skill is considerable; but he does not abound in verbal felicities, nor has he any affluence of style. He is at all times clear, he is at all times exact, and he is often a vigorous writer. Common-sense, patience, and no ordinary talent for analysis are manifest in every chapter of his "Thoughts about Art." If we were asked where the most intelligent, the most trustworthy, the most practical, and the

we crush out their fragrance with our heedless tread ; we drink in the exciting aroma that rises around our bewildered senses ; and when we have passed on, and awoken from the inebriation, we find that their thorns have pierced through and through, and we limp along on our journey, which permits of no tarrying nor rest. Who has not some peg pricking in his sole ? How many times has Crispin rubbed and rasped over it, and yet there it is, as sharp as though it were just driven in ! Confound the cursed thing ! Bring me another pair ; and now I will step off manfully and free. Hang the fellow, what does he mean ? Here it is again, in the same place, and sharp as ever. Ah, Crispin's hammer will never flatten it out ! Crispin's hand never drove it there. Satin and velvet you may wear, and line with softest down ; yet every step you tread will be on that remorseless point ; and the lacerated nerves must quiver to the last. — You don't know what I am talking about, Tommy ? — Pray God, my darling, that you may ever wonder what your father meant, when you were pricked with the peg in your first boots !

My dear Madam, did you ever see Blondin disport himself on a tight-rope ? I once saw him poised over the Niagara rapids ; and I wondered how he could stand there, with the boiling abyss below him, as safe as I stood on the Suspension-Bridge. Well, it was chalk, Madam. Before he commenced his perilous journey, he chalked well his pliant sole. I can assure you that many a fall may be saved us in this world, if we look to it that our soles be well chalked. I should not, of course, allude to any sudden slips that you or I may have made on our treacherous road ; we have, of course, recovered our equilibrium. But some soles are very apt to give way. They used to scratch them, in my infancy, to insure uprightness in the wearer. But the maternal scissor-points are not always at hand. The basket has long been put religiously by, and the busy fingers that once used it have ceased to be plied for our comfort

and convenience. Still we must cross the dangerous way, and with untried steps. What is Blondin's rope to the narrow, uncertain bridge which ever and anon appears before us in the road of life ? What are the yeasty waters of that green river to the deep and dark tide which awaits our fall from the single strand that spans it ? The audience of the world is looking on at our passage, and few among them care for our danger or are interested in our success. Yet there are some. Some hearts are beating high ; some tearful eyes are strained to watch our progress ; some breaths come quickly as we move on ; and some fervent prayers are passionately offered up for our safety. We cannot broaden the bridge ; it hangs poised by the hand of Destiny from shore to shore ; alone and unsupported must we cross, and the shades of night gather around before we reach the friendly foothold beyond. We dare not look back, we cannot turn back ; we must go on, and never tarry an instant. Let us chalk our soles well, then, Madam, and show to others more timid, more thoughtless, that the frail pathway may be securely trod. Nay, more, let us hew out the pure, white, friendly rock we know of, and make surer the unworn, unfamiliar, unexperienced soles of our brethren with it, that they may travel on, erect and fearless. Let us throw the old shoe after them, that good luck may attend their way.

Ah, we are multifariously shod for the journey of life ! The soft step on the nursery-floor, the joyous bound of the youth's play-ground, the proud step of self-supporting manhood, the careful tread of timid age, — all have their fitting support. Some glide with slippered lightness through the boudoirs of beauty ; while others press the spurred boot in furious battle. Some saunter along the flowery walks of rural ease ; while others climb, with iron-shod foot, the bold, bare, icy precipice. Some tread, forever, the beaten paths of home ; while others print their feet upon the untrodden wilds of distant lands.

What a journey my old slippers have



taken me ; though they have never been  
off their perch on the chair before me !  
Ah, Madam, let us hope, that, when we  
have left them, with all our earthly garb,  
behind, and they lie in corners, never  
to be worn by us again, we may soar

above the dark, devious ways of mortal  
life, may sweep on angel-wings through  
the sun-lit ether, roam stainless and  
free through the eternal halls of light,  
and tread with unclad feet the purple  
clouds of heaven !

---

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION,

JULY 21, 1865.

*J. R. Lowell*  
I.

WEAK-WINGED is song,  
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height  
Whither the brave deed climbs for light :  
We seem to do them wrong,  
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse  
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,  
Our trivial song to honor those who come  
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,  
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,  
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire :  
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,  
A gracious memory to buoy up and save  
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave  
Of the unventurous throng.

II.

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back  
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood  
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,  
And offered their fresh lives to make it good :  
No lore of Greece or Rome,  
No science peddling with the names of things,  
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,  
Can lift our life with wings  
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,  
And lengthen out our dates  
With that clear fame whose memory sings  
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates :  
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all !  
Not such the trumpet-call  
Of thy diviner mood,  
That could thy sons entice  
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest  
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,

Into War's tumult rude ;  
But rather far that stern device  
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood  
In the dim, unventured wood,  
The VERITAS that lurks beneath  
The letter's unprolific sheath,  
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,  
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,  
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving .

## III.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil  
Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.  
Many in sad faith sought for her,  
Many with crossed hands sighed for her ;  
But these, our brothers, fought for her,  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured fleetness  
Of her divine completeness :  
Their higher instinct knew  
Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of dare to do ;  
They followed her and found her  
Where all may hope to find,  
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,  
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her ;  
Where faith made whole with deed  
Breathes its awakening breath  
Into the lifeless creed,  
They saw her plumed and mailed,  
With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

## IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides  
Into the silent hollow of the past ;  
What is there that abides  
To make the next age better for the last ?  
Is earth too poor to give us  
Something to live for here that shall outlive us, —  
Some more substantial boon  
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon ?  
The little that we see  
From doubt is never free ;  
The little that we do  
Is but half-nobly true ;  
With our laborious hiving

What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,  
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,  
 Only secure in every one's conniving,  
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,  
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,  
 After our little hour of strut and rave,  
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires,  
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,  
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.  
 Ah, there is something here  
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,  
 Something that gives our feeble light  
 A high immunity from Night,  
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars  
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;  
 A seed of sunshine that doth leaven  
 Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,  
 And glorify our clay  
 With light from fountains elder than the Day;  
 A conscience more divine than we,  
 A gladness fed with secret tears,  
 A vexing, forward-reaching sense  
 Of some more noble permanence;  
 A light across the sea,  
 Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,  
 Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

## v.

Whither leads the path  
 To ampler fates that leads?  
 Not down through flowery meads,  
 To reap an aftermath  
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,  
 But up the steep, amid the wrath  
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,  
 Where the world's best hope and stay  
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,  
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.  
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,  
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word  
 Lights the black lips of cannon, and the sword  
 Dreams in its easeful sheath:  
 But some day the live coal behind the thought,  
 Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,  
 Or from the shrine serene  
 Of God's pure altar brought,  
 Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen  
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,  
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,  
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:  
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed



Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,  
 And cries reproachful, "Was it, then, my praise,  
 And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;  
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;  
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,  
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,  
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
 As bravely in the closet as the field,  
     So generous is Fate;  
     But then to stand beside her,  
     When craven churls deride her,  
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield, —  
     This shows, methinks, God's plan  
     And measure of a stalwart man,  
     Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
     Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
     Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

## VI.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
     Whom late the Nation he had led,  
     With ashes on her head,  
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:  
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
     Nature, they say, doth dote,  
     And cannot make a man  
     Save on some worn-out plan,  
     Repeating us by rote:  
 For him her Old-World mould aside she threw,  
     And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
     Of the unexhausted West,  
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
     How beautiful to see  
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
     Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
     But by his clear-grained human worth,  
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
     They knew that outward grace is dust;  
     They could not choose but trust  
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,  
     And supple-tempered will  
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
     Nothing of Europe here,  
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface;  
 Here was a type of the true elder race,  
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.  
 I praise him not; it were too late;  
 And some innate weakness there must be  
 In him who condescends to victory  
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
 Safe in himself as in a fate.  
 So always firmly he:  
 He knew to bide his time,  
 And can his fame abide,  
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
 Till the wise years decide.  
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
 But at last silence comes:  
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
 Our children shall behold his fame,  
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

## VII.

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern  
 Or only guess some more inspiring goal  
 Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,  
 Along whose course the flying axles burn  
 Of spirits bravely pitched, earth's manlier brood;  
 Long as below we cannot find  
 The meed that stills the inexorable mind;  
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,  
 Under whatever mortal names it masks,  
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood  
 That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,  
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap,  
 While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,  
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,  
 Shall win man's praise and woman's love,  
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above  
 All other skills and gifts to culture dear,  
 A virtue round whose forehead we enwreath  
 Laurels that with a living passion breathe  
 When other crowns are cold and soon grow sere.  
 What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,  
 And seal these hours the noblest of our year,  
 Save that our brothers found this better way?

## VIII.

We sit here in the Promised Land  
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;

But 't was they won it, sword in hand,  
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.  
 We welcome back our bravest and our best ;—  
 Ah, me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,  
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here !  
 I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,  
     But the sad strings complain,  
     And will not please the ear ;  
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane  
     Again and yet again  
 Into a dirge, and die away in pain.  
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,  
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,  
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain :  
     Fittier may others greet the living,  
     For me the past is unforgiving ;  
     I with uncovered head  
     Salute the sacred dead,  
 Who went, and who return not.— Say not so !  
 'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
 But the high faith that failed not by the way ;  
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;  
 No ban of endless night exiles the brave ;  
     And to the saner mind  
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.  
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !  
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack :  
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,  
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show ;  
 We find in our dull road their shining track ;  
     In every nobler mood  
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
 Part of our life's unalterable good,  
 Of all our saintlier aspiration ;  
     They come transfigured back,  
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation !

## IX.

Who now shall sneer ?  
 Who dare again to say we trace  
 Our lines to a plebeian race ?  
     Roundhead and Cavalier !  
 Dreams are those names erewhile in battle loud ;  
 Forceless as is the shadow of a cloud,  
     They live but in the ear :  
 That is best blood that hath most iron in 't  
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint  
     For what makes manhood dear.  
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,



Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl  
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,  
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath  
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,

Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets  
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears  
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears

With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

x.

Not in anger, not in pride,  
Pure from passion's mixture rude  
Ever to base earth allied,  
But with far-heard gratitude,  
Still with heart and voice renewed,

To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,  
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.

Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofty be its mood and grave,  
Not without a martial ring,  
Not without a prouder tread  
And a peal of exultation:  
Little right has he to sing  
Through whose heart in such an hour  
Beats no march of conscious power,  
Sweeps no tumult of elation!

'T is no Man we celebrate,  
By his country's victories great,

A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,  
But the pith and marrow of a Nation  
Drawing force from all her men,  
Highest, humblest, weakest, all, —  
Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower,  
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,  
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.  
Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her dower!

How could poet ever tower,  
If his passions, hopes, and fears,  
If his triumphs and his tears,  
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!  
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!  
Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves!

And from every mountain-peak

Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,  
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,

And so leap on in light from sea to sea,

Till the glad news be sent  
Across a kindling continent,

Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:—  
 "Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!  
 She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
 She of the open soul and open door,  
 With room about her hearth for all mankind!  
 The helm from her bold front she doth unbind,  
 Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,  
 And bids her navies hold their thunders in:  
 No challenge sends she to the elder world,  
 That looked askance and hated; a light scorn  
 Plays on her mouth, as round her mighty knees  
 She calls her children back, and waits the morn  
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

## XI.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!  
 Thy God, in these distempered days,  
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,  
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!  
 Bow down in prayer and praise!  
 O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
 And letting thy set lips,  
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
 What words divine of lover or of poet  
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?  
 What were our lives without thee?  
 What all our lives to save thee?  
 We reck not what we gave thee;  
 We will not dare to doubt thee,  
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

## OUR FUTURE MILITIA SYSTEM.

**D**URING the first few days of the war, in that strange epoch of thrill and shudder,—when there was mounting in hot haste, and warlike citizens looked to their revolvers, and peaceful citizens looked up eligible diseases for the family physician, ere examining surgeons yet were,—in the midst of that general sense of untried powers and uncertain destinies, who

*J. W. Higginson.*

does not remember the sudden sense of relief which diffused itself over any given community, on the announcement that Brigadier-General Blank, of the Blank Division of State Militia, had arrived in town? Here was one at last who could speak with some authority. This man had slept three nights upon "the tented field," on occasion of a muster. He had once formed

129-

a battalion in line, or at least been present at that mystic process. He had been heard to quote from the first volume of Scott, and had been known to nod significantly, on an allusion to Hardee. Here was a man for opinions. Now we should know what the Rebels meant to do, and precisely how many were killed by the firing from Fort Sumter. We should ascertain the measures already taken for defence, and the actual number of military overcoats in possession of the State authorities.

Of course the local authorities waited upon him without delay. They found him at the head-quarters of Rifle Company X. An imperfectly developed rifleman, with coat unbuttoned and gun held anxiously, stood sentinel in the entry, — taking no notice of any one, and looking as if he would be profoundly grateful if no one would take notice of him. Presently the great man appeared. He wore around his martial breast a blue cloth cape, with a festive lining of white silk. His usually good-natured countenance was attuned to an aspect of profounder thought. Near him stood his only luggage, a large epaulet-box, of shape inexplicable to the unwarlike. Behind him appeared the members of his staff, wearing white cotton gloves, and maintaining attitudes of unwonted stiffness, as if, though conscious of not carrying a great many guns, they would at least contribute to their country's cause the needful quota of ramrods. The whole scene was enough to awe the stoutest heart, and the humbler and shorter among the selectmen or aldermen were observed to whisper inaudibly to each other, in the background, and to cough behind their hands solemnly, as at funerals.

At that day no one had yet dared to suggest that Brigadier-General Blank should accept any military rank lower than that to which his previous services had entitled him. Anything higher than that — a Major-Generalship, for instance — he would prefer to waive for the present, in order not to excite foolish jealousy among the West-Point men. But it was an act of unex-

pected condescension, when he finally consented to take command of a regiment; and it was doubtless this lowliness of spirit which created some slight embarrassments in his discharge of the duties of even that command. A man of larger attainments should not be remanded to duties so small. He it was, therefore, who, while drilling his battalion, and having given the preliminary order, "Right about," omitted the final order, "March," until most of the men were perched, Zouave-like, upon the high board-fence which bounded the camp. He it was who, in his school of instruction, being questioned by the juniors as to the proper "position of the soldier without arms," responded sternly, that a true soldier should always have his arms with him; and on being further asked in regard to the best way to "dress" a line of soldiers, answered with dignity, that others might prefer fancy colors, but give him the good old army-blue.

Mr. Pitt was of the opinion, that no man could be really useful to his country in a position below his powers. It was doubtless a similar conviction, combined with a sudden illness, so severe that he could not even admit his surgeon, which led our hero to send in a reluctant resignation, just before his regiment reached the seat of hostilities. He enlisted for the war, but he has never yet got to it. He has since, however, served his country as sutler of a camp of instruction, — where there is said to be no question as to his profits, though there may be as to his prices.

Remote as the "Old French War" seems now that epoch of conceited ignorance. The brilliant career of many militia-trained officers has more than atoned for the decline and fall of Blank; while the utter defencelessness of any community, under such military leadership, is a lesson thoroughly learned by the present generation. Yet that educational process has been too costly to be repeated. We must use it while it is fresh, or pay a yet higher price for its repetition. Every State in this Union, which does not adopt some effective



militia-system within the next two years, will probably slide back into the old indifference, to last until another war brings its terrible arousing.

For it is to be observed, that the very effect of a recent war is to make any such system appear for the time superfluous. A hundred returned veterans in every village, with an arsenal full of rifles in every State, might seem to supersede the necessity of all further preparation for many years to come. Why give the time and money to create an ineffective military force, when these heroes can at any time, within two days, improvise a good one? No doubt, after the close of the Revolution, the same thing was said. Yet even the Revolutionary veterans were not immortal, — though no doubt there were moments when they seemed so, to the Pension Agent; and ours will find their lease of life to be but little longer. What is to occur then? Twenty-five years hence, our whole present army will be beyond the age of active military service, and will have left to their children only their example, unless we establish, by their aid, some system of warlike training that shall be available for the future. It is one thing to have a military generation, and quite another thing to have a military people. Accidental experience has given us the one, but only permanent methods can guaranty the other.

In another way, also, the war will prove a drawback upon forming an effective militia system. We shall have, for some years to come, no class disposed to take a very hearty part in it. For a returned soldier to find pleasure in drilling is as if a wood-sawyer, at the close of his week's work, should bring his tools into his sitting-room, and saw for fun. On the other hand, those who have not served in the army will feel some natural sensitiveness about playing soldier in presence of veterans, and being satirized, perhaps, as a mere home-guard. Thus experience and inexperience will equally tend to deplete the classes available for this form of service.

These obstacles will be increased by the fact, that such duties, under any con-

ceivable arrangement, must involve a sacrifice both in time and money. Reduce the period of annual service to its minimum, and it may still occur at such a time as to cost an employer his contract, or an *employé* his place. Our young men are to meet the problem of increased taxes, crowded occupations, and great competition. Who shall make the needful sacrifice? The returned soldiers? But they have given precious years of time already. The inexperienced? But they will naturally reason, that they have already borne the immediate financial burden of the war, and that the drilling should be done by those to whom it will cost no additional time to learn it. Thus all will regard their days as being too valuable to be used in preparing for a contingency which may never arise: one half standing aloof because they have been soldiers, and the other half because they have not.

A difficult problem seems, then, to lie before us: To find a class available for purposes of military training, — a class which shall claim exemption on grounds neither of experience nor of inexperience, — which shall be discouraged neither by the ennui of knowing too much, nor by the awkwardness of knowing too little, — and which, withal, can spare the time, without financial detriment to the community. Fortunately, the solution of the problem suggests itself, in part at least, almost as soon as the problem itself is stated. Train the schoolboys.

Every person who has taken any interest in athletic exercises knows the enormous advantage in their acquisition which the mere fact of youth confers. In gymnastics, swimming, skating, base-ball, cricket, it is the same thing. As a mere matter of economy, one half the time at least is saved in teaching children as compared with full-grown men. But more than this, it is for them not only no loss in time, but, if it can be taken out of their regular school-hours, it is a positive advantage. There is probably but one conceivable position in which all the physiologists agree, and that is, that the average time

now given to study in our schools is at least one hour too long. Take this hour and devote it to military drill, and you benefit the whole rising generation doubly, — by what you take away, and by what you give.

We fortunately have the experience of Switzerland and England, to which we may appeal, in respect to this method of military instruction. Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in his report of an official visit to Europe in 1862, gives the following brief summary of the Swiss method.

“The amount and thoroughness of military instruction in the schools vary somewhat in the different cantons, though in all the cantonal schools military instruction is given. In Berne, for example, the cantonal schools rank somewhat like the grammar and higher-grade public schools in Boston or the large towns generally in Massachusetts. They are open to all boys upon examination. All the boys in these schools are organized with military corps, and officered from their own class, but provided by Government with special military instructors, and furnished with small muskets, rifles, or carbines, suitable to the strength and age of the boys; or, if organized into artillery corps, they are supplied with small side-arms and field-pieces, which they can wield without difficulty.

“For these arms arsenals are provided by the Government, and custodians are appointed to keep them safely and in good condition when not in actual use. The military instructors are officers of the federal military organization, educated men, who have seen service, and who are *au fait* in the theory and art of war. The time devoted to military studies and training in the manual exercises varies with the season and in the various cantons. During the summer about three half-days in the week is the average time. There is also an occasional general muster, when all turn out together and occupy a spacious parade-ground. Then the whole population of parents and friends, as well as

the cantonal authorities, turn out for a holiday, to witness the nascent valor and heroism of the republic.

“It should be added, that all these cantonal cadets wear a simple and modest stripe for a uniform, and one or two bright buttons, which cost almost nothing, but give the wearers a soldierly pride and love for this branch of their studies.”

In England the experiment of military drill has thus far been limited to a few schools, but the result in those has been officially described as being admirable. The well-known sanitary reformer, Edwin Chadwick, in his “Report on Military Drill,” addressed to the Royal Educational Commission, states the following propositions as proved.

“1st. That the military and naval drill is more effectively and permanently taught in the infantile and juvenile stages than in the adolescent or adult stages.

“2d. That at school it may be taught most economically, as not interfering with productive labor, and that thirty or forty boys may be taught the naval and military drill, at one penny farthing per week per head, as cheaply as one man, and the whole juvenile population may be drilled completely, in the juvenile stage, as economically as the small part of it now taught imperfectly on recruiting or in the adult stage; and that, for teaching the drill, the services of retired drill-sergeants and naval as well as military officers and pensioners may be had economically in every part of the country.”

It seems that in these English schools the military training is not confined to the boys. “The girls go through the same exercises, with the exception that they do not use the musket, but supply its place with a cane.” As to the age required, the “infantile and juvenile stages” appear to be dated back tolerably near the cradle. Mr. William Baker, drill-master at St. Olave’s Grammar School, testifies as follows: — “From his own experience in drilling children, he would say that they might be taught to work and practise motions at from

five to six years of age ; that they may be taught the sword drill at eight years of age ; that they may be taught the rifle drill at about ten years of age. He finds that they can handle a light rifle very well at that age. He expects that a prize, given for the best rifle drill, will be gained by a boy of that age against older boys. If there were a proper place, with space, he could practise them in firing at from thirteen to fourteen years of age."

The most favorable results are stated to follow, in regard to school discipline, among these English boys. Such, for instance, is the testimony of Mr. William Smith, Superintendent of the Surrey District School.

"You have had experience of the effect of the military drill on the mental and bodily training of young children in this establishment?"

"Yes ; but the effect of the military drill was most shown by the effect of its discontinuance."

"In what way was it shown?"

"In 1857, the drill-master was dismissed by the guardians, with a view of reducing the expenditure. The immediate effect of the discontinuance of the drill was to make the school quite another place. I am sure that within six months we lost about two hundred pounds, in the extra wear and tear of clothing, torn and damaged in mischievous acts and wild plays, in the breakage of utensils from mischief, and damage done to the different buildings, the breakage of windows, the pulling up of gratings, and the spoiling of walls. A spirit of insubordination prevailed amongst the boys during the whole of the time of the cessation of the drill. In the workshop they were insubordinate, and I was constantly called upon by the industrial teachers, the master shoemaker, and the master tailor, to coerce boys who were quite impudent, and who would not obey readily. The moral tone of the school seemed to have fled from the boys, and their whole behavior was altered, as displayed in the dormitories as well as in the yards."

"During this time were the religious

services and exercises and the internal discipline of the school maintained as before?"

"They were maintained as before ; the business of the school was kept up as before, but the order was by no means as good. I was not only called in to correct the boys in the workshop, but in the school ; and I was under the disagreeable necessity of reverting to corporal punishment, and of dismissing one incorrigible boy entirely. The chaplain joined with me and the schoolmasters in urging the restoration of the drill."

"The drill having been restored, has order been restored?"

"Yes, excellent order."

"The present chaplain of the school, the Rev. Charles G. Vignoles, who was present, expressed his entire concurrence in the description given of the disorganization produced by the discontinuance of the military drill, which was illustrated by entries in his own reports."

It is no exaggeration to say, that, by introducing such a system of drill into our schools, we can obtain for the whole boy population some of the most important advantages of the West-Point training,—the early habit of obedience and of command, together with the alphabet of military science.\* The experiment has frequently been tried in pri-

\* "Much has been said of the advantages of a West Point education. If it is supposed to include any extensive reading of military works, the mistake is great. Four years, commencing commonly at sixteen, a large part of which is devoted to mathematics and their kindred sciences, gives little time for such reading. The possession of a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics is common also to many civilians. The two real advantages are : first, habits acquired in early life, which give an appreciation of discipline as to its essentials, the importance of its minutiae, a faith in its effects, and an acquaintance with the word *MUST* ; second, the study of those parts of the science of arms which constitute its A B C at a like early period. This study resembles the A B C of the primer. A revolting drudgery to many minds, it is best gone through with before life is fairly entered upon. When begun later, it will likely be more or less shirked, and the want of a thorough basis will give a superficial character to after-practice. Were the cadets to enter at twenty-five, their military education would lose one half its value."—*Essay on "The Discipline and Care of Troops," from "Army and Navy Journal,"* Oct. 22, 1864.



vate schools, always with certain favorable results. It has had, however, this drawback, — that, as the drill has been thus far a special trait of certain particular seminaries, and hence a marketable quality, there has been rather a temptation to neglect other things for its sake, — an evil which will vanish when the practice becomes general. In public schools, no satisfactory experiment seems to have been made public, except in Brookline, Massachusetts, — always one of the foremost towns in the State as to all educational improvements. It appears that the local School Committee, in 1863, decided upon offering to all boys above ten years of age the opportunity to learn military drill. There was already a drill-master in the employ of the town, and a hall appropriated for the purpose. The greater part of the school-boys reported themselves for instruction. Three classes were formed, consisting respectively of large boys who knew something of drill, of large boys who knew nothing of it, and of small boys who were presumed ignorant. The first and third classes proved entirely successful. The second class proved a failure, apparently because it was chiefly made up of pupils from an adult evening school, which was itself not very successful. The total result of the experiment was so wholly satisfactory that the chairman of the town Military Committee urges its universal adoption. He considers it proved, that “a perfect knowledge of the duties of a soldier can be taught to the boys during their time of attendance at the public schools; thus obviating the necessity of this acquisition after the time of the pupil has become more valuable.” He adds: “A proper system of military instruction in the schools of our Commonwealth would furnish us with the most perfect militia in the world; and I have very little doubt that the good sense of the people will soon arrange such a system in all the schools of the Commonwealth.”

The general adoption of this method of instruction was officially recommended, in January, 1864, by a special committee of the Massachusetts Board of

Education, — this committee consisting of Governor Andrew, Ex-Governor Washburn, and the Hon. Joseph White, Secretary of the Board. It was afterwards urged by the Rev. James F. Clarke, another member of the Board, in an elaborate report, giving many valuable facts from European authorities. It is not known, however, that any legislative action has yet been taken on the subject in any part of the country.

We do not need more military colleges. One is enough for the nation, and all public expenditure should be concentrated on that. But it is as easy for children to learn the drill as to learn swimming; and the knowledge should be as universal. For this purpose it should be made a required part of grammar-school training. Of course the instruction cannot ordinarily proceed from the teacher of the school. But it is the growing practice of our towns to employ instructors in special branches, who go from school to school, teaching music, penmanship, or calisthenics. It is only carrying this method one step farther, to employ some returned soldier to teach infantry drill. Let this be prescribed by legislative action, in each State, and it will soon become universal. A uniform ought not to be required; a little effort would at least secure buttoned jackets, which are quite needful for a good *alignement*, and hence for good drill. This being attained, anything further is matter of taste, not of necessity. As to guns and equipments, they should of course be provided by the State or national authorities, probably by the former. There should be a State superintendent of drill, and a thorough application of his authority.

This is not the place to work out the details of the system; it is sufficient to indicate its general principles. Supposing all obstacles conquered, and this introduction of military drill into grammar-schools to be successful, it may be still objected that this does not give us a militia. Certainly not; but it gives us the materials for a militia, needing only to be put together. Given a hundred young men, of whom seventy-five

have already been taught a uniform drill, and the saving of time in their final training will be prodigious. Any officer, with such recruits, can do in a week what could not be done in a month with men utterly untrained. Here also the English observations come in, to corroborate those often repeated, but less accurately, in our own army.

Mr. William Baker, drill-master at St. Olave's Grammar School, stated, that, "Whilst he was in the army, and having to drill recruits, he has occasionally met with individuals to each of whom, from his bearing and action, he has said at once, 'In what regiment have you been?' The answer was, 'In none; I was taught the drill at school.' He found the individuals almost ready drilled; they would be more complete for service in a quarter of the time of the previously undrilled.

"The first infantry drill-master [in the Richmond Military College] said he had had experience of boys from the Duke of York's and the Royal Hibernian Schools, and that they made excellent soldiers, and required little or no additional drill, and that they were promoted to be non-commissioned officers in large proportion.

"Mr. S. B. Orchard, drill-master, has been sergeant in the 3d Light Dragoons. Whilst in the army, has had to drill, as recruits, boys who had been in the Duke of York's School, at Chelsea, and at the Royal Hibernian School, where they had been taught the drill. He found that they took the drill in one third the time that it was usually taken by other recruits who had been previously undrilled, and took it better,—that is to say, the horse as well as the foot-drill,—although these boys from the Duke of York's and the Hibernian Schools had had no previous horse-drill."

It is obvious that boys thus trained will not look upon an occasional period of militia service with the bashfulness of raw recruits, nor yet with the ennui of veteran soldiers. The revival of their boyish pursuits will create some fresh interest; they will take pride in exhibiting the training of their respective

schools, and will be pleased at finding the public utility of this part of their preparation. Instead of being a Primary School for military duty, the musters and encampments will have the dignity of a High School. Young men will find themselves forming a part of larger battalions than ever before,—placed under abler officers,—engaged in more complex evolutions. They will also have an opportunity to practise camp and garrison duty, which they have before learned in theory alone. Three or four consecutive days of such instruction will be of substantial service to those already well grounded in the rudiments, though they avail almost nothing to the ignorant.

Further than this the present essay hardly aspires to go, in treating of our future militia. It is enough to have indicated its proper material. The proper employment of that material involves separate questions. These have lately been discussed, with abundant citations and statistics, in a valuable pamphlet, entitled, "The Militia of the United States; What it is; What it should be," attributed to Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., of Boston, whose position on the staff of the Governor of Massachusetts, during the whole war, has enabled him to understand the strength and the weakness of the existing systems. His pamphlet also includes the whole of Mr. Clarke's report, above mentioned, and I am indebted for valuable information to both.

As to the form which future militia laws should take, the following appear among the points of most prominent importance, and may be briefly stated.

1. There should be no exemption from personal service, except on the ground of age or physical infirmity. The necessary limitation of number should be obtained by varying the prescribed ages in the different States, according to the proportion of young men in the population.\*

\* "If a militia is indispensable, service should be required from a sufficient number of citizens, and should not be accepted from volunteers, with the exception only of corps of cavalry and light artillery, — branches of the service entailing greater expense,

2. Whether the appointment of officers be elective or gubernatorial, they should equally undergo a strict examination.\*

3. The strictest military law should be enforced during the musters or encampments.†

4. There should be a national In- and involving greater sacrifice of time." — *Colonel Henry Lee, Jr.*

"To make it [the militia] efficient, only two things are wanting: first, there must be no exemptions for any cause other than moral imbecility, as lunacy and idiotism; for all physical defects should only excuse the person from personal service by paying a fixed equivalent: second, those who did not come under either of the above causes should personally do duty." — *Adjutant-General Dearborn of Massachusetts.*

"The full age of twenty-one years has been assumed by the Board as the best period for the commencement of service in the ranks of the militia. It will be perceived that the scheme of enrolment proposed rendered any other limitation as to age, than that just stated, unnecessary; it being probable that the minimum quota would be obtained in any State, without going higher than the ages of thirty or twenty-nine, and in some of the States not higher than twenty-six or twenty-five, even with the present population." — *Major-General Winfield Scott, U. S. A., Report of Board of Officers, 1826.*

"In general, the military laws of the Cantons . . . do not permit substitutes." — *General Dufour, Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army.*

\* "The militia, as it is now organized, is a mere school of titles, where honors are conferred more from a momentary impulse of personal kindness than from a sense of the qualification of the individuals." — *Governor Cole of Illinois.*

"The first measure to be adopted by the State governments against incompetency is the appointment of a board of officers of character and experience, such as may be found in every State at the present time, to examine rigidly every officer elect, and pronounce upon his fitness for the position: their decision to be final." — *Colonel Henry Lee, Jr.*

† "Without discipline firmly administered, and regulations founded on a just appreciation of the difficulties and ends of a soldier's life, a militia organization only tends to give a false idea of the duties of a soldier, and is totally useless for the pur-

pector-General of Militia, appointed by the War Department, with Assistant-Inspectors-General for the different States, — all to be Regular-Army officers, if possible, thus securing uniformity of drill and discipline.\*

The recent transformation of our army is almost as startling as the changes which followed the Revolution and the War of 1812. After the Revolution, there were retained in service "twenty-five privates to guard the stores at Fort Pitt, and fifty-five to guard the stores at West Point and other magazines, with an appropriate number of officers." After the War of 1812, the army was cut down from thirty-five thousand to six thousand. It behooves us, who have just seen a far grander host melt away almost as rapidly, to turn our eyes forward to the next national peril, and be prepared. The coming session of Congress should give us, partly by edict, partly by recommendation, a system that will put the mass of our young men inside instead of outside the class of trained militia; exchanging our town-meetings-in-uniform for an effective force, and all our Blanks for prizes.

poses of war or police. . . . During the periods of drill, the English militia-man is placed on almost the same footing as the regular soldier; and insubordination and disorder, mutiny and desertion, are repressed and chastised by penalties and punishments, not only of extreme severity, but involving the deepest disgrace." — *Brigadier-General De Peyster, Report to the Governor of New York on Municipal Military Systems of Europe, 1851.*

\* "The Board, in the plan of organization, proposes an Adjutant-General, without rank, for the whole militia of the United States. The importance of such an officer, attached to the War Department, it is believed, could not be too highly estimated." — *Major-General Winfield Scott.*



Oct

very fullness of my happiness. At breakfast the next morning, Jane questioned me on my somewhat haggard looks, and was inquisitive to know if anything had happened. Somehow she was unusually pertinacious; but I parried her inquiries. I was unwilling that others, as yet, should become sharers of my joy. But when she left upon her usual duties, I put on my best attire, with all the little novelties in dress which we had recently been able to purchase, making my appearance as genteel as possible. For the first time in my life I did think that silk would be becoming, and was vexed with myself for being without it. I was now anxious to be found agreeable. But it really made no difference.

Presently a knock was heard at the front door; and on my mother's opening it, Mr. Logan entered, with a young lady whom he introduced as his sister. The room was so indifferently lighted that I could not at first distinguish her features, but, on her throwing up her veil, I instantly recognized in her my fellow-pupil at the sewing-school,—my "guide, philosopher, and friend," Miss Effie Logan!

"Two years, dear Lizzie, since we met!" she exclaimed, "and what a meeting now! You see I know it all. Henry has told me everything. I am half as happy as yourself!"

She took me in her arms, embraced me, kissed me with passionate tenderness, and called me "sister." What a recognition it was for me! Her beautiful face, lighted up with a new animation, appeared more lovely than ever. There was the same open-hearted manner of other days, now made doubly engaging by the warmest manifestation of genuine affection. I had never dreamed that Mr. Logan was the brother of whom this loving girl had so often spoken to me at the sewing-school, nor that the inexpressible happiness of calling her my sister was in store for me. But now I could readily discover resemblances which it was no wonder I had heretofore overlooked. If he, in sweetness of disposition, were to prove the

counterpart of herself, what more could woman ask? It was not possible for a recognition to be more joyful than this.

My mother stood by, witnessing these incomprehensible proceedings, silent, yet anxious as to their meaning. Effie took her into the adjoining room,—she was far readier of speech than myself,—and there explained to her the mystery of my new position with Mr. Logan. She told me that my mother was overcome with surprise, for, dearly as she loved her children, she had been strangely dull in her apprehension of what had been so long enacting within her own domestic circle. But why should I amplify these homely details? They are daily incidents the world over, varied, it is true, by circumstances; for everywhere the human heart is substantially the same mysterious fountain of emotion.

A secret of this sort, once known, even to one's mother only, travels with miraculous rapidity, until the whole gaping neighborhood becomes confidentially intrusted with its keeping. It seems that ours had been more observant and suspicious than even my dear mother. But such eager care-takers of other people's affairs exist wherever human beings may chance to congregate. Humble life secured us no exemption.

Our pastor was one of the first to hear of the interesting event. It may be that Mr. Logan had given him some inkling of it beforehand, for he was early in his congratulations. Jane, as might be expected, declared that it was no surprise to her, and was sure that my mother would not think of having the wedding without indulging her in her long-coveted silk. Fred took to Mr. Logan with almost as much kindness as even myself. Throughout the neighborhood the affair created an immense sensation, as it was currently believed that Mr. Logan was exceedingly rich, and that now I was likely to become a lady. While poor, I was only a strawberry-girl; but rich, I would be a lady! Who is to ac-

count for these false estimates of human life? Who is mighty enough to correct them?

Nothing had ever so melted down the rude stiffness of the Tetchy family as this wonderful revolution in my domestic prospects. They became amusingly disposed to sociability, as well as to inquisitiveness. But I was glad to see my mother stiffen up in proportion to their sudden condescension, for she would have nothing to do with them.

Who, among casuists, can account for the contagious sympathy that seems to govern the affections? I had often heard it said that one wedding generally leads the way to another. Not a fortnight after these important events, Jane gave a new surprise to the household by introducing to us a lover of her own. It appeared that everything had been arranged between them before we knew a word about it. The happy young man in this case was a junior partner in the factory; and this, as I had long suspected, was the great secret of her attraction there. How my mother could have been so blind to the signs of coming events, such as were developing around her, I could not understand. But both affairs were real surprises to her. If we had depended on her genius as a matchmaker, I fear that both Jane and myself would

have had a very discouraging experience!

Thus the services of our pastor were likely to be in great request, for Jane insisted that he should officiate at her wedding, and Mr. Logan would think of no other for his own; and for myself, I thought it best, as this was the first time, not to let it be said that I had volunteered to make a difficulty by being contrary on such a point! Effie offered to be my bridesmaid, and Mr. Logan declared that Fred should be his first groomsman. It was a hazardous venture, Fred being as much a novice at such performances as myself,—who had never officiated even as bride! With a little tutoring, however, he turned out a surprising success. Lucy, no longer a little barefoot fruit-peddler, was promoted to be my waiting-maid.

The new year came, bringing with it silks and jewels, and the double wedding. If I write that I am married, I must add that I am still without a sewing-machine. To me the garden has been better than the needle.

There is a moral to be drawn from all that I have written, wherein it may be seen that the field of my choice is wide enough for many others. If I retire from market as a strawberry-girl, it must not be inferred that it is because the business has been overdone.

*Stl*

JOHN JORDAN, C

FROM THE HEAD OF BAINE.

AMONG the many brave men who have taken part in this war,—whose dying embers are now being trodden out by a “poor white man,”—none, perhaps, have done more service to the country, or won less glory for themselves, than the “poor whites” who have acted as scouts for the Union ar-

mies. The issue of battles, the result of campaigns, and the possession of wide districts of country, have often depended on their sagacity, or been determined by the information they have gathered; and yet they have seldom been heard of in the newspapers, and may never be read of in history.

130—

Romantic, thrilling, and sometimes laughable adventures have attended the operations of the scouts of both sections; but more difficulty and danger have undoubtedly been encountered by the partisans of the North than of the South. Operating mostly within the circle of their own acquaintance, the latter have usually been aided and harbored by the Southern people, who, generally friendly to Secession, have themselves often acted as spies, and conveyed dispatches across districts occupied by our armies, and inaccessible to any but supposed loyal citizens.

The service rendered the South by these volunteer scouts has often been of the most important character. One stormy night, early in the war, a young woman set out from a garrisoned town to visit a sick uncle residing a short distance in the country. The sick uncle, mounting his horse at midnight, rode twenty miles in the rain to Forrest's head-quarters. The result was, the important town of Murfreesboro' and a promising Major-General fell into the hands of the Confederates; and all because the said Major-General permitted a pretty woman to pass his lines on "a mission of mercy."

At another time, a Rebel citizen, professing disgust with Secession for having the weakness to be on "its last legs," took the oath of allegiance and assumed the Union uniform. Informing himself fully of the disposition of our forces along the Nashville Railroad, he suddenly disappeared, to reappear with Basil Duke and John Morgan in a midnight raid on our slumbering outposts.

Again, a column on the march came upon a wretched woman, with a child in her arms, seated by the dying embers of a burning homestead, — burning, she said, because her sole and only friend, her uncle, (these ladies seldom have any nearer kin,) "stood up stret fur the kentry." No American soldier ever refused a "lift" to a woman in distress. This woman was soon "lifted" into an empty saddle by the side

of a staff-officer, who, with many wise winks and knowing nods, was discussing the intended route of the expedition with a brother simpleton. A little farther on the woman suddenly remembered that another uncle, who did not stand up quite so "stret fur the kentry," and, consequently, had a house still standing up for him, lived "plumb up thet 'ar' hill ter the right o' the high-road." She was set down, the column moved on, and — Streight's well planned expedition miscarried. But no one wasted a thought on the forlorn woman and the sallow baby whose skinny faces were so long within earshot of the wooden-headed staff-officer.

Means quite as ingenious and quite as curious were often adopted to conceal dispatches, when the messenger was in danger of capture by an enemy. A boot with a hollow heel, a fragment of corn-pone too stale to tempt a starving man, a strip of adhesive plaster over a festering wound, or a ball of cotton-wool stuffed into the ear to keep out the west wind, often hid a message whose discovery would cost a life, and perhaps endanger an army. The writer has himself seen the hollow half-eagle which bore to Burnside's beleaguered force the welcome tidings that in thirty hours Sherman would relieve Knoxville.

The perils which even the "native" scout encountered can be estimated only by those familiar with the vigilance that surrounds an army. The casual meeting with an acquaintance, the slightest act inconsistent with his assumed character, or the smallest incongruity between his speech and that of the district to which he professed to belong, has sent many a good man to the gallows. One of the best of Rosecrans's scouts — a native of East Kentucky — lost his life because he would "bounce" (mount) his nag, "pack" (carry) his gun, eat his bread "dry so," (without butter,) and "guzzle his peck o' whiskey," in the midst of Bragg's camp, when no such things were done there, nor in the mountains of Alabama, whence he professed to come. Acquainted only with



a narrow region, the poor fellow did not know that every Southern district has its own dialect, and that the travelled ear of a close observer can detect the slightest deviation from its customary phrases. But he was not alone in this ignorance. Almost every Northern writer who has undertaken to describe Southern life has fallen into the same error. Even Olmstead, who has caught the idioms wonderfully, confounds the dialects of different regions, and makes a Northern Georgian "right smart," when he had been only "powerful stupid" all his life.

The professional scout generally was a native of the South, — some illiterate and simple-minded, but brave and self-devoted "poor white man," who, if he had worn shoulder-straps, and been able to write "interesting" dispatches, might now be known as a hero half the world over. Some of these men, had they been born at the North, where free schools are open to all, would have led armies, and left a name to live after them. But they were born at the South, had their minds cramped and their souls stunted by a system which dwarfs every noble thing; and so, their humble mission over, they have gone down unknown and unhonored, amid the silence and darkness of their native woods.

I hope to rescue the memory of one of these men — John Jordan, from the head of Baine — from utter oblivion by writing this article. He is now beyond the hearing of my words; but I would record one act in his short career, that his pure patriotism may lead some of us to know better and love more the much-abused and misunderstood class to which he belonged.

Early in the war the command of an important military expedition was intrusted to the president of a Western college. Though a young man, this scholar had already achieved a "character" and a history. Beginning life a widow's son, his first sixteen years were passed between a farm, a canal, and a black-saltern. Being an intelligent,

energetic lad, his friends formed the usual hopes of him; but when he apprenticed himself to a canal-boat, their faith failed, and, after the fashion of Job's friends, they comforted his mother with the assurance that her son had taken the swift train to the Devil. But, like Job, she knew in whom she believed, and the boy soon justified her confidence. An event shortly occurred which changed the current of his life, gave him a purpose, and made him a man.

One dark midnight, as the boat on which he was employed was leaving one of those long reaches of slackwater which abound in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, he was called up to take his turn at the bow. Tumbling out of bed, his eyes heavy with sleep, he took his stand on the narrow platform below the bow-deck, and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. Slowly and sleepily he unwound it, till it knotted, and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck. He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast; then another and a stronger pull, and it gave way, but sent him over the bow into the water. Down he went into the dark night and the still darker river; and the boat glided on to bury him among the fishes. No human help was near. God only could save him, and He only by a miracle. So the boy thought, as he went down saying the prayer his mother had taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope, he sunk below the surface; but then it tightened in his grasp, and held firmly. Seizing it hand over hand, he drew himself up on deck, and was again a live boy among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice, and saved him! Was it that prayer, or the love of his praying mother, which wrought this miracle? He did not know, but, long after the boat had passed the lock, he stood there, in his dripping clothes, pondering the question.

Coiling the rope, he tried to throw it again into the crevice; but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times

he tried, — six hundred, says my informant, — and then sat down and reflected. "I have thrown this rope," he thought, "six hundred times; I might throw it ten times as many without its catching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand, — so, there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds, Providence only could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving; and if that's so, I won't throw it away on a canal-boat. I'll go home, get an education, and be a man."

He acted on this resolution, and not long afterwards stood before a little log cottage in the depths of the Ohio wilderness. It was late at night; the stars were out, and the moon was down; but by the fire-light that came through the window, he saw his mother kneeling before an open book which lay on a chair in the corner. She was reading; but her eyes were off the page, looking up to the Invisible. "Oh, turn unto me," she said, "and have mercy upon me! give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid!" More she read, which sounded like a prayer, but this is all that the boy remembers. He opened the door, put his arm about her neck, and his head upon her bosom. What words he said I do not know; but there, by her side, he gave back to God the life which He had given. So the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had planted.

The boy worked, the world rolled round, and twelve years later Governor Dennison offered him command of a regiment. He went home, opened his mother's Bible, and pondered upon the subject. He had a wife, a child, and a few thousand dollars. If he gave his life to the country, would God and the few thousand dollars provide for his wife and child? He consulted the Book about it. It seemed to answer in the affirmative; and before morning he wrote to a friend, — "I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as pos-

sible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

To this man, who thus went into the war with a life not his own, was given, on the 16th of December, 1861, command of the little army which held Kentucky to her moorings in the Union.

He knew nothing of war beyond its fundamental principles, — which are, I believe, that a big boy can whip a little boy, and that one big boy can whip two little boys, if he take them singly, one after the other. He knew no more about it; yet he was called upon to solve a military problem which has puzzled the heads of the greatest generals: namely, how two small bodies of men, stationed widely apart, can unite in the presence of an enemy, and beat him, when he is of twice their united strength, and strongly posted behind intrenchments. With the help of many "good men and true," he solved this problem; and in telling how he solved it, I shall come naturally to speak of John Jordan, from the head of Baine.

Humphrey Marshall with five thousand men had invaded Kentucky. Entering it at Pound Gap, he had fortified a strong natural position near Paintville, and, with small bands, was overrunning the whole Piedmont region. This region, containing an area larger than the whole of Massachusetts, was occupied by about four thousand blacks and one hundred thousand whites, — a brave, hardy, rural population, with few schools, scarcely any churches, and only one newspaper, but with that sort of patriotism which grows among mountains and clings to its barren hillsides as if they were the greenest spots in the universe. Among this simple people Marshall was scattering firebrands. Stump-orators were blazing away at every cross-road, lighting a fire which threatened to sweep Kentucky from the Union. That done, — so early in the war, — dissolution might have followed. To the Ohio canal-boy was committed the task of extinguishing this conflagration. It was a difficult task, one which, with

the means at command, would have appalled any man not made equal to it by early struggles with hardship and poverty, and entire trust in the Providence that guards his country.

The means at command were twenty-five hundred men, divided into two bodies, and separated by a hundred miles of mountain country. This country was infested with guerrillas, and occupied by a disloyal people. The sending of dispatches across it was next to impossible; but communication being opened, and the two columns set in motion, there was danger that they would be fallen on and beaten in detail before they could form a junction. This was the great danger. What remained — the beating of five thousand Rebels, posted behind intrenchments, by half their number of Yankees, operating in the open field — seemed to the young Colonel less difficult of accomplishment.

Evidently, the first thing to be done was to find a trustworthy messenger to convey dispatches between the two halves of the Union army. To this end, the Yankee commander applied to the Colonel of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

"Have you a man," he asked, "who will die, rather than fail or betray us?"

The Kentuckian reflected a moment, then answered: "I think I have, — John Jordan, from the head of Baine."\*

Jordan was sent for. He was a tall, gaunt, sallow man of about thirty, with small gray eyes, a fine, falsetto voice, pitched in the minor key, and his speech the rude dialect of the mountains. His face had as many expressions as could be found in a regiment, and he seemed a strange combination of cunning, simplicity, undaunted courage, and undoubting faith; yet, though he might pass for a simpleton, he talked a quaint sort of wisdom which ought to have given him to history.

The young Colonel sounded him thor-

oughly; for the fate of the little army might depend on his fidelity. The man's soul was as clear as crystal, and in ten minutes the Yankee saw through it. His history is stereotyped in that region. Born among the hills, where the crops are stones, and sheep's noses are sharpened before they can nibble the thin grass between them, his life had been one of the hardest toil and privation. He knew nothing but what Nature, the Bible, the "Course of Time," and two or three of Shakspeare's plays had taught him; but somehow in the mountain air he had grown to be a man, — a man as civilized nations account manhood.

"Why did you come into the war?" at last asked the Colonel.

"To do my sheer fur the kentry, Gin'ral," answered the man. "And I did n't druv no barg'in wi' th' Lord. I giv Him my life squar' out; and ef He's a mind ter tuck it on this tramp, why, it's a His'n; I've nothin' ter say agin it."

"You mean that you've come into the war not expecting to get out of it?"

"That's so, Gin'ral."

"Will you die rather than let the dispatch be taken?"

"I wull."

The Colonel recalled what had passed in his own mind when poring over his mother's Bible that night at his home in Ohio; and it decided him. "Very well," he said; "I will trust you."

The dispatch was written on tissue paper, rolled into the form of a bullet, coated with warm lead, and put into the hand of the Kentuckian. He was given a carbine, a brace of revolvers, and the fleetest horse in his regiment, and, when the moon was down, started on his perilous journey. He was to ride at night, and hide in the woods or in the houses of loyal men in the day-time.

It was pitch-dark when he set out; but he knew every inch of the way, having travelled it often, driving mules to market. He had gone twenty miles by

\* The Baine is a small stream which puts into the Big Sandy, a short distance from the town of Louisa, Ky.



early dawn, and the house of a friend was only a few miles beyond him. The man himself was away; but his wife was at home, and she would harbor him till nightfall. He pushed on, and tethered his horse in the timber; but it was broad day when he rapped at the door, and was admitted. The good woman gave him breakfast, and showed him to the guest-chamber, where, lying down in his boots, he was soon in a deep slumber.

The house was a log cabin in the midst of a few acres of deadening, — ground from which trees have been cleared by girdling. Dense woods were all about it; but the nearest forest was a quarter of a mile distant, and should the scout be tracked, it would be hard to get away over this open space, unless he had warning of the approach of his pursuers. The woman thought of this, and sent up the road, on a mule, her whole worldly possessions, an old negro, dark as the night, but faithful as the sun in the heavens. It was high noon when the mule came back, his heels striking fire, and his rider's eyes flashing, as if ignited from the sparks the steel had emitted.

"Dey 'm comin', Missus!" he cried, — "not haff a mile away, — twenty Scesh, — ridin' as ef de Debil wus arter 'em!"

She barred the door, and hastened to the guest-chamber.

"Go," she cried, "through the wonder, — ter the woods! They'll be here in a minute."

"How many is thar?" asked the scout.

"Twenty, — go, — go at once, — or you'll be taken!"

The scout did not move; but, fixing his eyes on her face, he said, —

"Yes, I yere 'em. Thar 's a sorry chance for my life a'ready. But, Rachel, I 've thet 'bout me thet 's wuth more 'n my life, — thet, may-be, 'll save Kaintuck. If I 'm killed, wull ye tuck it ter Cunnel Cranor, at Paris?"

"Yes, yes, I will. But go: you 've not a minnit to lose, I tell you."

"I know, but wull ye swar it, — swar

ter tuck this ter Cunnel Cranor 'fore th' Lord thet yeres us?"

"Yes, yes, I will," she said, taking the bullet. But horses' hoofs were already sounding in the door-yard. "It's too late," cried the woman. "Oh, why did you stop to parley?"

"Never mind, Rachel," answered the scout. "Don't tuck on. Tuck ye keer o' th' dispatch. Valu' it loike yer life, — loike Kaintuck. The Lord 's callin' fur me, and I 'm a'ready."

But the scout was mistaken. It was not the Lord, but a dozen devils at the door-way.

"What does ye want?" asked the woman, going to the door.

"The man as come from Garfield's camp at sun-up, — John Jordan, from the head o' Baine," answered a voice from the outside.

"Ye karn't hev him fur th' axin'," said the scout. "Go away, or I 'll send some o' ye whar the weather is warm, I reckon."

"Pshaw!" said another voice, — from his speech one of the chivalry. "There are twenty of us. We 'll spare your life, if you give up the dispatch; if you don't, we 'll hang you higher than Haman."

The reader will bear in mind that this was in the beginning of the war, when swarms of spies infested every Union camp, and treason was only a gentlemanly pastime, not the serious business it has grown to be since traitors are no longer dangerous.

"I 've nothin' but my life thet I 'll giv up," answered the scout; "and ef ye tuck thet, ye 'll hev ter pay the price, — six o' yourn."

"Fire the house!" shouted one.

"No, don't do thet," said another. "I know him, — he 's cl'ar grit, — he 'll die in the ashes; and we won't git the dispatch."

This sort of talk went on for half an hour; then there was a dead silence, and the woman went to the loft, whence she could see all that was passing outside. About a dozen of the horsemen were posted around the house; but the remainder, dismounted, had gone to the

edge of the woods, and were felling a well-grown sapling, with the evident intention of using it as a battering-ram to break down the front door.

The woman, in a low tone, explained the situation ; and the scout said, —

"It 'r' my only chance. I must run fur it. Bring me yer red shawl, Rachel."

She had none, but she had a petticoat of flaming red and yellow. Handling it as if he knew how such articles can be made to spread, the scout softly unbarred the door, and, grasping the hand of the woman, said, —

"Good bye, Rachel. It 'r' a right sorry chance ; but I may git through. Ef I do, I 'll come ter night ; ef I don't, git ye the dispatch ter the Cunnel. Good bye."

To the right of the house, midway between it and the woods, stood the barn. That way lay the route of the scout. If he could elude the two mounted men at the door-way, he might escape the other horsemen ; for they would have to spring the barn-yard fences, and their horses might refuse the leap. But it was foot of man against leg of horse, and "a right sorry chance."

Suddenly he opened the door, and dashed at the two horses with the petticoat. They reared, wheeled, and bounded away like lightning just let out of harness. In the time that it takes to tell it, the scout was over the first fence, and scaling the second ; but a horse was making the leap with him. The scout's pistol went off, and the rider's earthly journey was over. Another followed, and his horse fell mortally wounded. The rest made the circuit of the barn-yard, and were rods behind when the scout reached the edge of the forest. Once among those thick laurels, nor horse nor rider can reach a man, if he lies low, and says his prayer in a whisper.

The Rebels bore the body of their comrade back to the house, and said to the woman, —

"We 'll be revenged for this. We know the route he 'll take, and will have his life before to-morrow ; and

you — we 'd burn your house over your head, if you were not the wife of Jack Brown."

Brown was a loyal man, who was serving his country in the ranks of Marshall. Thereby hangs a tale, but this is not the time to tell it. Soon the men rode away, taking the poor woman's only wagon as a hearse for their dead comrade.

Night came, and the owls cried in the woods in a way they had not cried for a fortnight. "T'whoot! t'whoot!" they went, as if they thought there was music in hooting. The woman listened, put on a dark mantle, and followed the sound of their voices. Entering the woods, she crept in among the bushes, and talked with the owls as if they had been human.

"They know the road ye 'll take," she said ; "ye must change yer route. Here ar' the bullet."

"God bless ye, Rachel!" responded the owl, "ye 'r' a true 'ooman!" — and he hooted louder than before, to deceive pursuers, and keep up the music.

"Ar' yer nag safe?" she asked.

"Yes, and good for forty mile afore sun-up."

"Well, here ar' suthin' ter eat : ye 'll need it. Good bye, and God go wi' ye!"

"He 'll go wi' ye, fur He loves noble wimmin."

Their hands clasped, and then they parted : he to his long ride ; she to the quiet sleep of those who, out of a true heart, serve their country.

The night was dark and drizzly ; but before morning the clouds cleared away, leaving a thick mist hanging low on the meadows. The scout's mare was fleet, but the road was rough, and a slosh of snow impeded the travel. He had come by a strange way, and did not know how far he had travelled by sunrise ; but lights were ahead, shivering in the haze of the cold, gray morning. Were they the early candles of some sleepy village, or the camp-fires of a band of guerrillas ? He did not know, and it would not be safe to go on till he did

know. The road was lined with trees, but they would give no shelter; for they were far apart, and the snow lay white between them. He was in the blue grass region. Tethering his horse in the timber, he climbed a tall oak by the roadside; but the mist was too thick to admit of his discerning anything distinctly. It seemed, however, to be breaking away, and he would wait until his way was clear; so he sat there, an hour, two hours, and ate his breakfast from the satchel John's wife had slung over his shoulder. At last the fog lifted a little, and he saw close at hand a small hamlet, — a few rude huts gathered round a cross-road. No danger could lurk in such a place, and he was about to descend, and pursue his journey, when suddenly he heard, up the road by which he came, the rapid tramp of a body of horsemen. The mist was thicker below; so half-way down the tree he went, and waited their coming. They moved at an irregular pace, carrying lanterns, and pausing every now and then to inspect the road, as if they had missed their way or lost something. Soon they came near, and were dimly outlined in the gray mist, so the scout could make out their number. There were thirty of them, — the original band, and a reinforcement. Again they halted when abreast of the tree, and searched the road narrowly.

"He must have come this way," said one, — he of the chivalry. "The other road is six miles longer, and he would take the shortest route. It 's an awful pity we did n't head him on both roads."

"We kin come up with him yit, ef we turn plumb round, and folloer on t'other road, — whar we lost the trail, — back thar, three miles ter the deadnin'."

Now another spoke, and his voice the scout remembered. He belonged to his own company in the Fourteenth Kentucky. "It 'so," he said; "he has tuck t' other road. I tell ye, I 'd know thet mar's shoe 'mong a million. Nary one loike it wus uver seed in all Kaintuck, — only a d—d Yankee could ha' invented it."

"And yere it ar'," shouted a man with one of the lanterns, "plain as sun-up."

The Fourteenth Kentuckian clutched the light, and, while a dozen dismounted and gathered round, closely examined the shoe-track. The ground was bare on the spot, and the print of the horse's hoof was clearly cut in the half-frozen mud. Narrowly the man looked, and life and death hung on his eyesight. The scout took out the bullet, and placed it in a crotch of the tree. If they took him, the Devil should not take the dispatch. Then he drew a revolver. The mist was breaking away, and he would surely be discovered, if the men lingered much longer; but he would have the value of his life to the uttermost farthing.

Meanwhile, the horsemen crowded around the foot-print, and one of them inadvertently trod upon it. The Kentuckian looked long and earnestly, but at last he said, —

"'T a'n't the track. Thet 'ar' mar' has a sand-crack on her right fore-foot. She did n't take kindly to a round shoe; so the Yank, he guv her one with the cork right in the middle o' the quarter. 'T was a durned smart contrivance; fur ye see, it eased the strain, and let the nag go nimble as a squirrel. The cork ha'n't yere, — 't a'n't her track, — and we 're wastin' time in luckin'."

The cork was not there, because the trooper's tread had obliterated it. Reader, let us thank him for that one good step, if he never take another; for it saved the scout, and, may-be, it saved Kentucky. When the scout returned that way, he halted abreast of that tree, and examined the ground about it. Right there, in the road, was the mare's track, with the print of the man's foot still upon the inner quarter! He uncovered his head, and from his heart went up a simple thanksgiving.

The horsemen gone, the scout came down from the tree, and pushed on into the misty morning. There might be danger ahead, but there surely was danger behind him. His pursuers were



only half convinced that they had struck his trail; and some sensible fiend might put it into their heads to divide and follow, part by one route, part by the other.

He pushed on over the sloshy road, his mare every step going slower and slower. The poor beast was jaded out; for she had travelled sixty miles, eaten nothing, and been stabled in the timber. She would have given out long before, had her blood not been the best in Kentucky. As it was, she staggered along as if she had taken a barrel of whiskey. Five miles farther on was the house of a Union man. She must reach it, or die by the wayside; for the merciful man regardeth not the life of his beast, when he carries dispatches.

The loyalist did not know the scout, but his honest face secured him a cordial welcome. He explained that he was from the Union camp on the Big Sandy, and offered any price for a horse to go on with.

"Yer nag is wuth ary two o' my critters," said the man. "Ye kin take the best beast I 've got; and when ye 'r ag'in this way, we 'll swop back even."

The scout thanked him, mounted the horse, and rode off into the mist again, without the warm breakfast which the good woman had, half-cooked, in the kitchen. It was eleven o'clock; and at twelve that night he entered Colonel Cranor's quarters at Paris, — having ridden a hundred miles with a rope round his neck, for thirteen dollars a month, hard-tack, and a shoddy uniform.

The Colonel opened the dispatch. It was dated, Louisa, Kentucky, December 24th, midnight; and directed him to move at once with his regiment, (the Fortieth Ohio, eight hundred strong,) by the way of Mount Sterling and McCormick's Gap, to Prestonburg. He would incur his men with as few rations and as little luggage as possible, bearing in mind that the safety of his command depended on his expedition. He would also convey the dispatch to Lieutenant-Colonel Woolford, at Stamford, and direct him to

join the march with his three hundred cavalry.

Hours now were worth months of common time, and on the following morning Cranor's column began to move. The scout lay by till night, then set out on his return, and at daybreak swapped his now jaded horse for the fresh Kentucky mare, even. He ate the housewife's breakfast, too, and took his ease with the good man till dark, when he again set out, and rode through the night in safety. After that his route was beset with perils. The Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own way in; or, as he expressed it, "Ye see, the Lord, He keered more fur the dispatch nor He keered fur me: and 't was nateral He should; 'case my life only counted one, while the dispatch, it stood fur all Kaintuck."

Be that as it may, he found his road a hard one to travel. The same gang which followed him out waylaid him back, and one starry midnight he fell among them. They lined the road forty deep, and seeing he could not run the gauntlet, he wheeled his mare and fled backwards. The noble beast did her part; but a bullet struck her, and she fell in the road dying. Then — it was Hobson's choice — he took to his legs, and, leaping a fence, was at last out of danger. Two days he lay in the woods, not daring to come out; but hunger finally forced him to ask food at a negro shanty. The dusky patriot loaded him with bacon, brown bread, and blessings, and at night piloted him to a Rebel barn, where he enforced the Confiscation Act, to him then "the higher law," — necessity.

With his fresh horse he set out again; and after various adventures and hair-breadth escapes, too numerous to mention, — and too incredible to believe, had not similar things occurred all through the war, — he entered, one rainy midnight, (the 6th of January,) the little log hut, seven miles from Paintville, where Colonel Garfield was sleeping.

The Colonel rubbed his eyes, and raised himself upon his elbow.

"Back safe?" he asked. "Have you seen Cranor?"

"Yes, Gin'ral. He can't be more 'n two days ahind o' me, nohow."

"God bless you, Jordan! You have done us great service," said Garfield, warmly.

"I thanks ye, Gin'ral," said the scout, his voice trembling. "Thet 's more pay 'n I expected."

To give the reader a full understanding of the result of the scout's ride, I must now move on with the little army. They are only fourteen hundred men, worn out with marching, but boldly they move down upon Marshall. False scouts have made him believe they are as strong as he: and they are; for every one is a hero, and they are led by a general. The Rebel has five thousand men, — forty-four hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry, — besides twelve pieces of artillery, — so he says in a letter to his wife, which Buell has intercepted and Garfield has in his pocket. Three roads lead to Marshall's position: one at the east, bearing down to the river, and along its western bank; another, a circuitous one, to the west, coming in on Paint Creek, at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, on the right of the village; and a third between the others, a more direct route, but climbing a succession of almost impassable ridges. These three roads are held by strong Rebel pickets, and a regiment is outlying at the village of Paintville.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and designs, Garfield orders a small force of infantry and cavalry to advance along the river, drive in the Rebel pickets, and move rapidly after them as if to attack Paintville. Two hours after this force goes off, a similar one, with the same orders, sets out on the road to the westward; and two hours later still, another small body takes the middle road. The effect is, that the pickets on the first route, being vigorously attacked and driven, retreat in confusion to Paintville, and dispatch word to Marshall that the Union army is advancing along the river. He

hurries off a thousand infantry and a battery to resist the advance of this imaginary column. When this detachment has been gone an hour and a half, he hears, from the routed pickets on the right, that the Federals are advancing along the western road. Countermanding his first order, he now directs the thousand men and the battery to check the new danger; and hurries off the troops at Paintville to the mouth of Jenny's Creek to make a stand there. Two hours later the pickets on the central route are driven in, and, finding Paintville abandoned, flee precipitately to the fortified camp, with the story that the Union army is close at their heels and occupying the town. Conceiving that he has thus lost Paintville, Marshall hastily withdraws the detachment of one thousand men to his fortified camp; and Garfield, moving rapidly over the ridges of the central route, occupies the abandoned position.

So affairs stand on the evening of the 8th of January, when a spy enters the camp of Marshall, with tidings that Cranor, with thirty-three hundred (!) men, is within twelve hours' march at the westward. On receipt of these tidings, the "big boy," — he weighs three hundred pounds by the Louisville hay-scales, — conceiving himself outnumbered, breaks up his camp, and retreats precipitately, abandoning or burning a large portion of his supplies. Seeing the fires, Garfield mounts his horse, and, with a thousand men, enters the deserted camp at nine in the evening, while the blazing stores are yet unconsumed. He sends off a detachment to harass the retreat, and waits the arrival of Cranor, with whom he means to follow and bring Marshall to battle in the morning.

In the morning Cranor comes, but his men are footsore, without rations, and completely exhausted. They cannot move one leg after the other. But the canal-boy is bound to have a fight; so every man who has strength to march is ordered to come forward. Eleven hundred — among them four hundred of Cranor's tired heroes — step from the

ranks, and with them, at noon of the 9th, Garfield sets out for Prestonburg, sending all his available cavalry to follow the line of the enemy's retreat and harass and delay him.

Marching eighteen miles, he reaches at nine o'clock that night the mouth of Abbott's Creek, three miles below Prestonburg,—he and the eleven hundred. There he hears that Marshall is encamped on the same stream, three miles higher up; and throwing his men into bivouac, in the midst of a sleety rain, he sends an order back to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, who is left in command at Paintville, to bring up every available man, with all possible dispatch, for he shall force the enemy to battle in the morning. He spends the night in learning the character of the surrounding country and the disposition of Marshall's forces; and now again John Jordan comes into action.

A dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen honest men come upon them, steal their corn, and make them prisoners. The miller is a tall, gaunt man, and his clothes fit the scout as if they were made for him. He is a Disunionist, too, and his very raiment should bear witness against this feeding of his enemies. It does. It goes back to the Rebel camp, and—the scout goes in it. That chameleon face of his is smeared with meal, and looks the miller so well that the miller's own wife might not detect the difference. The night is dark and rainy, and that lessens the danger; but still he is picking his teeth in the very jaws of the lion,—if he can be called a lion, who does nothing but roar like unto Marshall.

Space will not permit me to detail this midnight ramble; but it gave Garfield the exact position of the enemy. They had made a stand, and laid an ambuscade for him. Strongly posted on a semicircular hill, at the forks of Middle Creek, on both sides of the road, with cannon commanding its whole length, and hidden by the trees, they were waiting his coming.

The Union commander broke up his

bivouac at four in the morning and began to move forward. Reaching the valley of Middle Creek, he encountered some of the enemy's mounted men, and captured a quantity of stores they were trying to withdraw from Prestonburg. Skirmishing went on until about noon, when the Rebel pickets were driven back upon their main body, and then began the battle. It is not my purpose to describe it; for that has already been ably done, in thirty lines, by the man who won it.

It was a wonderful battle. In the history of this war there is not another like it. Measured by the forces engaged, the valor displayed, and the results which followed, it throws into the shade even the achievements of the mighty hosts which saved the nation. Eleven hundred men, without cannon, charge up a rocky hill, over stumps, over stones, over fallen trees, over high intrenchments, right into the face of five thousand, and twelve pieces of artillery!

For five hours the contest rages. Now the Union forces are driven back; then, charging up the hill, they regain the lost ground, and from behind rocks and trees pour in their murderous volleys. Then again they are driven back, and again they charge up the hill, strewing the ground with corpses. So the bloody work goes on; so the battle wavers, till the setting sun, wheeling below the hills, glances along the dense lines of Rebel steel moving down to envelop the weary eleven hundred. It is an awful moment, big with the fate of Kentucky. At its very crisis two figures stand out against the fading sky, boldly defined in the foreground.

One is in Union blue. With a little band of heroes about him, he is posted on a projecting rock, which is scarred with bullets, and in full view of both armies. His head is uncovered, his hair streaming in the wind, his face upturned in the darkening daylight, and from his soul is going up a prayer,—a prayer for Sheldon and Cranor. He turns his eyes to the northward, and his lip tightens, as he throws off his



coat, and says to his hundred men, —  
 “Boys, *we* must go at them!”

The other is in Rebel gray. Moving out to the brow of the opposite hill, and placing a glass to his eye, he, too, takes a long look to the northward. He starts, for he sees something which the other, on lower ground, does not distinguish. Soon he wheels his horse, and the word “RETREAT” echoes along the valley between them. It is his last word; for six rifles crack, and the Rebel Major lies on the ground quivering.

The one in blue looks to the north again, and now, floating proudly among the trees, he sees the starry banner. It is Sheldon and Cranor! The long ride of the scout is at last doing its work for the nation. On they come like the rushing wind, filling the air with their shouting. The rescued eleven hundred take up the strain, and then, above the swift pursuit, above the lessening conflict, above the last boom of the wheeling cannon, goes up the wild huzza of Victory. The gallant Garfield has won the day, and rolled back the disastrous tide which has been sweeping on ever since Big Bethel. In ten days Thomas routs Zollicoffer, and then we have and hold Kentucky.

Every one remembers a certain artist, who, after painting a “neighing steed,” wrote underneath the picture, “This is a horse,” lest it should be mistaken for an alligator. I am tempted to imitate his example, lest the reader, otherwise, may not detect the rambling parallel I have herein drawn between a Northern and a Southern “poor white man.”

President Lincoln, when he heard of the Battle of Middle Creek, said to a distinguished officer, who happened to be with him, —

“Why did Garfield in two weeks do what would have taken one of you Regular folks two months to accomplish?”

“Because he was not educated at West Point,” answered the West-Pointer, laughing.

“No,” replied Mr. Lincoln. “That was n’t the reason. It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for a living.”

But our good President, for once, was wrong, — for once, he did not get at the core of the matter. Jordan, as well as Garfield, “had, when a boy, to work for a living.” The two men were, perhaps, of about equal natural abilities, — both were born in log huts, both worked their own way to manhood, and both went into the war consecrating their very lives to their country: but one came out of it with a brace of stars on his shoulder, and honored by all the nation; the other never rose from the ranks, and went down to an unknown grave, mourned only among his native mountains. Something more than *work* was at the bottom of this contrast in their lives and their destinies. It was FREE SCHOOLS, which the North gave the one, and of which the South robbed the other. Plant a free school at every Southern cross-road, and every Southern Jordan will become a Garfield. Then, and not till then, will this Union be “reconstructed.”

## N O Ë L . \*

L'Académie en respect,  
 Nonobstant l'incorrection,  
 A la faveur du sujet,  
     Ture-lure,  
 N'y fera point de rature;  
 Noël ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI-BARÔZAI.

## I.

QUAND les astres de Noël  
 Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,  
 Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,  
 Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,  
     " Bons amis,  
 Allons donc chez Agassiz ! "

## 2.

Ces illustres Pèlerins  
 D'Outre-Mer, adroits et fins,  
 Se donnant des airs de prêtre,  
 A l'envi se vantaient d'être  
     " Bons amis  
 De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz ! "

## 3.

Œil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,  
 Sans reproche et sans pudeur,  
 Dans son patois de Bourgogne,  
 Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,  
     " Bons amis,  
 J'ai dansé chez Agassiz ! "

## 4.

Verzenay le Champenois,  
 Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,  
 Mais des environs d'Avize,  
 Fredonne, à mainte reprise,  
     " Bons amis,  
 J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! "

## 5.

A côté marchait un vieux  
 Hidalgo, mais non mousseux;  
 Dans le temps de Charlemagne  
 Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !  
     " Bons amis,  
 J'ai diné chez Agassiz ! "

\* Sent to Mr. Agassiz, with a basket of wine, on Christmas Eve, 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *c*

131

SUMMER, 1865.

*H. H. Brownell.*

DEAD is the roll of the drums,  
 And the distant thunders die,  
 They fade in the far-off sky;  
 And a lovely summer comes,  
 Like the smile of Him on high.

Lulled the storm and the onset.  
 Earth lies in a sunny swoon;  
 Stiller splendor of noon,  
 Softer glory of sunset,  
 Milder starlight and moon!

For the kindly Seasons love us;  
 They smile over trench and clod,  
 (Where we left the bravest of us,)—  
 There's a brighter green of the sod,  
 And a holier calm above us  
 In the blessed Blue of God.

The roar and ravage were vain;  
 And Nature, that never yields,  
 Is busy with sun and rain  
 At her old sweet work again  
 On the lonely battle-fields.

How the tall white daisies grow  
 Where the grim artillery rolled!  
 (Was it only a moon ago?  
 It seems a century old,)—

And the bee hums in the clover,  
 As the pleasant June comes on;  
 Aye, the wars are all over,—  
 But our good Father is gone.

There was tumbling of traitor fort,  
 Flaming of traitor fleet,—  
 Lighting of city and port,  
 Claspings in square and street.

There was thunder of mine and gun,  
 Cheering by mast and tent,—  
 When—his dread work all done,  
 And his high fame full won—  
 Died the Good President.

In his quiet chair he sate,  
 Pure of malice or guile,  
 Stainless of fear or hate,—  
 And there played a pleasant smile



On the rough and careworn face ;  
 For his heart was all the while  
 On means of mercy and grace.

The brave old Flag drooped o'er him,  
 (A fold in the hard hand lay,) —  
 He looked, perchance, on the play, —  
 But the scene was a shadow before him,  
 For his thoughts were far away.

'T was but the morn, (yon fearful  
 Death-shade, gloomy and vast,  
 Lifting slowly at last,)  
 His household heard him say,  
 " 'T is long since I've been so cheerful,  
 So light of heart as to-day."

'T was dying, the long dread clang, —  
 But, or ever the blesséd ray  
 Of peace could brighten to-day,  
 Murder stood by the way, —  
 Treason struck home his fang !  
 One throb — and, without a pang,  
 That pure soul passed away.

Idle, in this our blindness,  
 To marvel we cannot see  
 Wherefore such things should be,  
 Or to question Infinite Kindness  
 Of this or of that Decree,

Or to fear lest Nature bungle,  
 That in certain ways she errs :  
 The cobra in the jungle,  
 The crotalus in the sod,  
 Evil and good are hers ; —  
 Murderers and torturers !  
 Ye, too, were made by God.

All slowly heaven is nighing,  
 Needs that offence must come ;  
 Ever the Old Wrong dying  
 Will sting, in the death-coil lying,  
 And hiss till its fork be dumb.

But dare deny no further,  
 Black-hearted, brazen-cheeked !  
 Ye on whose lips yon murder  
 These fifty moons hath reeked, —

From the wretched scenic dunce,  
 Long a-hungred to rouse  
 A Nation's heart for the nonce, —  
 (Hugging his hell, so that once  
 He might yet bring down the house !) —

From the commons, gross and simple,  
Of a blind and bloody land,  
(Long fed on venomous lies!)—  
To the horrid heart and hand  
That sumless murder dyes,—  
The hand that drew the wimple  
Over those cruel eyes.

Pass on,—your deeds are done,  
Forever sets your sun;  
Vainly ye lived or died,  
'Gainst Freedom and the Laws,—  
And your memory and your cause  
Shall haunt o'er the trophied tide

Like some Pirate Caravel floating  
Dreadful, adrift—whose crew  
From her yard-arms dangle rotting,—  
The old Horror of the blue.

Avoid ye,—let the morrow  
Sentence or mercy see.  
Pass to your place: our sorrow  
Is all too dark to borrow  
One shade from such as ye.

But if one, with merciful eyes,  
From the forgiving skies  
Looks, 'mid our gloom, to see  
Yonder where Murder lies,  
Stripped of the woman guise,  
And waiting the doom,—'t is he.

Kindly Spirit!—Ah, when did treason  
Bid such a generous nature cease,  
Mild by temper and strong by reason,  
But ever leaning to love and peace?

A head how sober! a heart how spacious!  
A manner equal with high or low;  
Rough, but gentle; uncouth, but gracious;  
And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,  
Grieved when rigid for justice' sake;  
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest,  
If aught of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith;  
Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;  
Still with parable and with myth  
Seasoning truth, like Them of old;  
Aptest humor and quaintest pith!  
(Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

And if, sometimes, in saddest stress,  
 That mind, over-meshed by fate,  
 (Ringed round with treason and hate,  
 And guiding the State by guess,)  
 Could doubt and could hesitate,—  
 Who, alas! had done less  
 In the world's most deadly strait?

But how true to the Common Cause!  
 Of his task how unwearied!  
 How hard he worked, how good he was,  
 How kindly and cheery!

How, while it marked redouble  
 The howls and hisses and sneers,  
 That great heart bore our trouble  
 Through all these terrible years,—

And, cooling passion with state,  
 And ever counting the cost,  
 Kept the Twin World-Robbers in wait  
 Till the time for their clutch was lost!

How much he cared for the State,  
 How little for praise or pelf!  
 A man too simply great  
 To scheme for his proper self.

But in mirth that strong heart rested  
 From its strife with the false and violent,—  
 A jester!—So Henry jested,  
 So jested William the Silent.

Orange, shocking the dull  
 With careless conceit and quip,  
 Yet holding the dumb heart full  
 With Holland's life on his lip!\*

Navarre, bonhomme and pleasant,  
 Pitying the poor man's lot,  
 Wishing that every peasant  
 A chicken had in his pot;

Feeding the stubborn bourgeois,  
 Though Paris still held out;  
 Holding the League in awe,  
 But jolly with all about.

\* "His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which in moderation were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry; and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity he was far from feeling; so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent. He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows with a smiling face."—*Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

Perhaps a lively national sense of humor is one of the surest exponents of advanced civilization. Certainly a grim sullenness and fierceness have been the leading traits of the Rebellion for Slavery; while Freedom, like a Brave at the stake, has gone through her long agony with a smile and a jest ever on her lips.



Out of an o'erflowed fulness  
Those deep hearts seemed too light,—  
(And so 't was, murder's dulness  
Was set with sullener spite.)

Yet whoso might pierce the guise  
Of mirth in the man we mourn  
Would mark, and with grieved surprise,  
All the great soul had borne,  
In the piteous lines, and the kind, sad eyes  
So dreadfully wearied and worn.

And we trusted (the last dread page  
Once turned of our Doomsday Scroll)  
To have seen him, sunny of soul,  
In a cheery, grand old age.

But, Father, 't is well with thee!  
And since ever, when God draws nigh,  
Some grief for the good must be,  
'T was well, even so to die,—

'Mid the thunder of Treason's fall,  
The yielding of haughty town,  
The crashing of cruel wall,  
The trembling of tyrant crown!

The ringing of hearth and pavement  
To the clash of falling chains,—  
The centuries of enslavement  
Dead, with their blood-bought gains!

And through trouble weary and long  
Well hadst thou seen the way,  
Leaving the State so strong  
It did not reel for a day;

And even in death couldst give  
A token for Freedom's strife,—  
A proof how republics live,  
And not by a single life,

But the Right Divine of man,  
And the many, trained to be free,—  
And none, since the world began,  
Ever was mourned like thee.

Dost thou feel it, O noble Heart!  
(So grieved and so wronged below,)  
From the rest wherein thou art?  
Do they see it, those patient eyes?  
Is there heed in the happy skies  
For tokens of world-wide woe?

The Land's great lamentations,  
The mighty mourning of cannon,  
The myriad flags half-mast, —  
The late remorse of the nations,  
Grief from Volga to Shannon!  
(Now they know thee at last.)

How, from gray Niagara's shore  
To Canaveral's surfy shoal, —  
From the rough Atlantic roar  
To the long Pacific roll, —  
For bereavement and for dole,  
Every cottage wears its weed,  
White as thine own pure soul,  
And black as the traitor deed!

How, under a nation's pall,  
The dust so dear in our sight  
To its home on the prairie passed, —  
The leagues of funeral,  
The myriads, morn and night,  
Pressing to look their last!

Nor alone the State's Eclipse;  
But how tears in hard eyes gather, —  
And on rough and bearded lips,  
Of the regiments and the ships, —  
"Oh, our dear Father!"

And methinks of all the million  
That looked on the dark dead face,  
'Neath its sable-plumed pavilion,  
The crone of a humbler race  
Is saddest of all to think on,  
And the old swart lips that said,  
Sobbing, "Abraham Lincoln!  
Oh, he is dead, he is dead!"

Hush! let our heavy souls  
To-day be glad; for agen  
The stormy music swells and rolls  
Stirring the hearts of men.

And under the Nation's Dome,  
They've guarded so well and long,  
Our boys come marching home,  
Two hundred thousand strong.

All in the pleasant month of May,  
With war-worn colors and drums,  
Still, through the livelong summer's day,  
Regiment, regiment comes.

Like the tide, yesty and barmy,  
That sets on a wild lee-shore,  
Surge the ranks of an army  
Never reviewed before!

Who shall look on the like agen,  
Or see such host of the brave?  
A mighty River of marching men  
Rolls the Capital through,—  
Rank on rank, and wave on wave,  
Of bayonet-crested blue!

How the chargers neigh and champ,  
(Their riders weary of camp,)  
With curvet and with caracole!—  
The cavalry comes with thundrous tramp,  
And the cannons heavily roll.

And ever, flowery and gay,  
The Staff sweeps on in a spray  
Of tossing forelocks and manes;  
But each bridle-arm has a weed  
Of funeral, black as the steed  
That fiery Sheridan reins.

Grandest of mortal sights  
The sun-browned ranks to view,—  
The Colors rag'd in a hundred fights,  
And the dusty Frocks of Blue!

And all day, mile on mile,  
With cheer, and waving, and smile,  
The war-worn legions defile  
Where the nation's noblest stand;  
And the Great Lieutenant looks on,  
With the Flower of a rescued Land,—  
For the terrible work is done,  
And the Good Fight is won  
For God and for Fatherland.

So, from the fields they win,  
Our men are marching home,  
A million are marching home!  
To the cannon's thundering din,  
And banners on mast and dome,—  
And the ships come sailing in  
With all their ensigns dight,  
As erst for a great sea-fight.

Let every color fly,  
Every pennon flaunt in pride;  
Wave, Starry Flag, on high!



Float in the sunny sky,  
Stream o'er the stormy tide!  
For every stripe of stainless hue,  
And every star in the field of blue,  
Ten thousand of the brave and true  
Have laid them down and died.

And in all our pride to-day  
We think, with a tender pain,  
Of those so far away,  
They will not come home again.

And our boys had fondly thought,  
To-day, in marching by,  
From the ground so dearly bought,  
And the fields so bravely fought,  
To have met their Father's eye.

But they may not see him in place,  
Nor their ranks be seen of him;  
We look for the well-known face,  
And the splendor is strangely dim.

Perished?—who was it said  
Our Leader had passed away?  
Dead? Our President dead?—  
He has not died for a day!

We mourn for a little breath,  
Such as, late or soon, dust yields;  
But the Dark Flower of Death  
Blooms in the fadeless fields.

We looked on a cold, still brow:  
But Lincoln could yet survive;  
He never was more alive,  
Never nearer than now.

For the pleasant season found him,  
Guarded by faithful hands,  
In the fairest of Summer Lands:  
With his own brave Staff around him,  
There our President stands.

There they are all at his side,  
The noble hearts and true,  
That did all men might do,—  
Then slept, with their swords, and died.

Of little the storm has reft us  
But the brave and kindly clay  
('Tis but dust where Lander left us,  
And but turf where Lyon lay).

There's Winthrop, true to the end,  
And Ellsworth of long ago,  
(First fair young head laid low!)  
There's Baker, the brave old friend,  
And Douglas, the friendly foe:

(Baker, that still stood up  
When 't was death on either hand:  
" 'T is a soldier's part to stoop,  
But the Senator must stand.")

The heroes gather and form:—  
There's Cameron, with his scars,  
Sedgwick, of siege and storm,  
And Mitchell, that joined his stars.

Winthrop, of sword and pen,  
Wadsworth, with silver hair,  
Mansfield, ruler of men,  
And brave McPherson are there.

Birney, who led so long,  
Abbott, born to command,  
Elliott the bold, and Strong,  
Who fell on the hard-fought strand.

Lytle, soldier and bard,  
And the Ellets, sire and son,  
Ransom, all grandly scarred,  
And Redfield, no more on guard,  
(But Alatoona is won!)

Reno, of pure desert,  
Kearney, with heart of flame,  
And Russell, that hid his hurt  
Till the final death-bolt came.

Terrill, dead where he fought,  
Wallace, that would not yield,  
And Sumner, who vainly sought  
A grave on the foughten field

(But died ere the end he saw,  
With years and battles outworn).  
There's Harmon of Kenesaw,  
And Ulric Dahlgren, and Shaw,  
That slept with his Hope Forlorn.

Bayard, that knew not fear,  
(True as the knight of yore,)  
And Putnam, and Paul Revere,  
Worthy the names they bore.

Allen, who died for others,  
Bryan, of gentle fame,  
And the brave New-England brothers  
That have left us Lowell's name.

Home, at last, from the wars,—  
Stedman, the staunch and mild,  
And Janeway, our hero-child,  
Home, with his fifteen scars!

There's Porter, ever in front,  
True son of a sea-king sire,  
And Christian Foote, and Dupont  
(Dupont, who led his ships  
Rounding the first Ellipse  
Of thunder and of fire).

There's Ward, with his brave death-wounds,  
And Cummings, of spotless name,  
And Smith, who hurtled his rounds  
When deck and hatch were aflame;

Wainwright, steadfast and true,  
Rodgers, of brave sea-blood,  
And Craven, with ship and crew  
Sunk in the salt sea flood.

And, a little later to part,  
Our Captain, noble and dear—  
(Did they deem thee, then, austere?  
Drayton!—O pure and kindly heart!  
Thine is the seaman's tear.)

All such,—and many another,  
(Ah, list how long to name!)  
That stood like brother by brother,  
And died on the field of fame.

And around—(for there can cease  
This earthly trouble)—they throng,  
The friends that had passed in peace,  
The foes that have seen their wrong.

(But, a little from the rest,  
With sad eyes looking down,  
And brows of softened frown,  
With stern arms on the chest,  
Are two, standing abreast,—  
Stonewall and Old John Brown.)

But the stainless and the true,  
These by their President stand,  
To look on his last review,  
Or march with the old command.



And lo, from a thousand fields,  
From all the old battle-haunts,  
A greater Army than Sherman wilds,  
A grander Review than Grant's!

Gathered home from the grave,  
Risen from sun and rain, —  
Rescued from wind and wave,  
Out of the stormy main, —  
The Legions of our Brave  
Are all in their lines again!

Many a stout Corps that went,  
Full-ranked, from camp and tent,  
And brought back a brigade;  
Many a brave regiment,  
That mustered only a squad.

The lost battalions,  
That, when the fight went wrong,  
Stood and died at their guns, —  
The stormers steady and strong,

With their best blood that bought  
Scarp, and ravelin, and wall, —  
The companies that fought  
Till a corporal's guard was all.

Many a valiant crew,  
That passed in battle and wreck, —  
Ah, so faithful and true!  
They died on the bloody deck,  
They sank in the soundless blue.

All the loyal and bold  
That lay on a soldier's bier, —  
The stretchers borne to the rear,  
The hammocks lowered to the hold.

The shattered wreck we hurried,  
In death-fight, from deck and port, —  
The Blacks that Wagner buried,  
That died in the Bloody Fort!

Comrades of camp and mess,  
Left, as they lay, to die,  
In the battle's sorest stress,  
When the storm of fight swept by:  
They lay in the Wilderness, —  
Ah, where did they not lie?

In the tangled swamp they lay,  
They lay so still on the sward! —

They rolled in the sick-bay,  
Moaning their lives away ;—  
They flushed in the fevered ward.

They rotted in Libby yonder,  
They starved in the foul stockade, —  
Hearing afar the thunder  
Of the Union cannonade !

But the old wounds all are healed,  
And the dungeoned limbs are free, —  
The Blue Frocks rise from the field,  
The Blue Jackets out of the sea.

They've 'scaped from the torture-den,  
They've broken the bloody sod,  
They're all come to life agen ! —  
The Third of a Million men  
That died for Thee and for God !

A tenderer green than May  
The Eternal Season wears, —  
The blue of our summer's day  
Is dim and pallid to theirs, —  
The Horror faded away,  
And 't was heaven all unawares !

Tents on the Infinite Shore !  
Flags in the azuline sky,  
Sails on the seas once more !  
To-day, in the heaven on high,  
All under arms once more !

The troops are all in their lines,  
The guidons flutter and play ;  
But every bayonet shines,  
For all must march to-day.

What lofty pennons flaunt ?  
What mighty echoes haunt,  
As of great guns, o'er the main ?  
Hark to the sound again !  
The Congress is all-ataunt !  
The Cumberland's manned again !

All the ships and their men  
Are in line of battle to-day, —  
All at quarters, as when  
Their last roll thundered away, —  
All at their guns, as then,  
For the Fleet salutes to-day.

The armies have broken camp  
On the vast and sunny plain,  
The drums are rolling again;  
With steady, measured tramp,  
They're marching all again.

With alignment firm and solemn,  
Once again they form  
In mighty square and column,—  
But never for charge and storm.

The Old Flag they died under  
Floats above them on the shore,  
And on the great ships yonder  
The ensigns dip once more,—  
And once again the thunder  
Of the thirty guns and four!

In solid platoons of steel,  
Under heaven's triumphal arch,  
The long lines break and wheel;  
And the word is, "Forward, march!"

The colors ripple o'erhead,  
The drums roll up to the sky,  
And with martial time and tread  
The regiments all pass by,—  
The ranks of our faithful Dead,  
Meeting their President's eye.

With a soldier's quiet pride  
They smile o'er the perished pain,  
For their anguish was not vain,—  
For thee, O Father, we died!  
And we did not die in vain.

March on, your last brave mile!  
Salute him, Star and Lace,  
Form round him, rank and file,  
And look on the kind, rough face;  
But the quaint and homely smile  
Has a glory and a grace  
It never had known erewhile,—  
Never, in time and space.

Close round him, hearts of pride!  
Press near him, side by side,—  
Our Father is not alone!  
For the Holy Right ye died,  
And Christ, the Crucified,  
Waits to welcome his own.



## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Letters to Various Persons.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE prose of Thoreau is daily winning recognition as possessing some of the very highest qualities of thought and utterance, in a degree scarcely rivalled in contemporary literature. In spite of whim and frequent over-refining, and the entire omission of many important aspects of human life, these wondrous merits exercise their charm, and we value everything which lets us into the workshop of so rare a mind. These letters, most of which were addressed to a single confidential friend, give us Thoreau's thoughts in undress, and there has been no previous book in which we came so near him. It is like engraving the studies of an artist, — studies many of which were found too daring or difficult for final execution, and which must be shown in their original shape or not at all. To any one who was more artist than thinker this exhibition would be doing wrong; but to one like Thoreau, more thinker than artist, it is an act of justice.

The public, being always eager for the details of personal life, and therefore especially hungry for private letters, will hardly make this distinction. All is held to be right which gives us more personality in print. One can fancy the exasperation of a gossip, however, on opening these profound and philosophic leaves. There is almost no private history in them; and even of Thoreau's beloved science of Natural History, very little. He does, indeed, begin one letter with "Dear Mother, . . . Pray have you the seventeen-year locust in Concord?" which recalls Mendelssohn's birthday letter to his mother, opening with two bars of music. But even such mundane matters as these occur rarely in the book, which is chiefly made up of pure thought, and that of the highest and often of the most subtle quality.

Thoreau had, in literature as in life, a code of his own, which, if sometimes lax where others were stringent, was always stringent in higher matters, where others were lax. Even the friendship of Emerson could not coerce him into that careful elaboration which gives dignity and sometimes a certain artistic monotony to the works of our

great essayist. Emerson never wilfully leaves a point unguarded, never allows himself to be caught in undress. Thoreau spurns this punctiliousness, and thus impairs his average execution; while for the same reason he attains, in favored moments, a diction more flowing and a more lyric strain than his teacher ever allows himself, at least in prose. He also secures, through this daring, the occasional expression of more delicate as well as more fantastic thoughts. And there is an interesting passage in these letters where he rather unexpectedly recognizes the dignity of literary art as art, and states very finely its range of power. "To look at literature, — how many fine thoughts has every man had! how few fine thoughts are expressed! Yet we never have a fantasy so subtle and ethereal, but that *talent merely*, with more resolution and faithful persistency, after a thousand failures, might fix and engrave it in distinct and enduring words, and we should see that our dreams are the solidest facts that we know." The *Italics* are his own, and the glimpse at his literary method is very valuable.

One sees also, in these letters, how innate in him was that grand simplicity of spiritual attitude, compared with which most confessions of faith seem to show something hackneyed and second-hand. It seems the first resumption — unless here again we must link his name with Emerson's — of that great strain of thought of which Epictetus the slave and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus the sovereign were the last previous examples. Amid the general *Miserere*, here is one hymn of lofty cheer. There is neither weak conceit nor weak contrition, but gratitude for existence, and a sublime aim. "My actual life," he says, "is a fact in view of which I have no occasion to congratulate myself; but for my faith and aspiration I have respect. It is from these that I speak. Every man's position is, in fact, too simple to be described. . . . I am simply what I am, or I begin to be that. . . . I know that I am. I know that another is who knows more than I, who takes interest in me, whose creature, and yet whose kindred, in one sense, am I. I know that the enterprise is worthy. I know that things work well. I have heard no bad news." (p. 45.)

"Happy the man," he elsewhere nobly

*W. Sumner.*

CLEMENCY AND COMMON SENSE. *c*

132-

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE; WITH A MORAL.

*Instabile est regnum quod non clementia firmat.*

*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*

HERE are two famous verses, both often quoted, and one a commonplace of literature. That they have passed into proverbs attests their merit both in substance and in form. Something more than truth is needed for a proverb. And so also something more than form is needed. Both must concur. The truth must be expressed in such a form as to satisfy the requirements of art.

Most persons whose attention has not been turned especially to such things, if asked where these verses are to be found, would say at once that it was in one of the familiar poets of school-boy days. Both have a sound as of something that has been heard in childhood. The latter is very Virgilian in its tone and movement. More than once I have heard it insisted that it was by Virgil. But nobody has been able to find it there, although the opposite dangers are well represented in the voyage of Æneas: \*—

"Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis Obsidet."

Thinking of the historical proverb, I am reminded of the eminent character who first showed it to me in the heroic poem where it appears. I refer to the late Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, who had been a favorite pupil of Dr. Parr, and was unquestionably one of the best scholars in England. His amenity was equal to his scholarship. I was his guest at Auckland Castle early in the autumn of 1838. Conversation turned much upon books and the curiosities of study. One morning after breakfast the learned Bishop came to me with a small volume in his hand, printed in the Italian character, and remarking, "You seem to be interested in such things," he pointed to this much-quoted verse. It was in a Latin

poem called "Alexandreis, sive Gesta Alexandri Magni," by Philippus Gualterus, a mediæval poet of France.

Of course the fable of Scylla and Charybdis is ancient; but this verse cannot be traced to antiquity. For the fable Homer is our highest authority, and he represents the Sirens as playing their part to tempt the victim.

These opposite terrors belong to mythology and to geography. Mythologically, they were two voracious monsters, dwelling opposite to each other, — Charybdis on the coast of Sicily, and Scylla on the coast of Italy. Geographically, they were dangers to the navigator in the narrow strait between Sicily and Italy. Charybdis was a whirlpool, in which ships were often sucked to destruction; Scylla was a rock, on which ships were often dashed to pieces.

Ulysses in his wanderings encountered these terrors, but by prudence and the counsels of Circe he was enabled to steer clear between them, although the Sirens strove to lure him on to the rock. The story is too long; but there are passages which are like pictures, and they have been illustrated by the genius of Flaxman. The first danger on the Sicilian side is thus described in the Odyssey: \*—

"Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign  
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;  
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,  
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.  
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly!  
'T is better six to lose than all to die."

But endeavoring to shun this peril, the navigator encounters the other:—

"Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,  
Tremendous pest, abhorred by men and gods!  
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;  
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;  
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;  
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;  
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide."

\* Æneis, Lib. III. v. 420.

\* Book XII.

Near by were the Sirens, who strove  
by their music to draw the navigator to  
certain doom : —

" Their song is death, and makes destruction please.  
Unblest the man whom music wins to stay  
Nigh the cursed shore and listen to the lay :  
No more the wretch shall view the joys of life,  
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife ! "

Forewarned is forearmed. Ulysses took all precautions against the opposite perils. Avoiding the Sicilian whirlpool, he did not run upon the Italian rock or yield to the voice of the charmer. And yet he could not renounce the opportunity of hearing the melody. Stuffing the ears of his companions with wax, so that they could not be entranced by the Sirens, or comprehend any countermanding order which his weakness might induce him to utter, he caused himself to be tied to the mast, — like another Farragut, — and directed that the ship should be steered straight on. It was steered straight on, although he cried out to stop. His deafened companions heard nothing of the song or the countermand, —

" Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay."

The dangers of both coasts were at length passed, not without the loss of six men, " chiefs of renown," who became the prey of Scylla. But the Sirens, humbled by defeat, dashed themselves upon the rocks and disappeared forever.

There are few stories which have been more popular. It was natural that it should enter into poetry and become a proverb. Milton more than once alludes to it. Thus, in the exquisite "Comus," he shows these opposite terrors subdued by another power : —

" Scylla wept  
And chid her barking waves into attention,  
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause."

In the "Paradise Lost," while portraying Sin, the terrible portress at the gates of Hell, the poet repairs to this story for illustration : \* —

" Far less abhorred than these,  
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore."

And then again, when picturing Satan escaping from pursuit, he shows him †

"harder beset  
And more endangered than when Argo passed  
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis and by the other whirlpool steered."

Though thus frequently employing the story, Milton did not use the proverb.

Not only the story, but the proverb, was known to Shakspeare, who makes Launcelot use it in his plain talk with Jessica : \* — " Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother ; thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways." Malone, in his note to this passage, written in the last century, says, — " Alluding to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gaultier, in his poem entitled 'Alexandreis.' " To this note of Malone's, another editor, George Steevens, whose early bibliographical tastes inspired the praise of Dibdin, adds as follows : — " Shakspeare might have met with a translation of this line in many places ; among others in a Dialogue between *Custom and Veretie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie : —

" ' While Silla they do seem to shun,  
In Charibd they do fall.' "

But this proverb had already passed into tradition and speech. That Shakspeare should absorb and use it was natural. He was the universal absorbent.

The history of this verse seemed for a while to be forgotten. Like the Wandering Jew, it was a vagrant, unknown in origin, but having perpetual life. Erasmus, whose learning was so vast, quotes the verse in his great work on Proverbs, and owns that he does not know the author of it. Here is this confession : — "*Celebratur apud Latinos hic versiculus, quocunque natus auctore, nam in presentia non occurrit.*" † It seems from these words that this profound scholar regarded the verse as belonging to antiquity : at least I so interpret the remark, that it was "celebrated among the Latins." But though ignorant of its origin, it is clear that the idea which it

\* *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 5.

† *Erasmi Opera*, Tom. II. p. 183; *Adagiorum* Chil. I. cent. v. prov. 4.

\* Book II. v. 660.

† Ibid. v. 1016.



embodies found much favor with this representative of moderation. He dwells on it with particular sympathy, and reproduces it in various forms. Here is the equivalent on which he hangs his commentary: *Evitata Charybdi, in Scyllam incidi*. It is easy to see how inferior in form this is to the much-quoted verse. It seems to be a literal translation of some Greek iambics, also of uncertain origin, although attributed to Apostolius, one of the learned Greeks scattered over Europe by the fall of Constantinople. There is also something like it in the Greek of Lucian.\* Erasmus quotes words of kindred sentiment from the "Phormio" of Terence: *Ita fugias ne præter casam*, which he tells us means that we should not so fly from any vice as to be carried into a greater.† He quotes also another proverb with the same signification: *Fumum fugiens, in ignem incidi*, which warns against running into the fire to avoid the smoke. In his letters the ancient fable recurs more than once. On one occasion he warns against the dangers of youth, and says that the ears must be stopped, not, as in the Homeric story, by wax, but "by the precepts of philosophy."‡ In another letter he avows a fear lest in shunning Scylla he may fall on Charybdis:—"Nunc vereor ne sic vitemus hanc Scyllam, ut incidamus in Charybdim multo perniciosiorem."§ Thus did his instinctive prudence find expression in this familiar illustration.

If Erasmus had been less illustrious for learning,—perhaps if his countenance were less interesting, as we now look upon it in the immortal portraits by two great artists, Hans Holbein and Albert Dürer,—I should not be tempted to dwell on this confession of ignorance. And yet it belongs to the history of this verse, which has had strange ups and downs in the world. The poem from which it is taken, after enjoying an early renown, was forgotten,—and then again, after a revival, was forgotten, again to enjoy another revival. The last time it was revived

through this solitary verse, without which, I cannot doubt, it would have been extinguished in night.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Even before the days of Erasmus, who died in 1536, this verse had been lost and found. It was circulated as a proverb of unknown origin, when Galeotto Marzio, an Italian, of infinite wit and learning,\* who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and was for some time the instructor of the children of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, pointed out its author. In a work of *Ana*, amusing and instructive, entitled "De Doctrina Promiscua," which first saw the light in Latin, and was afterwards translated into Italian, the learned author says,—"*Hoc carmen est Gualteri Galli de Gestis Alexandri, et non vagum proverbium, ut quidam non omnino indocti meminerint.*" It was not a vague proverb, as some persons not entirely unlearned have supposed, but a verse of the "Alexandreis." And yet shortly afterwards the great master of proverbs, whose learning seemed to know no bounds, could not fix its origin. At a later day, Pasquier, in his "Recherches de la France,"† made substantially the same remark as Marzio. After alluding to the early fame of its author, he says,—"*C'est lui dans les œuvres duquel nous trouvons un vers, souvent par nous allegué sans que plusieurs sachent qui en fut l'auteur.*" In quoting this verse the French author uses *Decidis* instead of *Incidis*. The discovery by Marzio, and the repetition of this discovery by Pasquier, are chronicled at a later day in the *Conversations of Ménage*, who found a French Boswell before the Boswell of Dr. Johnson was born.‡ Jortin, in the elaborate notes to his *Life of Erasmus*, borrows from Ménage, and gives the same history.§

When Galeotto Marzio made his dis-

\* For a glimpse at this interesting character, see Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, Tom. VI. pp. 289–294; Michaud, *Biographie Universelle*, nomen Galeotto Marzio.

† Tom. I. p. 276, Liv. III. cap. 29.

‡ *Ménagiana*, Tom. I. p. 177.

§ Vol. II. 285.

\* *Erasmi Adagia*, ubi supra.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Jortin's *Erasmus*, Vol. II. p. 163, note.

§ *Opera*, Tom. II. p. 645; *Epist.* 574.

covery, this poem was still in manuscript; but there were several editions before the "Adagia" of Erasmus. An eminent authority—the "Histoire Littéraire de la France,"\* that great work, commenced by the Benedictines, and continued by the French Academy—says that it was printed for the first time at Strasburg, in 1513. This is a mistake, which has been repeated by Warton.† Brunet, in his "Manuel de Libraire," mentions an edition, without place or date, with the cipher of Guillaume Le Talleur, who was a printer at Rouen, in 1487. Panzer, in his "Annales Typographici,"‡ describes another edition, with the monogram of Richard Pynson, the London printer, at the close of the fifteenth century. Beloe, in his "Anecdotes of Literature,"§ also speaks of an edition with the imprint of R. Pynson. There appears to have been also an edition under date of 1496. Then came the Strasburg edition of 1513, by J. Adelphus. All these are in black letter. Then came the Ingolstadt edition, in 1541, in Italic, or, as it is called by the French, "cursive characters," with a brief life of the poet, by Sebastian Link. This was followed, in 1558, by an edition at Lyons, also in Italic, announced as now for the first time appearing in France, *nunc primum in Gallia*, which was a mistake. This edition seems to have enjoyed peculiar favor. It has been strangely confounded with imaginary editions which have never existed: thus, the Italian Quadrio assures us that the best was at London, in 1558;|| and the French Millin assures us that the best was at Leyden, in 1558.¶ No such editions appeared; and the only edition of that year was at Lyons. After the lapse of a century, in 1659, there was another edition, by Athanasius Ggger, a monk of the Monastery of St. Gall, in France, pub-

lished at the Monastery itself, according to manuscripts there, and from its own types, *formis ejusdem*. The editor was ignorant of the previous editions, and in his preface announces the poem as a *new work*, although ancient; according to his knowledge, never before printed; impatiently regarded and desired by many; and not less venerable for antiquity than for erudition:—"En tibi, candide lector, opus novum, ut sic antiquum, nusquam quod sciam editum, a multis cupide inspectum et desideratum, non minus antiquitate quam eruditione venerabile."

This edition seems to have been repeated at St. Gall in 1693; and these two, which were the last, appear to have been the best. From that time this poem rested undisturbed until our own day, when an edition was published at Hanover, in Germany, by W. Müldener, after the Paris manuscripts, with the following title:—"Die zehn Gedichte des Walther von Lille, genannt von Châtillon. Nach der pariser Handschrift berichtet, und zum ersten Male vollständig herausgegeben von W. Müldener." Hanover, 1859, 8vo. Such an edition ought to be useful in determining the text, for there must be numerous manuscripts in the Paris libraries. As long ago as 1795 there were no less than nineteen in the National Library, and also a manuscript at Tours, which had drawn forth a curious commentary by M. de Forcemagne.\*

I ought not to forget here that in 1537 a passage from this poem was rendered into English blank verse, and is an early monument of our language. This was by Grimoald Nicholas, a native of Huntingdonshire, whose translation is entitled "The Death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in the First Fight that Alexander had with the Persians."† This is not the only token of the attention it had awakened in England. Alexander Ross, the Scotch divine and author, made preparations for an edition. His dedicatory letter was written,

\* Tom. XV. p. 117.

† *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. clxviii.

‡ Vol. I. p. 510.

§ Vol. V. p. 256.

|| *Della Storia e della Ragione d' ogni Poesia*, Tom. VI. p. 480.

¶ *Magasin Encyclopédique*, Tom. II. p. 52.

\* Millin, *Magasin Encyclopédique*, Tom. III. p. 181; *Journal des Savans*, Avril, 1760.

† Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 228.

bearing date 1644; also two different sets of dedicatory verses, and verses from his friend David Eclin, the scholarly physician to the king,\* who had given him this "great treasure." But the work failed to appear. The identical copy presented by Eclin, with many marginal notes from Quintus Curtius and others, is mentioned as belonging to the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of the present century.† But the homage of the Scotchman still exists in his dedicatory letter:—"Si materiam consideres, elegantissimam utilissimamque historiam gestorum Alexandri magni continet; certe sive stylum, sive subjectum inspicias, dignam invenies quæ omnium teratur manibus, quamque adolescentes nocturna versentque manu, versentque diurna."‡ It will be observed that he does not hesitate to dwell on this poem as "most elegant and most useful," and by its style and subject worthy of the daily and nightly study of youth. In his verses Ross announces that Alexander was not less fortunate in his poet than the Greek chieftain in Homer:—

"Si felix præcone fuit dux Græcus Homero,  
Felix nonne tuo est carmine dux Macedo?"

There was also another edition planned in France, during the latter part of the last century, by M. Daire, the librarian of the Celestines in Paris, founded on the Latin text, according to the various manuscripts, with a French translation; but this never appeared.§

Until the late appearance of an edition in Germany, it was only in editions shortly after the invention of printing that this poem could be found. Of course these are rare. The British Museum, in its immense treasure-house, has the most important, one of which belonged to the invaluable legacy of the late Mr. Grenville. The copy in the library of Lord Spencer is the Lyons edition of 1558. By a singular fortune, this volume was missing some time ago from its place on the

shelves; but it has since been found; and I have now before me a tracing from its title-page. My own copy—and perhaps the only one this side of the Atlantic—is the Ingolstadt edition. It once belonged to John Mitford, and has on the fly-leaves some notes in the autograph of this honored lover of books.

Bibliography dwells with delight upon this poem, although latterly the interest centres in a single line. Brunet does full justice to it. So does his jealous rival, Graesse, except where he blunders. Watt, in his "*Bibliotheca Britannica*," mentions only the Lyons edition of 1558, on which he remarks, that "the typography is very singular." Clarke, in his "*Repertorium Bibliographicum*," bearing date 1819, where he gives an account of the most celebrated British libraries, mentions a copy of the first edition in the library of Mr. Steevens, who showed his knowledge of the poem in his notes to Shakspeare; \* also a copy of the Lyons edition of 1558 in the library of the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. This learned bibliographer has a note calling attention to the fact that "there are variations in the famous disputed line in different editions of this poem": that in the first edition the line begins *Corruis in Scyllam*, but in the Lyons edition, *Incidis in Scyllam*; while, as we have already seen, Pasquier says, *Decidis in Scyllam*. Bohn, in his "*Bibliographer's Manual*," after referring in general terms to the editions, says of the poem, "In it will be found that trite verse so often repeated, *Incidis, &c.*,"—words which he seems to have borrowed from Beloe.† "Trite" seems to be hardly respectful.‡

Very little is known of the author. He is called in Latin Philippus Gualterus

\* From a priced catalogue of Mr. Steevens's sale it appears that his copy, which was the edition of Lyons, brought £2 2s. in 1800. *Cat. No. 514.*

† *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. V. p. 258.

‡ See also Graesse, *Trésor de Livres rares et précieux, ou Nouveau Dictionnaire Bibliographique, nomen Galterus*; Millin, *Mag. Encyc.* Tom. III. p. 181; Senebier, *MSS. Franc. de la Bibliothèque de Genève*, p. 235; *Allg. Lit. Anz.* 1799, pp. 84, 263, 1233, 1858; *Sitzungsber. der Wien. Acad. T. XIII.* p. 374; Giesebrecht, *Allg. Zeits. für Wiss. und Lit.* 1853, p. 344.

\* For a list of his works see Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*, nomen Echlin.

† Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. V. pp. 255–260.

‡ Ibid. p. 256.

§ Millin, *Magasin Encyclop.* Tom. III. p. 181.



or Galterus ; in French it is sometimes Gaultier and sometimes Gautier. The French biographical dictionaries, whether of Michaud or of Didot, attest the number of persons who bore this name, of all degrees and professions. There was the Norman knight *sans Avoir*, who was one of the chiefs of the first Crusade. There also was another Gautier, known as the Sire d'Yvetot, stabbed to death by his sovereign, Clotaire, who afterwards in penitence erected the lordship of Yvetot into that kingdom which Béranger has immortalized. And there have been others of this name in every walk of life. Fabricius, in his "Bibliotheca Latina Mediæ et Infimæ Ætatis,"\* mentions no less than seventy-six Latin authors of this name. A single verse has saved one of these from the oblivion which has overtaken the multitude.

He was born at Lille, but at what precise date is uncertain. Speaking generally, it may be said that he lived and wrote during the last half of the twelfth century, while Philip Augustus was King of France, and Henry II. and Richard Cœur-de-Lion ruled England, one century after Abélard, and one century before Dante. After studying at Paris, he went to establish himself at Châtillon ; but it is not known at which of the three or four towns of this name in France. Here he was charged with the direction of schools, and became known by the name of this town, as appears in the epitaph, somewhat ambitiously Virgilian, which he wrote for himself : —

"Insula me genuit, rapuit Castellio nomen ;  
Perstrepuat modulis Gallia tota meis."

But he is known sometimes by his birthplace, and sometimes by his early residence. The highest French authority calls him Gaultier of Lille or of Châtillon.† He has been sometimes confounded with Gaultier of Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen, who was born in the island of Jersey ;‡ and sometimes with the Bishop of Maguelonne of the same name, who was the author of an Exposition of the Psalter, and whose

see was on an island in the Mediterranean, opposite the coast of France.\*

Not content with his residence at Châtillon, he repaired to Bologna in Italy, where he studied the civil and canon law. On his return to France he became the secretary of two successive Archbishops of Rheims, the latter of whom, by the name of William, — a descendant by his grandmother from William the Conqueror, — occupied this place of power from 1176 to 1201. The secretary enjoyed the favor of the Archbishop, who seems to have been fond of letters. It was during this period that he composed, or at least finished, his poem. Its date is sometimes placed at 1180 ; and there is an allusion in its text which makes it near this time. Thomas à Becket was assassinated before the altar of Canterbury in 1170 ; and this event, so important in the history of the age, is mentioned as recent : "*Nuper — casum dolet Anglia Thomam.*" The poem was dedicated to the Archbishop, who was to live immortal in companionship with his secretary : † —

"Vivemus pariter, vivet cum vate superstes  
Gloria Guillermi nullum moritura per ævum."

The Archbishop was not ungrateful, and he bestowed upon the poet a stall in the cathedral of Amiens, where he died of the plague at the commencement of the thirteenth century.‡

This does not appear to have been his only work. Others are attributed to him. There are dialogues *adversus Judæos*, which Oudin publishes in his collection entitled "Veterum aliquot Galliæ et Belgii Scriptorum Opuscula Sacra nunquam edita." This same Oudin, in another publication, speaks of a collection, entitled "Opuscula Varia," pre-

\* The latter mistake is gravely made by Quadrio, in his great jumble of literary history, Tom. VI. p. 480 ; also by Peerlkamp, *De Poetis Latinis Nederlandorum*, p. 15. See also Édéléstand du Ménil, *Poésies Populaires Latines*, p. 149.

† *Alexandreis*, Lib. X. *ad finem*.

‡ Græsse, in his *Trésor de Livres Rares*, which ought to be accurate, makes a strange mistake in calling Gualterus *Episcopus Insulanus*. He was never more than a canon, and held no post at Lille. Fabricius entitles him simply *Magister Philippus Gualterus de Castellione, Insulanus*. *Bibliotheca Lat. Med. et Inf. Ætatis*, Tom. VI. p. 328. See also Wright's *Latin Poems*, Preface, xviii.

\* Tom. VI. p. 328.

† *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XV. p. 100.

‡ *Ibid.*, Tom. XVI. p. 537.

served among the manuscripts in the Imperial Library of France, as by Gaultier, although the larger part of these Opuscula have been attributed to a very different person, Gaultier Mapes, chaplain to Henry II., King of England, and Archdeacon of Oxford.\* But more recent researches seem to restore them to Philip Gaultier. Among these are satirical songs in Latin on the world, and also on prelates, which, it is said, were sung in England as well as throughout France. Indeed, the second verse of the epitaph already quoted seems to point to these satires:—

“Perstrepuat modulis Gallia tota meis.”

In these pieces, as in the “Alexandreïs,” we encounter the indignant sentiments inspired by the assassinations of Becket. The victim is called “the flower of priests,” and the king, *Neronior est ipso Nerone*.† But these poems, whether by Walter Mapes or by Philip Gaultier, are now forgotten. The “Alexandreïs” has had a different fortune.

The poem became at once famous. It had the success of Victor Hugo or Byron. Its author took rank, not only at the head of his contemporaries, but even among the classics of antiquity. Leyser chronicles no less than one hundred Latin poets in the twelfth century,‡ but we are assured that not one of them is comparable to Gaultier.§ M. Édélestand du Ménil, who has given especial attention to this period, speaks of the “Alexandreïs” as “a great poem,” and remarks that its “Latinity is very elegant for the time.”|| Another authority calls him “the first of the modern Latin poets who appears to have had a spark of true poetic genius.”¶ And still another says, that, “notwithstanding all its defects, we must regard this poem, and the ‘Philippis’ of William of Brittany, which appeared about sixty years later, as two brilliant phe-

nomena in the midst of the thick darkness which covered Europe from the decline of the Roman Empire to the revival of letters in Italy.”\* Pasquier, to whom I have already referred, goes so far, in his chapter on the University of Paris, as to illustrate its founder, Peter Lombard, by saying that he had for a contemporary “one Galterus, an eminent poet, who wrote in Latin verses, under the title of the ‘Alexandreïs,’ a great imitator of Lucan”; and the learned writer then adds, that it is in his work that we find a verse often quoted without knowing the author.† These testimonies show his position among his contemporaries; but there is something more.

An anonymous Latin poet of the next century, who has left a poem on the life and miracles of Saint Oswald, calls Homer, Gaultier, and Lucan the three capital heroic poets. Homer, he says, has celebrated Hercules, Gaultier the son of Philip, and Lucan has sung the praises of Cæsar; but these heroes deserve to be immortalized in verse much less than the holy confessor Oswald.‡ In England, the Abbot of Peterborough transcribed Seneca, Terence, Martial, Claudian, and the “Gesta Alexandri.”§ In Denmark, Arnas Magnæus made a version in Icelandic of the “Alexandreïs Gualteriana,” which has been called “*Incomparabile antiquitatis septentrionalis monumentum*.”|| It appears that the new poem was studied, even to the exclusion of ancient masters and of Virgil himself. Henry of Ghent, who wrote about 1280, says that it “was of such dignity in the schools, that for it the reading of the ancient poets was neglected.”¶ This testimony is curiously confirmed by the condition of the manuscripts which have come down to us, most of which are loaded with glosses and interlinear explanations, doubtless

\* Michaud, *Biographie Universelle*, nomen Gaultier.

† *Recherches de la France*, Cap. 29, Tom. I. p. 276.

‡ Warton, *English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. clxix.; Dissertation II.

§ Ibid.

|| Fabricius, *Bibliotheca*, Tom. IV. c. 2.

¶ Ibid. Tom. VI. p. 328. See also Leyser, *Historia Poematum Medii Ævi*, nomen Galterus.

\* *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XV. p. 201.

† Édélestand du Ménil, *Poésies Populaires Latines*, pp. 144–163; Wright, *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*.

‡ *Historia Poematum Medii Ævi*.

§ *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XVI. p. 183.

|| *Poésies Latines Populaires*, p. 149.

¶ Millin, *Magasin Encyclop.* Tom. II. p. 52.

for public use in the schools.\* It is sometimes supposed that Dante repaired to Paris. It is certain that his excellent master, Brunetto Latini, passed much time there. This must have been at the very period when the new poem was taught in the schools. Perhaps it may be traced in the "Divina Commedia."

Next after the tale of Troy, the career of Alexander was at this period the most popular subject for poetry, romance, or chronicle. The Grecian conqueror filled a vast space in the imagination. He was the centre of marvel and of history. Every modern literature, according to its development, testifies to this predominance. Even dialects testify. In France, the professors of grammar at Toulouse were directed by statutes of the University, dated 1328, to read to their pupils "*De Historiis Alexandri*."† In England, during the reign of Henry I., the sheriff was ordered to procure the Queen's chamber at Nottingham to be painted with the History of Alexander, — "*Depingi facias Historiam Alexandri undiqueque*."‡ Chaucer, in his "House of Fame," places Alexander with Hercules, and then again shows the universality of his renown: —

"Alisaundes storie is so commune,  
That everie wight that hath discrecioun  
Hath herde somewhat or al of his fortune."

We have the excellent authority of the poet Gray for saying that the Alexandrine verse, which "like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," took its name from an early poem in this measure, called "*La Vie d'Alexandre*." There was also the "*Roman d'Alexandre*," contemporary with the "*Alexandreis*," which Gray thinks was borrowed from the latter poem, apparently because the authors say that they took it from the Latin.§ There was also "*The Life and Actions of Alexander the Macedonian*," originally written in Greek,

by Simeon Seth, magister and proto-vestiary or wardrobe-keeper of the palace at Constantinople in 1070, and translated from Greek into Latin, and then into French, Italian, and German.\* Arabia also contributed her stories, and the Grecian conqueror became a hero of romance. Like Charlemagne, he had his twelve peers; and he also had a horn, through which he gave the word of command, which took sixty men to blow it, and was heard sixty miles, — being the same horn which afterwards Orlando sounded at Roncesvalles. That great career which was one of the epochs of mankind, — which carried in its victorious march the Greek language and Greek civilization, — which at the time enlarged the geography of the world, and opened the way to India, — was overlaid by an incongruous mass of fable and anachronism, so that the real story was lost. Times, titles, and places were confounded. Monks and convents, churches and confessors, were mixed with the achievements of the hero; and in an early Spanish History of Alexander, by John Lorenzo, we meet such characters as Don Phœbus, the Emperor Jupiter, and the Count Don Demosthenes; and we are assured that the mother of Alexander fled to a convent of Benedictine nuns.

Philip Gaultier, with all his genius, has his incongruities and anachronisms; but his poem is founded substantially upon the History of Quintus Curtius, which he has done into Latin hexameters, with the addition of long speeches and some few inventions. Aristotle is represented with a hideous exterior, face and body lean, hair neglected, and the air of a pedant exhausted by study. The soldiers of Alexander are called *Quirites*, as if they were Romans. The month of June in Greece is described as if it were in Rome: —

"Mensis erat, cujus juvenum de nomine nomen."

Events connected with the passion of Jesus Christ are treated as having already passed in the time of Alexander.

\* Warton, *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 133.

\* *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XV. p. 118.

† Warton, *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. clxix.; also p. 132.

‡ Madox, *Hist. Exchequer*, pp. 249–259.

§ Gray, *Observations on English Metre*.



The poem is divided into ten books,\* and the ten initial letters of these books, when put together like an acrostic, spell the name of the Archbishop, *Guillemus*, the equivalent for William at that time, who was the patron of the poet. Besides this conceit, there is a dedication both at the beginning and at the end. Quantity, especially in Greek or Asiatic words, is disregarded; and there are affectations in style, of which the very beginning is an instance:—

"*Gesta ducis Macedum totum digesta per orbem  
Musa, refer.*"

In the same vein is the verse, —

"*Inclitus ille Clitus,*" etc.;

and another verse, describing the violence of the soldiers after victory:—

"*Extorquent torques, et inausa perdidit auris.*"

A rapid analysis of the poem will at least exhibit the order of the events it narrates, and its topics, with something of its character.

Alexander appears, in the first book, a youth panting for combat with the Persians, enemies of his country and of his father. There also is his teacher, Aristotle. Philip dies, and the son repairs to Corinth to be crowned. Under the counsels of Demosthenes, the Athenians declare against him. The young King arrives under the walls of Athens. Demosthenes speaks for war; Æschines for peace. The party of peace prevails; and the Macedonian turns to Thebes, which he besieges and captures by assault. The poet Clodæus, approaching the conqueror, chants in lyric verses an appeal for pardon, and reminds him that without clemency a kingdom is unstable:—

"*Instabile est regnum quod non clementia firmat.*"

And the words of this chant are still resounding. But Alexander, angry and inexorable, refuses to relent. He levels the towers which had first risen to the music of Amphion, and delivers the city to the flames: thus adding a new act to that tragic history which made Dante select Thebes as the synonyme

of misfortune.\* Turning from these smoking ruins, he gathers men and ships for his expedition against Persia. Traversing the sea, he lands in Asia; and here the poet describes geographically the different states of this continent,—Assyria, Media, Persia, Arabia, with its Sabæan frankincense and its single Phœnix, ending with Palestine and Jerusalem, where a God was born of a Virgin, at whose death the world shook with fear. Commencing his march through Cilicia and Phrygia, the ambitious youth stops at Troy, and visits the tomb of Achilles, where he makes a long speech.

The second book opens with the impression produced on the mind of Darius, menaced by his Macedonian enemy. He writes an insolent letter, which Alexander answers simply by advancing. At Sardes he cuts the Gordian knot, and then advances rapidly. Darius quits the Euphrates with his vast army, which is described. Alexander bathes in the cold waters of the Cydnus, is seized with illness, and shows his generous trust in the physician that attended him,—drinking the cup handed him, although it was said to be poisoned. Restored to health, he shows himself to his troops, who are transported with joy. Meanwhile the Persians advance. Darius harangues his soldiers. Alexander harangues his. The two armies prepare for battle.

The third book is of battle and victory at Issus, described with minuteness and warmth. Here is the death of Zoroas, the Egyptian astronomer, than whom nobody was more skilled in the stars, the origin of winter's cold or summer's heat, or in the mystery of squaring the circle,—*circulus an possit quadrari*.† The Persians are overcome. Darius seeks shelter in Babylon. His treasures are the prey of the conqueror. Horses are laden with spoils, and the sacks are so full that they cannot be tied. Rich ornaments are torn from the women, who are surrendered to the bru-

\* Vossius, *De Poetis Latinis*, p. 74, is mistaken in saying that it had nine books instead of ten. See also *Ménagiana*, Tom. I. p. 177.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 98.

\* *Inferno*, Canto XXXIII.

† This is the passage translated into blank verse by the early English poet, Grimoald Nicholas.

tality of the soldiers. The royal family alone is spared. Conducted to the presence of Alexander, they are received with the regard due to their sex and misfortune. The siege and destruction of Tyre follow; then the expedition to Egypt and the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Here is a description of the desert, which is said, like the sea, to have its perils, with its Scylla and its Charybdis of sand:—

"Hic altera sicco

Scylla mari latrat; hic pulverulenta Charybdis." \*

Meanwhile Darius assembles new forces. Alexander leaves Egypt and rushes to meet him. There is an eclipse of the moon, which causes a sedition among his soldiers, who dare to accuse their king. The phenomenon is explained by the soothsayers, and the sedition is appeased.

The fourth book opens with a funeral. It is of the queen of the Persian monarch. Alexander laments her with tears. Darius learns at the same time her death and the generosity of his enemy. He addresses prayers to the gods for the latter, and offers propositions of peace. Alexander refuses these, and proceeds to render funeral honors to the queen of the king he was about to meet in battle. Then comes an invention of the poet, which may have suggested afterwards to Dante that most beautiful passage of the "Purgatorio," where great scenes are sculptured on the walls. At the summit of a mountain a tomb is constructed by the skilful Hebrew Apelles, to receive the remains of the Persian queen; and on this tomb are carved, not only kings and names of Greek renown, but histories from the beginning of the world:—

"Nec solum reges et nomina gentis Achææ,  
Sed generis notat historias, ab origine mundi  
Incipiens."

Here in breathing gold is the creation in six days; the fall of man, seduced by

\* There is a contemporary poem in leonine verses on the death of Thomas à Becket, with the same allusion to opposite dangers:—

"Ut post Syrtis mittitur in Charybdim navis,  
Flatibus et fluctibus transit tranquille,  
Tutum portus impulit in latratu Scyllæ."

Du Ménil, *Poésies Populaires Latines*, p. 82.

the serpent; Cain a wanderer; the increase of the human race; vice prevailing over virtue; the deluge; the intoxication of Noah; the story of Esau, of Jacob, of Joseph; the plagues of Egypt,—

"Hic dolet Ægyptus denis percussa flagellis";

the flight of the Israelites,—

"et puro livescit pontus in auro";

the manna in the wilderness; the giving of the law; the gushing of water from the rock; and then the succession of Hebrew history, stretching through a hundred verses, to the reign of Esdras,—

"Totaque picturæ series finitur in Esdra."

After these great obsequies Alexander marches at once against Darius. And here the poet dwells on the scene presented by the Persian army watching by its camp-fires. Helmets rival the stars; the firmament is surprised to see fires like its own reflected from bucklers, and fears lest the earth be changed into sky and the night become day. Instead of the sun, there is the helmet of Darius, which shines like Phœbus himself, and at its top a stone of flame, obscuring the stars and yielding only to the rays of the sun: for, as much as it yields to the latter, so much does it prevail over the former. The youthful chieftain, under the protection of a benignant divinity, passes the night in profound repose. His army is all marshalled for the day, and he still sleeps. He is waked, gives the order for battle, and harangues his men. The victory of Arbela is at hand.

The fifth book is occupied by a description of this battle. Here are episodes in imitation of the ancients, with repetitions or parodies of Virgil. The poet apostrophizes the unhappy, defeated Darius, as he is about to flee, saying,— "Whither do you go, O King, about to perish in useless flight? You do not know, alas! lost one, you do not know from whom you flee. While you flee from one enemy, you run upon other enemies. Desiring to escape Charybdis, you run upon Scylla."

"Quo tendis inerti,  
Rex, periture, fuga? Nescis, heu! perditæ, nescis

Quem fugias; hostesque incurris, dum fugis hostem;  
*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*”\*

The Persian monarch finds safety at last in Media, and Alexander enters Babylon in triumph, surpassing all other triumphs, even those of ancient Rome: and this is merited,—so sings the poet,—for his exploits are above those of the most celebrated warriors, whether sung by Lucan in his magnificent style, or by Claudian in his pompous verses. The poet closes this book by referring to the condition of Christianity in his own age, and exclaiming, that, if God, touched by the groans and the longings of his people, would accord to the French such a king, the true faith would soon shine throughout the universe.

The sixth book exhibits the luxury of Alexander at Babylon, the capture of Susa, the pillage of Persepolis. Here the poet forgets the recorded excesses of his hero with Thais by his side, and the final orgy when the celebrated city was given to the flames at the bidding of a courtesan; but he dwells on an incident of his own invention, which is calculated to excite emotions of honor rather than of condemnation. Alexander meets three thousand Greek prisoners, wretchedly humiliated by the Persians, and delivers them. He leaves to them the choice of returning to Greece, or of fixing themselves in the country there on lands which he promises to distribute. Some propose to return. Others insist, that, in their hideous condition, they cannot return to the eyes of their families and friends, when an orator declares that it is always pleasant to see again one's country, that there is nothing shameful in the condition caused by a barbarous enemy, and that it is unjust to those who love them to think that they will not be glad to see them. A few follow the orator; but the larger part remain behind, and receive from their liberator the land which he had promised, also money, flocks, and all that was necessary for a farmer.

The seventh book exhibits the trea-

\* Some of the expressions of this passage may be compared with other writers. See Burmanni *Anthologia Latina*, Vol. I. pp. 152, 163; Ovidii *Metam.* Lib. I. 514.

son of Bessus substantially as in Quintus Curtius. Darius, with chains of gold on his feet, is carried in a covered carriage to be delivered up. Alexander, who was still in pursuit of his enemy, is horror-struck by the crime. He moves with more rapidity to deliver or to avenge the Persian monarch than he had ever moved to his defeat. He is aroused against the criminals, like Jupiter pursuing the giants with his thunder. Darius is found in his carriage covered with wounds and bathed in his blood. With the little breath that remains, and while yet struggling on the last confines of life, he makes a long speech, which the poet follows with bitter ejaculations of his own against his own age, beginning with venal Simon and his followers, and ending with the assassins of Thomas à Becket:—

“Non adeo ambiret cathedræ venalis honorem  
 Jam vetus ille Simon, non incentiva malorum  
 Pollueret sacras funesta pecunia sedes.”

Thus here again the poet precedes Dante, whose terrible condemnation of Simon has a kindred bitterness:—

“O Simon mago, o miseri seguaci,  
 Che le cose di Dio, che di bontate  
 Denno essere spose, voi rapaci  
 Per oro e per argento adulate.”

These ejaculations are closed by an address to the manes of Darius, and a promise to immortalize him in the verse of the poet. The grief of Alexander for the Persian queen is now renewed for the sovereign. The Hebrew Apelles is charged to erect in his honor a lofty pyramid in white marble, with sculptures in gold. Four columns of silver, with base and capitals of gold, support with admirable art a concave vault where are represented the three continents of the terrestrial globe, with their rivers, forests, mountains, cities, and people. In the characteristic description of each nation, France has soldiers and Italy wine:—

“*Francia militibus, celebri Campania Bacco.*”

From funeral the poet passes to festival, and portrays the banquets and indulgence to which Alexander now invites his army. A sedition ensues. The soldiers ask to return to their



country. Alexander makes an harangue, and awakens in them the love of glory. They swear to affront all dangers, and to follow him to the end of the world.

The eighth book chronicles the march into Hyrcania; the visit of Talestris, queen of the Amazons, and her Amazonian life, with one breast burnt so as to accommodate the bent bow; then the voluntary sacrifice of all the immense booty of the conqueror, as an example for the troops; then the conspiracy against Alexander in his own camp; then the examination and torture of the son of Parmenio, suspected of complicity; and then the doom of Bessus, the murderer of Darius, who is delivered by Alexander to the brother of his victim. Then comes the expedition to Scythia. The Macedonian, on the banks of the Tanaïs, receives an embassy. The ambassador fails to delay him: he crosses the river, and reduces the deserts and the mountains of Scythia to his dominion. And here the poet likens this people, which, after resisting so many powerful nations, now falls under the yoke, to a lofty, star-seeking Alpine fir, *astra petens abies*, which, after resisting for ages all the winds of the east, of the west, and of the south, falls under the blows of Boreas. The name of the conqueror becomes a terror, and other nations in this distant region submit voluntarily, without a blow.

The ninth book commences with a mild allusion to the murder of Clitus, and other incidents, teaching that the friendships of kings are not perennial:—

"Etenim testatur eorum  
Finis amicitias regum non esse perennes."

Here comes the march upon India. Kings successively submit. Porus alone dares to resist. With a numerous army he awaits the Macedonian on the Hydaspes. The two armies stand face to face on opposite banks. Then occurs the episode of two youthful Greeks, Nicanor and Symmachus, born the same day, and intimate, like Nisus and Euryalus. Their perilous expedition fails, under the pressure of num-

bers, and the two friends, cut off and wounded, after prodigies of valor, at last embrace, and die in each other's arms. Then comes the great battle. Porus, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, is brought before Alexander. His noble spirit touches the generous heart of the conqueror, who returns to him his dominions, increases them, and places him in the number of friends,—

"Odium clementia vicit."

The gates of the East are now open. His movement has the terror of thunder breaking in the middle of the night,—

"Quem sequitur fragor et fractæ collisionis nubes."

A single city arrests the triumphant march. Alexander besieges it, and himself mounts the first to the assault. His men are driven back. Then from the top of the ladder, instead of leaping back, he throws himself into the city, and alone confronts the enemy. Surrounded, belabored, wounded, he is about to perish, when his men, learning his peril, redouble their efforts, burst open the gates, inundate the place, and massacre the inhabitants. After a painful operation, Alexander is restored to his army and to his great plans of conquest. The joy of the soldiers, succeeding their sorrow, is likened to that of sailors, who, after seeing the pilot overboard, and ready to be engulfed by the raging floods, as Boreas dances, *Borea bacchante*, at last behold him rescued from the abyss and again at the helm. But the army is disturbed by the preparation for distant maritime expeditions. Alexander avows that the world is too small for him; that, when it is all conquered, he will push on to subjugate another universe; that he will lead them to the Antipodes and to another Nature; and that, if they refuse to accompany him, he will go forth alone and offer himself as chief to other people. The army is on fire with this answer, and vow again never to abandon their king.

The tenth book is the last. Nature, indignant that a mortal should venture to penetrate her hidden places, suspends her unfinished works, and de-

scends to the world below for succor against the conqueror. Before the gates of Erebus, under the walls of the Stygian city, —

"Ante fores Erebi, Stygiæ sub mœnibus urbis," —

are sisters, monsters of the earth, representing every vice, — thirst of gold, drunkenness, gluttony, treachery, deduction, envy, hypocrisy, adulation. In a distant recess is a perpetual furnace, where crimes are punished, but not with equal flames, as some are tormented more lightly and others more severely. Leviathan was in the midst of his furnace, but he drops his serpent form and assumes that divine aspect which he had worn when he wished to share the high Olympus, —

"Cum sidere solus  
Clarior intumuit, tantamque superbia mentem  
Extulit, ut summum partiri vellet Olympum."

To him the stranger appeals against the projects of Alexander, which extend on one side to the unknown sources of the Nile and the Garden of Paradise, and on the other to the Antipodes and ancient Chaos. The infernal monarch convenes his assembly. He calls the victims from their undying torments, —

"quibus mors  
Est non posse mori," —

where ice and snow are punishments, as well as fire. The satraps of Styx are collected, and the ancient serpent addresses sibilations from his hoarse throat: —

"Hic ubi collecti satrapæ Stygis et tenebrarum,  
Consedere duces, et gutture sibila rauco  
Edidit antiquus serpens."

He commands the death of the Macedonian king before his plans can be executed. Treason rises and proposes poison. All Hell applauds; and Treason, in disguise, fares forth to instruct the agent. The whole scene suggests sometimes Dante and sometimes Milton. Each was doubtless familiar with it. Meanwhile Alexander returns to Babylon. The universe is in suspense, not knowing to which side he will direct his arms. Ambassadors from all quarters come to his feet. In the pride of power he seems to be universal lord.

At a feast, surrounded by friends, he drinks the fatal cup. His end approaches, and he shows to the last his grandeur and his courage. The poet closes, as he began, with a salutation to his patron.

Such is the sketch of a curiosity of literature. It is interesting to look upon this little book, which for a time played so considerable a part; to imagine the youthful students who were once nurtured by it; to recognize its relations to an age when darkness was slowly yielding to light; to note its possible suggestions to great poets who followed, especially to Dante; and to behold it lost to human knowledge, and absolutely forgotten, until saved by a single verse, which, from its completeness of form and its proverbial character, must live as long as the Latin language endures. The verse does not occupy much room; but it is a sure fee simple for the poet. And are we not told by an ancient, that it is something, in whatever place or recess you may be, to have made yourself master of a single lizard?

"Est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu,  
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertæ."

A poem of ten books shrinks to a very petty space. There is a balm of a thousand flowers, and here is a single hexameter which is the express essence of many times a thousand verses. It was the jest of the grave-digger, in "Hamlet," that the noble Alexander, returning to dust and loam, had stopped a bung-hole. But the memorable poem celebrating him is reduced as much, although it may be put to higher uses.

#### MORAL.

AT the conclusion of a fable there is a moral, or, as it is sometimes called, the application. There is also a moral now, or, if you please, the application. And, believe me, in these serious days, I should have little heart for any literary diversion, if I did not hope to make it contribute to those just principles which are essential to the well-being, if not the safety of the Republic. To this

end I have now written. This article is only a long whip with a snapper to it.

Two verses saved from the wreck of a once popular poem have become proverbs, and one of these is very famous. They inculcate clemency, and that common sense which is found in not running into one danger to avoid another. Never was their lesson more needed than now, when, in the name of clemency to belligerent traitors, the National Government is preparing to abandon the freedmen, to whom it is bound by the most sacred ties; is preparing to abandon the national creditor also, with whose security the national welfare is indissolubly associated; and is even preparing, without any probation or trial, to invest belligerent traitors, who for four bloody years have murdered our fellow citizens, with those Equal Rights in the Republic which are denied to friends and allies, so that the former shall rule over the latter. Verily, here is a case for common sense.

The lesson of clemency is of perpetual obligation. Thanks to the mediæval poet for teaching it. Harshness is bad. Cruelty is detestable. Even justice may relent at the prompting of mercy. Do not fail, then, to cultivate the grace of clemency. Perhaps no scene in history is more charming than that of Cæsar, who, after vows against an enemy, listened calmly to the appeal for pardon, and, as he listened, let the guilty papers fall from his hand. Early in life he had pleaded in the Senate for the lives of conspirators; and afterwards, when supreme ruler of the Roman world, he practised the clemency he had once defended, unless where enemies were incorrigible, and then he knew how to be stern and positive. It is by example that we are instructed; and we may well learn from the great master of clemency that the general welfare must not be sacrificed to this indulgence. And we may learn also from the Divine Teacher, that, even while forgiving enemies, there are Scribes and Pharisees who must be exposed, and money-changers who must be scourged from the temple. But with

us there are Scribes and Pharisees, and there are also criminals, worse than any money-changers, who are now trying to establish themselves in the very temple of our government.

Cultivate clemency. But consider well what is embraced in this charity. It is not required that you should surrender the Republic into the hands of pardoned criminals. It is not required that you should surrender friends and allies to the tender mercies of these same pardoned criminals. Clearly not. Clemency has its limitations; and when it transcends these, it ceases to be a virtue, and is only a mischievous indulgence. Of course, one of these limitations, never to be disregarded, is the *general security*, which is the first duty of government. No pardon can be allowed to imperil the nation; nor can any pardon be allowed to imperil those who have a right to look to us for protection. There must be no vengeance upon enemies; but there must be no sacrifice of friends. And here is the distinction which cannot be forgotten. *Nothing for vengeance; everything for justice.* Follow this rule, and the Republic will be safe and glorious. Thus wrote Marcus Aurelius to his colleague and successor in empire, Lucius Verus. These words are worthy to be repeated now by the chief of the Republic:—

“Ever since the Fates

Placed me upon the throne, two aims have I  
Kept fixed before my eyes; and they are these,—  
Not to revenge me on my enemies,  
And not to be ungrateful to my friends.”

It is easy for the individual to forgive. It is easy also for the Republic to be generous. But forgiveness of offences must not be a letter of license to crime; it must not be a recognition of an ancient tyranny, and it must not be a stupendous ingratitude. There is a familiar saying, with the salt of ages, which is addressed to us now:—“Be just before you are generous.” Be just to all before you are generous to the few. Be just to the millions *only half rescued* from oppression, before you are generous to their cruel taskmasters. Do not imitate that precious character in the



gallery of old Tallemant de Réaux, of whom it was said, that he built churches without paying his debts.\* Our foremost duties now are to pay our debts, and these are twofold:—first, to the national freedman; and, secondly, to the national creditor.

Apply these obvious principles practically. A child can do it. No duty of clemency can justify injustice. Therefore, in exercising the beautiful power of pardon at this moment in our country, several conditions must be observed.

(1.) As a general rule, belligerent traitors, who have battled against the country, must not be permitted *at once*, without probation or trial, to resume their old places of trust and power. Such a concession would be clearly against every suggestion of common sense, and President Johnson clearly saw it so, when, addressing his fellow-citizens of Tennessee, 10th June, 1864, he said,—"I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee, loyal to the Constitution, loyal to freedom, loyal to justice, these true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely."

(2.) Especially are we bound, by every obligation of justice and by every sentiment of honor, to see to it that belligerent traitors, who have battled against their country, are not allowed to rule the constant loyalists, whether white or black, embracing the recent freedmen, who have been our friends and allies.

(3.) Let belligerent traitors be received slowly and cautiously back into the sovereignty of citizenship. It is better that they should wait than that the general security be imperilled, or our solemn obligations, whether to the national freedman or the national creditor, be impaired.

(4.) Let pardons issue only on satisfactory assurance that the applicant, who has been engaged for four years in murdering our fellow-citizens, shall sustain

the Equal Rights, civil and political, of all men, according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence; that he shall pledge himself to the support of the national debt; and, if he be among the large holders of land, that he shall set apart homesteads for all his freedmen.

Following these simple rules, clemency will be a Christian virtue, and not a perilous folly.

The other proverb has its voice also, saying plainly, Follow common sense, and do not, while escaping one danger, rush upon another. You are now escaping from the whirlpool of war, which has threatened to absorb and engulf the Republic. Do not rush upon the opposite terror, where another shipwreck of a different kind awaits you, while Sirens tempt with their "song of death." Take warning: *Seeking to escape from Charybdis, do not rush upon Scylla.*

Alas! the Scylla on which our Republic is now driving is that old rock of *concession and compromise* which from the beginning of our history has been a constant peril. It appeared in the convention which framed the National Constitution, and ever afterwards, from year to year, showed itself in Congress, until at last the Oligarchy, nursed by our indulgence, rebelled. And now that the war is over, it is proposed to invest this same Rebel Oligarchy with a new lease of immense power, involving the control over loyal citizens, whose fidelity to the Republic has been beyond question. Here, too, are Sirens, in the shape of belligerent traitors, suing softly that the Republic may be lured to the old concession and compromise. *Alas! that, escaping from Charybdis, we should rush upon Scylla!*

The old Oligarchy conducted all its operations in the name of State Rights, and in this name it rebelled. And when the Republic sought to suppress the Rebellion, it was replied, that a State could not be coerced. Now that the Rebellion is overthrown, and a just effort is made to obtain that "security for the future" without which the war will have been in vain, the same cry of State Rights is raised, and we are told again that a

\* "C'était un homme qui battait des églises sans payer ses dettes."

State cannot be coerced,—as if the same mighty power which directed armies upon the Rebellion could be impotent to exact all needful safeguards. It was to overcome these pretensions, and stamp *E Pluribus Unum* upon the Republic, that we battled in war; and now we surrender to these tyrannical pretensions again. Escaping from war, we rush upon the opposite peril,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla*.

Again, we are told gravely, that the national power which decreed emancipation cannot maintain it by assuring universal enfranchisement, because an imperial government must be discountenanced,—as if the whole suggestion of “imperialism” or “centralism” were not out of place, until the national security is established, and our debts, whether to the national freedman or the national creditor, are placed where they cannot be repudiated. A phantom is created, and, to avoid this phantom, we rush towards concession and compromise,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla*.

Again, we are reminded that military power must yield to the civil power and to the rights of self-government. Therefore the Rebel States must be left to themselves, each with full control over all, whether white or black, within its borders, and empowered to keep alive a Black Code abhorrent to civilization and dangerous to liberty. Here, again, we rush from one peril upon another. Every exercise of military power is to be regretted, and yet there are occasions when it cannot be avoided. War itself is the transcendent example of this power. But the transition from war to peace must be assured by all possible safeguards. Civil power and self-government cannot be conceded to belligerent enemies until after the establishment of “security for the future.” Such security is an indispensable safeguard, without which there will be new disaster to the country. Therefore, in escaping from military power, care must be taken that we do not run upon the opposite danger,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla*.

Again, it is said solemnly, that “we

must trust each other”; which, being interpreted, means, that the Republic must proceed at once to trust the belligerent enemies who have for four years murdered our fellow-citizens. Of course, this is only another form of concession. In trusting them, we give them political power, including the license to oppress loyal persons, whether white or black, and especially the freedmen. For four years we have met them in battle; and now we rush to trust them, and to commit into their keeping the happiness and well-being of others. There is peril in trusting such an enemy, more even than in meeting him on the field. God forbid that we rush now upon this peril,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla!*

The true way is easy. Follow common sense. Seeking to avoid one peril, do not rush upon another. Consider how everything of worth or honor is bound up with the national security and the national faith; and that until these are fixed beyond change, agriculture, commerce, and industry of all kinds must suffer. Capital cannot stay where justice is denied. Emigration must avoid a land blasted by the spirit of caste. Cotton itself will refuse to grow until labor is assured its just reward. By natural consequence, that same Barbarism which has drenched the land in blood will continue to prevail, with wrong, outrage, and the insurrections of an oppressed race; the national name will be dishonored, and the national power will be weakened. But the way is plain to avoid these calamities. *Follow common sense; and obtain guaranties commensurate with the danger.* Do this without delay, so that security and reconciliation may not be postponed. Every day's delay is a loss to the national wealth and an injury to the national treasury. But if adequate guaranties cannot be obtained at once, then at least *postpone all present surrender to the Oligarchy*, trusting meanwhile to Providence for protection, and to time for that awakened sense of justice and humanity which must in the end prevail. And finally, *take care not to rush from Charybdis to Scylla.*

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,  
and Politics.*

---

VOL. XVII. — FEBRUARY, 1866. — NO. C.

---

ENGLISH OPINION ON THE AMERICAN WAR. 133-

THE great events which took place in the United States between the first election of President Lincoln and the accession of President Johnson excited an amount of party-spirit in England greater than I recollect in connection with any other non-English occurrences, and fairly proportionate even to that supreme form of party-spirit which the same events produced in the States themselves, — the party-spirit which, in hostile and closing ranks, clenches teeth and sets life at nought, seeing no alternative, no possibility, save this one only, to carry its point or die. "I am a Northerner," and "I am a Southerner," were, during the war, phrases as common on Englishmen's lips as "I am a Liberal" or "a Conservative," "I am a Protectionist" (this, indeed, has about become obsolete) or "a Free-Trader." It would be very far from correct to say that this party-spirit has yet subsided in England; highly important questions, personal and political, remain in ample abundance to keep it lively; but we have at any rate reached a point at which one may try to discuss the past phases of our partisanship, not in the temper of a partisan.

My endeavor in the following pages will be to do this, — very imperfectly, beyond a doubt, but, as far as it goes, candidly and without disguise.

The writer must in the first instance, in order that his remarks may be accurately judged by the reader, essay to define his own position and the sphere within which his observations extend. He is a born and bred Englishman and Londoner, of parentage partly Italian. His professional employment is that of a Government clerk, of fair average standing; he is also occupied a good deal in writing for publication, chiefly upon subjects of fine art. His circle of personal intimacy and acquaintanceship is mainly made up of artists and literary men, including especially several of those who have made themselves most prominent in these classes within the last twenty years; and this acquaintanceship shades naturally off, in a minor and moderate degree, into those circles of good social standing which are rather liberally receptive than productive of literature and art. The writer cannot profess or affect to be "behind the scenes" of political parties, or to have dived into the minds of



the peerage over their wine or of artisans in their workshops. He has conversed freely with many persons of culture and many fair representatives of the average British middle classes, and has read, in a less or more miscellaneous way, a good many opinions and statements, in books and newspapers, on both sides of the question. His own opinions are not strictly to the point, but may as well be stated at once, so that the reader, if he finds or fancies a bias in the views to be expressed in the sequel, may know to what to attribute it.

From the first symptoms of Secession to the surrender of the last Southern army, the writer has felt a vivid interest in the great struggle and its issues, and a thorough sympathy with the cause of the North and alienation from that of the South,—points on which he might, perhaps, be more inclined to dilate, were it not, that, at this late hour of the day, Northern adherency might read like the mere worship of success. So it is now, but so it was not, in many circles of English society at least, during the continuance of the war. Almost up to the very fall of Richmond, to express a decisive adherence to the Northern cause was often to be singular and solitary in a roomful of company; the timorous adherent would be minded to keep silence, and the outspoken one would be prepared for a stare and an embarrassed pause to ensue upon his avowal. At the same time that all his sympathies and hopes were for the North, the writer entertained opinions which forbade him to condemn the South, so far as the mere fact of secession and armed insurrection was concerned. To take a wide view of the question, he apprehends, that, in every fully constituted community, there are two coextensive and countervailing rights: the right of the existent *de facto* government to maintain itself by all legal and honorable means, and, if requisite, by the arbitrament of the sword; and the right of any section of the community to reorganize itself as it may see fit for its own interests, and to establish its independence by force of arms,

should nothing else serve,—the “sacred right of insurrection.” The insurgent party is not to be decried for the mere act of resistance, nor the loyal and governmental party for the mere act of self-conservation and repression of its opponents; each stands the hazard of the die, and commits its cause to a supreme trial of strength. If the American colonies of Great Britain were not to be blamed for the mere act of resisting the constituted authorities, if the English Parliamentarians, the French Revolution, the Polish Insurrection, the Italian Wars of Independence, were justifiable,—and the writer thoroughly believes that they all were so,—he fails to see that the Southern States of the American Union were necessarily in the wrong simply because they revolted from the Federal authority. And in each case he recognizes the coextensive right, so far as that alone is concerned, of the existing government to assert itself, and stem the tide of revolt. It is the old question of the Rights of Man and the Might of Man, concerning which Carlyle has had so much to say. A trial between the Might often throws considerable light upon the question of the Rights; and, until at any rate the true Might has been ascertained by this crucial test, one may without half-heartedness admit that both of the opposing Rights, the conservative and the disruptive, are genuine rights, mutually antagonistic and internecine, but neither disproved by the other.

But this is only the most rudimentary view of the matter. An abstract and indefeasible right of insurrection may exist, maintainable in any and every case; and yet a particular instance of insurrection may be foolish, wicked, and altogether worthy of ruin and extinction. And the writer believes that he is perfectly consistent with himself in thinking both that the abstract right of insurrection existed in the case of the Southern States of the Union and the abstract right of repression in the Federal Government, and also that this particular insurrection deserved con-

demnation and failure, and this particular repression deserved credit and triumph, — a triumph which, when the "Mights of Men" had been sufficiently tested, it very arduously and very conclusively managed to achieve.

As to the question of a *legal and constitutional* right of secession, the writer has not the impudence to express — and scarcely to entertain — an opinion. That is a question for American lawyers and publicists to discuss and determine; the obfuscated British mind being entitled to affirm only this: that there seems to have been something to say on the Southern side of the question, as well as a good deal on the Northern. The writer apprehends that the abstract right of insurrection on the one hand, and of self-conservation on the other, quite overbears, in so vast and momentous a debate, the narrow, technical, legal question: that which it does not overbear is the rightness or wrongness of the immediate motive, conduct, and aim of any particular insurrection and repression, considered individually. The abstract rights remain the same in all cases; the application of those rights differs immeasurably, according to the merits of each several case.

What were the merits of this particular case? The constitutional majority of the whole nation had elected a President whose election was held by both parties to be tantamount to the policy of non-extension of slavery into the Territories of the Republic, and into all States to be thereafter constructed; and before the President elect had entered upon his functions, before a single subsisting legal right (which might or might not be a moral wrong) had been interfered with, while there was yet no ground for affirming that any such right would ever be interfered with, the Southern States declared that their minority was of more weight than the nation's majority, that they would break up the nation rather than abide by its award, and would themselves constitute a new nation, founded on the maintenance of slavery within their own bor-

ders, and its extension and propagation as opportunity might offer. This, and not the mere fact that they were secessionists, insurgents, rebels, or whatever harder term may be forthcoming, is the reason why the writer disliked the revolt of the Southern States, and wished it to come to nought; and the corresponding facts regarding the Northern States, — that they were simply upholding a constitutional act performed by the nation at large, were contending for the majestic present and the magnificent future of a great and free republic, were arrayed against the extension of slavery, and might, by the force of circumstances and the growth of ideas, find themselves called upon even to exterminate the existing slave-system, — these were the facts which commanded his homage to the Northern cause, — not merely that they were the assertors of authority against innovation. The case, as the writer understands it, amounts simply to this: that the South seceded before it had been in any degree damned, and to maintain a system the scotching or killing of which, though not in fact then contemplated by the North to any extent contrary to existing laws, would have been a benefit to mankind and an atonement to human conscience. It may perhaps seem superfluous or impertinent to have given so many words to the statement of opinions so simple and obvious. But the English Liberal adherents of the Northern States were continually twitted with their assumed inconsistency in censuring the insurrection of the South, while they approved of (for instance) the insurrection of Lombardy against the Austrians; and it seemed impossible to get the objectors to understand, or at any rate to acknowledge, that motives, aims, and consequences have some bearing upon revolts, as upon other transactions, and that one may consistently abhor a revolt the motive and aim of which he believes to be bad, while he sympathizes with another the motive and aim of which he believes to be good. Of course, too, there were other objectors who denied, and



will to this day not blush to deny, that the question of Slavery was the real substantial incentive to secession, and who paraded the minor questions of tariffs, the conflicting interests of the productive and the manufacturing States, and the like. These arguments the writer leaves unfingered; it is no business of his to fray their delicate texture. All he has to say of them here is, that, as he does not value them at a pin's fee as representing the main point at issue, they in no way affected the feelings which he entertained concerning the war. Again, there were remonstrants of a still more impracticable frame of mind, who could see the right, absolute or potential, of any despotic or constitutional monarchy, or any conquering power, to suppress secession and revolt, but could not conceive that any similar right pertained to the central government of a federative republic. To hear them, the will of a national majority was of no account in a national issue, provided the majority of any particular State of the federation took the contrary side. The national majority had no rights such as the strong arm of the law, or the armed force, ought to impose upon gainsayers: it was only the national minority which had such rights. The latter might break up the nation; the former must not enforce any veto upon the disruption. Why elect a President as your governmental chief, if you mean that government should be a reality? Why not be respectable, like us Europeans, and have a King at once? Such, briefly interpreted, appears to have been the quintessence of the wisdom of these political sages.

The writer has now done with the exposition of his own views, — of no consequence assuredly to his American readers, save for the clearer understanding of what he has to say concerning the views entertained by his British countrymen at large. He has also done with the few specimens which it fell in his way to cite of objections urged against his colleagues in opinion, and which he was obtuse enough to imagine

to be no objections at all. He proceeds to his main subject, — the varieties of English opinion on the American War.

These varieties may perhaps, with some approach to completeness, be defined under the following seven heads.

1st. The party which believed in the sincerity, the right, and the probable eventual success of the North.

2d. That which believed in the right of the North, but which doubted or disbelieved its sincerity, especially on the question of Slavery, or its eventual success, or both.

3d. That which cared only for the anti-slavery aspect of the contest.

4th. That which believed in the right and the probable eventual success of the South.

5th. That which believed in the right of the South, but which doubted or disbelieved its eventual success.

6th. That which, contrariwise, believed in the eventual success of the South, but doubted or disbelieved its right.

7th. That which covertly or avowedly justified slavery.

To each of these parties a few words of comment must be given.

1st. The party which believed in the sincerity, the right, and the probable eventual success of the North was, I think, extremely small during the greater part of the war, — say, between the first Battle of Bull Run and the capture of Atlanta. By sincerity I mean such points as these: that the Federal Government was honestly desirous of fulfilling its obligations towards the South; that the North, having to maintain the integrity of the country by force of arms, was ready to make all needful sacrifices for that object, and to lavish its blood and treasure; above all, that the professions of dislike to slavery, the offer of military emancipation to negroes, and, finally, the efforts to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery, root and branch, were sincere. Many, of course, believed in the right of the North, and in one or other of these items of sincerity; few, I think, in the right, in the sincerity throughout, and



in the success as well. The delusion, that the North, after using up its Irish and German population and its incoming immigrants, would quail before the necessity of hazarding also a large proportion of its own settled Anglo-Saxon population, was extremely prevalent. Equally prevalent the notion that the North was fighting merely for a constitutional idea, or for national integrity, predominance, or (as Lord Russell phrased it) "for empire," without any real regard for the interests of the negro. And when all these demands upon one's faith had to be supplemented by a belief in the probable success of the North, few persons seemingly ventured to commit themselves to the whole of the proposition. Within my own personal circle of observation, I could name but one, or, at the utmost, two, besides myself, who, in the main, with some variations according to the changing current of events, clung to the cause of the North in its entirety. The first of these two persons is a painter of great distinction, and a man, in other respects, of very thinking and serious mind, well known by name, and partially by his works, to such Americans as take an interest in fine art. The second of the two is one of our very greatest living poets.—As to the question of success, the following may perhaps be a tolerably fair account of the varying impressions of many, who, along with myself, hoped for the triumph of the North, and were disposed, though not with any overwhelming confidence, to believe in it. Up to the first Battle of Bull Run, opinion was suspended or fluctuating; but in the main one's sympathies conspired with one's information as to the comparative resources of the opponents to produce a considerable degree of confidence. That battle and some other Southern successes acted as a severe check; and discouragement prevailed up to the time when the capture of New Orleans, Grant's advance on the line of the Mississippi, and McClellan's "On to Richmond" march righted the balance. Great uncertainty, however, was still felt; and I should say that af-

terwards, between the repulse of McClellan and Pope and the Battle of Gettysburg, most of the adherents of the North were consciously "hoping against hope," and, especially at the time of the defeat at Chancellorsville and the Northern invasion by Lee in 1863, were almost ready to confess the case desperate.\* Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson altered the face of affairs, and revived a confidence which gradually strengthened almost into a conviction, such as not all the vast difficulties which afterwards beset Grant in his advance towards Richmond, nor all the nonsense of the Times and other Southern journals about "Johnston continuing to draw Sherman from his base," or Hood cutting him off from his communications, and compelling him to retreat by that most singular of retreating processes, the triumphal march through Georgia from end to end, could ever avail substantially to becloud. Soon after the victory at Gettysburg, those who were not blinded by their wishes or preconceptions saw ground for thinking that the South had made its greatest efforts, and failed,—the North sustained its worst rebuffs, and surmounted them.

2d. The party which believed in the right of the North, but which doubted or disbelieved its sincerity, especially on the question of Slavery, or its eventual success, or both, was of necessity very large,—including, as it did, in a general way, all the Northern partisans whose strength and fulness of conviction were not great enough to enroll them in my first division. It is ex-

\* I remember meeting at dinner, just about this time, a near relative of the American ambassador, Mr. Adams. I expressed myself as anxious, but barely able, to believe that the Northerners would yet gain the day, and asked whether he candidly supposed they would. His emphatic "Certainly" surprised me at the time, and remained in my mind as an almost sublime instance of a true citizen's inability to "despair of the Republic." It soon turned out to be a deserved rebuke to any who desponded, along with myself, and finally prophetic. No doubt there were thousands of Americans who could, even in those dark days, with equal conviction have pronounced that "Certainly," and whose very certainty was the one thing needed and able to make the thing certain indeed.

tremely difficult to form an opinion, or even a guess, on the question of relative numbers; but I have always fancied, that, could the whole nation have been polled on the subject, the number of Northern well-wishers would have been found sensibly to exceed that of the Southern. Generally, men of very grave, reflective, and unprejudiced minds, students in the philosophy of society and history, men known for their lofty ideal of liberty or of culture, appeared to be on the side of the North; and the calm, unfaltering attitude, free from petulance and invective, of those operative classes in Lancashire, whom the war ruined for a while, has often been pointed to as showing that the more informed and intelligent working-men were also for the North. They endured a great calamity without murmuring, because they thought the cause just which had entailed that calamity upon them. Assuming this to be correct, as I believe it to be, the question remains, What was the opinion (or perhaps one should rather say the sentiment) of the class below this, — the great numerical bulk of the population, who would take sides according as their sympathies, imaginations, prejudices, or traditional conceptions of the right might be roused, irrespectively in the main of reasoning as to any antecedents or consequences? I incline to suppose that the most powerful impulsion to the feelings of this class must have been that strong anti-slavery sentiment which had undoubtedly for many years been bone of the bone of Englishmen, — more powerful even than that sympathy for an overmatched struggle on behalf of independence which would have pleaded for the South. If this is a correct view, it may be inferred that the majority of the poorer classes was for the North; as they, without refining over the question, would regard the contest as one between Slavery and Anti-slavery, the latter represented by the North and the former by the South. Short, however, of some decided majority for the North in these classes, whose views do not transpire

much upon the surface of English opinion, I fear the majority of the whole nation would have been found to be with the South; and could I take my own sphere of society as the criterion, I should be compelled to say that so it was in overwhelming preponderance. A more diffused connection with America, through the emigration movement, and through community of interest and feeling with a democratic nation, may have combined with a truer instinct of right in the popular heart to rectify the balance; and in default of evidence to the contrary, I am fain to suppose it did. — A few words must be added as to one branch of our immediate subject, — the doubt or disbelief of the sincerity of the North on the question of Slavery. Had no prejudice or perversity of argument been imported into the subject, it would, I imagine, have been apparent to most of my countrymen that the dominant party at the North was genuinely antagonistic to slavery; that, as long as the South did not violate the Federal Constitution, the North was trammelled from interfering with slavery as already established by law in certain States; that the duty immediately imposed upon the North and the Government by the act of Secession was one and undivided, — the maintenance of the Constitution and of the Union; but that, in proportion to the obstinacy of Southern resistance, the antagonism to slavery would obtain free play in the North, the slavery question would assume greater and greater prominence as the *nexus* of the whole debate, and those who had at first been bound to make a stand for an extant Union and compromise would be impelled and more than willing to fight on for reunion and abolition. But this view of the matter was consistently distorted. The constitutionalism and nationalism of the North figured in argument as indifference to slavery, the steps taken towards the emancipation of slaves as mere hypocritical stratagems of war, and the climax of disingenuousness was reached when the anti-conscription and anti-negro riots of

New York were fastened upon that very war-party against which they had been levelled. Systematic misrepresentations of this nature, invidious glosses and plausible misconstructions, did undoubtedly conspire with the really complicated conditions of the case and the undisputed fact of certain antipathies of race (predicable as truly of the Northern States as of any other part of the world) to persuade very many Englishmen that the North was not sincerely hostile to slavery, but used the Anti-slavery or the Abolition cry as a mere feint to disguise the lust of domination. Those who liked to be persuaded of this were persuaded with the utmost ease; and even among men who considered the subject without bias, many were confused and shaken.

3d. The party which cared only for the anti-slavery aspect of the contest was large. Their attitude is to a certain extent indicated in what has just been said. One and not an insignificant section of them would have sided frankly with the North, if satisfied that the Northern triumph would be an anti-slavery triumph; but, talked as they were, or talking themselves, into the belief that slavery had little more to fear from the North than from the South, they remained, at least during the earlier part of the war, indifferent or indignant. Others, of course the great majority, watched eagerly every symptom and every step which proved the North to be in earnest in the work of abolition; they thrilled to the sounds which "proclaimed liberty to the captive," — the tones of Northern manifestoes and legislation, the tread of Northern legions, and the volleys fired by negro soldiers. They got to feel a genuine veneration and even enthusiasm for President Lincoln, and formed probably the only section of men or women in this country who could speak of General Butler without bringing "railing accusations." The party was diffused over the length and breadth of the land. It numbered, I suppose, some adherents even in the aristocratic and governing classes, — thousands, no doubt, among the work-

ing and laboring millions; but its central strength was in that backbone of English philanthropic effort, the more plebeian section of the well-to-do middle class, — that section which gravitates towards Dissent in religion, towards Radicalism in politics, towards Bible Societies, Temperance Movements, "Bands of Hope," and Exeter Hall. If this section of the British community had not remained true to anti-slavery ideas, the country would indeed have been turned "the seamy side without." That we were spared, in the severer crises of the war, the last uglinesses of tergiversation, is owing mainly to people of this class, the cheapest subjects for well-bred sneers and intellectual superiority in ordinary times.

4th. The party which believed in the right and the probable eventual success of the South was obviously, during the greater part of the war, a numerous one. In the early stages of Secession, when the chief question before one's thoughts was that of right, I think that comparatively few people sided with the South, though very many were lukewarm or frigid, or actually inimical towards the North. At that time party-spirit still respected the old-fashioned notions, that a self-governing nation must be ruled by its own majority, not minority; that a minority which cried out before it was hurt, and "cut the connection" rather than strive by constitutional means to turn the balance in its own favor, was likely to be a factious and misguided minority; and that a new commonwealth, whose *raison d'être* was Slavery, had little claim to the sympathies of Englishmen or of civilization. Others laid greater stress from the first on the argument, that the States of the Union were all sovereign states, which had respectively entered into a voluntary bond, and could voluntarily withdraw from it without gainsaying; and that this ground of right on the side of the South remained unaffected by any accessory considerations. This view rapidly gained over the willing convictions of Southern sympathizers, when the impulse and determination, the cour-



age and early successes of the South, had once roused strong feelings in its favor. The earlier argumentative view as to majorities and minorities, and the fundamental basis of all governments, sank into desuetude, while the right of a compact community to independent self-government at its own option occupied the field of vision. Vast numbers of people — I should think, during the greater part of the war, four fifths of the whole country — believed in the success of the South; considering it impossible that so determined a community, with so vast a territory, should ever be coerced into reunion, and not being prepared for an equal amount of determination on the part of the Northern Government and people, or for their capacity, even had the will been admitted, to meet the required outlay in money and men. Another question, too, was prominent in men's minds, and indisposed them to contemplating a subjugated South. They would ask, "What is to be done with the South, on the unlikely supposition of its being conquered? Is it to become an American Poland?" All these considerations inclined the great majority of the nation to believe that the South would succeed; and, of those who so believed, a large proportion held the Southerners to be in the right, or sympathized with them to a degree which obscured the strict question of right in favor of preference.

5th. The party which believed in the right of the South, but which doubted or disbelieved its eventual success, appears to me to have been most inconsiderable up to the final stages of the war. I doubt whether I ever met two men, prior, let me say, to Sherman's march through Georgia, who would distinctly limit themselves to this: "I wish the South might succeed, but I don't think it will." When the impending catastrophe of the South was no longer disputable, the Saturday Review, the idol of our Club-men and University-men, of those who are at once highly cultivated and intensely English, and who fancy themselves freer from prejudice and more large-minded than others

in proportion to their incapacity to perceive that their own prejudices *are* prejudices, — a paper which had "gone in for" the South with a vehemence only balanced by its virulence against the North, — found it convenient to turn tail, and retort upon those opponents with whom the laugh remained at last. The Saturday Review bleated pitifully, yet unconfessingly, to this effect: — "True it is that we have been backing up the South all the while; but we meant no more by it than the backer of any prize-fighter or any race-horse means, when he has made his choice, and staked his money, and shouts to the adopted competitor, 'Go in and win!' That backer does not necessarily believe that his side *will* be the winner, but only signalizes that that side is his." The evasion came too late; persons who had inconvenient memories saw through the shuffling of a pseudo-prophet, who only managed to cast a retrospective gleam of insincerity over his fortune-telling, to convert blunder into bad faith, and to stultify his present along with his past position. The leek had to be eaten at last: why, after so many "prave 'ords" of superiority and defiance, confess that the eating of it had been more than half foreseen all along?

6th. The party which believed in the eventual success of the South, but doubted or disbelieved its right, must have been pretty considerable, if my previous estimates are true; for I have already advanced the conjecture that more than half the nation sided with the North, while four fifths believed for a long time in the success of the South. This fact alone, if correctly alleged, furnishes tolerable evidence of the persistency and influence of pro-Southern papers and partisans, and their ingenuity in so misreading the facts,

"Chè il no e il sì nel capo ci tenzona."

The event has proved that the chances of success were really very much on the side of the North. The superiority in material resources, and certain solid and undeniable successes obtained at an early stage of the war, such as the

capture of New Orleans, were known to be on the same side. Slighter grounds would in most cases have sufficed to persuade minds predisposed by sympathy that this side would win; yet the Southern advocates shuffled and played the cards well enough to induce an opposite conclusion in numerous instances. And no doubt many who began by simply believing that the South would succeed went on to think that the North deserved to lose, — partly because, upon such an assumption, the personal superiority must have been very largely with the South, and partly because a combatant who has no fair chance of winning ought to give in, and not persist in shedding blood in vain. If a big man fights a little one, and turns out upon experiment to have next to no chance of beating him, one soon gets angry with the big one for “pegging away,” even though one may at first have perceived him to be in the right. Such seemed to many English observers to be the condition of the case in America. They were mistaken, but excusable; but for the error in their premise, their deduction would have been correct, or at least not irrational.

7th. The party which covertly or avowedly justified slavery was incomparably larger than any Englishman would have dreamed of a week before the secession took place. Till then, I doubt whether any writer of credit, except one, had ventured deliberately to affirm that American slavery is, under limitations, an allowable and advantageous thing. That exception is assuredly a most illustrious one, perhaps the strongest head and stoutest heart in the British dominions, and our living writer of the most exalted and durable fame, — Thomas Carlyle. His “Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question,” published some years ago, ruffled and outraged the anti-slavery mind, which then, and for some while before and since, might fairly be termed the mind of all England. That Discourse staggered some readers, and roused others, — roused them to contemplate the whole question from a more fundamen-

tal and actual, a less traditional and prejudged point of view, than had been in vogue since our own abolition movement gained the ascendancy. It became apparent to various thinkers that the humanitarian view of the question was not its be-all and end-all; that some facts and considerations *per contra* had to be taken into account; and that what one train of thought and feeling denounced as a mere self-condemned wrong might, according to another, be even regarded as a higher right. Still, this “new light” upon slavery was received more or less fully by only a very few minds, as compared with the general mass of British conviction, — a few thorough-going believers in Carlyle, a few hardy and open-minded speculators: hardly more, perhaps, in all, than those who would join Mr. John Stuart Mill in saying that the right form of Parliamentary suffrage is universal suffrage, open to women as well as men. No ordinary English newspaper would have thought of professing at that time, nor any ordinary English reader of tolerating, the theory that slavery is right. (It is no part of my plan or business to discuss this question of slavery: I will simply say, to avoid misapprehension, that, while recognizing the profound good sense of much that Carlyle has said on this and cognate matters, my own instinct of right and habits of opinion rebel against the pro-slavery theory, and never allowed me to doubt which side I was on, when the question came to its supreme practical issue in the civil war.) Such, then, appears to me to have been the state of English opinion on this subject when the secession occurred. On one ground or another, a large proportion of our population and our writers sided with the South. At first I fancy that no journal and no average Englishman affirmed that slavery is justifiable; but, as events progressed, it became more and more difficult to say that the South was right, and yet that slavery was wrong. “No man can serve two masters,” not even such a couple as Jefferson Davis and Wilberforce. The British sympathizers, who had deter-

mined to "hold to the one," were reduced to the logical necessity of "despising the other." It was a surprising spectacle. The dogmas and traditions of half a century snapped like threads, when it became their office to constrain a *penchant*. Ethnologists and politicians were equally ready to find out that the negro was fit for nothing but enforced servitude. Parsons, marchionesses, and maiden aunts received simultaneous enlightenment as to Christian truth, and discovered that slavery was not prohibited, but was even countenanced, in the Bible. The inference was inevitable: what Moses did not condemn in Jews thirty-three centuries ago must be the correct thing for Anglo-Americans to uphold at the present day. Did not St. Paul tell Onesimus to return to his master? etc., etc. Many Secessionist organs of public opinion, no doubt, declined to commit themselves to proslavery views: they started with the assumption that slavery is an evil and a crime, and they continued protesting the same creed. How far this creed was compatible with so rabid an advocacy of the Southern cause, — how far it was possible for genuine abominators of slavery to continue unflinching their Southern palinodes and Northern anathemas, after such acts on the part of the South as the refusal to include colored troops among exchangeable prisoners of war, and the massacre at Fort Pillow, and such acts on the part of the North as the Emancipation Proclamation, and the introduction of the Constitutional Amendment for abolition, — these are questions which appear deserving of an answer; yet one may be quite prepared to find that the spirit of party, which made such an anomaly possible, is blind to the fact of its being anomalous, and has an answer pat. My own belief about the matter is this. When the Secession began, there were two sects among the English partisans of the South: the Carlylese apologists of slavery, — a very small sect; and the political advocates of Secession, who, partly with full conviction, partly as a mere matter of unchallenged use and wont, repudiated sla-

very, — a very large sect. The Southern partisanship of the former sect was perfectly logical; that of the latter sect unable to stand the wear and tear of discussion, as the progress of events made it more and more manifest that slavery or abolition was the real issue. With this latter sect the political or other liking for the South was a much stronger and more active feeling than the humanitarian or other dislike of slavery; the first feeling, indeed, soon developed into a passion, the second into a self-reproachful obstruction. Thus the logical view, that slavery as well as the slaveholding interest was right, exercised a powerful centripetal attraction; and many minds were betrayed into adopting it as a truth, or using it for a purpose, without probing the depth of apostasy to their own more solid convictions, or of moral disingenuousness, which the practice involved. The South had to be justified, and here were at hand the means of justification. Now that the contest is over, I have no doubt that a large residuum of tolerance for slavery, much larger than seemed possible for Englishmen before the Secession, is left behind; but also that this tolerance was in most instances factitious and occasional, and is cleared or clearing away, and will leave the British reprobation of slavery, in a little while, pretty nearly where it used to be of old. The orange has been squeezed: what use can the rind be of? It rests with the re-United States, by a just and successful treatment of the still formidable negro question,\* to persuade unreluctant minds in the Old Country that slavery is, in very deed, the unmitigated wrong and nuisance which they used to reckon it; and those who have sympathized with the North look confidently for this ultimate result.

As a corollary to all that I have been saying in this slight analysis of English opinion during the war, I should add, — what, indeed, American writers have abundantly observed, — that the knowl-

\* As some time may have elapsed, and some change in the state of facts occurred, before this article appears in print, I add that it was completed early in October.



edge of American affairs possessed by the great mass of English partisans was extremely superficial. I will not now speak of our newspapers and pamphleteers ; but, within my own experience, among ordinary persons, who were quite ready to take sides, and stand stubbornly to their colors, I have often found that even such rudimentary points as the distinction between "States" and "Territories," the Northern resistance to the extension of slavery into Territories, the issue taken on that immediate question in the Presidential election of 1860, the relation between the Federal Government and the States' governments, and the limits within which it would be possible for a President and his administration, however anti-slavery in principle, to interfere with slavery, were either not understood in theory, or not practically laid to heart. People would talk as if a Federal President were a Russian autocrat, who, if sincerely opposed to slavery, would have nothing in the world to do except to cancel the "peculiar institution" throughout the States, North and South, by a motion of his will and a stroke of his pen. They would demonstrate the half-heartedness on this matter of the North, as represented by its President Lincoln, and the hypocrisy or truckling of Lincoln himself, by the omission or such a sealing of their professed faith, — not caring to reflect how utterly subversive these notions must be of that favorite catchword of Southern partisans, "State rights." It may be objected, "These people can have been only the extremely ignorant." That, however, is my own conviction : but such childish assumptions were not the less prevalent for being preposterous, nor the less potent in leavening the mass of opinion, when the question was, which party to adopt.

Something — but necessarily very brief and imperfect — may be added concerning the particular organs of public opinion which sided with the North or with the South. I shall confine myself to London publications, not knowing enough of those in the coun-

try to treat that subject even with fairness, much less with command of the materials. I presume, however, that the tone of the London press furnishes a tolerable index to that of the provincial, taking the whole average.

The political color of the English press may be summarized as either Conservative, Liberal, or Liberal-Conservative. The Conservative daily papers are the "Standard" and the "Herald," both rabidly Southern. The principal Liberal ones are the "Times," "Globe," "Telegraph," "Daily News," and "Star." Of these five journals, three were for the South, and only two for the North,—the two which I have named last. Two other Liberal daily papers are but little known to me,—the "Advertiser" and the "Sun": I believe the latter was at any rate not decidedly Southern. Everybody knows that the Times is the Englishman's paper *par excellence*; it would hardly be unfair to call us "a Times-led population," unless, indeed, one prefers the term, "a popularity-led Times." Converse with ten ordinary middle-class Englishmen,—men of business or position, receiving or imparting the current of opinion which is uppermost in their class,—probably nine of them will express views which you will find amplified in the columns of the Times. That journal is neither above their level nor below it; as matters strike them, so do they also strike the Times. Englishmen do not particularly respect the Times; it is like them, (or in especial like the bustling, energetic, money-making, money-spending classes of them,) and they are like it; but an Englishman of this sort will not feel bound to "look up to" the Times any more than to another Englishman of the same class. They reciprocally express each other, and with no obligation or claim to lofty regard on either side. When, therefore, one finds the Times abiding for a long while (which is not invariably its way) by one constant view of a question, one may be sure that it is supported in that view by an active, business-like, prominent, and probably even

predominant body of its countrymen; but it by no means follows that the deeper convictions of the nation, its hearty sentiments of right, for which it would be prepared to do or die, are either represented or roused by the newspaper. The Times, during the American War, was cursed—or cursed its readers—with prophets, seers, and oracles, in its correspondents; and the prophecies turned out to be ridiculously wrong, the seeing to be purblindness, and the oracles to be gibberish. A more miserable exposure could not easily be cited; the most indignant American might afford to pity the Times, when, after four years of leonine roarings and lashings of tail, its roar sank into a whine, and its tail was clapped between its legs. The supremacy of the Times had already been sapped by the abolition of the British paper-duty, and the consequent starting of various penny-newspapers. If this *fiasco* does not very gravely damage it, the reason can only, I suppose, be in the conformity of character and of impetus already pointed out between our average middle class and the Times. The Englishman whom the Times has misled for four years concerning the American struggle has a fellow-feeling for his Times even in the mortification of undeception; for this Englishman had never supposed that the Times, any more than himself, was actuated by profound political morality in the side it espoused,—rather by personal proclivities, clamor, and “rule of thumb.” And so, when the next great question arises, the Englishman may again make the Times his crony and confabulator, just as he would be more likely, through general sympathy of notions and feelings, to take counsel with private acquaintances who had erred with him in predicting success to the South, rather than with those who had dissented from him in desire and expectation. Certainly, however, after all allowances made, the *prestige* of the Times must have received a perceptible shock. The other daily papers which I have named, along with the Times, as Southern par-

tisans, represent divers sections of Liberalism; and there must be more than I am cognizant of to say in detail of their views of various phases and at various periods of the contest. The two Northerners, the Daily News and the Star, (the latter being specially connected with Mr. John Bright,) represent the more advanced, doctrinal, and radical section of Liberalism: no doubt their more thorough sympathy with the cause of the North was not unrelated to their more thorough sympathy with the political constitution and influences of the American Republic; and the same would be true of many private Northern adherents. In general, it may be said without much inexactness that the Northern advocates in the press belonged either to this section of Liberalism or to the “humanitarian” and “Evangelical” categories,—those which distinctly uphold Abolitionism, “Aborigines-Protection,” etc.; while the Southerners were recruited from all other classes,—Conservative, Liberal, and Liberal-Conservative. To this last class one may perhaps assign the last two of the daily papers, the “Post” and the “Pall-Mall Gazette,” the latter of which, however, was firmly on the side of the North; it only started during the final stages of the war,—a time when (be it said without any derogation from the sincerity of the Pall-Mall Gazette) some other papers also would probably, from the aspect of the times, have been better inclined to take the same side, but for finding themselves already up to the armpits in Secessionism. Passing now to the weekly papers, of which we can name only two or three, we find the Conservative “Press,” the Anglican-Clerical “Guardian,” the “Examiner,”—a representative of a somewhat old-fashioned form of Liberalism or “Whiggery,”—and the caustic, Liberal-Conservative “Saturday Review,” (already mentioned,) on the side of the South; the advanced Liberal “Spectator,” on that of the North. It is a significant sign of the widespread Southernism in all grades of town-society, especially the young and

exuberant, the man-about-town class, the club-men, the jolly young bachelors, the tavern-politicians, that *all* the "comic" papers were on that side, — not only the now almost "legitimated" "Punch,"\* a staid grimalkin which has outgrown the petulances of kittenhood, or, as it has been well nicknamed erewhile, "The Jackall of the Times," but equally the more free-and-easy "Fun," the plebeian "Comic News," the fashionable "Owl," and the short-lived "Arrow." Among the magazines, the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood," with various others, not all of them colleagues of these two in strict Conservatism, were for the South; "Macmillan's Magazine," again an organ of the advanced and theoretic Liberalism, consistently for the North, so far as it could be considered to express aggregate, and not merely individual, views.

Of our leading writers, taken personally, Carlyle was of course against the North, and perhaps one may say on the side of the South, as shown by his epigram, "The American Iliad in a Nut-shell," — one of the few instances (if I may trust my own opinion concerning so great a genius) in which even his immense power of humor and pointed illustration has fallen flat and let off a firework which merely fizzed without flashing. Ruskin also would appear, from some occasional expressions in what he has published, to have adopted the same view; as, indeed, he very generally does "Carlylize" when Carlylean subject-matter engages his pen. For the North three of the most distinguished and resolute writers have been Mr. John Stuart Mill and Professors Cairnes and Goldwin Smith, — men on whose position and services in their

own country to the Federal cause it is assuredly not for me to dilate.

Having thus far, to the best of my ability, sketched the varieties of English opinion concerning the great conflict, I must now endeavor to analyze somewhat more in detail the phases and motives of that large and powerful section of it which was hostile to the North. Something has been already said or implied on this matter as we proceeded; but it remains to be distinctly accounted for. If, at the time when England bestowed cheap tears upon the sorrows of Uncle Tom, cheap aristocratic homage upon Mrs. Stowe, and cheap or indeed gratis advice upon "American sisters," any American or Continental paper had prophesied (seeing farther into a millstone than Times prophets during the war) that the issues between Slavery and Abolition would, in a very few years, come to a tremendous crisis and not less tremendous arbitrament, and that the great majority of the most trained and influential British opinion would then be found on the side of the champions of Slavery, and against those of Abolition, the prediction would have been universally treated by Englishmen as an emanation and a proof of the most grovelling malignity, not less despicably silly than shamelessly calumnious. The time of trial came; and what no one would have ventured to suggest as conceivable proved to be the actual and positive truth. There must have been some deep-lying reason for this, — some reason which remained latent below the surface as long as the United States were regarded as one integral community, but which asserted itself as soon as Abolition and Slavery became identified, on the one hand, with national indivisibility, and, on the other, with disruption. It seems impossible to doubt, that, had the maintenance or the dissolution of slavery been the sole question, England would have continued true, without any noteworthy defection, to her traditions and professions reprobating slavery; and that, as she did not decisively so continue, other

\* Probably many of my American readers are aware that Punch, after doing its little best to make Lincoln ridiculous (which perhaps history will pronounce no easy job) throughout his administration, recanted as soon as he had been murdered, and made the *amende honorable* in terms as handsome as the case admitted of. It is one more instance of the mania which some writers have for saying ill-natured and unfair things, which they themselves must know to be not the real opinion which they would profess under circumstances when their *amour propre* becomes enlisted on the same side as candor.



incentives must have intervened, — the cause being in fact tried upon a different issue. Wherefore? It is to that question that I now address myself.

Four motives appear to me to have been puissant in indisposing Englishmen to the Northerners. I speak generally of all such British men and women as sided with the South, and whom I imagine to have been not much less than half the whole number of those who took sides at all, — but more especially of the class in which Southern sympathy was the very prevalent rule, and Northern sympathy the scanty exception. This class comprehended the members of the leading professions, army, navy, church, and bar, the writers upon events of the day in newspapers and elsewhere, and, broadly speaking, the moneyed and leading social circles, — in short, “the upper classes”; and, to trust my own experience, not only these, but the great bulk of, at any rate, the professional middle class as well. For instance, in the Government office to which I belong, comprising some hundreds of *employés*, of whom a tolerable percentage are known to me, I can recollect only one person, besides myself, whom I knew to be decidedly for the North, — and he, by the by, is an Irishman. I have used above the term “the upper classes”; but I believe that the aristocracy, properly so called, was by no means so Southern as the society next below it.

The first of the four motives in question is one in whose potency it gives me no pleasure to believe, but it was, I think, by far the most powerful of all. The English,\* as a nation, dislike the Americans as a nation. This is a broad

statement, which I make, because, as far as my powers and opportunities of observation extend, I believe it to be true; but I am quite prepared to find it contested, or summarily denied, by many of my countrymen, — the more, the better. The dislike, be it greater or less in fact, appears to me to rest upon two main foundations.

In the first place, the Englishman is a born Conservative, or, to use the old phrase, a Tory. Toryism is of two kinds, — political and social. The majority of the nation is certainly not, at the present day, Tory in political preferences, though there is still a large leaven of that feeling also. But very many persons who are political Liberals are social Tories: they venerate the aristocracy; they batten daily upon the “Court Circular”; they cling to class distinctions in theory, and still more in practice; they strain towards “good society” and social conformity; their ideal is “respectability.” Indeed, it appears to me that comparatively very few English people are free from some tincture of Toryism in either political or social sentiment, or both: one knows many Radicals, some Democrats, and even a few theoretic Republicans; but it by no means follows that all or most of these are not Tories in grain, in some part of their mental or personal anatomy. A total revulsion in public and popular feeling would have to take place, before, for instance, such an institution as our House of Lords could be in any practical danger: no such revulsion appears to be within the purview of any one now living, even as a matter of opinion, much less of practical performance. I believe, that, if universal suffrage were to become the law of the land to-morrow, not much difference would ensue in the *personnel* or the tone of the House of Commons. It could hardly help ensuing, in the long run, by the inevitable reaction of institutions upon the people who exercise or undergo them, and, with a changed House of Commons, much else would, no doubt, be changed; but there seems strong reason to doubt whether a democratic constituency

\* Of course I very often employ the term “English,” as meaning “the natives of all or any parts of the United Kingdom,” without making nice distinctions between English, Scotch, and Irish. Such is the case here. As a matter of fact, however, I presume that America and the Federal Government have found and find somewhat more sympathy in Scotland and Ireland than in England: the Scotch, spite of their “clannish” tendencies, having a certain democratic bias as well (chiefly, perhaps, evidenced and fostered by their religious organization); and the Irish, disaffected as they are towards England, having so numerous and so close ties, through the emigration movement, with the United States.

would, in the earlier stages, produce a decisively democratic body of representatives. As regards English opinion upon the American dispute, nothing was commoner than the remark, that the Southerners were "the better gentlemen," or "represented the aristocratic element," and therefore commanded the speaker's good wishes in their struggle; and this not necessarily from members of the landed gentry, or from political anti-liberals, but equally from Liverpool merchants, or others of the middle class. The remark may have been true or incorrect,—with that I have nothing to do; but it was very generally accepted in England as accurate, and represented a large body of consequent sympathy. In like manner, people were slow to believe in the possibility of Lincoln's competence for his post; because he rose from the populace to his great elevation, they inferred that he was a boor and a bungler, not (as might have seemed equally fair and rather more logical) that he was a capable man; and, with a foregone conclusion, they were quite ready to construe as blundering and grotesque that line of policy and conduct on his part, which, after a war of no immoderate length, resulted in the surmounting of obstacles which they had dubbed insurmountable.

This innate British temper — aristocratic, conservative, or Tory, whichever one may term it — is the first of the two foundations whereon English dislike of Americans appears to me to rest. The second is a natural, though assuredly not a laudable feeling, — the residual soreness left by our defeat in the old American War of Independence. Far be it from me to say that the English nation at large, or Englishmen individually, brood gloomily over that defeat, or, with active and conscious malignity, long for the desolation of their brothers in blood, language, and a common history. To say that would be as strained and exaggerated, and as contrary to British practicality and freedom from vengefulness, as to deny that some degree of soreness and distance remains would seem to me uncandid.

Englishmen are quite ready to believe, and to light upon the casual evidences, that Frenchmen remember Waterloo, and would have no objection to wipe out the reminiscence upon occasion; and Frenchmen and Americans may probably perceive that like causes lead to like results in the Englishmen's own case, although the latter are less quick-sighted regarding that. There is, I apprehend, quite enough soreness on the subject to lead us to watch the career of the United States with jealousy, to take offence easily where the relative interests of both countries are concerned, to put the less favorable of two possible constructions upon American doings, and to feel as if, in any reverse which may happen to the States, a certain long-standing score of our own, which we did not clear off quite satisfactorily to ourselves, were in a roundabout course of settlement.

It may perhaps be rejoined, "Even admitting what you have said as to British conservatism and soreness, and consequent dislike of Americans, this furnishes no reason why the more influential classes in England should have sided with Southern rather than Northern Americans." But I cannot acknowledge the force of the rejoinder. The United States are, like any other nation, represented by their Government, with which the Northern and Union section was in harmony, the Southern and Disunion section in conflict; indeed, the very fact of secession divided the South from the obnoxious entity, the United States, and so far ranged the South under the same banner with all other antagonists of the States and their Government. The anti-American might with perfect consistency plead for his Southernism, "Not that I disliked Carolina less, but that I disliked Massachusetts more." Besides, there was a very prevalent impression that the Southern Confederacy would be an essentially aristocratic commonwealth, as contrasted with the democratic Northern Union, — an impression which the peculiar conditions of society in the South would hardly



have failed to justify to the full, had a cessation of the war allowed the Confederacy to develop internally, according to its own bias. Rumors were even rife of a possible monarchy; and leading Southerners were credited with the statement, that the best upshot of all, would popular prejudice in the South but allow of it, would be to import a king from the English royal family. Such rumors may have been fallacious, but they were not unacceptable to the British Tory. On the other hand, the disruption of the United States by the secession of the South was continually spoken of as "the breakdown of Democracy," or "the bubble of Democracy has burst." The experiment of a great federative republic — or, one might say, of a great republic, whether federative or otherwise — was held to have been tried, and to have broken down. The fact that there would be two republics, jointly coextensive with the original one, went for little, inasmuch as neither of the two could be as powerful as that one, and they would be divided by conflicting policy and interests, even if not engaged in active hostilities. All these considerations were not only powerful determinants to Southernism, but in themselves balm to the conservative heart, and hardly less so to that overwhelming section of educated liberal opinion in this country, which, genuinely liberal though its politics may be according to the English standard, abhors all approach towards what is termed "Americanizing our institutions," and is fully as eager as the strictly conservative class to lay hold of any facts which may make monarchy appear a stable, and republicanism an unstable system. It was but a very short time before the fall of Richmond that I heard an Englishman, so far from anticipating the catastrophe of the South, repeat the threadbare augury of the Times and other journals, that the remaining Federal States would yet split up into a Western and an Eastern aggregation. The Cerberus of Democracy was to start his three heads off on three different roads, by that process

common in many of the lower animal organisms, known to zoölogists as "fission"; and monarchists were fain to augur that very little of either bite or bark would be thereafter native to his jaws.

Such are the grounds on which I think that British conservatism and soreness produce a widely diffused feeling of national dislike to Americans, and that this dislike, beyond all other motives, indisposed multitudes to the Northern cause. Three other motives conducing to the same result remain to be analyzed.

Many Englishmen believe — as will have been abundantly apparent to Americans during the vicissitudes of the last few years — that the greatness of the United States involves a serious danger to England, whether in the projects upon Canada which are attributed to the States, or in other directions, such as that of naval power. It is no business of mine to discuss the validity of this belief, but simply to record it as one important motive why the success of the Federal Government was not desired. It is a substantial and a reasoned motive; and very few persons, whether in England or out of it, are so cosmopolite or calm-minded as to assume that the growth and aggrandizement of a foreign power, in its proportional relation to one's own nation, are matter for brotherly satisfaction and congratulation without *arrière pensée*, provided always that growth proceeds from internal conditions honorable to the foreigner, and not in themselves derogatory or offensive to the home-power. Few will heartily say, "Let our neighbors and competitors develop to their uttermost, and welcome; be it our sole care that we also develop to *our* uttermost. They shall run us as close as they like, and shall find that we do not mean to be run down." To say this might be an act of national Christianity; but it is not one which has ever been in very active exercise or popular repute. It may be observed, too, that, besides all other causes of national vigilance or jealousy, the Trent affair, at an early date in the war, brought the whole



practical question very forcibly home to us ; and though Englishmen almost unanimously, within the limits of my reading and hearing, protested that a rupture with the United States would be formidable and disabling only to that belligerent, (a point on which I ventured to fancy that British self-confidence might not have fathomed all the possibilities of Providence,) the crisis did not the less tend to rouse all our defensive and some of our aggressive instincts, and to weight the scales of public feeling against the North. The question of perils from American power then passed out of the region of mere theory, and became practical and imminent. The danger itself dispersed, indeed, as suddenly as it had come, but the impression remained.

Another motive for siding against the North was the abstract hatred of war, which has grown to be a very widespread and genuine feeling in England, — and, in my humble opinion, a most befitting and praiseworthy one, — active whenever we are in the position of outsiders, and overborne only when our own passions and real or supposed interests are involved. The great majority of the nation plunged headlong into the Russian War, and the grip of the British bull-dog's teeth upon his opponent was not easily loosed, even when good cause for loosing it appeared. We had no more notion of retiring from India in 1857, when the Indian mutineers used some cogeny of material argument to make us do so, than we should have of retiring from Ireland, if a new Irish rebellion occurred ; but when the question was merely that of breaking up a vast republic beyond the Atlantic in the interests of negro slavery, the horrors and wickedness of war were obvious and impressive to us. That historical phrase of General Scott's, "Wayward sisters, go in peace !" was very generally, and I think rightly, regarded as expressing one of the points of view which might with honor, caution, and consistency have been acted upon, when the tremendous decision between peace and war had to be made.

The opposite point of view was also tenable : it was adopted with overwhelming impulse by the Federal Government and the loyal States ; and, having been carried out to a triumphant conclusion, may be admitted to have been the wisest and most patriotic, even by persons who (and I will not deny having been one of them from time to time during the war) were induced to doubt whether any cause, however equitable, and any object, however righteous and great, sufficed to justify the frightful devastation and carnage which their prosecution involved. If such doubts beset the adherents of the North, of course the view of the matter entertained by opponents of war in the abstract, who were also on the side of the South, was incomparably stronger in reprobation of this particular war. True, it might be urged, that the South, and not the North, both furnished the *casus belli*, and began the actual hostilities by the assault upon Fort Sumter ; but it was not the cue of Southern partisans to admit that this internal action of certain sovereign States of the Union was of a nature to justify a coercive war on the part of the North, while the fact that it rested with the North to decline or accept the challenge was patent to the friends of both belligerents. Thus, when the enormous magnitude and horrors of the war startled English onlookers, the odium, in the opinion of many, attached to the North : a view which, though it might not stand the test of strict investigation, or of a severe discussion of principles and provocations, was superficially maintainable, and not to be anyhow argued out of all plausibility. "The South is defensive, and the North aggressive," one disputant might say. "Yes," would be the reply, "at this stage of the contest ; but ascend a step higher, and it is the South which made an aggression on the Union, and the North is defending that." "Still, the North might have abstained from defending it, and might have said, 'Wayward sisters, go in peace !'" "It might ; but it saw good reason for saying the reverse." "Still, it might."

This seems a fair enough statement of the case between North and South, so far as the mere question of fact as to responsibility for the war is concerned. Beyond this, one must go to the larger questions, whether any causes justify war, and whether this individual cause was one of them,—questions, as I have said, to which the English mind tends to return a negative answer, save when England herself is affected. The very men who could least see a pretext for a war by the Federal people against the seceded States were those who would most eagerly have rushed into a war to sustain the British claim in the Trent affair.

Lastly, there was a generous and an especially English motive for anti-Northern partisanship,—the feeling of sympathy with the weaker side, which was unmistakably the Southern; a generous motive, but not to be trusted too far in deciding between any two litigants. Besides the mere inferiority of strength, the splendid valor and enterprising spirit of the South stirred the British heart and blood, and commanded numberless good wishes; while, for some time after the first battle of Bull Run, a prejudice, not readily amenable to reasoning, clung around the Northern arms, and impeded many from doing full relative justice to the military temper and prowess of the Unionists. There was, moreover, a very wide-spread impression that the North was carrying on the war chiefly by means of mercenaries,—Germans, Irishmen, and “the offscourings of Europe,” as the uncomplimentary phrase ran,—who enlisted for the sake of the bounty, and were equally prompt at exhibiting their indifferentism to the grave issues at stake and their blackguardism in dealing with the hostile populations. The Southerners, on the contrary, figured as a chivalrous territorial body driven to fight “for their hearths and homes,” (I have even seen “their altars” in print,) waging a noble defensive war against preconcerted spoliation and despotism. To this moment, many people have phrases of the above sort upon their lips.

Then there were certain personal feelings which told powerfully in the same direction,—personal partly to the English as a nation, and partly to the more prominent actors in the war. The contrast between the American colonies of Great Britain throwing off their allegiance to the Old Country because they saw fit to do so for their own interests, and the government of the Federation of these same ex-colonies insisting that some of them, which in their turn see fit to break loose from the Federal pact, shall not do so, under the alternative of war and the pains of treason,—this contrast is assuredly a glaring one; many people considered that it amounted to a positive anomaly,—not a few to a barefaced act of tyrannic apostasy. The personal feeling of the English people, their national *amour propre*, conspired to lead towards this harshest construction of the facts: it was so tempting to convict our old adversaries out of their own mouths, and make them, by the logic of events, read out either their recantation of the Colonial Revolution, or their self-condemnation for the Anti-Secession War. I have already explained to what extent these views appear to me to be tenable, and where their weak point lies: that both the insurrection of the colonies against England, and that of the South against the Federation,—both the repressive measures of England against the colonies, and of the Federation against the South,—were in themselves founded on an indefeasible right, and abstractly defensible; and that the “casting vote,” (so to speak,) in both cases, depends, not upon any wordy denial of the right, but upon a thorough estimate of all the attendant conditions, and prominently of the “mights of man.”

So far for one phase of the personal question. The other phase pertained to the character and the deeds of some leading actors in the war-drama. To most English apprehensions, *the hero* of the war, from an early stage of it up to his tragic death, was Stonewall Jackson, whose place was afterwards taken, in popular esteem, though not in coequal

enthusiasm, by General Lee, both of them Southerners; while the *bête noire* of the story was General Butler, the Northerner. It would be futile to expound the reasons of this, patent as they are to everybody; or to inquire what deductions from the renown of Jackson and Lee, or what allowances for the position of Butler, a judicial review of the whole case would proclaim to be equitable. I will only remark here, that, as far as my observation extended, no one complained of Jackson, when it transpired that he had been resolutely in favor of refusing all quarter to Northern soldiers: a severity, not to say barbarism, which, be it right or wrong in itself, would undoubtedly have appeared to many atrocious enough, had it been the doctrine of any Northern general, and beside which the sternest measures of Butler look lax and conciliatory. In like manner, the terrible treatment of Northern prisoners, and the most savage act of war in the whole contest, the massacre at Fort Pillow,\* seemed hardly to graze that delicate susceptibility of Southern partisans which was lashed into a white rage by a few words of printed proclamation from Butler's hand; the facts were either ignored, or dismissed as of secondary importance in the general conduct of the war. Of two other prime actors in the contest, President Davis and President Lincoln, the popular judgment seemed equally arbitrary. Of course each had his admirers among professed Southern or Northern adherents: it is not in that aspect that I speak of them for the moment, but rather as figures in the popular imagination. As such, Davis was credited with all the qualities of a powerful statesman; while Lincoln showed as a not ill-meaning, but grotesquely inadequate and misplaced oddity, a sort of mere accident of mob-favor, and

made abundant mirth for the mirthful: how justly the event has perhaps demonstrated. Among the Northern generals, I think that the only one who became to some extent generally popular, though bitterly denounced in adverse quarters, was Sherman,—not only for the splendor and originality of his practical achievements, but for a certain incisive and peremptory realism in his administrative proceedings, which almost marked him with a touch of grim humor.

I have thus sought to account for the anti-Northern bias in a large number of my countrymen, by their dislike of the American nation and polity, arising partly from the conservative instinct, and partly from the remains of soreness left by past defeat,—by the jealousy of American power, as a practical danger,—by the hatred of war,—and by the sympathy for the gallant weaker combatant. I am compelled reluctantly to add, that the particular operation of these various influences reflects no credit upon British consistency or farsightedness. The conservative temper which stiffens Englishmen towards America was the very same which, in the interests of the moment, led them to justify violent revolutionary measures, and armed resistance to the constitutional and national majority. The greater the conservative, the greater the advocate of insurrection. In like manner, the English detestation of slavery was overwhelmed by sympathy for an "oppressed" community, whose oppression (apart from the much-paraded tariff and other such questions) consisted in a definite intimation that they would not henceforward be allowed to enlarge the area of slavery, and in a suspicion present to their own minds that even the existing area of that cherished institution would be narrowed and narrowed, and finally reduced to nought,—expunged "as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." The friends among us of constitutional liberty and of legality, the enemies of anarchy, the unseduced execrators of slavery, the upholders of the tie of brotherhood across the Atlantic, may well look back with

\* For American readers any confirmatory testimony as to this massacre is no doubt superfluous. But, in case these pages should obtain any English readers, I may perhaps be allowed to say that the fact of the massacre of the vanquished colored garrison has been attested to me, *viva voce*, by a Confederate, and still Secessionist, army surgeon, who witnessed it with his own eyes.



shame to the time — and it was no matter of days or weeks, but a period of about four years together — when the loudest and most accepted voices in England exulted over the now ludicrously delusive proposition that the United States were a burst bubble, and slavery the irremovable corner-stone of an empire. It may be a lesson to nations against the indulgence in rancor, the abnegation of the national conscience, and the dear delight of prophesying one's own likings. "Now, therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil against thee."

The collapse of the South came at last; and nearly at the same moment came the murder of a man whose modesty, integrity, firmness, single-minded persistency, unresentfulness, and substantial truth of judgment have been invested by his fate with an almost sacred depth of interest and significance, — President Lincoln. Amid the many momentous bearings of these events, it is for me to note only one of comparative unimportance, — the effect which they produced upon English public opinion. There was, I think, a certain good-fortune for Southern sympathizers, in the fact that the announcement of Lincoln's death almost synchronized with that of the surrender of the Confederate armies. After so many confident anticipations and loud predictions of a Southern triumph, so many denunciations of the policy, acts, and leaders of the North, these sympathizers found themselves in a sort of cul-de-sac when Richmond had been taken. Lee had yielded, Johnston was yielding, and the very same "butcher" Grant, "ruthless" Sherman, and "Yahoo" Lincoln, whose savageries and imbecilities had been the theme of annual moral-pointing, were reading the world a lesson of moderation and self-forgetfulness in victory, such as almost seemed to shrink from the plenitude of a triumph which was a humiliation to some of their countrymen. The sympathizers found that they were and had long been of the party in evil odor with that modern "Providence which

sides with the stronger battalions," not to speak of the older "God of Battles." They were pulled up sharp in the direction they had been going in, and the alternative of turning right round and retracing their steps was a very awkward and unwelcome one. The assassination of Lincoln came to their relief. They could join, without insincerity, in the burst of public feeling which that terrible deed excited; could merge their protests against Lincoln in the established unwillingness to say evil of the dead; could give momentary pause to national and political considerations, beside the grave of one preëminent citizen; and could start afresh afterwards, with a new situation, and a new chief figure in it to contemplate. President Johnson had taken the place of President Lincoln, and had, at the hands of many of Lincoln's vituperators, succeeded to an inheritance of the abuse lavished upon him. Neither caution nor moderation had been learned by some, suitable as were the circumstances of Lincoln's death for teaching the lesson. Of late, however, I have observed symptoms of a decided change in this respect: the policy of President Johnson being recognized as broad, generous, resolute, and auspicious of the best results. I think this feeling, and a general sentiment of respect and goodwill for the United States, promise to grow rapidly and powerfully among my countrymen, — who, true once again to their conservative instincts, will look with a certain regard upon a nation which can show those elements of solidity and "respectability," a tremendous past war, and a heavy national debt, with augmented authority in the central government. John Bull's ill-humor against the "Yankees" has been in vigorous exercise these four years, and has assumed fair latitude for growling itself out: it has been palpably wrong in some of its inferences; for the bubble of Democracy has *not* burst, nor the Republic been split up into two or three federations, nor the abolition of slavery been a mere pretext and hypocrisy. Englishmen, with their practical turn,

and candid frankness towards those to whom they have done less than right, may be expected in the future to look upon the States with a degree of confidence and cordiality long deplorably absent. The events of the war have, in the long run, compelled even the hostile party to respect the Unionists and their government : the plague of slavery is fast going, and, with its disappearance, will relieve Englishmen from either (as they used to do) reprobating the Americans as abettors of and trucklers to the barbaric institution, or else (as they have been doing of late) from inventing half-sincere excuses for that same institution, to subserve partisan feelings. As matters stand at present in the United States, there appears to be only one contingency which would again rouse into a fierce flame the glowing embers of pro-Southern sentiment among Englishmen, and restore Southerners to the position of angels of light, and Northerners to that of angels of darkness, in British imaginations. This contingency is harshness in the treatment and trial of ex-President Davis, and more especially his execution as a traitor. Southern sympathizers declare

that such a proceeding would be an abominable crime : the steadiest, most thorough, and most confiding adherents of the North believe, that, whatever else it might be, it would, at any rate, be most deplorable, — an ugly blight-spot upon laurels won arduously and gloriously, and as yet nobly worn.

I have now, in however cursory or limping a mode, gone over the ground I proposed to cover. The main conclusion of all may be summarized in the briefest terms thus. A slight majority of the whole British nation probably sided with the North, and that chiefly on anti-slavery grounds : a great majority of the more influential classes, certainly, sided with the South, and that chiefly on general grounds of antagonism to the United States. For anything I have said which may possibly sound egotistic or intrusive, — still more for anything erroneous or unfair in my statements or point of view, — I must commit myself to the candid construction of my reader, be he American or English, be he on the same side of the question as myself, or on the opposite one.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

---

## TWO PICTURES.

**I**N sky and wave the white clouds swam,  
And the blue hills of Nottingham  
Through gaps of leafy green  
Across the lake were seen, —

When, in the shadow of the ash  
That dreams its dream in Attitash,  
In the warm summer weather,  
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and wood, —  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat, —

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,  
In sweetness, not in music, dying, —  
    Hardhack and virgin's-bower,  
    And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash  
And breezy wash of Attitash,  
    The wood-bird's plaintive cry,  
    The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,  
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,  
    Whose uncouth frolic spilled  
    Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes  
Was evermore a great surprise,  
    Tossed back her queenly head,  
    And, lightly laughing, said, —

“No bridegroom's hand be mine to hold  
That is not lined with yellow gold ;  
    I tread no cottage-floor ;  
    I own no lover poor.

“My love must come on silken wings,  
With bridal lights of diamond rings, —  
    Not foul with kitchen smirch,  
    With tallow-dip for torch.”

The other, on whose modest head  
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,  
    With look for home-hearths meet,  
    And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered, — “We will not rivals be ;  
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;  
    Mine be the cottage small,  
    And thine the rich man's hall.

“I know, indeed, that wealth is good ;  
But lowly roof and simple food,  
    With love that hath no doubt,  
    Are more than gold without.”

Behind the wild grape's tangled screen,  
Beholding them, himself unseen,  
    A young man, straying near,  
    The maidens chanced to hear.

He saw the pride of beauty born,  
He heard the red lips' words of scorn ;  
    And, like a silver bell,  
    That sweet voice answering well.



him she had disinherited, and then she turned her face to marble. In vain did curious looks explore her to detect the delight such a stroke of fortune would have given to themselves. Faulty, but great of soul, and on her guard against the piercing eyes of her own sex, she sat sedate, and received her change of fortune with every appearance of cool composure and exalted indifference; and as for her dreamy eyes, they seemed thinking of heaven, or something almost as many miles away from money and land.

But the lawyer had not stopped a moment to see how people took it; he had gone steadily on through the usual formal clauses; and now he brought his monotonous voice to an end, and added, in the same breath, but in a natural and cheerful tone, —

"Madam, I wish you joy."

This operated like a signal. The

company exploded in a body; and then they all came about the heiress, and congratulated her in turn. She curtsied politely, though somewhat coldly, but said not a word in reply, till the disappointed one spoke to her.

He hung back at first. To understand his feelings, it must be remembered, that, in his view of things, Kate gained nothing by this bequest, compared with what he lost. As his wife, she would have been mistress of Bolton Hall, etc. But now she was placed too far above him. Sick at heart, he stood aloof while they all paid their court to her. But by-and-by he felt it would look base and hostile, if he alone said nothing; so he came forward, struggling visibly for composure and manly fortitude.

The situation was piquant; and the ladies' tongues stopped in a moment, and they were all eyes and ears.

### THREE MONTHS AMONG THE RECONSTRUCTIONISTS. C

I SPENT the months of September, October, and November, 1865, in the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. I travelled over more than half the stage and railway routes therein, visited a considerable number of towns and cities in each State, attended the so-called reconstruction conventions at Raleigh, Columbia, and Milledgeville, and had much conversation with many individuals of nearly all classes.

#### I.

I WAS generally treated with civility, and occasionally with courteous cordiality. I judge, from the stories told me by various persons, that my reception was, on the whole, something better than that accorded to the majority of Northern men travelling in that section. Yet at one town in South Carolina, when I

sought accommodations for two or three days at a boarding-house, I was asked by the woman in charge, "Are you a Yankee or a Southerner?" and when I answered, "Oh, a Yankee, of course," she responded, "No Yankee stops in this house!" and turned her back upon me and walked off. In another town in the same State I learned that I was the first Yankee who had been allowed to stop at the hotel since the close of the war. In one of the principal towns of Western North Carolina, the landlord of the hotel said to a customer, while he was settling his bill, that he would be glad to have him say a good word for the house to any of his friends; "but," added he, "you may tell all d—d Yankees I can git 'long jest as well, if they keep clar o' me"; and when I asked if the Yankees were poor pay, or made him extra trouble, he answered, "I don't want 'em 'round. I ha'n't got

134-

S. Andrews.

no use for 'em nohow." In another town in the same State, a landlord said to me, when I paid my two-days' bill, that "no d—n Yankee" could have a bed in his house. In Georgia, I several times heard the people of my hotel expressing the hope that the passenger-train would n't bring any Yankees; and I have good reason for believing that I was quite often compelled to pay an extra price for accommodations because I was known to be from the North. In one town, several of us, passengers by an evening train, were solicited to go to a certain hotel; but the clerk declined to give me a room, when he learned that I was from Massachusetts, though I secured one after a time through the favor of a travelling acquaintance, who sharply rebuked the landlord.

It cannot be said that freedom of speech has been fully secured in either of these three States. Personally, I have very little cause of complaint, for my rôle was rather that of a listener than of a talker; but I met many persons who kindly cautioned me, that at such and such places, and in such and such company, it would be advisable to refrain from conversation on certain topics. Among the better class of people, resident in the cities and large towns, I found a fair degree of liberality of sentiment and courtesy of speech; but in travelling off the main railway-lines, and among the average of the population, any man of Northern opinions must use much circumspection of language; while, in many counties of South Carolina and Georgia, the life of an avowed Northern radical would hardly be worth a straw but for the presence of the military. In Barnwell and Anderson districts, South Carolina, official records show the murder of over a dozen Union men in the months of August and September; and at Atlanta, a man told me, with a quiet chuckle, that in Carroll County, Georgia, there were "four d—n Yankees shot in the month of October." Any Union man, travelling in either of these two States, must expect to hear many very insulting words; and any Northern man

is sure to find his principles despised, his people contemned, and himself subjected to much disagreeable contumely. There is everywhere extreme sensitiveness concerning the negro and his relations; and I neither found nor learned of any village, town, or city in which it would be safe for a man to express freely what are here, in the North, called very moderate views on that subject. Of course the war has not taught its full lesson, till even Mr. Wendell Phillips can go into Georgia and proclaim "The South Victorious."

## II.

I OFTEN had occasion to notice, both in Georgia and the Carolinas, the wide and pitiful difference between the residents of the cities and large towns and the residents of the country. There is no homogeneity, but everywhere a rigid spirit of caste. The longings of South Carolina are essentially monarchical rather than republican; even the common people have become so debauched in loyalty, that very many of them would readily accept the creation of orders of nobility. In Georgia there is something less of this spirit; but the upper classes continually assert their right to rule, and the middle and lower classes have no ability to free themselves. The whole structure of society is full of separating walls; and it will sadden the heart of any Northern man, who travels in either of these three States, to see how poor, and meagre, and narrow a thing life is to all the country people. Even with the best class of townsfolk it lacks very much of the depth and breadth and fruitfulness of our Northern life, while with these others it is hardly less materialistic than that of their own mules and horses. Thus, Charleston has much intelligence, and considerable genuine culture; but go twenty miles away, and you are in the land of the barbarians. So, Raleigh is a city in which there is love of beauty, and interest in education; but the common people of the county are at least forty years behind the same class of people in Vermont. Moreover, in Ma-

con are many very fine residences, and the city may boast of its gentility and its respect for the nourishing elegancies of life; but a dozen miles out are large neighborhoods not yet half-civilized. The contrast between the inhabitants of the cities and those of the country is hardly less striking than that between the various classes constituting the body of the common people. Going from one county into another is frequently going into a foreign country. Travel continually brings novelty, but with that always came pain. Till all these hateful walls of caste are thrown down, we can have neither intelligent love of liberty, decent respect for justice, nor enlightened devotion to the idea of national unity. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

It has been the purpose of the ruling class, apparently, to build new barriers between themselves and the common people, rather than tear away any of those already existing. I think no one can understand the actual condition of the mass of whites in Georgia and the Carolinas, except by some daily contact with them. The injustice done to three fourths of them was hardly less than that done to all the blacks. There were two kinds of slavery, and negro slavery was only more wicked and debasing than white slavery. Nine of every ten white men in South Carolina had almost as little to do with even State affairs as the negroes had. Men talk of plans of reconstruction;—that is the best plan which proposes to do most for the common people. Till civilization has been carried down into the homes and hearts of all classes, we shall have neither regard for humanity nor respect for the rights of the citizen. In many sections of all these States human life is quite as cheap as animal life. What a mental and moral condition does this indicate! Any plan of reconstruction is wrong that does not assure toleration of opinion, and the elevation of the common people to the consciousness that ours is a republican form of government. Whether they are technically

in the Union or out of the Union, it is the national duty to deal with these States in such manner as will most surely exalt the lower and middle classes of their inhabitants. The nation must teach them a knowledge of their own rights, while it also teaches them respect for its rights and the rights of man as man.

Stopping for two or three days in some back county, I was always seeming to have drifted away from the world which held Illinois and Ohio and Massachusetts. The difficulty in keeping connection with our civilization did not so much lie in the fact that the whole structure of daily life is unlike ours, nor in the other fact that I was forced to hear the Union and all loyal men reviled, as in the greater fact that the people are utterly without knowledge. There is everywhere a lack of intellectual activity. Schools, books, newspapers,—why, one may almost say there are none outside the cities and towns. The situation is horrible enough, when the full force of this fact is comprehended; yet there is a still lower deep,—there is small desire, even feeble longing, for schools and books and newspapers. The chief end of man seems to have been "to own a nigger." In the important town of Charlotte, North Carolina, I found a white man who owned the comfortable house in which he lived, who had a wife and three half-grown children, and yet had never taken a newspaper in his life. He thought they were handy for wrapping purposes, but he could n't see why anybody wanted to bother with the reading of them. He knew some folks spent money for them, but he also knew a-many houses where none had ever been seen. In that State I found several persons—whites, and not of the "clay-eater" class, either—who never had been inside a school-house, and who did n't mean to 'low their children to go inside one. In the upper part of South Carolina, I stopped one night at the house of a moderately well-to-do farmer who never had owned any book but a Testament, and that was given to him.



When I expressed some surprise at this fact, he assured me that he was as well off as some other people thereabouts. Between Augusta and Milledgeville I rode in a stage-coach in which were two delegates of the Georgia Convention. When I said that I hoped the day would soon come in which school-houses would be as numerous in Georgia as in Massachusetts, one of them answered: "Well, I hope it 'll never come, — popular education is all a d—n humbug in my judgment"; whereunto the other responded, "That 's my opinion, too." These are exceptional cases, I am aware, but they truly index the situation of thousands of persons. It is this general ignorance, and this general indifference to knowledge, that make a Southern trip such wearisome work. You can touch the masses with few of the appeals by which we move our own people. There is very little aspiration for larger life; and, more than that, there is almost no opportunity for its attainment. That education is the stairway to a nobler existence is a fact which they either fail to comprehend or to which they are wholly indifferent.

Where there is such a spirit of caste, where the ruling class has a personal interest in fostering prejudice, where the masses are in such an inert condition, where ignorance so generally prevails, where there is so little ambition for improvement, where life is so hard and material in its tone, it is not strange to find much hatred and contempt. Ignorance is generally cruel, and frequently brutal. The political leaders of this people have apparently indoctrinated them with the notion that they are superior to any other class in the country. Hence there is usually very little effort to conceal the prevalent scorn of the Yankee, — this term being applied to the citizen of any Northern State. Any plan of reconstruction is wrong that tends to leave these old leaders in power. A few of them give fruitful evidence of a change of heart, — by some means save these for the sore and troubled future; but for the others, the men who not only brought on the war, but ruined the

mental and moral force of their people before unfurling the banner of rebellion, — for these there should never any more be place or countenance among honest and humane and patriotic people. When the nation gives them life, and a chance for its continuance, it shows all the magnanimity that humanity in such case can afford.

### III.

IN North Carolina there is a great deal of something that calls itself Unionism; but I know nothing more like the apples of Sodom than most of this North Carolina Unionism. It is a cheat, a Will-o'-the-wisp; and any man who trusts it will meet with overthrow. Its quality is shown in a hundred ways. An old farmer came into Raleigh to sell a little corn. I had some talk with him. He claimed that he had been a Union man from the beginning of the war, but he refused to take "greenback money" for his corn. In a town in the western part of the State I found a merchant who prided himself on the fact that he had always prophesied the downfall of the so-called Confederacy and had always desired the success of the Union arms; yet when I asked him why he did not vote in the election for delegates to the Convention, he answered, sneeringly, — "I shall not vote till you take away the military." The State Convention declared by a vote of ninety-four to nineteen that the Secession ordinance had always been null and void; and then faced squarely about, and, before the Presidential instructions were received, impliedly declared, by a vote of fifty-seven to fifty-three, in favor of paying the war debt incurred in supporting that ordinance! This action on these two points exactly exemplifies the quality of North Carolina Unionism. There may be in it the seed of loyalty, but woe to him who mistakes the germ for the ripened fruit! In all sections of the State I found abundant hatred of some leading or local Secessionist; but how full of promise for the new era of

national life is the Unionism which rests only on this foundation?

In South Carolina there is very little pretence of loyalty. I believe I found less than fifty men who admitted any love for the Union. There is everywhere a passionate devotion to the State, and the common sentiment holds that man guilty of treason who prefers the United States to South Carolina. There is no occasion to wonder at the admiration of the people for Wade Hampton, for he is the very exemplar of their spirit,—of their proud and narrow and domineering spirit. “It is our duty,” he says, in his letter of last November, *“it is our duty to support the President of the United States so long as he manifests a disposition to restore all our rights as a sovereign State.”* That sentence will forever stand as a model of cool arrogance, and yet it is in full accord with the spirit of the South-Carolinians. He continues:—“Above all, let us stand by our State,—all the sacred ties that bind us to her are intensified by her suffering and desolation. . . . It only remains for me, in bidding you farewell, to say, that, whenever the State needs my services, she has only to command, and I shall obey.” The war has taught this people only that the physical force of the nation cannot be resisted. They will be obedient to the letter of the law, perhaps, but the whole current of their lives flows in direct antagonism to its spirit.

In Georgia there is something worse than sham Unionism or cold acquiescence in the issue of battle: it is the universally prevalent doctrine of the supremacy of the State. Even in South Carolina a few men stood up against the storm, and now claim credit for faith in dark days. In Georgia that man is hopelessly dead who doubted or faltered. The common sense of all classes pushes the necessity of allegiance to the State into the domain of morals as well as into that of politics; and he who did not “go with the State” in the Rebellion is held to have committed the unpardonable sin. At Macon I met a man who was one of the

leading Unionists in the winter of 1860–61. He told me how he suffered then for his hostility to Secession, and yet he added,—“I should have considered myself forever disgraced, if I had n’t heartily gone with the State, when she decided to fight.” And Ben Hill, than whom there are but few more influential men in the State, advises the people after this fashion,—“I would vote for no man who could take the Congressional test-oath, because it is the highest evidence of infidelity to the people of the State.” I believe it is the concurrent testimony of all careful travellers in Georgia, that there is everywhere only cold toleration for the idea of national sovereignty, very little hope for the future of the State as a member of the Federal Union, and scarcely any pride in the strength and glory and renown of the United States of America.

Much is said of the hypocrisy of the South. I found but little of it anywhere. The North-Carolinian calls himself a Unionist, but he makes no special pretence of love for the Union. He desires many favors, but he asks them generally on the ground that he hated the Secessionists. He expects the nation to recognize rare virtue in that hatred, and hopes it may win for his State the restoration of her political rights; but he wears his mask of nationality so lightly that there is no difficulty in removing it. The South-Carolinian demands only something less than he did in the days before the war, but he offers no plea of Unionism as a guaranty for the future. He rests his case on the assumption that he has fully acquiesced in the results of the war, and he honestly believes that he has so acquiesced. His confidence in South Carolina is so supreme that he fails to see how much the conflict meant. He walks by such light as he has, and cannot yet believe that Destiny has decreed his State a secondary place in the Union. The Georgian began by believing that rebellion in the interest of Slavery was honorable, and the result of the war has not changed his opinion. He is anxious for readmission to fellowship

with New York and Pennsylvania and Connecticut, but he supports his application by no claim of community of interest with other States. His spirit is hard and uncompromising; he demands rights, but does not ask favors; and he is confident that Georgia is fully as important to the United States as they are to Georgia.

Complaint is made that the Southern people have recently elected military men to most of their local State offices. We do ourselves a wrong in making this complaint. I found it almost everywhere true in Georgia and the Carolinas that the best citizens of to-day are the Confederate soldiers of yesterday. Of course, in many individual cases they are bitter and malignant; but in general the good of the Union, no less than the hope of the South, lies in the bearing of the men who were privates and minor officers in the armies of Lee and Johnston. It may not be pleasant to us to recognize this fact; but I am confident that we shall make sure progress toward securing domestic tranquillity and the general welfare, just in proportion as we act upon it. It should be kept in mind that comparatively few of those who won renown on the field were promoters of rebellion or secession. The original malcontents,—ah! where are they? Some of them at least are beyond interference in earthly affairs; others are in hopeless poverty and chilling neglect; others are struggling to mount once more the wave of popular favor. A few of these last have been successful,—to see that no more of them are so is a national duty. I count it an omen of good, when I find that one who bore himself gallantly as a soldier has received preferment. We cannot afford to quarrel on this ground; for, though their courage was for our wounding, their valor was the valor of Americans.

The really bad feature of the situation with respect to the relations of these States to the General Government is, that there is not only very little loyalty in their people, but a great deal of stubborn antagonism, and some deliberate defi-

ance. Further war in the field I do not deem among the possibilities. Be the leaders never so bloodthirsty, the common people have had enough of fighting. The bastard Unionism of North Carolina, the haughty and self-complacent State pride of South Carolina, the arrogant dogmatism and insolent assumption of Georgia,—how shall we build nationality on such foundations? That is the true plan of reconstruction which makes haste very slowly. It does not comport with the character of our Government to exact pledges of any State which are not exacted of all. The one sole needful condition is, that each State establish a republican form of government, whereby all civil rights at least shall be assured in their fullest extent to every citizen. The Union is no Union, unless there is equality of privileges among the States. When Georgia and the Carolinas establish this republican form of government, they will have brought themselves into harmony with the national will, and may justly demand readmission to their former political relations in the Union. Each State has some citizens, who, wiser than the great majority, comprehend the meaning of Southern defeat with praiseworthy insight. Seeing only individuals of this small class, a traveller might honestly conclude that the States were ready for self-government. Let not the nation commit the terrible mistake of acting on this conclusion. These men are the little leaven in the gross body politic of Southern communities. It is no time for passion or bitterness, and it does not become our manhood to do anything for revenge. Let us have peace and kindly feeling; yet, that our peace may be no sham or shallow affair, it is painfully essential that we keep these States awhile within national control, in order to aid the few wise and just men therein who are fighting the great fight with stubborn prejudice and hidebound custom. Any plan of reconstruction is wrong which accepts forced submission as genuine loyalty, or even as cheerful acquiescence in the national desire and purpose.



## IV.

BEFORE the war, we heard continually of the love of the master for his slave, and the love of the slave for his master. There was also much talk to the effect that the negro lived in the midst of pleasant surroundings, and had no desire to change his situation. It was asserted that he delighted in a state of dependence, and thrived on the universal favor of the whites. Some of this language we conjectured might be extravagant; but to the single fact that there was universal good-will between the two classes every Southern white person bore evidence. So, too, in my late visit to Georgia and the Carolinas, they generally seemed anxious to convince me that the blacks had behaved well during the war, — had kept at their old tasks, had labored cheerfully and faithfully, had shown no disposition to lawlessness, and had rarely been guilty of acts of violence, even in sections where there were many women and children, and but few white men.

Yet I found everywhere now the most direct antagonism between the two classes. The whites charge generally that the negro is idle, and at the bottom of all local disturbances, and credit him with most of the vices and very few of the virtues of humanity. The negroes charge that the whites are revengeful, and intend to cheat the laboring class at every opportunity, and credit them with neither good purposes nor kindly hearts. This present and positive hostility of each class to the other is a fact that will sorely perplex any Northern man travelling in either of these States. One would say, that, if there had formerly been such pleasant relations between them, there ought now to be mutual sympathy and forbearance, instead of mutual distrust and antagonism. One would say, too, that self-interest, the common interest of capital and labor, ought to keep them in harmony; while the fact is, that this very interest appears to put them in an attitude of partial defiance toward each other. I believe the most charitable

traveller must come to the conclusion, that the professed love of the whites for the blacks was mostly a monstrous sham or a downright false pretence. For myself, I judge that it was nothing less than an arrant humbug.

The negro is no model of virtue or manliness. He loves idleness, he has little conception of right and wrong, and he is improvident to the last degree of childishness. He is a creature, — as some of our own people will do well to keep carefully in mind, — he is a creature just forcibly released from slavery. The havoc of war has filled his heart with confused longings, and his ears with confused sounds of rights and privileges: it must be the nation's duty, for it cannot be left wholly to his late master, to help him to a clear understanding of these rights and privileges, and also to lay upon him a knowledge of his responsibilities. He is anxious to learn, and is very tractable in respect to minor matters; but we shall need almost infinite patience with him, for he comes very slowly to moral comprehensions.

Going into the States where I went, — and perhaps the fact is true also of the other Southern States, — going into Georgia and the Carolinas, and not keeping in mind the facts of yesterday, any man would almost be justified in concluding that the end and purpose in respect to this poor negro was his extermination. It is proclaimed everywhere that he will not work, that he cannot take care of himself, that he is a nuisance to society, that he lives by stealing, and that he is sure to die in a few months; and, truth to tell, the great body of the people, though one must not say intentionally, are doing all they well can to make these assertions true. If it is not said that any considerable number wantonly abuse and outrage him, it must be said that they manifest a barbarous indifference to his fate, which just as surely drives him on to destruction as open cruelty would.

There are some men and a few women — and perhaps the number of these:

is greater than we of the North generally suppose — who really desire that the negro should now have his full rights as a human being. With the same proportion of this class of persons in a community of Northern constitution, it might be justly concluded that the whole community would soon join or acquiesce in the effort to secure for him at least a fair share of those rights. Unfortunately, however, in these Southern communities the opinion of such persons cannot have such weight as it would in ours. The spirit of caste, of which I have already spoken, is an element figuring largely against them in any contest involving principle, — an element of whose practical workings we here know very little. The walls between individuals and classes are so high and broad, that the men and women who recognize the negro's rights and privileges as a freeman are almost as far from the masses as we of the North are. Moreover, that any opinion savors of the "Yankee" — in other words, is new to the South — is a fact that even prevents its consideration by the great body of the people. Their inherent antagonism to everything from the North — an antagonism fostered and cunningly cultivated for half a century by the politicians in the interest of Slavery — is something that no traveller can photograph, that no Northern man can understand, till he sees it with his own eyes, hears it with his own ears, and feels it by his own consciousness. That the full freedom of the negroes would be acknowledged at once is something we had no warrant for expecting. The old masters grant them nothing, except at the requirement of the nation, — as a military and political necessity; and any plan of reconstruction is wrong which proposes at once or in the immediate future to substitute free-will for this necessity.

Three fourths of the people assume that the negro will not labor, except on compulsion; and the whole struggle between the whites on the one hand and the blacks on the other hand is a struggle for and against compulsion.

The negro insists, very blindly perhaps, that he shall be free to come and go as he pleases; the white insists that he shall come and go only at the pleasure of his employer. The whites seem wholly unable to comprehend that freedom for the negro means the same thing as freedom for them. They readily enough admit that the Government has made him free, but appear to believe that they still have the right to exercise over him the old control. It is partly their misfortune, and not wholly their fault, that they cannot understand the national intent, as expressed in the Emancipation Proclamation and the Constitutional Amendment. I did not anywhere find a man who could see that laws should be applicable to all persons alike; and hence even the best men hold that each State must have a negro code. They acknowledge the overthrow of the special servitude of man to man, but seek through these codes to establish the general servitude of man to the commonwealth. I had much talk with intelligent gentlemen in various sections, and particularly with such as I met during the conventions at Columbia and Milledgeville, upon this subject, and found such a state of feeling as warrants little hope that the present generation of negroes will see the day in which their race shall be amenable only to such laws as apply to the whites.

I think the freedmen divide themselves into four classes: one fourth recognizing, very clearly, the necessity of work, and going about it with cheerful diligence and wise forethought; one fourth comprehending that there must be labor, but needing considerable encouragement to follow it steadily; one fourth preferring idleness, but not specially averse to doing some job-work about the towns and cities; and one fourth avoiding labor as much as possible, and living by voluntary charity, persistent begging, or systematic pilfering. It is true, that thousands of the aggregate body of this people appear to have hoped, and perhaps believed, that freedom meant idleness; true, too, that

thousands are drifting about the country or loafing about the centres of population in a state of vagabondage. Yet of the hundreds with whom I talked, I found less than a score who seemed beyond hope of reformation. It is a cruel slander to say that the race will not work, except on compulsion. I made much inquiry, wherever I went, of great numbers of planters and other employers, and found but very few cases in which it appeared that they had refused to labor reasonably well, when fairly treated and justly paid. Grudgingly admitted to any of the natural rights of man, despised alike by Unionists and Secessionists, wantonly outraged by many and meanly cheated by more of the old planters, receiving a hundred cuffs for one helping hand and a thousand curses for one kindly word, — they bear themselves toward their former masters very much as white men and women would under the same circumstances. True, by such deportment they unquestionably harm themselves; but consider of how little value life is from their stand-point. They grope in the darkness of this transition period, and rarely find any sure stay for the weary arm and the fainting heart. Their souls are filled with a great, but vague longing for freedom; they battle blindly with fate and circumstance for the unseen and uncomprehended, and seem to find every man's hand raised against them. What wonder that they fill the land with restlessness!

However unfavorable this exhibit of the negroes in respect to labor may appear, it is quite as good as can be made for the whites. I everywhere found a condition of affairs in this regard that astounded me. Idleness, not occupation, seemed the normal state.

It is the boast of men and women alike, that they have never done an hour's work. The public mind is thoroughly debauched, and the general conscience is lifeless as the grave. I met hundreds of hale and vigorous young men who unblushingly owned to me that they had not earned a penny since the war closed. Nine tenths of the people must be taught that labor is even not debasing. It was pitiful enough to find so much idleness, but it was more pitiful to observe that it was likely to continue indefinitely. The war will not have borne proper fruit, if our peace does not speedily bring respect for labor, as well as respect for man. When we have secured one of these things, we shall have gone far toward securing the other; and when we have secured both, then indeed shall we have noble cause for glorying in our country, — true warrant for exulting that our flag floats over no slave.

Meantime, while we patiently and helpfully wait for the day in which

"All men's good shall  
Be each man's rule, and Universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,"

there are at least five things for the nation to do: make haste slowly in the work of reconstruction; temper justice with mercy, but see to it that justice is not overborne; keep military control of these lately rebellious States, till they guaranty a republican form of government; scrutinize carefully the personal fitness of the men chosen therefrom as representatives in the Congress of the United States; and sustain therein some agency that shall stand between the whites and the blacks, and aid each class in coming to a proper understanding of its privileges and responsibilities.



## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Herman ; or, Young Knighthood.* By E. FOXTON. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

WE are entirely uncertain whether this work will be recognized for what it is by our young country-folk ; but we are very certain, if it is not, it will be our young country-folk's loss. It is, we suppose, a novel. Its author admits that it is a story ; but it is not at all the kind of banquet to which novel-readers are usually invited. We can fancy the consternation which awaits the devourers of story-books,—those persons, we mean, whose reading is confined to novels, who lie in wait for Mrs. Wood and Miss Braddon, and stretch their sales into the double-figured thousands, through whose passive brains plot after plot travels in quick succession and leaves no sign, and whose name, we fear, is Legion. They will eagerly seize this new story with the romantic title, be launched auspiciously into gay ball-rooms, glide gracefully among the familiar flounces, dances, and small talk, only to find themselves suddenly and without warning in some gulf of grave discussion opening out deceptively from the sparkling stream of the story, or stranded on some lofty sentiment never dreamt of in their philosophy. For the author's mind is, in the best sense of the word, a discursive one. It is full of positive thought, and strikes out right and left like a school-boy who must needs relieve his superabundant spirits by pinching his sister's ear, thrusting his fists in his brother's face, kicking aside the foot-cushion, and making a plunge at the cat, while he is performing the simple operation of walking across the room. This book is written out of a mind so full of wit and wisdom that it overflows at the gentlest touch. It has more sense and learning and power than go to the making up of a dozen ordinary novels. The very prodigality of its resources is a stumbling-block. Its great fault is its *muchness*, if we may borrow a term from Hawthorne's mint. It is like a young minister's first sermon, into which he frantically attempts to cram the whole body of divinity. Especially in the early part of the book, we are constantly drawn away from the story by delightful little essays, sometimes read to us by the author himself,

—sometimes wrought into the conversations by playful anecdotes, by effective character-sketches, and vivid scene and scenery-paintings. They do not always materially help forward the story, nor do they always hinder it. They often give it an air of reality, and they always help to utilize the author's idea. If they do not avail his art, they avail his didactics. Where they are not good for the story, they are good for something. By many thoughtless, and by all mere novel-readers, they will probably be *skipped* ; but for ourselves, we confess, that, though high art may regard them as blemishes, we should not know how to give the order for their removal. Considered in themselves, in their style and sentiment, the little digressions, the long conversations, the carefully wrought side-scenes are so rich in a certain tender religious wisdom, yet crisp and piquant withal, and so full of living thought on the great questions of the day, that we dwell in them with enjoyment, though with a compunctious half-consciousness that they ought not to be there.

But though we are tolerant of discursiveness where it affects only the flow of the story, we like it less where it disturbs the flow of the style. A paragraph ought never, by the mere form into which it is cast, to require to be read over and over in order to get at the meaning. Yet we are confident that nine readers out of ten would need to read the following sentence more than once in order to get at its true construction :—

“ Oh, that I were able to conform myself to that further fictitious, not to say factitious, standard of taste, according to which, just as, — though a hemorrhage from the nose, howsoever ill-timed, distressing, or even dangerous to the patient, is comic, — one from the lungs is poetical and tragic ; and an extravasation of blood about the heart is not inappropriate to the demise of the most romantic civil hero, (who would seem, indeed, capable of escaping an earthly immortality only by means of pulmonary disease or some accident, unless pounced upon by some convenient and imposing epidemic,) while a similar affection of the brain of an imaginary personage can be rendered affecting or excusable only by a weight of years and virtues in the patient ; so certain moral dis-

THE RETREAT FROM LENOIR'S AND THE SIEGE OF  
KNOXVILLE.

LATE in October, 1863, the Ninth Army Corps went into camp at Lenoir's Station, twenty-five miles southwest of Knoxville, East Tennessee. Since April, the corps had campaigned in Kentucky, had participated in the siege of Vicksburg, had accompanied Sherman into the interior of Mississippi in his pursuit of Johnston, had returned to Kentucky, and then, in conjunction with the Twenty-third Army Corps, marching over the mountains into East Tennessee, in a brief but brilliant campaign under its old leader and favorite, Burnside, had delivered the loyal people of that region from the miseries of Rebel rule, and had placed them once more under the protection of the old flag. But all this had not been done without loss. Many of our brave comrades, who, through a storm of leaden hail, had crossed the bridge at Antietam, and had faced death in a hundred forms on the heights of Fredericksburg, had fallen on these widely separated battle-fields in the valley of the Mississippi. Many, overborne by fatigue and exposure, had laid down their wasted bodies by the roadside and in hospitals, and had gently breathed their young lives away. Many more, from time to time, had been rendered unfit for active service; and the corps, now a mere skeleton, numbered less than three thousand men present for duty. Never did men need rest more than they; and never was an order more welcome than that which now declared the campaign ended, and authorized the construction of winter quarters.

The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers—then in the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Corps—was under the command of Major Draper, — Lieutenant-Colonel Goodell having been severely wounded at the battle of Blue Springs, October 10. The place selected for the winter quarters of the regiment was a young oak grove, nearly a quarter

of a mile east of the village. The camp was laid out with unusual care. In order to secure uniformity throughout the regiment, the size of the log-houses—they were to be ten feet by six—was announced in orders from regimental head-quarters. The work of construction was at once commenced. Unfortunately, we were so far from our base of supplies—Camp Nelson, Kentucky—that nearly all our transportation was required by the Commissary Department for the conveyance of its stores. Consequently, the Quartermaster's Department was poorly supplied; and the only axes which could be obtained were those which our pioneers and company cooks had brought with them for their own use. These, however, were pressed into the service; and their merry ringing, as the men cheerfully engaged in the work, could be heard from early morning till evening. Small oaks, four and five inches in diameter, were chiefly used in building these houses. The logs were laid one above another, to the height of four feet, intersecting at the corners of the houses like the rails of a Virginia fence. The interstices were filled with mud. Shelter-tents, buttoned together to the size required, formed the roof, and afforded ample protection from the weather, except in very heavy rains. Each house had its fireplace, table, and bunk. On the 13th of November the houses were nearly completed; and as we sat by our cheerful fires that evening, and looked forward to the leisure and quiet of the winter before us, we thought ourselves the happiest of soldiers. Writing home at that time, I said that, unless something unforeseen should happen, we expected to remain at Lenoir's during the winter.

That something unforeseen was at hand; and our pleasant dreams were destined to fade away like an unsubstantial pageant, leaving not a rack be-

hind. At four o'clock on the morning of the 14th I was roused from sleep by loud knocks on the new-made door. In the order which followed, "Be ready to march at daybreak," I recognized the familiar, but unwelcome voice of the Sergeant-Major. Throwing aside my blankets, and leaving the Captain dreamily wondering what could be the occasion of so unexpected an order, I hurried to the quarters of the men of Company D, and repeated to the Orderly Sergeant the instructions just received. The camp was soon astir. Lights flashed here and there through the trees. "Pack up! pack up!" passed from lip to lip. "Shall we take everything?" Yes, everything. The shelter-tents were stripped from the houses, knapsacks and trunks were packed. The wagon for the officers' baggage came, was hurriedly loaded, and driven away. A hasty breakfast followed. Then, forming our line, we stacked arms, and awaited further orders.

The mystery was soon solved. Longstreet, having cut loose from Bragg's army, which still remained in the vicinity of Chattanooga, had, by a forced march, struck the Tennessee River at Hough's Ferry, a few miles below Loudon. Already he had thrown a pontoon across the river, and was crossing with his entire command, except the cavalry under Wheeler, which he had sent by way of Marysville, with orders to seize the heights on the south bank of the Holston, opposite Knoxville. The whole movement was the commencement of a series of blunders on the part of the Rebel commanders in this department, which resulted at length in the utter overthrow of the Rebel army of the Tennessee. General Grant saw at once the mistake which the enemy had made, and ordered General Burnside to fall back to Knoxville and intrench, promising reinforcements speedily. Knoxville was Longstreet's objective. It was the key of East Tennessee. Should it again fall into the enemy's hands, we would be obliged to retire to Cumberland Gap. Lenoir's did not lie in Longstreet's path. If we re-

mained there, he would push his columns past our right, and get between us and Knoxville. It was evident that the place must be abandoned; and there was need of haste. The mills and factories in the village were accordingly destroyed, and the wagon-train started north.

The morning had opened heavily with clouds, and, as the day advanced, the rain came down in torrents. A little before noon, our division, then under the command of General Ferrero, moved out of the woods; but, instead of taking the road to Knoxville, as we had anticipated, the column marched down the Loudon road. We were to watch the enemy, and, by holding him in check, secure the safety of our trains and material, then on the way to Knoxville.

A few miles from Lenoir's, while we were halting for rest, General Burnside passed us on his way to the front. Under his slouched hat there was a sterner face than there was wont to be. There is trouble ahead, said the men; but the cheers which rose from regiment after regiment, as with his staff and battle-flag he swept past us, told the confidence which all felt in "Old Burnie."

Chapin's brigade of White's command (Twenty-third Army Corps) was in the advance; and about four o'clock his skirmishers met those of the enemy, and drove them back a mile and a half. We followed through mud and rain. The country became hilly as we advanced, and our artillery was moved with difficulty. At dark we were in front of the enemy's position, having marched nearly fourteen miles. The rain had now ceased. Halting, we formed our lines in thick woods, and stacked our arms, — weary and wet, and not in the happiest of moods.

During the evening a circular was received, notifying us of an intended attack on the enemy's lines at nine o'clock, P. M., by the troops of White's command; but, with the exception of an occasional shot, the night was a quiet one.

The next morning, the usual reveille was omitted; and, at daybreak, noise-



lessly our lines were formed, and we marched out of the woods into the road. But it was not an advance. During the night General Ferrero had received orders to fall back to Lenoir's. Such, however, was the state of the roads, that it was almost impossible to move our artillery. At one time our whole regiment was detailed to assist Roemer's battery. Near Loudon we passed the Second Division of our corps, which during the night had moved down from Lenoir's, in order to be within supporting distance. But the enemy did not seem disposed to press us. We reached Lenoir's about noon. Sigfried, with the Second Division, followed later in the day. Our brigade (Morrison's) was now drawn up in line of battle on the Kingston road, as it was thought that the enemy, by not pressing our rear, intended a movement from that direction. And such was the fact. The enemy advanced against our position on this road, about four o'clock, and drove in our pickets. The Eighth Michigan was at once deployed as skirmishers. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania at the same time moved forward to support the skirmishers, and formed their line of battle in the woods, on the left of the road. Just at dusk, the enemy made a dash, and pressed our skirmishers back nearly to our line, but did not seem inclined to advance any further.

A portion of the Ninth Corps, under Colonel Hartranft, and a body of mounted infantry, were now sent towards Knoxville, with orders to seize and hold the junction of the road from Lenoir's with the Knoxville and Kingston road, near the village of Campbell's Station. The distance was only eight miles, but the progress of the column was much retarded. Such was still the condition of the roads that the artillery could be moved only with the greatest difficulty. Colonel Biddle dismounted some of his men, and hitched their horses to the guns. In order to lighten the caissons, some of the ammunition was removed from the boxes and destroyed; but as

little as possible, for who could say it would not be needed on the morrow? Throughout the long night, officers and men faltered not in their efforts to help forward the batteries. In the light of subsequent events, it will be seen that they could not have performed any more important service. Colonel Hartranft that night displayed the same spirit and energy which he infused into his gallant Pennsylvanians at Fort Steadman, in the last agonies of the Rebellion, when, rolling back the fiercest assaults of the enemy, he gained the first real success in the trenches at Petersburg, and won for himself the double star of a Major-General.

Meanwhile, Morrison's brigade remained on the Kingston road in front of Lenoir's. The enemy, anticipating an evacuation of the place, made an attack on our lines about ten o'clock, P. M.; but a few shots on our part were sufficient to satisfy him that we still held the ground. Additional pickets, however, were sent out to extend the line held by the Eighth Michigan. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania still remained in line of battle in the woods. Neither officers nor men slept that night. It was bitter cold, and the usual fires were denied us, lest they should betray our weakness to the enemy. The men were ordered to put their canteens and tin cups in their haversacks, and remain quietly in their places, ready for any movement at a moment's notice. It was a long, tedious, fearful night; what would the morrow bring? It was Sunday night. The day had brought us no rest, — only weariness and anxiety. No one could speak to his fellow; and in the thick darkness, through the long, long night, we lay on our arms, waiting for the morning. Ah, how many hearts there were among us, which, overleaping the boundaries of States, found their way to Pennsylvanian and New England homes, — how many, which, on the morrow, among the hills of East Tennessee, were to pour out their young blood even unto death!

At length the morning came. It was cloudy as the day before. White's division of the Twenty-third Corps was now on the road to Knoxville; and, besides our own brigade, only Humphrey's brigade of our division remained at Lenoir's. About daybreak, as silently as possible, we withdrew from our position on the Kingston road, and, falling back through the village of Lenoir's, moved towards Knoxville, Humphrey's brigade covering the retreat. Everything which we could not take with us was destroyed. Even our baggage and books, which, for the want of transportation, had not been removed, were committed to the flames. The enemy at once discovered our retreat, but did not press us till within a mile or two of the village of Campbell's Station. Humphrey, however, held him in check, and we moved on to the point where the road from Lenoir's unites with the road from Kingston to Knoxville. It was evidently Longstreet's intention to cut off our retreat at this place. For this reason he had not pressed us at Lenoir's, the afternoon previous, but had moved the main body of his army to our right. But the mounted infantry, which had been sent to this point during the night, were able to hold him in check, on the Kingston road, till Hartranft came up.

On reaching the junction of the roads, we advanced into an open field on our left, and at once formed our line of battle in rear of a rail fence, our right resting near the Kingston road. The Eighth Michigan was on our left. The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania was deployed as skirmishers. The rest of our troops were now withdrawing to a new position back of the village of Campbell's Station; and we were left to cover the movement. Unfurling our colors, we awaited the advance of the enemy. There was an occasional shot fired in our front, and to our right; but it was soon evident that the Rebels were moving to our left, in order to gain the cover of the woods. Moving off by the left flank, therefore, we took a second position in an adjoining field. Finding

now the enemy moving rapidly through the woods, and threatening our rear, we executed a left half-wheel; and, advancing on the double-quick to the rail fence which ran along the edge of the woods, we opened a heavy fire. From this position the enemy endeavored to force us. His fire was well directed, but the fence afforded us a slight protection. Lieutenant Fairbank and a few of the men were here wounded. For a while, we held the enemy in check, but at length the skirmishers of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, who were watching our right, discovered a body of Rebel infantry pushing towards our rear from the Kingston road. Colonel Morrison, our brigade commander, at once ordered the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts and Eighth Michigan to face about, and establish a new line, in rear of the rail fence on the opposite side of the field. We advanced on the double-quick; and, reaching the fence, our men with a shout poured a volley into the Rebel line of battle, which not only checked its advance, but drove it back in confusion. Meanwhile, the enemy in our rear moved up to the edge of the woods, which we had just left, and now opened a brisk fire. We at once crossed the fence in order to place it between us and his fire, and were about to devote our attention again to him, when orders came for us to withdraw,—it being no longer necessary to hold the junction of the roads, for all our troops and wagons had now passed. The enemy, too, was closing in upon us, and his fire was the hottest. We moved off in good order; but our loss in killed and wounded was quite heavy, considering the length of time we were under fire.

Among the killed was Lieutenant P. Marion Holmes of Charlestown, Mass., of whom it might well be said,

"He died as fathers wish their sons to die."

Lieutenant Holmes had been wounded at the battle of Blue Springs a little more than a month before, and had made the march from Lenoir's that morning with great difficulty. But he would not leave his men. On his breast

he wore the badge of the Bunker Hill Club, on which was engraved the familiar line from Horace, which Warren quoted just before the battle of Bunker Hill, — “*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*” In the death of Lieutenant Holmes, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts offered its costliest sacrifice. Frank, courteous, manly, brave, he had won all hearts, and his sudden removal from our companionship at that moment will ever remind us of the great price with which that morning’s success was bought.

The enemy now manœuvred to cut us off from the road, and pressed us so hard that we were obliged to oblique to the left. Moving on the double-quick, receiving an occasional volley, and barely escaping capture, we at length emerged from the woods on the outskirts of the little village of Campbell’s Station. We were soon under cover of our artillery, which General Potter, under the direction of General Burnside, had placed in position on high ground just beyond the village. This village is situated between two low ranges of hills, which are nearly a mile apart. Across the intervening space, our infantry was drawn up in a single line of battle. Ferrero’s division of the Ninth Corps held the right, White’s division of the Twenty-third Corps held the centre, and Hartranft’s division of the Ninth Corps held the left. Benjamin’s, Buckley’s, Gettling’s, and Van Schlein’s batteries were on the right of the road. Roemer’s battery was on the left. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts supported Roemer.

The enemy, meanwhile, had disposed his forces for an attack on our position. At noon he came out of the woods, just beyond the village, in two lines of battle, with a line of skirmishers in front. The whole field was open to our view. Benjamin and Roemer opened fire at once; and so accurate was their range, that the Rebel lines were immediately broken, and they fell back into the woods in confusion. The enemy, under cover of the woods on the slope of the ridge, now advanced against our

right. Christ’s brigade, of our division, at once changed front. Buckley executed the same movement with his battery, and, by a well-directed fire, checked the enemy’s progress in that direction. The enemy next manœuvred to turn our left. Falling back, however, to a stronger position in our rear, we established a new line about four o’clock in the afternoon. This was done under a heavy fire from the enemy’s batteries. Ferrero was now on the right of the road. Morrison’s brigade was placed in rear of a rail fence, at the foot of the ridge on which Benjamin’s battery had been planted. The enemy did not seem inclined to attack us in front, but pushed along the ridge, on our left, aiming to strike Hartranft in flank and rear. He was discovered in this attempt; and, just as he was moving over ground recently cleared, Roemer, changing front at the same time with Hartranft, opened his three-inch guns on the Rebel line, and drove it back in disorder, followed by the skirmishers. Longstreet, foiled in all these attempts to force us from our position, now withdrew beyond the range of our guns, and made no further demonstrations that day. Our troops were justly proud of their success; for, with a force not exceeding five thousand men, they had held in check, for an entire day, three times their own number, — the flower of Lee’s army. Our loss in the Ninth Corps was twenty-six killed, one hundred and sixty-six wounded, and fifty-seven missing. Of these, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts lost one officer and three enlisted men killed, three officers and fourteen enlisted men wounded, and three enlisted men missing.

At six o’clock, P. M., Ferrero’s division, followed by Hartranft’s, moved to the rear, taking the road to Knoxville. White’s division of the Twenty-third Corps covered the retreat. Campbell’s Station is a little more than sixteen miles from Knoxville; but the night was so dark, and the road so muddy, that our progress was much retarded, and we did not reach Knoxville till about four o’clock the next morning. We



had now been without sleep forty-eight hours. Moreover, since the previous morning we had marched twenty-four miles and fought a battle. Halting just outside of the town, weary and worn, we threw ourselves on the ground, and snatched a couple of hours of sleep. Early in the day—it was the 17th of November—General Burnside assigned the batteries and regiments of his command to the positions they were to occupy in the defence of the place. Knoxville is situated on the northern bank of the Holston River. For the most part, the town is built on a table-land, which is nearly a mile square, and about one hundred and fifty feet above the river. On the northeast, the town is bounded by a small creek. Beyond this creek is an elevation known as Temperance Hill. Still farther to the east is Mayberry's Hill. On the northwest, this table-land descends to a broad valley; on the southwest, the town is bounded by a second creek. Beyond this is College Hill; and still farther to the southwest is a high ridge, running nearly parallel with the road which enters Knoxville at this point. Benjamin's and Buckley's batteries occupied the unfinished bastion-work on the ridge just mentioned. This work was afterwards known as Fort Sanders. Roemer's battery was placed in position on College Hill. These batteries were supported by Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps, his line extending from the Holston River on the left to the point where the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad crosses the creek mentioned above as Second Creek. Hartranft connected with Ferrero's right, supporting Gettling's and the Fifteenth Indiana Batteries. His lines extended as far as First Creek. The divisions of White and Hascall, of the Twenty-third Corps, occupied the ground between this point and the Holston River, on the northeast side of the town, with their artillery in position on Temperance and Mayberry's Hills.

Knoxville at this time was by no means in a defensible condition. The bastion-work, occupied by Benjamin's

and Buckley's batteries, was not only not finished, but was little more than begun. It required two hundred negroes four hours to clear places for the guns. There was also a fort in process of construction on Temperance Hill. Nothing more had been done. But the work was now carried forward in earnest. As fast as the troops were placed in position, they commenced the construction of rifle-pits. Though wearied by three days of constant marching and fighting, they gave themselves to the work with all the energy of fresh men. Citizens and contrabands also were pressed into the service. Many of the former were loyal men, and devoted themselves to their tasks with a zeal which evinced the interest they felt in making good the defence of the town; but some of them were bitter Rebels, and, as Captain Poe, Chief-Engineer of the Army of the Ohio, well remarked, "worked with a very poor grace, which blistered hands did not tend to improve." The contrabands engaged in the work with that heartiness which, during the war, characterized their labors in our service.

At noon, the enemy's advance was only a mile or two distant; and four companies of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts—A, B, D, G—were thrown out as skirmishers,—the line extending from the Holston River to the Kingston road. But the enemy was held in check at some little distance from the town by Sanders's division of cavalry. The hours thus gained for our work in the trenches were precious hours, indeed. There was a lack of intrenching tools, and much remained to be done; but all day and all night the men continued their labors undisturbed; and, on the morning of the 18th, our line of works around the town presented a formidable appearance.

Throughout the forenoon of that day there was heavy skirmishing on the Kingston road; but our men—dismounted cavalry—still maintained their position. Later in the day, however, the enemy brought up a battery, which, opening a heavy fire, soon compelled

our men to fall back. The Rebels, now pressing forward, gained the ridge for which they had been contending, and established their lines within rifle range of our works.

It was while endeavoring to check this advance that General Sanders was mortally wounded. He was at once borne from the field, and carried into Knoxville. While a surgeon was examining the wound, he asked, "Tell me, Doctor, is my wound mortal?"

Tenderly the surgeon replied, "Sanders, it is a fearful wound, and mortal. I am sorry to say it, my dear fellow, but the odds are against you."

Calmly the General continued, "Well, I am not afraid to die. I have made up my mind upon that subject. I have done my duty, and have served my country as well as I could."

The next day he called the attention of the surgeon to certain symptoms which he had observed, and asked him what they meant.

The surgeon replied, "General, you are dying."

"If that be so," he said, "I would like to see a clergyman."

Rev. Mr. Hayden, chaplain of the post, was summoned. On his arrival, the dying soldier expressed a desire that the ordinance of baptism should be administered. This was done, and then the minister in prayer commended the believing soul to God,—General Burnside and his staff, who were present, kneeling around the bed. When the prayer was ended, General Sanders took General Burnside by the hand. Tears—the language of that heartfelt sympathy and tender love belonging to all noble souls—dropped down the bronzed cheeks of the chief as he listened to the last words which followed. The sacrament was now about to be administered, but suddenly the strength of the dying soldier failed, and like a child he gently fell asleep. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The enemy did not seem inclined to attack our position at once, but proceeded to invest the town on the north

bank of the Holston. He then commenced the construction of a line of works. The four companies of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts which had been detailed for picket duty on the morning of the 17th, remained on post till the morning of the 19th. Thenceforward, throughout the siege, both officers and men were on picket duty every third day. During this twenty-four hours of duty no one slept. The rest of the time we were on duty in the trenches, where, during the siege, one third, and sometimes one fourth, of the men were kept awake. The utmost vigilance was enjoined upon all.

Meanwhile, day by day, and night by night, with unflagging zeal, the troops gave themselves to the labor of strengthening the works. Immediately in front of the rifle-pits, a *chevaux-de-frise* was constructed. This was formed of pointed stakes, thickly and firmly set in the ground, and inclining outwards at an angle of forty-five degrees. The stakes were bound together with wire, so that they could not easily be torn apart by an assaulting party. They were nearly five feet in height. In front of Colonel Haskins's position, on the north side of the town, the *chevaux-de-frise* was constructed with the two thousand pikes which were captured at Cumberland Gap early in the fall. A few rods in front of the *chevaux-de-frise* was the abatis, formed of thick branches of trees, which likewise were firmly set in the ground. Still farther to the front, were wire entanglements stretched a few inches above the ground, and fastened here and there to stakes and stumps. In front of a portion of our lines another obstacle was formed by constructing dams across First and Second Creeks, so called, and throwing back the water. The whole constituted a series of obstacles which could not be passed, in face of a heavy fire, without great difficulty and fearful loss.

Just in rear of the rifle-pits occupied by the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts was an elegant brick mansion, of recent construction, known as the Powell

House. When the siege commenced, fresco-painters were at work ornamenting its parlors and halls. Throwing open its doors, Mr. Powell, a true Union man, invited Colonel Morrison and Major Draper to make it their head-quarters. He also designated a chamber for the sick of our regiment. Early during the siege, the southwestern and northwestern fronts were loopholed by order of General Burnside, and instructions were given to post in the house, in case of an attack, two companies of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts. When the order was announced to Mr. Powell, he nobly said, "Lay this house level with the ground, if it is necessary." A few feet from the southwestern front of the house, a small earthwork was thrown up by our men, in which was placed a section of Buckley's battery. This work was afterwards known as Battery Noble.

Morrison's brigade now held the line of defences from the Holston River — the extreme left of our line — to Fort Sanders. The following was the position of the several regiments of the brigade. The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania was on the left, its left on the river. On its right lay the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts. Then came the Eighth Michigan. The Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders) formed the garrison of Fort Sanders. Between the Eighth Michigan and Fort Sanders was the One Hundredth Pennsylvania (Roundheads).

On the evening of the 20th, the Seventeenth Michigan made a sortie, and drove the Rebels from the Armstrong House. This stood on the Kingston road, and only a short distance from Fort Sanders. It was a brick house, and afforded a near and safe position for the enemy's sharpshooters, which of late had become somewhat annoying to the working parties at the fort. Our men destroyed the house, and then withdrew. The loss on our part was slight.

For a few days during the siege, four companies of the Thirty-sixth

Massachusetts were detached to support Roemer's battery on College Hill. While on this duty the officers and men were quartered in the buildings of East Tennessee College. Prior to our occupation of East Tennessee, these buildings had been used by the Rebels as a hospital; but, after a vigorous use of the ordinary means of purification, they afforded us pleasant and comfortable quarters.

The siege had now continued several days. The Rebels had constructed works offensive and defensive in our front; but the greater part of their force seemed to have moved to the right. On the 22d of November, however, they returned, not having found evidently the weak place in our lines which they had sought. It was now thought they might attack our front that night; and orders were given to the men on duty in the outer works to exercise the utmost vigilance. But the night passed quietly.

With each day our confidence in the strength of our position increased; and we soon felt able to repel an assault from any quarter. But the question of supplies was a serious one. When the siege commenced, there was in the Commissary Department at Knoxville little more than a day's ration for the whole army. Should the enemy gain possession of the south bank of the Holston, our only means of subsistence would be cut off. Thus far his attempts in this direction had failed; and the whole country, from the French Broad to the Holston, was open to our foraging parties. In this way a considerable quantity of corn and wheat was soon collected in Knoxville. Bread, made from a mixture of meal and flour, was issued to the men, but only in half and quarter rations. Occasionally a small quantity of fresh pork was also issued. Neither sugar nor coffee was issued after the first days of the siege.

The enemy, foiled in his attempts to seize the south bank of the Holston, now commenced the construction of a raft at Boyd's Ferry. Floating this down the swift current of the stream,



he hoped to carry away our pontoon, and thus cut off our communication with the country beyond. To thwart this plan, an iron cable, one thousand feet in length, was stretched across the river above the bridge. This was done under the direction of Captain Poe. Afterwards, a boom of logs, fastened end to end by chains, was constructed still farther up the river. The boom was fifteen hundred feet in length.

On the evening of the 23d the Rebels made an attack on our pickets in front of the left of the Second Division, Ninth Corps. In falling back, our men fired the buildings on the ground abandoned, lest they should become a shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters. Among the buildings thus destroyed were the arsenal and machine-shops near the depot. The light of the blazing buildings illuminated the whole town. The next day the Twenty-first Massachusetts and another picked regiment, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hawkes of the Twenty-first, drove back the Rebels at this point, and reoccupied our old position.

The same day an attack was made by the Second Michigan on the advanced parallel, which the enemy had so constructed as to envelop the northwest bastion of Fort Sanders. The works were gallantly carried; but before the supporting columns could come up, our men were repulsed by fresh troops which the enemy had at hand.

On the 25th of November the enemy, having on the day previous crossed the Holston at a point below us, made another unsuccessful attempt to occupy the heights opposite Knoxville. He succeeded, however, in planting a battery on a knob about one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and twenty-five hundred yards south of Fort Sanders. This position commanded Fort Sanders, so that it now became necessary to defilede the fort.

November 26th was our national Thanksgiving day, and General Burnside issued an order, in which he expressed the hope that the day would be observed by all, as far as military

operations would allow. He knew the rations were short, and that the day would be unlike the joyous festival we were wont to celebrate in our distant homes; and so he reminded us of the circumstances of trial under which our fathers first observed the day. He also reminded us of the debt of gratitude which we owed to Him who during the year had not only prospered our arms, but had kindly preserved our lives. Accordingly, we ate our corn bread with thanksgiving; and, forgetting our own privations, thought only of the loved ones at home, who, uncertain of our fate, would that day find little cheer at the table and by the fireside.

Allusion has already been made to the bastion-work known as Fort Sanders. A more particular description is now needed. The main line, held by our troops, made almost a right angle at the fort, the northwest bastion being the salient of the angle. The ground in front of the fort, from which the wood had been cleared, sloped gradually for a distance of eighty yards, and then abruptly descended to a wide ravine. Under the direction of Lieutenant Benjamin, Second United States Artillery, and Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Ohio, the fort had now been made as strong as the means at his disposal and the rules of military art admitted. Eighty and thirty yards in front of the fort, rifle-pits were constructed. These were to be used in case our men were driven in from the outer line. Between these pits and the Fort were wire entanglements, running from stump to stump, and also an abatis. Sand-bags and barrels were arranged so as to cover the embrasures. Traverses, also, were built for the protection of the men at the guns, and in passing from one position to another. In the fort were four twenty-pounder Parrotts (Benjamin's battery), four light twelve-pounders (of Buckley's battery), and two three-inch guns.

Early in the evening of the 27th there was much cheering along the Rebel lines. Their bands, too, were unusually

lavish of the Rebel airs they were wont occasionally to waft across the debatable ground which separated our lines. Had the enemy received reinforcements, or had Grant met with a reverse? While on picket that night, in making my rounds, I could distinctly hear the Rebels chopping on the knob which they had so recently occupied on the opposite bank of the river. They were clearing away the trees in front of the earthwork which they had constructed the day before. Would they attack at daybreak? So we thought, connecting this fact with the cheers and music of the earlier part of the night; but the morning opened as quietly as its predecessors. Late in the afternoon the enemy seemed to be placing his troops in position in our front, and our men stood in the trenches, awaiting an attack; yet the day wore away without further demonstrations.

A little after eleven o'clock, P.M., November 28th, I was aroused by heavy musketry. I hurried to the trenches. It was a cloudy, dark night, and at a distance of only a few feet it was impossible to distinguish any object. The men were already at their posts. With the exception of an occasional shot on the picket-line, the firing soon ceased. An attack had evidently been made on our pickets; but at what point, or with what success, was as yet unknown. Reports soon came in. The enemy had first driven in the pickets in front of Fort Sanders, and had then attacked *our* line, which was also obliged to fall back. The Rebels in our front, however, did not advance beyond the pits which our men had just vacated, and a new line was at once established by Captain Buffum, our brigade officer of the day.

It was now evident that the enemy intended an attack. But where would it be made? All that long, cold night — our men were without overcoats — we stood in the trenches pondering that question. Might not this demonstration in our front be only a feint to draw our attention from other parts of the line, where the chief blow was to be

struck? So some thought. Gradually the night wore away.

A little after six o'clock the next morning, the enemy suddenly opened a furious cannonade. This was mostly directed against Fort Sanders; but several shots struck the Powell House, in rear of Battery Noble. Roemer immediately responded from College Hill. In about twenty minutes the enemy's fire slackened, and in its stead rose the well-known Rebel yell, in the direction of the fort. Then followed the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, and the bursting of shells. The yells died away, and then rose again. Now the roar of musketry and artillery was redoubled. It was a moment of the deepest anxiety. Our straining eyes were fixed on the fort. The Rebels had reached the ditch and were now endeavoring to scale the parapet. Whose will be the victory, — O, whose? The yells again died away, and then followed three loud Union cheers, — "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" How those cheers thrilled our hearts, as we stood almost breathless at our posts in the trenches! They told us that the enemy had been repulsed, and that the victory was ours. Peering through the rising fog towards the fort, not a hundred yards away, — O glorious sight! — we dimly saw that our flag was still there.

Let us now go back a little. Under cover of the ridge on which Fort Sanders was built, Longstreet had formed his columns for the assault. The men were picked men, — the flower of his army. One brigade was to make the assault, two brigades were to support it,\* and two other brigades were to

\* This statement is confirmed by the following extract from Pollard's (Rebel) "Third Year of the War." Speaking of this charge on Fort Sanders, he says: "The force which was to attempt an enterprise which ranks with the most famous charges in military history should be mentioned in detail. It consisted of three brigades of McLaw's division; — that of General Wolford, the Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiments, and Cobb's and Phillip's Georgia Legions; that of General Humphrey, the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third Mississippi Regiments; and a brigade composed of General Anderson's and Bryant's brigades, embracing, among others, the Palmetto State Guard, the Fif-

watch our lines and keep up a constant fire. Five regiments formed the brigade selected for the assaulting column. These were placed in position not more than eighty yards from the fort. They were "in column by division, closed in mass." When the fire of their artillery slackened, the order for the charge was given. The salient of the northwest bastion was the point of attack. The Rebel lines were much broken in passing the abatis. But the wire entanglements proved a greater obstacle. Whole companies were prostrated. Benjamin now opened his triple-shotted guns. Nevertheless, the weight of their column carried the Rebels forward, and in two minutes from the time the charge was commenced they had filled the ditch around the fort, and were endeavoring to scale the parapet. The guns, which had been trained to sweep the ditch, now opened a most destructive fire. Lieutenant Benjamin also took shells in his hand, and, lighting the fuse, tossed them over the parapet into the crowded ditch. One of the Rebel brigades in reserve now came up in support, and planted several of its flags on the parapet of the fort. Those, however, who endeavored to scale the parapet were swept away by the fire of our musketry. The men in the ditch, satisfied of the hopelessness of the task they had undertaken, now surrendered. They represented eleven regiments. The prisoners numbered nearly three hundred. Among them were seventeen commissioned officers. Over two hundred dead and wounded, including three colonels, lay in the ditch alone. The ground in front of the fort was also strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded. Over one thousand stands of arms fell into our hands, and the battle-flags of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Mississippi and Sixteenth Georgia. Our loss was eight men killed and five wounded. Never was a victory more complete; and never were brighter laurels worn than were that

morning laid on the brow of the hero of Fort Sanders, — Lieutenant Benjamin, Second United States Artillery.

Longstreet had promised his men that they should dine that day in Knoxville. But, in order that he might bury his dead, General Burnside now tendered him an armistice till five o'clock, P. M. It was accepted by the Rebel general; and our ambulances were furnished him to assist in removing the bodies to his lines. At five o'clock, two additional hours were asked, as the work was not yet completed. At seven o'clock, a gun was fired from Fort Sanders, the Rebels responded from an earthwork opposite, and the truce was at an end.

The next day, through a courier who had succeeded in reaching our lines, General Burnside received official notice of the defeat of Bragg. At noon, a single gun — we were short of ammunition — was fired from Battery Noble in our rear, and the men of the brigade, standing in the trenches, gave three cheers for Grant's victory at Chattanooga. We now looked for reinforcements daily, for Sherman was already on the road. The enemy knew this as well as we, and, during the night of the 4th of December, withdrew his forces, and started north. The retreat was discovered by the pickets of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, under Captain Ames, who had the honor of first declaring the siege of Knoxville raised.

It would be interesting to recount the facts connected with the retreat of the Rebel army, and then to follow our men to their winter quarters, among the mountains of East Tennessee, where, throughout the icy season, they remained, without shoes, without overcoats, without new clothing of any description, living on quarter rations of corn meal, with occasionally a handful of flour, and never grumbling; and where, at the expiration of their three years of service, standing forth under the open skies, amid all these discomforts, and raising loyal hands towards heaven, they swore to serve their country yet three years longer. But I must

teenth South Carolina Regiment, and the Fifty-first, Fifty-third, and Fifty-ninth Georgia Regiments." — pp. 161, 162.



pause. I have already illustrated their fortitude and heroic endurance.

The noble bearing of General Burnside throughout the siege won the admiration of all. In a speech at Cincinnati, a few days after the siege was raised, with that modesty which characterizes the true soldier, he said that the honors bestowed on him belonged to his under officers and the men in the

ranks. These kindly words his officers and men will ever cherish; and in all their added years, as they recall the widely separated battle-fields, made forever sacred by the blood of their fallen comrades, and forever glorious by the victories there won, it will be their pride to say, "We fought with Burnside at Campbell's Station and in the trenches at Knoxville."

---

### RELEASED.

A LITTLE low-ceiled room. Four walls  
Whose blank shut out all else of life,  
And crowded close within their bound  
A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew  
Of God's great globe, that wondrously  
Outrolls a glory of green earth,  
And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine:  
And therein lieth, cold and still,  
The weary flesh that long hath borne  
Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do;  
No queen more careless in her state;  
Hands crossed in their unbroken calm;  
For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil;  
Put by each coarse, intrusive sign;  
She made a Sabbath when she died,  
And round her breathes a Rest Divine.

Put by, at last, beneath the lid,  
The exempted hands, the tranquil face;  
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,  
And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,  
Out from that threshold on the night;  
The narrow bourn she crosseth now;  
She standeth in the Eternal Light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,  
Those broken steps that reach the door;  
Henceforth with angels she shall tread  
Heaven's golden stair forevermore!

tity is a national medicine. With the Mandans, friendship for the whites is supposed to be the source of national and individual advantage.

Besides the varieties of medicine already alluded to, there are in use charms of almost every kind. When game is scarce, medicine is made to call back the buffalo. The Man in the Sun is invoked for fair weather, for success in war or chase, and for a cure of wounds. The spirits of the dead are appeased by medicine songs and offerings. The curiosity of some may be attracted by the following rude and literal translation of the song of a Blackfoot woman to the spirit of her son, who was killed on his first war-party. The words were written down at the time, and are not in any respect changed or smoothed.

"O my son, farewell !  
 You have gone beyond the great river,  
 Your spirit is on the other side of the Sand Buttes ;  
 I will not see you for a hundred winters ;  
 You will scalp the enemy in the green prairie,  
 Beyond the great river.  
 When the warriors of the Blackfeet meet,  
 When they smoke the medicine-pipe and dance the  
 war-dance,  
 They will ask, 'Where is Isthumaka?—  
 Where is the bravest of the Mannikappi?'  
 He fell on the war-path.  
 Mai-ram-bo, mai-ram-bo.

"Many scalps will be taken for your death ;  
 The Crows will lose many horses ;  
 Their women will weep for their braves,  
 They will curse the spirit of Isthumaka.  
 O my son ! I will come to you  
 And make moccasins for the war-path,  
 As I did when you struck the lodge  
 Of the 'Horse-Guard' with the tomahawk.  
 Farewell, my son ! I will see you  
 Beyond the broad river.  
 Mai-ram-bo, mai-ram-bo," etc., etc.

Sung in a plaintive minor key, and in a

wild, irregular rhythm, the dirge was far more impressive than the words would indicate.

It cannot be denied that the whites, who consort much with the ruder tribes of Indians imbibe, to a considerable degree, their veneration for medicine. The old trappers and voyageurs are, almost without exception, observers of omens and dreamers of dreams. They claim that medicine is a faculty which can in some degree be cultivated, and aspire to its possession as eagerly as does the Indian. Sometimes they acquire a reputation that is in many ways beneficial to them.

As before said, it is no object of this paper to defend or combat the Indian notion of medicine. Such a system exists as a fact ; and whoever writes upon American Demonology will find many fruitful topics of investigation in the daily life of the uncontaminated Indian. There may be nothing of truth in the supposed prediction by Tecumseh, that Tuckabatchee would be destroyed by an earthquake on a day which he named ; the gifts of the "Prophet" may be overstated in the traditions that yet linger in Kentucky and Indiana ; the descent of the Mandans from Prince Madoc and his adventurous Welchmen, and the consideration accorded them on that account, may very possibly be altogether fanciful ; but whoever will take the trouble to investigate will find in the *real* Indian a faith, and occasionally a power, that quite equal the faculties claimed by our civilized clairvoyants, and will approach an untrodden path of curious, if not altogether useful research.

136-

## THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

*W. L. Bryant.*

O THOU great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,  
 Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield  
 The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,  
 And look with stony eye on human tears,  
     Thy cruel reign is o'er;  
     Thy bondmen crouch no more  
 In terror at the menace of thine eye;  
     For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,  
 Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,  
     And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,  
 And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled  
 Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;  
     Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;  
     Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks  
 Send up hosannas to the firmament.  
     Fields, where the bondman's toil  
     No more shall trench the soil,  
 Seem now to bask in a serener day;  
     The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs  
 Of heaven with more caressing softness play,  
     Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.  
 A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,  
 For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,  
     And they by whom the nation's laws were made,  
     And they who filled its judgment-seats, obeyed  
 Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate.  
     Fierce men at thy right hand,  
     With gesture of command,  
 Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;  
     And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,  
 Shrank from thy presence, and, in blank dismay,  
     Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;  
 While meaner cowards, mingling with thy train,  
 Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,  
     The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride;  
     Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side  
 Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.  
     And they who quailed but now  
     Before thy lowering brow



Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,  
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.  
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,  
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,  
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,  
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved ; thou didst not spare  
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part  
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart  
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer ;  
Thy inner lair became  
The haunt of guilty shame ;  
Thy lash dropped blood ; the murderer, at thy side,  
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.  
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,  
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,  
Until the measure of thy sins at last  
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

Go then, accursed of God, and take thy place  
With baleful memories of the elder time,  
With many a wasting pest, and nameless crime,  
And bloody war that thinned the human race ;  
With the Black Death, whose way  
Through wailing cities lay,  
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built  
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught  
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt, —  
Death at the stake to those that held them not.  
Lo, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom  
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by  
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,  
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,  
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.  
The slave-pen, through whose door  
Thy victims pass no more,  
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain  
At which the slave was sold ; while at thy feet  
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain  
Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.  
There, 'mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,  
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

*Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE merits of this book are popular and obvious, consisting in a strain of liberal, enlightened sentiment, an ingenious and original cast of thought, and a painstaking lucidity of style which leaves the writer's meaning even prosaically plain. There is a good deal of absurd and even puerile exegesis in its pages, which makes you wonder how so much sentimentality can co-exist with so much ability; but the book is vitiated for all purposes beyond mere literary entertainment by one grand defect, which is the guarded theologic obscurity the writer keeps up, or the attempt he makes to estimate Christianity apart from all question of the truth or falsity of Christ's personal pretensions towards God. The author may have reached in his own mind the most definite theologic convictions, but he sedulously withholds them from his reader; and the consequence is, that the book awakens and satisfies no intellectual interest in the latter, but remains at best a curious literary speculation. For what men have always been moved by in Christianity is not so much the superiority of its moral inculcations to those of other faiths, as its uncompromising pretension to be a final or absolute religion. If Christ be only the eminently good and wise and philanthropic man the author describes him to be, deliberating, legislating, for the improvement of man's morals, he may be very admirable, but nothing can be inferred from that circumstance to the deeper inquiry. If he claim no essentially different significance to our regard, on God's part, than that claimed by Zoroaster, Confucius, Mahomet, Hildebrand, Luther, Wesley, he is to be sure still entitled to all the respect inherent in such an office; but then there is no *a priori* reason why his teaching and influence should not be superseded in process of time by that of any at present unmentionable Anne Lee, Joanna Southcote, or Joe Smith. And what the human mind craves, above all things else, is repose towards God, — is not to remain a helpless sport to every fanatic sot that comes up from the abyss of human vanity, and claims to hold it captive by the assumption of a new Divine mission.

The objection to the *mythic* view of Christ's significance, which is that maintained by Strauss, is, that it violates men's faith in the integrity of history as a veracious outcome of the providential love and wisdom which are extant and operative in human affairs. And the objection to what has been called the *Troubadour* view of the same subject, which is that represented by M. Renan, is, that it outrages men's faith in human character, regarded, if not as habitually, still as occasionally capable of heroic or consistent veracity. We may safely argue, then, that neither Strauss nor Renan will possess any long vitality to human thought. They are both fascinating reading; — the one for his profound sincerity, or his conviction of a worth in Christianity so broadly human and impersonal as to exempt it from the obligations of a literal historic doctrine; the other for his profound insincerity, so to speak, or an egotism so subtle, so capacious and frank, as permits him to take up the grandest character in history into the hollow of his hand, and turn him about there for critical inspection and definite adjustment to the race, with absolutely no more reverence nor reticence than a buyer of grain shows to a handful of wheat, as he pours it dexterously from hand to hand, and blows the chaff in the seller's face.\* But both writers alike are left behind us in the library, and are not subsequently brought to mind by anything we encounter in the fields or the streets.

The author of *Ecce Homo* does no dishonor to the Christian history as history, however foolishly he expatiates at times upon its incidents and implications; much less to the simple and perfect integrity of Christ as a man, but no more than Strauss or Renan does he meet the supreme want of the popular understanding, which is to know wherein Christianity has the right it claims to be regarded as a final or complete revelation of the Divine name upon the earth. We think, moreover, that the reason of the omission is the same in every case, being the sheer and contented indifference which each of the writers feels

\* Of course we have no disposition to deny M. Renan's right to reduce Christ and every other historic figure to the standard of the most modern critical art. We merely mean to say that this is all M. Renan does, and that the all is not much.

They rose, as if with one will, and stood for an instant, the arms of the younger closely embracing the other as he had directed.

A sliding away from beneath them of the floor on which they stood, as the drop fails under the feet of a felon. A great rush of air, and a mighty, awful, stunning roar, — an involuntary gasp, a choking flood of water that came bellowing after them, and hammered them down into the black depths so far that the young man, well used to diving and swimming long distances under water, had well-nigh yielded to the fearful need of air, and sucked in his death in so doing.

The boat came up to the surface, broken in twain, splintered, a load of firewood for those who raked the river lower down. It had turned cross-wise and struck the rocks. A cap rose to the surface, such a one as boys wear, — the same that boy had on. And then — after how many seconds by the watch cannot be known, but after a time long enough, as the young man remembered it, to live his whole life over in memory — Clement Lindsay felt the blessed air against his face, and, taking a great breath, came to his full consciousness. The arms of the boy were still locked around him as in

the embrace of death. A few strokes brought him to the shore, dragging his senseless burden with him.

He unclasped the arms that held him so closely encircled, and laid the slender form of the youth he had almost died to save gently upon the grass. It was as if dead. He loosed the ribbon that was round the neck, he tore open the checked shirt —

The story of Myrtle Hazard's sex was told; but she was deaf to his cry of surprise, and no blush came to her cold cheek. Not too late, perhaps, to save her, — not too late to try to save her, at least!

He placed his lips to hers, and filled her breast with the air from his own panting chest. Again and again he renewed these efforts, hoping, doubting, despairing, — once more hoping, and at last, when he had almost ceased to hope, she gasped, she breathed, she moaned, and rolled her eyes wildly round her, — she was born again into this mortal life.

He caught her up in his arms, bore her to the house, laid her on a sofa, and, having spent his strength in this last effort, reeled and fell, and lay as one over whom have just been whispered the words, "He is gone."

## OUT ON PICKET.

*I. W. Higginson.*

137-

ONE can hardly imagine a body of men more disconsolate than a regiment suddenly transferred from an adventurous life in the enemy's country to the quiet of a sheltered camp, on safe and familiar ground. The men under my command were deeply dejected when, on a most appropriate day, — the First of April, 1863, — they found themselves unaccountably recalled from Florida, that region of delights which had seemed theirs by the right of conquest. My dusky soldiers, who based

their whole walk and conversation strictly on the ancient Israelites, felt that the prophecies were all set at naught, and that they were on the wrong side of the Red Sea; indeed, I fear they regarded even me as a sort of reversed Moses, whose Pisgah fronted in the wrong direction. Had they foreseen that the next occupation of the Promised Land was destined to require twenty regiments instead of two, and to culminate, after all, in the tragic battle of Olustee, they might have acquiesced with more



of their wonted cheerfulness. As it was, we were very glad to receive, after a few days of discontented repose on the very ground where we had been so happy, an order to go out on picket at Port Royal Ferry, with the understanding that we might remain there for some time.

This picket station was regarded as a sort of military picnic by the regiments stationed at Beaufort, South Carolina; it meant blackberries and oysters, wild roses and magnolias, flowery lanes instead of sandy barrens, and a sort of guerilla existence in place of the camp routine. To the colored soldiers especially, with their love of country life, and their extensive personal acquaintance on the plantations, it seemed quite like a Christmas festival. Besides, they would be in sight of the enemy, and who knew but there might, by the blessing of Providence, be a raid or a skirmish? If they could not remain on the St. John's River, it was something to dwell on the Coosaw. In the end they enjoyed it as much as they expected, and though we "went out" several times subsequently, until it became an old story, the enjoyment never waned. And as even the march from the camp to the picket lines was something that could not possibly have been the same for any white regiment in the service, it is worth while to begin at the beginning and describe it.

A regiment ordered on picket was expected to have reveille at daybreak, and to be in line for departure by sunrise. This delighted our men, who always took a childlike pleasure in being out of bed at any unreasonable hour; and by the time I had emerged, the tents were nearly all struck, and the great wagons were lumbering into camp to receive them, with whatever else was to be transported. The first rays of the sun must fall upon the line of these wagons, moving away across the wide parade-ground, followed by the column of men, who would soon outstrip them. But on the occasion which I especially describe, the sun

was shrouded, and, when once upon the sandy plain, neither camp nor town nor river could be seen in the dimness; and when I rode forward and looked back, there was only visible the long, moving, shadowy column, seeming rather awful in its snake-like advance. There was a swaying of flags and multitudinous weapons that might have been camels' necks for all one could see, and the whole thing might have been a caravan upon the desert. Soon we debouched upon the "Shell Road," the wagon train drew on one side into the fog, and by the time the sun appeared the music ceased, the men took the "route step," and the fun began.

The "route step" is an abandonment of all military strictness, and nothing is required of the men but to keep four abreast, and not lag behind. They are not required to keep step, though, with the rhythmical ear of our soldiers, they almost always instinctively did so; talking and singing are allowed, and of this privilege, at least, they eagerly availed themselves. On this day they were at the top of exhilaration. There was one broad grin from one end of the column to the other; it might soon have been a caravan of elephants instead of camels, for the ivory and the blackness; the chatter and the laughter almost drowned the tramp of feet and the clatter of equipments. At cross-roads and plantation gates the colored people thronged to see us pass; every one found a friend and a greeting. "How you do, aunty?" "Huddy (how d' ye), Budder Benjamin?" "How you find yourself dis mornin', Tittawisa (sister Louisa)?" Such salutations rang out to everybody, known or unknown. In return, venerable kerchiefed matrons courtesied laboriously to every one, with an unfailing "Bress de Lord, budder." Grave little boys, blacker than ink, shook hands with our laughing and utterly unmanageable drummers, who greeted them with this sure word of prophecy: "Dem 's de drummers for de nex' war!" Pretty mulatto girls ogled and coquetted, and made eyes, as

Thackeray would say, at half the young fellows in the battalion. Meantime the singing was brisk along the whole column, and when I sometimes reined up to see them pass, the chant of each company, entering my ear, drove out from the other ear the strain of the preceding. Such an odd mixture of things, military and missionary, as the successive waves of song drifted by! First, "John Brown," of course; then, "What make old Satan for follow me so?" then, "Marching Along"; then "Hold your light on Canaan's shore"; then, "When this cruel war is over" (a new favorite, sung by a few); yielding presently to a grand burst of the favorite marching song among them all, and one at which every step instinctively quickened, so light and jubilant its rhythm,—

"All true children gwine in de wilderness,  
Gwine in de wilderness, gwine in de wilderness,  
True believers gwine in de wilderness,  
To take away de sins ob de world,"—

ending in a "Hoigh!" after each verse,—a sort of Irish yell. For all the songs, but especially for their own wild hymns, they constantly improvised simple verses, with the same odd mingling,—the little facts of to-day's march being interwoven with the depths of theological gloom, and the same jubilant chorus annexed to all; thus,—

"We 're gwine to de Ferry,  
De bell done ringing;  
Gwine to de landing,  
De bell done ringing;  
Trust, believer,  
O, de bell done ringing;  
Satan 's behind me.  
De bell done ringing;  
'T is a misty morning,  
De bell done ringing;  
O, de road am sandy,  
De bell done ringing;  
Hell been open,  
De bell done ringing";—

and so on indefinitely.

The little drum corps kept in advance, a jolly crew, their drums slung on their backs, and the drum-sticks perhaps balanced on their heads. With them went the officers' servant-boys, more uproarious still, always ready to lend their shrill treble to any song. At the head of the whole force there

walked, by some self-imposed pre-eminence, a respectable elderly female, one of the company laundresses, whose vigorous stride we never could quite overtake, and who had an enormous bundle balanced on her head, while she waved in her hand, like a sword, a long-handled tin dipper. Such a picturesque medley of fun, war, and music I believe no white regiment in the service could have shown; and yet there was no straggling, and a single tap of the drum would at any moment bring order out of this seeming chaos. So we marched our seven miles out upon the smooth and shaded road,—beneath jasmine clusters, and great pine-cones dropping, and great bunches of mistletoe still in bloom among the branches. Arrived at the station, the scene soon became busy and more confused; wagons were being unloaded, tents pitched, water brought, wood cut, fires made, while the "field and staff" could take possession of the abandoned quarters of their predecessors, and we could look round in the lovely summer morning to "survey our empire and behold our home."

The only thoroughfare by land between Beaufort and Charleston is the "Shell Road," a beautiful avenue, which, about nine miles from Beaufort, strikes a ferry across the Coosaw River. War abolished the ferry, and made the river the permanent barrier between the opposing picket lines. For ten miles, right and left, these lines extended, marked by well-worn footpaths, following the endless windings of the stream; and they never varied until nearly the end of the war. Upon their maintenance depended our whole foothold on the Sea Islands; and upon that again finally depended the whole campaign of Sherman. But for the services of the colored troops, which finally formed the main garrison of the Department of the South, the Great March would never have been performed.

There were thus ten or twelve square miles of country of which I had exclusive military command. It was level,

but otherwise broken and bewildering to the last degree. No road traversed it, properly speaking, but the Shell Road. All the rest was a wild medley of cypress swamp, pine barren, muddy creek, and cultivated plantation, intersected by interminable lanes and bridle-paths, through which we must ride day and night, and which our horses soon knew better than ourselves. The regiment was distributed at different stations, the main force being under my immediate command, at a plantation close by the Shell Road, two miles from the ferry, and seven miles from Beaufort. Our first picket duty was just at the time of the first attack on Charleston, under Dupont and Hunter; and it was generally supposed that the Confederates would make an effort to recapture the Sea Islands. My orders were to watch the enemy closely, keep informed as to his position and movements, attempt no advance, and, in case any were attempted from the other side, to delay it as long as possible, sending instant notice to head-quarters. As to the delay, that could be easily guaranteed. There were causeways on the Shell Road which a single battery could hold against a large force; and the plantations were everywhere so intersected by hedges and dikes that they seemed expressly planned for defence. Although creeks wound in and out everywhere, yet these were only navigable at high tide, and at all other times were impassable marshes. There were but few posts where the enemy were within rifle range, and their occasional attacks at those points were soon stopped by our enforcement of a pithy order from General Hunter, "Give them as good as they send." So that, with every opportunity for being kept on the alert, there was small prospect of serious danger; and all promised an easy life, with only enough of care to make it pleasant. The picket station was therefore always a coveted post among the regiments, combining some undeniable importance with a kind of relaxation; and as we were there three months on our first tour

of duty, and returned there several times afterwards, we got well acquainted with it. The whole region always reminded me of the descriptions of La Vendée, and I always expected to meet Henri Larochejaquelein riding in the woods.

How can I ever describe the charm and picturesqueness of that summer life? Our house possessed four spacious rooms and a piazza; around it were grouped sheds and tents; the camp was a little way off on one side, the negro quarters of the plantation on the other; and all was immersed in a dense mass of waving and murmuring locust-blossoms. The spring days were always lovely, while the evenings were always conveniently damp; so that we never shut the windows by day, nor omitted our cheerful fire by night. Indoors, the main head-quarters seemed like the camp of some party of young engineers in time of peace, only with a little female society added, and a good many martial associations thrown in. A large, low, dilapidated room, with an immense fireplace, with walls darkened by the successive sketches or scrawls of many predecessors, and with window-panes chiefly broken, so that the sashes were still open even when closed,—such was our home. The room had the picturesqueness which comes everywhere from the natural grouping of articles of daily use,—swords, belts, pistols, rifles, field-glasses, spurs, canteens, gauntlets,—while wreaths of gray moss above the windows, and a pelican's wing three feet long over the high mantel-piece, indicated more deliberate decoration. This and the whole atmosphere of the place spoke of the refining presence of agreeable women; and it was pleasant when they held their little court in the evening, and pleasant all day, with the different visitors who were always streaming in and out;—officers and soldiers on various business; turbaned women from the plantations, coming with complaints or questionings; fugitives from the mainland to be interrogated; visitors riding up on horseback,



their hands full of jasmine and wild-roses ; baby in her scarlet cloak, with her stately observant serenity ; and the sweet sunny air all perfumed with magnolias and the Southern pine. From the neighboring camp there was a perpetual low hum. Louder voices and laughter re-echoed, amid the sharp sounds of the axe, from the pine woods ; and sometimes, when the relieved pickets were discharging their pieces, there came the hollow sound of dropping rifle-shots, as in skirmishing, — perhaps the most unmistakable and fascinating association that war bequeaths to the memory of the ear.

Our domestic arrangements were of the oddest description. From the time when we began housekeeping by taking down the front door to complete therewith a little office for the surgeon on the piazza, everything seemed upside down. I slept on a shelf in the corner of the parlor, and undressed according to the weather ; if it was bright moonlight, so that nothing could happen, it was well to take my comfort ; if it was very dark and a trifle rainy, it seemed best to undress on Suwarrow's method, by taking off one spur. Then the arrangements for ablution were peculiar. We fitted up a bathing-place in a brook, which somehow got appropriated at once by the company laundresses ; but I had my revenge, for I took to bathing in the family wash-tub. After all, however, the kitchen department had the advantage, for they used my solitary napkin to wipe the mess-table. As for food, we found it impossible to get chickens, save in the immature shape of eggs ; fresh pork was prohibited by the surgeon, and other fresh meat came rarely. We could indeed hunt for wild turkeys, and even deer, but such hunting was found only to increase the appetite, without corresponding supply. Still we had our luxuries, — large, delicious drumfish, and alligator steaks, — like a more substantial fried halibut, — which might have afforded the theme for Charles Lamb's dissertation on Roast Pig, and by whose aid "for the first time in our lives we tasted *crackling*."

The post bakery yielded admirable bread ; and for vegetables and fruit we had very poor sweet potatoes, and (in their season) an unlimited supply of the largest blackberries. For beverage, we had the vapid milk of that region, in which, if you let it stand, the water sinks instead of the cream's rising ; and the delicious sugar-cane syrup, which we had brought from Florida, and which we drank at all hours. Old Floridians say that no one is justified in drinking whiskey, while he can get cane-juice ; it is sweet and spirited, without cloying, foams like ale, and there were little spots on the ceiling of the dining-room where our lively beverage had popped out its cork. We kept it in a whiskey-bottle ; and as whiskey itself was absolutely prohibited among us, it was amusing to see the surprise of our military visitors when this innocent substitute was brought in. They usually liked it in the end, but, like the old Frenchwoman over her glass of water, wished that it were a sin to give it a relish. As the foaming beakers of molasses and water were handed round, the guests would make with them the courteous little gestures of polite imbibing, and would then quaff the beverage, some with gusto, others with a slight after-look of dismay. But it was a delicious and cooling drink, while it lasted ; and at all events was the best and the worst we had.

We used to have reveille at six, and breakfast about seven ; then the mounted couriers began to arrive from half a dozen different directions, with written reports of what had happened during the night, — a boat seen, a picket fired on, a battery erecting. These must be consolidated and forwarded to headquarters, with the daily report of the command, — so many sick, so many on detached service, and all the rest. This was our morning newspaper, our Herald and Tribune ; I never got tired of it. Then the couriers must be furnished with countersign and instructions, and sent off again. Then Baby, the Baby of the Regiment, made her appearance, to be kissed and tossed for

a few moments, while the horses were brought round. Then we scattered to our various rides, all disguised as duty ; one to inspect pickets, one to visit a sick soldier, one to build a bridge or clear a road, and still another to headquarters for ammunition or commissary stores. Galloping through green lanes, miles of triumphal arches of wild roses, — roses pale and large and fragrant, mingled with great boughs of the white cornel, fantastic masses, snowy surprises, — such were our rides, ranging from eight to fifteen and even twenty miles. Back to a late dinner with our various experiences, and perhaps specimens to match ; — a thunder-snake, eight feet long ; a live opossum, with the young clinging to the natural pouch ; an armful of great white, scentless pond-lilies. After dinner, to the tangled garden for rose-buds or early magnolias, — whose cloying fragrance will always bring back to me the full zest of those summer days ; then dress-parade and a little drill as the day grew cool. In the evening, tea ; and then the piazza or the fireside, as the case might be, — chess, cards, — perhaps a little music by aid of the assistant surgeon's melodeon, a few pages of Jean Paul's "Titan," almost my only book, and carefully husbanded, — perhaps a mail, with its infinite felicities. Such was our day.

Night brought its own fascinations, more solitary and profound. The darker they were, the more clearly it was our duty to visit the pickets. The paths that had grown so familiar by day seemed a wholly new labyrinth by night ; and every added shade of darkness seemed to shift and complicate them all anew, till at last man's skill grew utterly baffled, and the clew must be left to the instinct of the horse. Riding beneath the solemn starlight, or soft, gray mist, or densest blackness, the frogs croaking, the strange "chuck-will's-widow" droning his ominous note above my head, the mocking-bird dreaming in music, the great Southern fire-flies rising to the tree-tops, or hovering close to the ground like glow-

worms, till the horse raised his hoofs to avoid them ; through pine woods and cypress swamps, or past sullen brooks, or white tents, or the dimly seen huts of sleeping negroes ; down to the glimmering shore, where black statues leaned against trees or stood alert in the pathways ; — never, though I live a thousand years, shall I forget the magic of those haunted nights.

We had nocturnal boat service, too, for it was a part of our instructions to obtain all possible information about the enemy's position ; and we accordingly, as usual in such cases, incurred a great many risks that harmed nobody, and picked up much information which did nobody any good. The centre of these nightly reconnoissances, for a long time, was the wreck of the George Washington, the story of whose disaster is perhaps worth telling.

Till about the time when we went on picket, it had been the occasional habit of the smaller gunboats to make the circuit of Port Royal Island, — a practice which was deemed very essential to the safety of our position, but which the Rebels effectually stopped, a few days after our arrival, by destroying the army gunboat George Washington with a single shot from a light battery. I was roused soon after daybreak by the firing, and a courier soon came dashing in with the particulars. Forwarding these hastily to Beaufort, (for we had then no telegraph,) I was soon at the scene of action, five miles away. Approaching, I met on the picket paths man after man who had escaped from the wreck across a half-mile of almost impassable marsh. Never did I see such objects, — some stripped to their shirts, some fully clothed, but all having every garment literally pasted to their bodies with mud. Across the river, the Rebels were retiring, having done their work, but were still shelling, from greater and greater distances, the wood through which I rode. Arrived at the spot nearest the wreck, (a point opposite to what we called the Brick-yard Station,) I saw the burning vessel

aground beyond a long stretch of marsh, out of which the forlorn creatures were still floundering. Here and there in the mud and reeds we could see the laboring heads, slowly advancing, and could hear excruciating cries from wounded men in the more distant depths. It was the strangest mixture of war and Dante and Robinson Crusoe. Our energetic chaplain coming up, I sent him with four men, under a flag of truce, to the place whence the worst cries proceeded, while I went to another part of the marsh. During that morning we got them all out, our last achievement being the rescue of the pilot, an immense negro with a wooden leg, — an article so particularly unavailable for mud travelling, that it would have almost seemed better, as one of the men suggested, to cut the traces, and leave it behind.

A naval gunboat, too, which had originally accompanied this vessel, and should never have left it, now came back and took off the survivors, though there had been several deaths from scalding and shell. It proved that the wreck was not aground after all, but at anchor, having foolishly lingered till after daybreak, and having thus given time for the enemy to bring down their guns. The first shot had struck the boiler, and set the vessel on fire; after which the officer in command had raised a white flag, and then escaped with his men to our shore; and it was for this flight in the wrong direction that they were shelled in the marshes by the Rebels. The case furnished in this respect some parallel to that of the Kearsarge and Alabama, and it was afterwards cited, I believe, officially or unofficially, to show that the Rebels had claimed the right to punish, in this case, the course of action which they approved in Semmes. I know that they always asserted thenceforward, that the detachment on board the George Washington had become rightful prisoners of war, and were justly fired upon when they tried to escape.

This was at the time of the first

attack on Charleston, and the noise of this cannonading spread rapidly thither, and brought four regiments to reinforce Beaufort in a hurry, under the impression that the town was already taken, and that they must save what remnants they could. General Saxton, too, had made such capital plans for defending the post that he could not bear not to have it attacked; so, while the Rebels brought down a force to keep us from taking the guns off the wreck, I was also supplied with a section or two of regular artillery, and some additional infantry with which to keep them from it; and we tried to "make believe very hard," and rival the Charleston expedition on our own island. Indeed, our affair came to about as much, — nearly nothing, — and lasted decidedly longer; for both sides nibbled away at the guns, by night, for weeks afterward, though I believe the mud finally got them, — at least, we did not. We tried in vain to get the use of a steamboat or floating derrick of any kind; for it needed more mechanical ingenuity than we possessed to transfer anything so heavy to our small boats by night, while by day we did not go near the wreck in anything larger than a "dug-out."

One of these nocturnal visits to the wreck I recall with peculiar gusto, because it brought back that contest with catarrh and coughing among my own warriors which had so ludicrously beset me in Florida. It was always fascinating to be on those forbidden waters by night, stealing out with muffled oars through the creeks and reeds, our eyes always strained for other voyagers, our ears listening breathlessly to all the marsh sounds, — blackfish splashing, and little wakened reed-birds that fled wailing away over the dim river, equally safe on either side. But it always appeared to the watchful senses that we were making noise enough to be heard at Fort Sumter; and somehow the victims of catarrh seemed always the most eager for any enterprise requiring peculiar caution. In this case, I thought I had sifted them before-



hand; but as soon as we were afloat, one poor boy near me began to wheeze, and I turned upon him in exasperation. He saw his danger, and meekly said, "I won't cough, Cunnel!" and he kept his word. For two mortal hours he sat grasping his gun, with never a chirrup. But two unfortunates in the bow of the boat developed symptoms which I could not suppress; so, putting in at a picket station, with some risk I dumped them in mud knee-deep, and embarked a substitute, who after the first five minutes absolutely coughed louder than both the others united. Handkerchiefs, blankets, over-coats, suffocation in its direst forms, were all tried in vain, but apparently the Rebel pickets slept through it all, and we explored the wreck in safety. I think they were asleep, for certainly across the level marshes there came a nasal sound, as of the "Conthieveracy" in its slumbers. It may have been a bull-frog, but it sounded like a human snore.

Picket life was of course the place to feel the charm of natural beauty on the Sea Islands. We had a world of profuse and tangled vegetation around us, such as would have been a dream of delight to me, but for the constant sense of responsibility and care which came between. Amid this preoccupation, Nature seemed but a mirage, and not the close and intimate associate I had before known. I pressed no flowers, collected no insects or birds' eggs, made no notes on natural objects, reversing in these respects all previous habits. Yet now, in the retrospect, there seems to have been infused into me through every pore the voluptuous charm of the season and the place; and the slightest corresponding sound or odor now calls back the memory of those delicious days. Being afterwards on picket at almost every season, I tasted the sensations of all; and though I hardly then thought of such a result, the associations of beauty will remain forever.

In February, for instance, — though this was during a later period of picket service, — the woods were usually draped

with that "net of shining haze" which marks our Northern May; and the house was embowered in wild-plumblossoms, small, white, profuse, and tenanted by murmuring bees. There were peach-blossoms too, and the yellow jasmine was opening its multitudinous buds, climbing over tall trees, and waving from bough to bough. There were fresh young ferns and white bloodroot in the edges of woods, matched by snowdrops in the garden, beneath budded myrtle and *Petisporum*. In this wilderness the birds were busy; the two main songsters being the mocking-bird and the cardinal-grosbeak, which monopolized all the parts of our more varied Northern orchestra save the tender and liquid notes, which in South Carolina seemed unattempted except by some stray blue-bird. Jays were as loud and busy as at the North in autumn; there were sparrows and wrens; and sometimes I noticed the shy and whimsical chewink.

From this early spring-time onward, there seemed no great difference in atmospheric sensations, and only a succession of bloom. After two months one's notions of the season grew bewildered, just as very early rising bewilders the day. In the army one is perhaps roused after a bivouac, marches before daybreak, halts, fights, somebody is killed, a long day's life has been lived, and after all it is not seven o'clock, and breakfast is not ready. So when we had lived in summer so long as hardly to remember winter, it suddenly occurred to us that it was not yet June. One escapes at the South that mixture of hunger and avarice which is felt in the Northern summer, counting each hour's joy with the sad consciousness that an hour is gone. The compensating loss is in missing those soft, sweet, liquid sensations of the Northern spring, that burst of life and joy, those days of heaven that even April brings; and this absence of childhood in the year creates a feeling of hardness in the season, like that I have suggested in the melody of the Southern birds. It seemed to me also that the woods had

not those pure, clean, *innocent* odors which so abound in the New England forest in early spring; but there was something luscious, voluptuous, almost oppressively fragrant about the magnolias, as if they belonged not to Hebe, but to Magdalen.

Such immense and lustrous butterflies I had never seen but in dreams; and not even dreams had prepared me for sand-flies. Almost too small to be seen, they inflicted a bite which appeared larger than themselves,—a positive wound, more torturing than that of a mosquito, and leaving more annoyance behind. These tormentors elevated dress-parade into the dignity of a military engagement. I had to stand motionless, with my head a mere nebula of winged atoms, while tears rolled profusely down my face, from mere muscular irritation. Had I stirred a finger, the whole battalion would have been slapping its cheeks. Such enemies were, however, a valuable aid to discipline, on the whole, as they abounded in the guard-house, and made that institution an object of unusual abhorrence among the men.

The presence of ladies, and the home-like air of everything, made the picket station a very popular resort while we were there. It was the one agreeable ride from Beaufort, and we often had a dozen people unexpectedly to dinner. On such occasions there was sometimes mounting in hot haste, and an eager search among the outlying plantations for additional chickens and eggs, or through the company kitchens for some of those villanous tin cans which everywhere marked the progress of our army. In those cans, so far as my observation went, all fruits relapsed into a common acidulation, and all meats into a similarity of tastelessness; while the "condensed milk" was best described by the men, who often unconsciously stumbled on a better joke than they knew, and always spoke of it as *condemned* milk.

We had our own excursions too,—to the Barnwell plantations, with their beautiful avenues and great live-oaks,

the perfection of Southern beauty,—to Hall's Island, debatable ground, close under the enemy's fire, where half-wild cattle were to be shot, under military precautions, like Scottish moss-trooping,—or to the ferry, where it was fascinating to the female mind to scan the Rebel pickets through a field-glass. Our horses liked the by-ways far better than the level hardness of the Shell Road, especially those we had brought from Florida, which enjoyed the wilderness as if they had belonged to Marion's men. They delighted to feel the long sedge brush their flanks, or to gallop down the narrow wood-paths, leaping the fallen trees, and scaring the bright little lizards which shot across our track like live rays broken from the sunbeams. We had an abundance of horses, mostly captured and left in our hands by some convenient delay of the post quartermaster. We had also two side-saddles, which, not being munitions of war, could not properly (as we explained) be transferred like other captured articles to the general stock; otherwise the P. Q. M. (a married man) would have showed no unnecessary delay in their case. For miscellaneous accommodation was there not an ambulance,—that most inestimable of army conveniences, equally ready to carry the merry to a feast or the wounded from a fray. "Ambulance" was one of those words, rather numerous, which Ethiopian lips were not framed by Nature to articulate. Only the highest stages of colored culture could compass it; on the tongue of the many it was transformed mystically as "amulet," or ambitiously as "epaulet," or in culinary fashion as "omelet." But it was our experience that an ambulance under any other name jolted equally hard.

Beside these diversions, we had more laborious vocations,—a good deal of fatigue, and genuine, though small, alarms. The men went on duty every third day at furthest, and the officers nearly as often,—most of the tours of duty lasting twenty-four hours, though the stream was considered to watch itself tolerably well by daylight. This

kind of responsibility suited the men ; and we had already found, as the whole army afterwards acknowledged, that the constitutional watchfulness and distrustfulness of the colored race made them admirable as sentinels. Soon after we went on picket, the commanding general sent an aid, with a cavalry escort, to visit all the stations, without my knowledge. They spent the whole night, and the officer reported that he could not get within thirty yards of any post without a challenge. This was a pleasant assurance for me ; since our position seemed so secure, compared with Jacksonville, that I had feared some relaxation of vigilance, while yet the safety of all depended on our thorough discharge of duty.

Jacksonville had also seasoned the men so well that they were no longer nervous, and did not waste much powder on false alarms. The Rebels made no formal attacks, and rarely attempted to capture pickets. Sometimes they came stealing through the creeks in "dug-outs," as we did on their side of the water, and occasionally an officer of ours was fired upon while making his rounds by night. Often some boat or scow would go adrift, and sometimes a mere dark mass of river-weed would be floated by the tide past the successive stations, eliciting a challenge and perhaps a shot from each. I remember the vivid way in which one of the men stated to his officer the manner in which a faithful picket should do his duty, after challenging, in case a boat came in sight. "Fus' thing I shoot, and den I shoot, and den I shoot again. Den I creep-creep up near de boat, and see who dey in 'em ; and s'pose anybody pop up he head, den I shoot again. S'pose I fire my forty rounds. I tink he hear at de camp and send more mans,"—which seemed a reasonable presumption. This soldier's name was Paul Jones, a daring fellow, quite worthy of his namesake.

In time, however, they learned quieter methods, and would wade far out in the water, there standing motionless at last, hoping to surround and capture these

floating boats, though, to their great disappointment, the prize usually proved empty. On one occasion they tried a still profounder strategy ; for an officer visiting the pickets after midnight, and hearing in the stillness a portentous snore from the end of the causeway (our most important station), straightway hurried to the point of danger, with wrath in his soul. But the sergeant of the squad came out to meet him, imploring silence, and explaining that they had seen or suspected a boat hovering near, and were feigning sleep in order to lure and capture those who would entrap them.

The one military performance at the picket station of which my men were utterly intolerant was an occasional flag of truce, for which this was the appointed locality. These farces, for which it was our duty to furnish the stock actors, always struck them as being utterly despicable, and unworthy the serious business of war. They felt, I suppose, what Mr. Pickwick felt, when he heard his counsel remark to the counsel for the plaintiff, that it was a very fine morning. It goaded their souls to see the young officers from the two opposing armies salute each other courteously, and interchange cigars. They despised the object of such negotiations, which was usually to send over to the enemy some family of Rebel women who had made themselves quite intolerable on our side, but were not above collecting a subscription among the Union officers, before departure, to replenish their wardrobes. The men never showed disrespect to these women by word or deed, but they hated them from the bottom of their souls. Besides, there was a grievance behind all this. The Rebel order remained unrevoked which consigned the new colored troops and their officers to a felon's death, if captured ; and we all felt that we fought with ropes round our necks. "Dere 's no flags ob truce for us," the men would contemptuously say. "When de Secesh fight de *Fus' Souf*" (First South Carolina), "he fight in earnest." Indeed, I myself took it



as rather a compliment when the commander on the other side—though an old acquaintance of mine in Massachusetts and in Kansas—at first refused to negotiate through me or my officers,—a refusal which was kept up, greatly to the enemy's inconvenience, until our men finally captured some of the opposing pickets, and their friends had to waive all scruples in order to send them supplies. After this there was no trouble, and I think that the first Rebel officer in South Carolina who officially met my officer of colored troops under a flag of truce was Captain John C. Calhoun. In Florida we had been so

recognized long before; but that was when they wished to frighten us out of Jacksonville.

Such was our life on picket at Port Royal,—a thing whose memory is now fast melting into such stuff as dreams are made of. We stayed there more than two months at that time; the first attack on Charleston exploded with one puff, and had its end; General Hunter was ordered North, and the busy Gilmore reigned in his stead; and in June, when the blackberries were all eaten, we were summoned, nothing loath, to other scenes and encampments new.

---

## GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN MAINE.

### II.

ON returning to Bangor, I proceeded at once, according to my original intention, to Mount Desert; but before giving an account of the glacial phenomena on that island, I must say a few words of the physical features of the country between Bangor and the sea. This region is intersected by three distinct ranges of hills, without counting the low range between Brewer and Holden. The first divides the valley of the Penobscot from that of Union River, passing through the townships of Clifton, Holden, and Dedham; the second separates the valley of the Union River from the Coast Range; the third is the Coast Range itself, of which Mount Desert and the elevated islands on either side of it form a part; for all these islands, so broken and picturesque in their outlines, must be looked upon as the higher summits of a partly submerged mountainous ridge. These chains do not run exactly parallel with the coast, their trend being more to the north than that of the shore itself; so that the ridges extending from east

to west, across the country, are not exactly at right angles with the normal direction of the glacier marks, though nearly so. It is this formation of the surface of the land which makes the glacial phenomena so interesting between Bangor and the sea, especially where one can connect them with like traces farther north. The road from Bangor to Mount Desert passes in succession over all these ridges, ascending to the heights and descending into the intervening depressions; thus rising three times from the bottom of a valley over the ridge intervening between it and the next valley, before reaching the southern coast of the large shore islands.\* Over all the elevations and in all the valley bottoms one may trace, in unbroken continuity, and almost at right angles with the direction of the mountains and of the valleys, the same set of lines or glacial marks that we have already traced to the north of Bangor, running due north and south until they disappear under the arm of the sea which separates

\* Compare Chace's map of Maine.

Mount Desert from the coast. They reappear on the north shore of the island itself, passing over its higher summits to lose themselves finally under the level of the ocean. Not only are the characteristic marks to be followed along the entire length of the road, but the whole surface of the country is *moutonnée*; namely, worn into those rounded, knoll-like surfaces so frequently alluded to in this and previous articles, and so well known in Switzerland as due to glacial action. Bald Mountain is a striking example of this kind of hill.

This region is literally strewn with huge boulders, sometimes forty or fifty feet high. For the most part they seem to belong to the neighboring hills, and have not travelled a great distance. There are many of these boulders, however, which add their testimony to show that the path of the great ice-plough has been from north to south. This is especially the case with the granite rock of Dedham, so well characterized by its large feldspar crystals, detached masses of which are frequently found to the south of that locality, but never to the north of it. Occasional boulders of a much more northern origin are not wanting. Another link in the evidence is that, wherever the marks are preserved on any abruptly rising ground, they occur on its northern side, and do not appear on the southern one. Evidently the abrading agent advanced from the north, pushed up and over the face presented to it, while the southern face was comparatively protected, the rigid mass no doubt often bridging the opposite declivity without even touching it. I suppose these facts, which perhaps seem insignificant in themselves, must be far less expressive to the general observer than to one who has seen this whole set of phenomena in active operation. To me they have been for many years so familiar in the Alpine valleys, and their aspect in those regions is so identical with the facts above described, that, paradoxical as the statement may seem, the presence

of the ice is now an unimportant element to me in the study of glacial phenomena. It is no more essential to the investigator, who has once seen its connection with the facts, than is the flesh which once clothed it to the anatomist who studies the skeleton of a fossil animal. In the face of these facts it seems preposterous to assume that the loose materials and boulders scattered over this interval should have been stranded by icebergs driven inward from the sea-shore by currents or tidal waves. The whole movement, whatever its cause, was unquestionably in the opposite direction. The testimony of the loose materials and erratic boulders is the same all over the United States. They are always of northern birth. I have never seen a single fragment of rock from any more southern locality resting upon glaciated surfaces to the north of them, though I have searched for them from the Atlantic coast to Iowa.

The picturesque island of Mount Desert lies on the southern shore of Maine, in Hancock County, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow arm of the sea. Much higher in the centre than on the margin, its mountains seem, as one draws near, to rise abruptly from the sea. It is cleft through the middle by a deep fiord, known as *Somes's Sound*, dividing the southern half of the island into two unequal portions; and its shores are indented by countless bays and coves, which add greatly to its beauty. We entered the island on the northwestern side, from Trenton, and proceeded at once to Bar Harbor, on the eastern side, a favorite resort in summer on account of its broken, varied shore, and of the neighborhood of Green Mountain, with its exquisite lake, sunk in a cup-like depression half-way up the mountain-side, and its magnificent view from the summit. At the very entrance to the island, on passing over the toll-bridge of Trenton, there is an excellent locality for glacial tracks. The striae are admirably well preserved on some ledges at the Mount Desert end of the bridge.

'By God!' said Lincoln, starting up, 'before I 've done, I 'll make the road so hot that he shall find authority!'"

It does not belong to me to trace the gradual development of Lincoln's character, nor to offer proof here of many things I dare to indicate. That belongs to one who loved him like a brother, and can sustain with evidence, as well as conviction, every word that he shall write. The world will wait eagerly for what he shall offer; but I must say for myself, that I find it hard to forgive those who, in their folly or their falsehood, have fabricated so much that had no foundation concerning Abraham Lincoln. Many things attributed to him as virtues were, if true, not virtues *in him*, as a close inspection of his life betrays, but were born of prudence imposed by bitter circumstance. Many other things, such as the story of his offering only *water* to the committee who came to him from Chicago when he was first nominated to the Presidency, it is hard to give up, having once accepted them; but, as is very well known in Springfield, Abraham Lincoln's parlor was on that day what any other Western parlor would have been on the like occasion. Not that he—a temperate, but not a *temperance* man—provided liquor for the townspeople; but he would have been a very different man from what the facts must represent him had he forbidden his friends to provide it.

A great change for the better had been going on in him from 1854 to 1860. But the work was slow and painful. It would have been easier had his mind had less of the judicial quality. He could not help knowing what was fair and what was unfair; and, seeing what private griefs pressed upon him at the hour of his election, any man might marvel that he kept his sweetness. He had been led by a hard, dark way; he had expiated in his own person, not only his own sins, but those of all his ancestry, as he was hereafter to expiate those of his nation. Why should he, alone of all the world, have bent under such a yoke?

When I was at Oberlin, President

Finney spoke of the extreme slowness with which Lincoln seemed to take in the Providential character of the war. "It would seem," he said, "as if any man living soberly through the first two years must have felt the Divine Presence very near. Lincoln did not, and it troubled me so that, when he gave notice that, certain conditions failing, he should publish on the 1st of January a Proclamation of Emancipation, I wrote him a letter, and begged him to treat the subject as if it were the Lord's business he was about. I don't know whether my letter did any good, or whether the Lord did it in *his own way*; but when the paper was published, I found the words I wanted. That was the first time."

Those who know Charles Finney well will understand his right to address the President, and will not think the anecdote out of place.

Meanwhile the eyes whose sadness had been born of childish pain, of lonely scepticism, took a deeper charm from a new consciousness budding in him of the relation of a man's private carriage to his public walk. He began to regret many things, and it was this inward growth going on in his own soul which made it easy for him to do in Washington pure, unselfish work.

A little before his nomination, while making political speeches in New York and Connecticut, he had received from a committee in New York a small sum of money. He took it, supposing it to be a common thing; and after his nomination it began to be told against him. Thereupon he wrote a minute account of the whole matter to political friends in Illinois. "I tell this to *you*," he said, "because I want you to know that there is no stain on my garment; but don't undertake to explain it to the enemy. If you do not answer them, their railing will soon come to an end. If you do, *they will have the best of it!*"

When he was about to leave for Washington, he went to the dingy little law office which had sheltered his saddest hours. He sat down on the couch. "Billy," said he, "you and I have



been together more than twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?" The tears started to Mr. Herndon's eyes. He put out his hand. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I will never have any other partner while you live";—and to the day of the assassination, all the doings of the firm were in the name of Lincoln and Herndon.

It will be seen that I think this nation owes to Herndon a great debt; for it was he who first bent Mr. Lincoln's mind to the subject of slavery. Utterly refusing office at the President's hands, he kept the friend's moral power to the very last. When he went to Washington, Mr. Lincoln's face brightened. "I like to see a man who will ask me for nothing," he said cheerily. "In Springfield," said Mr. Herndon, "Lincoln has been called ungrateful, because he never gave me an office; but I wanted nothing, and *he* knew it. Once he telegraphed me from Washington, and asked if I would take a cotton judgeship in one of the South-western States. I knew what was due to him better than to refuse the President of the United States by telegraph. I responded that 'I would gladly fill any station for which he thought I was fit.' But that night I sat down and

wrote him. I told him I loved my home better than gold or cotton, and he knew it!"

When at last the fatal shot was fired, it was the "neighbors and loving friends" of Abraham Lincoln who assembled in Springfield to do his lifeless body honor. Were the words ever before used, I wonder, to summon men to the funeral of a chief magistrate? The wilderness had educated him; the wilderness had pronounced upon him; now, at last, into its broad bosom the wilderness should receive him.

The cemetery is on one of the wooded prairie ridges intersected by narrow ravines,—little used as yet, but a place of surpassing beauty. Its loneliness and breezy woodland suit the man whom they have laid here. Could he speak, he would say, "Well done!" A gradually ascending path brings us to the hillside where the body lies. A brick arch is there, capped with limestone. The red wall recedes in terraces to support vases, filled in summer-time with flowers. How convey the thoughts and emotions which throng upon one who stands before it? When the cold earth fell over him, and Mother Nature wove for him the soft coverlet of the spring grass, no heart that knew his life to the core but must give thanks in silence.

---

## THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.<sup>c</sup>

*E. E. Hale.*

FORT SUMTER surrendered on the 13th of April. The next day was Sunday. The people of Charleston sang *Te Deum*. The people of the North made their first preparation for the five years' war.

I first saw the war as I came into Boston on Wednesday, returning to town from a journey northward. I passed up Washington Street as the Fourth Massachusetts filed out from

Boylston Hall on their way to the Fall River train, which took them towards Fort Monroe. The throng of people in the street pressed up to bid good-by to the men, not only with cheers, but with words of personal greeting. So that the first words I heard addressed to any soldier in that conflict were the words of a parting salutation,— "Take care of yourself, George."

I have thought of it a thousand times

138-

since. It illustrated so simply and so pleasantly the relation between the citizen who stayed at home, and the soldier who went away! There was nothing pusillanimous in it. To both those men, probably, the idea of war was that crude and original one which supposed that that whole regiment was to stand on one side of an open plain, confronting a Southern regiment at no great distance on the other, and that both regiments were to load and discharge their muskets at each other, as rapidly as possible, until all the Southern regiment were killed, and the few survivors of the other closed up their ranks and marched forward for another similar encounter. The man who stayed at home had no idea of advising the other to avoid that privilege; but, on the other hand, he wanted him to be ready for it. He wanted him to "take care of himself," so that, when this eventful day should come, he should not lose his chance to participate because he was laid up with rheumatism or malaria.

Before that week was over, the whole country was engaged in the double service which is typified in this anecdote. Everybody who had a country was either marching for its defence, or was "taking care" of those who were so marching. Women were crowding the vestries of their churches, that, as they said, the soldiers might be clothed by better work than would come out of the slop-shops. Women of the type that cannot sew were imploring Governors to find places for them for service somewhere. "For God's sake, send me somewhere. I can ride a hundred miles a day. I can keep a secret. They shall tear me to pieces, but I won't tell." "What would you sell your horse for?" said an officer to some one in Bristol County. "You are going into the service," was the reply; "the horse is yours." Any one who, as the day passed, succeeded in doing anything for the army, though he only carried a note from one doctor to another which should secure a few quills of vaccine virus for Washington, tri-

umphed over his companions in the evening. It was such a blessing to do something, and not to be told forever to stand and wait! There was intensity and vividness in those first months, such as the unfortunate Americans who were away from home will never well conceive. The agonies of parting and all the cruelty of long suspense were well compensated by the constancy, the generosity, and the faith of every hour.

"This was," says the cynic, "the passion of a beginning, and of course it faded out before the certainties of war, — before such stern realities and such hard stupidities as are in bloody defeats, or in Offices of Circumlocution, or in the intrigues of commanders, or in hope deferred." No, Mr. Sceptic, that fire never burned out till the end. Perhaps it grew more quiet as it grew more hot. In the certain glow of its white heat there was not so much snapping and crackling as when the match was first put to the dry kindling; but it was a steady fire, right through. For this war was not made by a government; it was made by a people. From the beginning, the administration had to be held up, not to say driven up, by the people, till at last it learned the blessed lesson that, with such a people in earnest, it was easier to go on than to stand still. The army was kept full, because there was a people behind resolved that the army should be kept full. What was more, the army was always alive with the people's life, inspired with the people's inspiration, and determined with the people's determination. The croakers undertook to tell us at one time that the army was fighting for the Union, and not for emancipation; but it proved that, just as soon as the people had determined on emancipation, the army had determined on it as well. They used to tell us sometimes that the army would only serve under General Harmodius or General Aristogeiton; but it always proved that if, right or wrong, the people chose to remove these officers, the army chose to have them removed. The army was

the people in one of its organizations ; just as the literary class of America is the people, so far forth as the people can read and write, so was the army of America the people, in so far forth as the people could march, encamp, load, and fire. A certain brazen criticism, mixed of coppery prejudice and leaden dulness, chooses to tell us sometimes that the literary class in America should oppose itself to the determination of the people. Critics, with that same tone, told us in the war that the army would oppose itself to the people. The whole of this is moonshine : the army was the people, — bone of its bone, blood of its blood, and brain of its brain ; and the people cared for the army from the beginning, as, from the beginning, the army cared for the people, — as the right arm cares for the left in the nobler application of Menenius Agrippa's parable, — as the eye cares for the hand in that noblest application of it made by St. Paul. "When a free people makes a great war," all those old superstitions and analogies may be dropped out of memory, which are founded on what happens when great sovereigns make little wars. George III. exhausted the resources of England in sending less than five thousand men a year to America, and at the end of seven years had worn out the enthusiasm which had given his ministry unanimous support in the beginning. That is what happens when kings make little wars. But when a free people makes a great war, its persistency gains as it gains in experience. It avoids the blunders of the beginning ; it presses the right agents into the right places ; it tramples down the incompetent ones, and makes of them pavement and causeway, over which it marches in the prosecution of its purpose. When the sovereign takes the field in person, we expect Austerlitz and Solferino, if only he be a real sovereign, — one who holds, to the weakest sinew, all the resources of his land. We have a right to expect so much, if only he has had time and occasion to learn the science of war.

Now that it is all over, it is very easy

to lie on a sofa and say this, or even to sit at a desk and write it. But when the war began, there needed prescience and inspiration, to arrange all the means by which the people should reinforce the army by its spirit, and the army encourage the people by its information. To make sure that by no accident and by no purpose should the army be parted from the people, or the people from the army, was the central necessity. In Cromwell's time, the people got tired of the army, and so the army was not true to the people. Even in Washington's time, the army was discontented with the people, and the people were often unfair to the army. In our time, the necessity was to save the inspiration of the beginning, its enthusiasm and its generosity, that no official indifference might cool it, nor any discouragement or failure, — that the people might all along work with the army and for the army, and, from the beginning to the end, regard it as its own child, as its own brother, as itself in arms.

Easy to say this, now the whole is over. The men who foresaw what we see, and who set in order the methods by which popular enthusiasm steadily displayed itself in a current, always enlarging till the war was done, were the founders of the *United States Sanitary Commission*. When they began, they had nobody to help them and everybody to thwart them. Before they had done, they had imitators without number, eager to do their work, and glad to take their name. But this was one of those fortunate causes where rivals cannot hurt, where every workman can take hold. The more the merrier and the better. To the systems of popular enthusiasm thus organized and made efficient was the constantly increasing popularity of the war largely due. If, as might well have happened, every local endeavor of ignorant patriotism had, at its birth, been strangled by official red-tape, or knocked in the head by official arrogance, it is easy to see that, from a hundred thousand separate discouragements, there



might have sprung sad, and even angry jealousy, which might perhaps have parted the people from the people's cause. Nothing is so dangerous to popular enthusiasm as to tell excited men and women, eager to help, that they can do nothing but to suffer and be strong. Everything was gained by the American people when the men and women at home were taught how they might go to work, or when they saw with their own eyes that their work was systematic and cumulative, and made a contribution distinct and considerable to the great single end.

All this is called to mind to-day, because we have now the first volume of the official history of the Sanitary Commission. This volume, a general history, is written by Mr. Stillé, the author of that celebrated pamphlet, "How a Free People conduct a Great War," to which I have already alluded. There are to be two more distinct parts of this history, namely, a narrative of the Commission's special-relief service, and an account of the practical working of its supply-system. There will be other publications of the valuable statistics which it has collected, in addition to those which are in print already. For any future war, and, more than that, for any proper understanding of this, all these volumes will be of service second only to the service which the Commission has rendered the country already; and looking back on the war, and looking forward on the peace, one cannot help wishing that there might be one copy of this book placed in each of the original centres of work and of prayers which are scattered over all the land. Here were thousands on thousands of branch societies, so many bubbling fountains of clear blessing, which was to flow in channels, growing wider and wider, till it enlarged the great river of a nation's benevolence. To each of these societies there came back letters from the camp, from each there went forth comfort and hope to the soldier. Mr. Stillé's book ought to be read in each of them, as eagerly as the camp letters were, or the bulletins of the dead and

wounded, if only as evidence that the comfort and hope were not sent in vain.

If anybody supposes that, because the Sanitary Commission is called a Commission, any branch of the government, of its own motion, commissioned these members for their great work, he is wholly mistaken. He will study with profit Mr. Stillé's painful, yet amusing chapter on the difficulty which the Commission found in getting born. Its founders, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Van Buren, Dr. Agnew, Dr. Harsen, and Dr. Harris, went to Washington in those early days of passionate, ignorant enthusiasm, officially representing certain societies in New York, really representing the deep-seated determination of the whole people to take care of the army. Now, in the best of times, Washington is the point in the United States most ignorant of the real spirit and purpose of the American people. Washington has a good deal to do in detail, always enjoys the presence of a large number of men of ability, is always interested in the affairs which it is transacting, and is always careless, in proportion, of what is going on outside its walls. This is probably true of all capitals. But where, as with London or Paris or Peking, the capital itself contains almost all the leading men of the country, certainly all its real governors, the capital's ignorance of what is going on in the provinces is a matter of comparatively little consequence. At Washington, however, the capital consists simply of the Bureaux of Administration, superintended by the chief clerk, who is called the President, all elected by the governing power of a public opinion whose centres are hundreds of miles away. A placid ignorance in such a city as to the currents of that public opinion is inconvenient.

So the authors of the Sanitary Commission found it, when, early in May, 1861, they came to Washington. The Surgeon-General of the army was still under the impression that the very complicated machinery which had kept in admirable health fifteen thousand

men of the regular army, — with whom indeed the government had scarcely anything to do but to move them from one healthy post to another, as the state of their lungs, their digestion, or their spirits might require, — that this system would work just as well for an army of immense proportions, suddenly raised for the active operations of the field. They found every department of the government overwhelmed with work, feeling its way in the dark, in exigencies absolutely new, and sensitive, in proportion, to criticism and advice. It is as well to add, that this country suffered terribly in that crisis, as indeed it suffers chronically, from its habit of appointing officers of administration, not from any fitness for their service, but as compensation for services which they have rendered to the successful party in the Presidential election. Because a man made a series of good speeches in Shakomín County, he shall superintend the distribution of naval stores, or have it in his power to say that the pontoons shall not be at a certain river at a certain time. Yet again, these gentlemen from New York found the impression, which is very widely spread among second-rate people at Washington, that they did not want what they asked for, but had some selfish purpose concealed. One of the Secretaries — it is easy to guess who — frankly stated this to them. "The President himself," says Mr. Stillé, "with all his humane instincts, could not understand the necessity for such an organization as they proposed, and regarded its establishment as adding a fifth wheel to the coach." The highest officers of government thought the whole plan impracticable, and only appointed the Commission in deference to severe pressure, as a "Commission of Inquiry and Advice in Respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces," limiting its offices as severely as they dared, and, in particular, confining its service, as far as possible, to the volunteers. They regarded the regular army as something too sacred for such interference. Perhaps it was in the long

hours of waiting in the anterooms of the great, in those indifferent days of 1861, that the Commission took the idea for one of its admirable after-arrangements, in which there is a touch of humor. For disabled soldiers waiting their turn at the paymaster's office, the Commission, long afterwards, provided its own anterooms, in which breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were served for these unwilling courtiers, as they waited for their turn to come. Is not this the perfection of a service, which seeks to supplement the provisions of officials?

It should be understood, then, by all students of the war, that the Sanitary Commission never had any such official power as the English Sanitary Commission which was sent out to the Crimea, and from which it took its name. That Commission found the English army with a death-rate of sixty per cent per annum. There was need for something to correct that, and they had, virtually, absolute power given them to carry out their instructions. Mr. Stillé pronounces the result of their labors to be "perhaps the grandest contribution ever made by science to the practical art of preserving health among men required to live together in large masses." Dr. Joseph Sargent of Worcester, in his valuable little paper, says that that death-rate of sixty per cent per annum was reduced to one and one seventh per cent. The United States Sanitary Commission had no such authority given to it. Its members did not want any such authority: no such dictatorship was ever needed. It occupied, from the very beginning, the nobler position of a board voluntarily representing the sympathy and determination of a people at work, from the beginning, to arrest in the very fountain the poisons which would else have carried death wherever they flowed. This service of prevention the Commission never abandoned. It is a service a thousand times more precious than a service of cure. We believe that even the statistics would show, beyond dispute, that this Commission arrested

disease with majesty and success such as even the English Commission would not claim. It had, providentially, all the stores of their experience to draw from. However this may be, it should be chiefly remembered for a higher honor,—that it nipped in the bud miseries which therefore never came to blossom, and have therefore, happily, left no record of themselves, either to be tabled in statistics or to be wired into the wreaths of the Commission's laurels.

This office of "the Sanitary" may be inferred all along from Mr. Stillé's book, which, however, does not profess to deal with this subject so largely as with its more active and visible operations. None the less is it the most important office of all, and probably the lack of official character in the Commission is by no means to be regretted, in considering the work of prevention in the case of such an army and such a people as ours. All of us stand in advice from any one else more easily than from our servants; and we believe this country and the volunteer army, who, as we have said, were the country, took the advice given them by the Sanitary Commission more kindly than they would have taken it from any official medical bureau. However this may be, it is certain that no medical bureau would ever have taken hold of the offices of advice and instruction which the Commission attempted and discharged. For a single instance, it issued seventeen military, medical, and surgical essays, prepared, expressly for use in the service, by medical men,—army surgeons or others. Now there is no reason why a government, as a government, should not do this same thing. But, in point of fact, no government ever did do such a thing, and it will be long before any government ever will. It would be easy, again, for an accomplished army surgeon to say that he knew his business already, and did not want to be taught it by volunteers. Yet any medical man of true spirit would be glad to know what Dr. Mott would choose to write on hemorrhage under such an im-

pulse; or what, after long observation with armies, Dr. Hammond would write on scurvy; or any of the rest, from the list of whom we select these names. Certainly, to the surgeon or assistant-surgeon suddenly called from practice in civil life, be he as learned as you please, there is an advantage in such a camp library of monographs on special camp difficulties, which he may not choose to acknowledge, but which, whether he is conscious of it or not, everybody else will understand. What opportunity for studying gunshot wounds, for instance, had most physicians who went into the army from New England? or how much could they have seen, in familiar practice, of malaria, or even of scurvy?

If one may speak thus of the surgical staff of a large volunteer army, how much more may the same thing be said of other officers! When the war began, how few men understood that the first, second, and last duty of a military officer is to take care of his men! With perfect reverence, let it be said, that his report, on any day when his conscience calls him to judgment, should be like his Master's, "Those that thou gavest me have I kept." Yet this fundamental necessity in the science of war scarcely entered into the idea of the people when the war began. The theory seemed to be that every man could of course take care of himself, and, almost, that it was the officers' duty to throw the men's lives away. The suffering of the volunteer regiments for food, before they had left home twenty-four hours, showed how little their officers yet understood of the first duty they had toward the men.

In a very few months this ignorance of duty was greatly changed; and, till the war ended, the country understood what was expected of officers in this matter. Persons interested in the army were constantly discussing measures of prevention and of treatment. Even the press was discussing, with a good deal of intelligence, the details necessary for the proper care of the soldier. The reports, favorable or unfavorable, of particular movements or encampments,



devoted more and more consideration to that specific subject. The practical mind of the country seized on it, and wrought out every contrivance possible for securing results of value. The consequence was a steady improvement in the officers themselves, even before they went to the field, with a determination, on their part, that the complaints of the beginning should not be made regarding them. Even the men were more ready to avail themselves of sanitary regulation. The mere fact that the word "Sanitary" was brought into every hamlet, and played its part in all conversation, was a very important fact. The connection which the people had with the army was in a very large walk of experience, carried on through "Sanitary" agencies. To this hour, therefore, the "Sanitary" looms up in the eye of people at home as a bureau vastly larger than any other bureau of administration. Most people now would be disgusted and disappointed, if they were told that the money expenses of the "Sanitary" were not one thousandth part of the expenses of the war. This prominence given to a word gave, of necessity, prominence to an idea; and after this Commission was well at work, the American people held that idea steadily in mind,—that no sum was too large to spend, and no law too stringent to enforce, which would preserve the health of the soldier.

"The higher sphere of sanitary care has only just been entered." These are the words of Dr. Sargent, in the paper we have already alluded to. "An army, in its vital aspect, is in time of war an aggregate of healthy and effective men subject to unusual exposure. This is the theoretical condition, and should be the actual. The aggregation and the exposure are evils which we cannot avoid, but may modify. The management of these involves our *science of prevention*, and should be kept foremost, in spite of the superstitious folly of the people, who clamor for treatment, not recognizing that prevention should mostly supersede treatment,

making it unnecessary." Such cautions as this, addressed to people, officers, and everybody, as the war went on, worked their effect. And the American people no longer believes that an army in war is like an army at the theatre, which only rushes on the stage to fight, and may be forgotten as soon as the fight is over.

If no agent or inspector of the Sanitary Commission had ever gone to the camps or to the front, if the government had kept the officers of the Commission away from the army as sedulously as there is reason to believe some persons at Washington would have been glad to do at the beginning, still, the Commission could and would have wrought among the people at home all the preventive work which we have indicated, of which alone the results were beyond any calculation.

But, very fortunately, its hard-earned "Commission" gave it the privilege of inquiry and inspection; and it intrusted this privilege to a very competent set of officers, making very few mistakes in their appointment. Of course, the army had its own inspectors; the Medical Bureau, of course, made its inspections, and would have done so under any circumstances. But besides their "inspections," here was always a possible inspection to be made at any moment by another board. Now, officers of the army, military or medical, might affect to despise this volunteer inspection, or not. Despised or not, it was an inspection by officers of the people; and the people is the sovereign of this country. The fact that it was possible, therefore, had a constant effect. That effect, probably, was quite as large in districts, camps, or divisions where the "Sanitary" was not favorably regarded as where it was. Or perhaps it would be more safe to say that, because the American people was well aroused about the sanitary condition of the army, all grades of officers were determined that they would not be found asleep to that subject, and that they would be ready to face any inspection which might come along. Certain it is, that, to the very

close, there was more and more sanitary skill and precaution shown. Things were done which never would have been done, if there had not been at home this steady determination that the soldier should be cared for, expressing itself in a well-provided systematic organization. When, since war began, were the hospitals of an army steadily supplied with early green peas from a market a hundred and fifty miles away? That was done in this war, and done by the Medical Bureau, from government funds, without any help from volunteers. There is a legend,—resting on fact, I do not doubt,—that in the Department of the Gulf two thousand palm-leaf fans were bought at one time to keep flies off of men in hospital, and two thousand black boys hired to use the fans. Something of this sort, enough to found the legend on, was done by the government, without the agency of the "Sanitary." But did any government ever go into such luxuries before? When, towards the end of the war, a spirited surgeon took you into his hospital-supply room, and showed you luxuries you never saw before, even in your grandmother's pantry, and said, in triumph, "You see we do not need the 'Sanitary' here," it was always fair to ask him in reply, if, on his conscience, he believed that he would have had all those stores, if the "Sanitary" had not been somewhere.

In point of fact, however, the Sanitary Commission was almost always on good terms with every branch of administration,—in general, on cordial terms with all. Officers of the army, including those of the medical staff, found out that nobody wanted to interfere in what was none of his business,—found out that here was a method of appeal to the people in those matters where popular feeling or popular charity was needed to supplement provisions made by statute.

The Commission's practical work of inspection was set in order by the appointment of six permanent inspectors, just after the battle of Bull Run. They were thoroughly well chosen, were al-

most universally received with courtesy, and their suggestions listened to with interest and attention. The Commission was soon satisfied, however, that much more vigorous inspection than theirs would be needed for the reform of the sanitary condition of the volunteers; and to their persistent and systematic endeavor was due at last the act to reorganize the medical department of the army, which passed Congress, April 18, 1862. If the Commission had never done anything but insist on the measure of reform effected by this law, its work would have justified its organization. So far as the matter of inspection went, eight medical inspectors were provided for by the act; and Mr. Stillé says, that "far larger powers of remedying evils were supposed to have been conferred upon them by it, than they ever actually exercised in practice." With this new organization of the Medical Bureau the most serious anxiety which thoughtful men felt as to the condition of the army was allayed. And although, to this hour, the reforms which the best officers on the medical staff would be glad to see have never been fully authorized by statute, yet the Medical Bureau is a very different institution, both for prevention and efficiency, from what it was when the war began.

The Commission, however, when this act passed, was only at the beginning of its successful career. Keeping always in view the health of the soldier, its business was always to supply any deficiency which might exist in the official administration relating to him. If the statute was insufficient, it was the business of the "Sanitary" to fill up all gaps till the statute could be changed. If the executive in any branch was lukewarm, it was the business of the Commission to fill up all gaps till the executive could be fired. How well it did this, all of us remember. We were all of us at home made to work and subscribe, now for one object and now for another. But as soon as the government could assume any subject, the activity and resolution of the people were directed into another channel, new

to the government. The certainty in people's minds, that, in their self-denial and exertion, they were at work for practical results, did everything towards maintaining to the last the first enthusiasm of the war, and keeping it from cooling.

Mr. Stillé cannot go into much detail in the narrative of the thousand agencies by which this success was attained. He has left the branches to tell their own stories, — stories which, in other times, would be called themselves the reports of immense charities. In nineteen different chapters, he speaks of almost as many different departments of activity and duty. For the detail we must look to such narratives as Mr. Reed's "Hospital Sketches," Miss Alcott's bright letters, or Miss Wormley's narrative; and we hope that the various memorial societies will give us many more. The Commission worked from the first with a promptness which was still systematic. Organized for inquiry and advice, it used the results of its inquiries with great readiness, and it gave its advice in some very distinctly practical forms. If everybody who offers good advice would go about it with as much real purpose as the "Sanitary" did, when it established refreshment lodges all along through the wilderness in the rear of the Army of the West, there would be much less grumbling about advice than there is. That was the "Sanitary's" way of "advising" the government that it was well to have some such posts for the relief and rest of stragglers.

The various methods of administration that opened as the war went on are grouped by Mr. Stillé under the general heads of "Inspection of Camps and Hospitals," "Hospital Transport Service," "Supplemental Hospital Supplies," "General Relief," "Battle-Field Relief," "Special Relief Service," "The Bureau of Vital Statistics," and the "Hospital Directory." It is very doubtful whether the community at large ever understood what system was made up by these various services, why it was necessary that the Sanitary Commis-

sion should undertake them, or indeed that the Sanitary Commission should undertake them at all. But there are a good many things which the community at large never understands; and in almost every village through the loyal States, there were two or three business-like women, and one or two business-like men, who did understand very thoroughly what the Commission was doing; and, from first to last, the public had a very firm confidence that the Commission knew what it was about, and was doing the right thing. The public, meanwhile, was swayed successively by a good many fantastic delusions about war. First was the lint fever; then there was the Havelock mania, which lasted well into the first summer. There was a chronic impression, not yet changed, that sweet jellies, packed in glass, were a specific against all diseases. There always was great ignorance as to the duties of hospital nurses. All these hallucinations had to be gently and kindly borne with and treated, while the determined spirit which appeared in all was guided into manifestations more valuable. For all that was done, however, in the effort to instruct people in such matters, it is probable now that the general impression is, that the Sanitary Commission was an organization engaged in distributing to the army such provisions as do not come within the soldier's ration, and such hospital stores and under-clothing as the government never provided.

It is true that the "Sanitary" did distribute a vast amount of such supplies. Because they were visible and cumbersome, people saw them, and took the impression that the "Sanitary" did little else. But the office of collecting and distributing such supplies was only a small part of its original plan, and, while always an indispensable accessory in all its movements, should always be remembered as accessory to such movements and forming a part of them. It is easy to conceive of the indignation of some medical officer in a foreign service, if he were simply told



that an immense popular movement, supplied simply by voluntary contributions, furnished the hospital stores of the American army. He would say, and say justly, that that must be a very wretched administration, not fit to live, which did not provide hospital stores in abundance for its own service. But if you asked such a man whether the best medical staff in the world, acting under the most absolute government, ever established depots far in the rear of the army simply for stragglers, recruits, furloughed men, or men discharged, to relieve their inevitable sufferings, and to help them backward or forward, he would say, "No." He would say that it was impossible. He would say that these men must take their chance of getting such relief as they could from the people. If then you asked him whether the people would not be wise in making accurate organization to secure such relief, he would instantly assent. He would see, in a word, that you were thus carrying out the central and vital principle of all public administration which deals with the relief of suffering. That principle is this, — that the state must furnish the funds, the most of the machinery, and the general system, with the regularity and certainty with which the planets move. But the state cannot deal with exceptions, and must not try to; and the exceptional care, the personal tenderness, with all the blessings of sympathy and all spiritual help, will and must be added in any Christian country by the enthusiasm and by the ingenuity of volunteers.

To supplement the operations of the government, then, became from the first the object and determination of the Commission. To do this in a thoroughly systematic way, so as to command the respect of business men in the army and the navy, to retain its own respect and the respect of a keen-eyed community at the same time, was the first necessity. Its first victory was in attaining this necessity. It owed that victory largely to the admirable executive powers of its first general

secretary, Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted. He had engaged in the work with an enthusiasm of exactly the type of Winthrop's, or Shaw's, or any paladin's of them all, and he had the rare chance given to him, and the rarer power, to show that in the methods of office administration, in the instruction and inspiration of clerks and deputies and agents, in keeping up and alive all the varied branches of a wide system of administration, such enthusiasm may be expended just as fitly as in a charge at the head of a squadron. He was admirably seconded. Although the Sanitary Commission never stumbled into the blunder of relying on volunteer assistance for regular daily work which must be done, and, if wrong, must be criticised,—although it therefore always paid salaries to its regular officers,—yet in the higher grades of its service all these officers were in reality volunteers, as Mr. Olmsted was, and the members of the Commission. It is the universal remark of persons who were fortunate enough to serve under them or with them, that here was a very remarkable body of men, men of a high type, whether measured by the test of moral purpose, or by the tests of executive ability, or by the more convenient standard of success. From first to last, whether in collecting funds, in the details of office duty in devising practicable plans for others, or in the actual business of relieving the sick and the dying, the Sanitary Commission always had a marvellous faculty for getting things done. It owed this faculty, which in a finite world is a very valuable one, to the remarkable characteristics of the men who occupied its most important positions of administration.

I have no space in which to attempt any description in detail of the various lines of work done by these spirited people. In Mr. Stillé's book, the stories are very well told, and in Mr. Frank Moore's book of "Anecdotes of the War" are some of what Miss Cobbe would call the Broken Lights of the foreground. Such stories, coming just

on the outside of the mechanism of war, all alive with enthusiasm and self-devotion, will be wrought into ballads and dramas and novels and magazine stories for hundreds of years, and the victories of the "Sanitary," as recorded by Mr. Stillé, will stand out as pure gold, when a good deal of hay and stubble, which made much show in the special despatches of "our own correspondents" have been blown away or burnt away. Civilization takes a great step forward, Christianity asserts one more of its claims for practical respect, when a nation roused to enthusiasm by such victories as Grant's, and determined to show its gratitude to its heroes, sends them potatoes and lemons, rather than palms and laurels. Such was always the echo of every announcement either of victory or defeat. When Vicksburg fell, "Pittsburg sent forward five hundred barrels of potatoes, with other choice stores. Cleveland and Buffalo sent timely donations. The Cincinnati branch fitted out a fine steamer, with a full corps of surgeons and nurses, fully supplied. The New Albany branch forwarded supplies by the steamer *Atlantic*. The Upper Mississippi towns loaded the steamer *Dunleith*. The Kentucky branch chartered the finest boat on the river, the *Jacob Strader*; the committee placed on her sixteen surgeons and attendants; and the Kentucky and Chicago branch loaded her with ice, vegetables, fruits, garments, and other things adapted to promote the welfare of the sick and wounded." The Rebels used to taunt us with the assistance the gunboats gave our armies, — what dear old Abe called Uncle Sam's "web-feet." But one must have been a malignant rebel to grumble, when one of these hospital boats came up, before the smoke of battle had blown away, ready at the moment to take on board friend or foe, and to provide for them with arrangements which could really be scarcely improved upon, could one choose, the whole world over, the site of his hospital. A Mississippi boat, with its open ventilation and its space so near-

ly unlimited, has advantages for a hospital which many a distinguished European surgeon, shut up in some time-honored building of Paris or Vienna, might envy. Aladdin himself could hardly have done anything more wonderful than was the appearance of the Sanitary boats and those of the Western Commission at Shiloh, almost before the pursuit of the enemy was over. Think of taking your wounded to the rear, in the midst of a wilderness, and finding at the river-side these great hospital steamers, with their long rows of beds ready for your patients, — surgeons, nurses, and stores, all in place and order, as complete as if you were carrying a man with a broken leg to an old city hospital in Boston, in New York, or in London! When you once had your wounded man on one of these hospital boats, he was of course all ready to be carried to any one of the government's admirable hospitals, in the twenty States not molested by war, which we came to call "the rear." The experience of Shiloh led to a very thorough organization of hospital transport at the West. The difficulties which arose on the Chesapeake, after horrible suffering, brought about an improved system in the East, and the studies of Dr. Harris in the Commission resulted finally in the establishment of the system of hospital cars for the railways, on which, before the war was over, two hundred and twenty-five thousand sick and wounded soldiers were carried to the rear.

Has it ever happened to the reader to go twenty-four hours in active life without eating anything, and without drinking anything but water? If it has, he will understand why the column of English troops retreating from Kabul tumbled all to pieces at the end of a day when they had had no rations, and why something like that happens to all armies under similar conditions. Just imagine, then, the condition of stragglers, whether from a single regiment or from an army, who are left behind on a forced march, or perhaps arrive at a railway station too late for

the military train. If you miss your train in civil life, you go home for another day. Your wife and children are glad to see you, and you thank the kind destinies which have kept you twenty-four hours more from the miseries of travel. But, suppose you are in the 99th Minnesota, and that, when that regiment moved into Washington from camp, you were left standing sentry over four hundred and sixty-seven axe-handles, and directed to wait there, like another Casabianca, till the advance of the 11th "Varnished Rebels" relieved you. Suppose, after you were relieved, you hurried after the regiment, and arrived just in time to see the transport sweep down the Potomac as you came out on the Sixth Street Wharf. Suppose you had not been paid off for four months, and then had remitted all your pay to Mary Ann of South Stillwater, Minnesota. Suppose your relief from the axe-handles had come so late that it was now half past six in the evening, and you had had nothing to eat since five that morning; but had kept guard seven hours, and hurried after the regiment as well as you could in the remaining six. Were the world absolutely perfect, you would in that case walk up to the White House, ring the door-bell, and invite yourself to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, entertaining them with your story, and saying to Mrs. Lincoln that you would trouble her for a slice of cold beef, if there happened to be any in the pantry. You would spend the night in the blue chamber, and the next morning the President would give you a pass to Fort Monroe. But as a world in which we make wars is not yet absolutely perfect, the practical arrangement made for you, under any such circumstances, was that of the Sanitary Commission, and you would go, in any such case, not to the White House, but to the Soldiers' Home, instituted by Mr. Frederic Knapp, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted as secretary of the Commission.

As early as the 21st of June, 1861, the Commission called the attention of

the government to the necessity of providing for the exhausted men of regiments arriving at Washington. But nothing practical had been done when, on the 9th of August, Mr. Knapp found in the cars at the Washington station "thirty-six sick men of an Indiana regiment, apparently abandoned by their comrades, who had moved out to their camp. These men were so utterly unprovided for, that during twenty-four hours they had had nothing to eat but a few crackers. This large-hearted man, as quick in action as he was generous in impulse, procured from a boarding-house close by two pailfuls of tea, and soft bread and butter, with which he refreshed and made comfortable these exhausted men, until their surgeon, who, so far from abandoning them, had been absent many hours striving in vain to find some means of removing them to a hospital, returned. Thus began the Sanitary Commission's work of Special Relief, and thus were given the first of the four million five hundred thousand meals provided by it during the war, for sick and hungry soldiers." The Soldiers' Home was established at Washington, and forty different homes were established at various points over the field of operations of the Commission. Their duties were to provide with medicines, food, and care, sick men who did not need to go to a general hospital, and discharged soldiers; to act as agents and unpaid attorneys for discharged soldiers; to look into their condition when they assumed to have no means to go home; to see that they did go home; to make them reasonably comfortable and clean; to be prepared for the exigency of the arrival of sick men in large numbers; and to keep a watch on soldiers out of hospitals, yet not in service. Very carefully guarded, lest they should furnish excuses for straggling, the homes or lodges furnished four millions and a half of meals, provided a million of night's lodgings, and gave the soldier assistance in collecting from government nearly two millions and a half of his wages. This is only one of the



departments of the special relief service. In this paper, it is impossible to describe the feeding stations, the special relief at convalescent camps, the relief of men returning from Rebel prisons, that wonderful hospital directory, the pension bureau and war-claim agency of the Commission, and indeed many other of the services which were included under its Special Relief administration. They all showed ingenuity and the readiness of spirited men, governed by that strict system that the regular army itself did not surpass, which always regulated the work of the Commission.

Mr. Stillé's book is, properly speaking, a history of the Commission itself, — of the work, namely, directed by the eight or ten men who were the Sanitary Commission. He does not attempt to give the history of the work done by the thousands of branches, of every name and order. With one or two exceptions, he does not go into the history of the methods of raising funds for the service of the Commission. He is limited, of course, in the details which he can give of the service rendered. The book is the history of the work of the Commission in its chief departments. It is a complete answer, therefore, to the question of all the incredulous people, either of the type of Thomas or of the type of Judas, who used to ask, almost from hour to hour, "Where does all the money go to?" People of this type exist everywhere. "My husband is an excellent person," said one of the saints of this world; "but he never could tell what a woman wanted with a five-dollar bill." There were people, with such a passion for "husbanding," that they could never tell what the Sanitary wanted to do with five million dollars. In Mr. Stillé's book is the complete answer, treasurer's returns and all, for any who choose to get an answer to their question.

In one chapter — the most picturesque and vivid, perhaps, in the book — Dr. Bellows gives a narrative of the grand California contributions, which, with such exquisite poetical fitness,

came in with their solid weight of gold just when they were most needed. This is the chief exception, where in this book we get a bit of the romance, for it is nothing less, which, in this greatest of charities, attended the usually prosaic business of collecting the funds. Dr. Bellows is popularly and justly held to be the author of the Sanitary Commission. He may do what he pleases in other fields, but this is the title by which he will always be known, the country through. The work of a lifetime in the ministry of a large city, with special study of the prevention as well as the cure of social evil, was enough, apparently, to determine him from the beginning, that the army should never be left to the costly processes of cure, where an ounce of prevention could be served out so readily. His unflinching enthusiasm overwhelmed sticklers and doubters at Washington; or, as Olney says so well, "his tremendous emotional force carries him through brains and hearts alike." He has the reputation for a skill at organization, which is probably so far true, that he knows that it is best to get the best men you can, and then to trust them to carry out their own plans in the way in which they can best work in them. As working men of ability infallibly work on system, he is willing to trust the system or plan of the men with whom he works. But from all the elasticity of the "Sanitary's" work and processes, it is very evident that its president was never bigoted in clinging to his own particular methods, if only the thing itself were done. Like most men placed in responsible posts in a world which must be got forward somehow, he probably believes that, where no moral question is involved in the decision, it is generally better to do a thing than to refuse to do it. To this faith, which in practice is called energy, the activity and the triumph of the "Sanitary" are largely due.

California had won eternal blessings by sending to the "Sanitary," in the hour of its greatest need, first, one hundred thousand dollars, and in rapid

succession, three hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dollars more in the short space of thirteen months. There was a charming poem published at the time, in which the writer, with great feeling, said,—what we believe California felt heartily,—that because they might not give their iron, they would give their gold. A contribution so magnificent, of near half a million, would have been California's fair share, perhaps. But when the "Sanitary" for its largest work needed most money, it appealed to California again, and California pledged two hundred thousand more in monthly instalments. Our dear friend, Starr King, had proposed himself to canvass the State, county by county, to secure this result. He died. It was then that Dr. Bellows himself visited California, and by his own presence and influence assisted largely in the magnificent movement which he describes so well. Some of the funniest things that ever were done relieved with humor the uprising of the people of the Pacific coast, and some sacrifices of the most tender pathos gave solemnity to its history. The result of the

effort and enthusiasm was the contribution of one million four hundred and seventy-three thousand four hundred and seven dollars from the Americans of the Pacific coast and islands to the treasury of the Commission. Dr. Bellows's narrative, including the San Francisco report, furnishes one of the most suggestive, as it is one of the most entertaining, chapters of American history.

I have not said a word of the terrible details of battle-fields; nothing of the wonderful statistical work of the Commission; nothing of the ingenious, steady work of the local branches; nothing of the fairs, which, with all their flutter and filigree, netted two million seven hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars to the great cause. The history of each of these details will be a part of the history of the country, which no careful student of democratic government may neglect to study. Mr. Stillé's volume, which has been my chief authority, will make us all long to see more of the official history of what we already begin to call "THE DEAR OLD SANITARY."

---

## THE HAUNTED WINDOW.

IT was always a mystery to me where Severance got his precise combination of qualities. His father was simply what is called a handsome man, with stately figure and curly black hair, not without a certain dignity of manner, but with a face so shallow that it did not even seem to ripple, and with a voice so prosy that, when he spoke of the sky, you wished there were no such thing. His mother was a fair, little, pallid creature,—wash-blond, as they say of lace,—patient, meek, and always fatigued and fatiguing. But Severance, as I first knew him, was the soul of activity. He had dark eyes, that

had a great deal of light in them, without corresponding depth; his hair was dark, straight, and very soft; his mouth expressed sweetness, without much strength; he talked well; and though he was apt to have a wandering look, as if his thoughts were laying a submarine cable to another continent, yet the young girls were always glad to have the semblance of conversation with him in this. To me he was in the last degree lovable. He had just enough of that subtle quality called genius, perhaps, to spoil first his companions, and then himself. His words had weight with you, though you might

know yourself wiser ; and if you went to give him the most reasonable advice, you were suddenly seized with a slight paralysis of the tongue. Thus it was, at any rate, with me. We were cemented therefore by the firmest ties, — a nominal seniority on my part, and a substantial supremacy on his.

We lodged one summer at an old house in that odd suburb of Oldport called "The Point." It is well known that Oldport needs nothing to complete its attractions, except that it should be taken up and removed to the seaside ; as "The Point" is the only part of that watering-place where it does not require a handsome income to keep within sight of the water. It is naturally, therefore, a sort of Artists' Quarter of the town, frequented by a class of summer visitors more addicted to sailing and sketching than to driving and bowing, — persons who do not object to simple fare, and can live, as one of them said, on potatoes and Point. Here Severance and I made our summer home, basking in the delicious sunshine of the lovely bay. The bare outlines around Oldport sometimes dismay the stranger, but soon fascinate. Nowhere does one feel bareness so little, because there is no sharpness of perspective ; everything shimmers in the moist atmosphere ; the islands are all glamour and mirage ; and the undulating hills of the horizon seem each like the soft arched back of some pet animal, and you long to caress them with your hand. At last your thoughts begin to swim also, and pass into vague fancies, which you also love to caress. Severance and I were constantly afloat, body and mind. He was a perfect sailor, and had that dreaminess in his nature which matches with nothing but the ripple of the waves. Still, I could not hide from myself that he was a changed man since that voyage in search of health from which he had just returned. His mother talked in her humdrum way about heart disease ; and his father, taking up the strain, bored us about organic lesions, till we almost wished he had a lesion himself.

Severance ridiculed all this ; but he grew more and more moody, and his eyes seemed to be laying more submarine cables than ever.

When we were not on the water, we both liked to mouse about the queer streets and quaint old houses of that region, and to chat with the fishermen and their grandmothers. There was one house, however, which was very attractive to me, — perhaps because nobody lived in it, and which, for that or some other reason, he never would approach. It was a great square building of rough gray stone, looking like those sombre houses which every one remembers in Montreal, but which are rare in "the States." It had been built many years before by some millionaire from New Orleans, and was left unfinished, nobody knew why, till the garden was a wilderness of bloom, and the windows of ivy. Oldport is the only place in New England where either ivy or traditions will grow ; there were, to be sure, no legends about this house that I could hear of, for the ghosts in those parts were feeble-minded and retrospective by reason of age, and perhaps scorned a mansion where nobody had ever lived ; but the ivy clustered round the projecting windows as densely as if it had the sins of a dozen generations to hide.

The house stood just above what were commonly called (from their slaty color) the Blue Rocks ; it seemed the topmost pebble left by some tide that had receded, — which perhaps it was. Nurses and children thronged daily to these rocks, during the visitors' season, and the fishermen found there a favorite lounging-place ; but nobody scaled the wall of the house save myself, and I went there very often. The gate was sometimes opened by Paul, the silent Bavarian gardener, who was master of the keys ; and there were also certain great cats that were always sunning themselves on the steps, and seemed to have grown old and gray in waiting for mice that had never come. They looked as if they knew the past and the future. If the owl is the bird of Mi-



recover from the palsy of their fright, Myrtle had flung the knife away from her, and was kneeling, her head bowed and her hands crossed upon her breast. The audience went into a rapture of applause as the curtain came suddenly down; but Myrtle had forgotten all but the dread peril she had just passed, and was thanking God that his angel—her own protecting spirit, as it seemed to her—had stayed the arm which a passion such as her nature had never known, such as she believed was alien to her truest self, had lifted with deadliest purpose. She alone knew how extreme the danger had been. "She meant to scare her,—that's all," they said. But Myrtle tore the eagle's feathers from her hair, and stripped off her colored beads, and threw off her painted robe. The metempsychosis was far too real for her to let her wear the semblance of the savage from whom, as she believed, had come the lawless impulse at the thought of which her soul recoiled in horror.

"Pocahontas has got a horrid headache," the managing young ladies gave it out, "and can't come to time for the last *tableau*." So this all passed over, not only without loss of credit to Myrtle, but with no small addition to her local fame,—for it must have been acting; and "was n't it stunning to see her with that knife, looking as if she was going to stab Bella, or to scalp her, or something?"

As Master Gridley had predicted, and as is the case commonly with newcomers at colleges and schools, Myrtle came first in contact with those who were least agreeable to meet. The low-bred youth who amuse themselves with scurvy tricks on freshmen, and the vulgar girls who try to show off their gentility to those whom they think less important than themselves, are exceptions in every institution; but they make themselves odiously prominent before the quiet and modest young people have had time to gain the new scholar's confidence. Myrtle found friends

in due time, some of them daughters of rich people, some poor girls, who came with the same sincerity of purpose as herself. But not one was her match in the facility of acquiring knowledge. Not one promised to make such a mark in society, if she found an opening into its loftier circles. She was by no means ignorant of her natural gifts, and she cultivated them with the ambition which would not let her rest.

During the year she spent in the great school, she made but one visit to Oxbow Village. She did not try to startle the good people with her accomplishments, but they were surprised at the change which had taken place in her. Her dress was hardly more showy, for she was but a school-girl, but it fitted her more gracefully. She had gained a softness of expression, and an ease in conversation, which produced their effect on all with whom she came in contact. Her aunt's voice lost something of its plaintiveness in talking with her. Miss Cynthia listened with involuntary interest to her stories of school and schoolmates. Master Byles Gridley accepted her as the great success of his life, and determined to make her his sole heiress, if there was any occasion for so doing. Cyprian told Bathsheba that Myrtle must come to be a great lady. Gifted Hopkins confessed to Susan Posey that he was afraid of her, since she had been to the great city school. She knew too much, and looked too much like a queen, for a village boy to talk with.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw tried all his fascinations upon her, but she parried compliments so well, and put off all his nearer advances so dexterously, that he could not advance beyond the region of florid courtesy, and never got a chance, if so disposed, to risk a question which he would not ask rashly, believing that, if Myrtle once said *No*, there would be little chance of her ever saying *Yes*.

## HOSPITAL MEMORIES

E. I. Clark

WHEN the first wave of patriotism rolled over the land at the outbreak of the late Rebellion, fathers and mothers were proudly willing to send forth sons and daughters to take their part in the struggle. The young men were speedily marshalled and marched to the scene of action; but the young women were not so fortunate in getting off to places in the hospitals before the first ardor of excitement had cooled. Indeed, all hospital organization was in such an imperfect state that no definite plan could be made for ladies desiring to enter upon the good work.

Then came grave doubts from sage heads as to the propriety and expediency of young women's going at all. One said that they would always be standing in the way of the doctors; another, that they would run at the first glimpse of a wounded man, or certainly faint at sight of a surgical instrument; others still, that no woman's strength could endure for a week the demands of hospital life. In fact, it was looked upon as the most fanatical folly, and suggestions were made that at least a slight experiment of hospital horrors ought to be made before starting on such a mad career. Accordingly, in Boston, a few who cherished the project most earnestly began a series of daily visits to the Massachusetts General Hospital. To the courtesy and kindness of Dr. B. S. Shaw and the attending surgeons, — especially Dr. J. Mason Warren, — these novices were indebted for the privilege of witnessing operations and being taught the art of dressing wounds. The omission of fainting on the part of the new pupils rather disappointed general expectation; and though the knowledge gained in a few weeks was superficial, yet for practical purposes the nurses were not deemed totally incompetent.

After receiving a certificate of fitness for the work from medical authority, it was discouraging at last to be denied the consent of parents. However, some favored ones went forth, and, returning home in a few months, brought back such accounts of satisfaction in finding themselves of use, and of their enjoyment in ministering to our suffering soldiers, that at length the prejudices which withheld consent were overcome, and one of the last of those who went was allowed to take part in the most interesting duties to which the war called women.

I have often thought that one day of hospital employment, with its constant work and opportunities, was worth a year of ordinary life at home, and I remember with thankfulness how many times I was permitted to take the place of absent mothers and sisters in caring for their sons and brothers. It seemed to me that we women in the hospitals received our reward a hundred-fold in daily sights of patient heroism, and expressions of warm gratitude, and that we did not deserve mention or remembrance in comparison with the thousands at home whose zeal never wearied in labors indirect and unexciting, until the day of victory ended their work.

No place in the country could have been better adapted to the uses of a hospital than the grounds and buildings belonging to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, enclosed on two sides, as they are, by an arm of the Chesapeake Bay and the river Severn, and blessed with a varied view, and fresh, invigorating breezes. At the opening of the war General Butler landed troops at this point, thus communicating with Washington without passing through Baltimore. The Naval School was immediately removed to Newport, where it remained until after the close of our

national troubles. The places of the young students preparing for the naval service were soon filled by the sick and wounded of the volunteer armies.

The city of Annapolis is old and quaint. Unlike most of our American capitals, it gives a stranger the impression of having been finished for centuries, and one would imagine that the inhabitants are quite too contented to have any idea of progress or improvement. The Episcopal church, destroyed by fire a few years since, has been rebuilt; but even that is crowned with the ancient wooden tower rescued from the flames, and preserved in grateful memory of Queen Anne, who bestowed valuable gifts on this church of her namesake city.

Within easy access of all the conveniences of a city, and with excellent railroad facilities, the hospital grounds were perfectly secluded by surrounding walls. As one entered through the high gates, an indescribable repose was felt, enhanced by the charm with which Nature has endowed the spot, in the abundant shade, evergreen, and fruit trees, and rose-bushes, holly, and other shrubbery. The classical naval monument, formerly at the Capitol in Washington, has within a few years been removed, and with two others — one of which perpetuates the memory of the adventurous Herndon — stands here. The wharf built for the embarkation of the Burnside Expedition in 1861 is also here. About sixty brick buildings, comprising the chapel, post-office, dispensary, and laundry, with long rows of tents stretched across the grassy spaces, afforded accommodation for patients varying from five hundred to twenty-two hundred in number.

In the summer of 1863, Dr. B. A. Vanderkeift was appointed surgeon in charge of the U. S. General Hospital, Division I., at Annapolis, more frequently called the Naval School Hospital. Dr. Vanderkeift, from his uncommon energy of character, his large experience, and rare executive ability, was admirably fitted for his position. By day and night he never spared him-

self in the most watchful superintendence of all departments of the hospital; no details were too minute for his care, no plan too generous which could tend to the comfort of the suffering. Absolute system and punctuality were expected to be observed by all who came under his military rule. The reveille bugle broke the silence of early dawn. Its clear notes, repeated at intervals during the day, announced to the surgeons the time for visits and reports, and to the men on duty — such as the guards, police, nurses, and cooks — the time for their meals. One of the most original of the Doctor's plans was the establishment of a stretcher corps. At one time there was daily to be seen upon the green in front of headquarters a company of men, ward-masters, nurses, and cooks, performing the most surprising evolutions, playing alternately the parts of patients and nurses, studying by experiment, under the eye and direction of skilful surgeons, the most comfortable method of conveying the helpless. In this way the stretcher corps acquired an amount of skill and tenderness which was brought into good use when the long roll on the drum summoned them to meet an approaching transport, bringing either the wounded from the last battle-field, or the emaciated victims who had been held as prisoners of war at the South.

Shortly after Dr. Vanderkeift came to the hospital, he invited "Sister Tyler" to take the head of the ladies' department. She will always be remembered as identified with the war from the very beginning. She was the only woman in Baltimore who came forward on the 19th of April, 1861, when the men of our Massachusetts Sixth were massacred in passing through that city. She insisted upon being permitted to see the wounded, and with dauntless devotion, in the face of peril, had some of them removed to her own home, where she gave them the most faithful care for many weeks. These men were but the first few of thousands who can never forget the kindness received from her hands, the words of cheer which



came from her lips. Until within ten months of the closing events of the war, she was constantly engaged in hospital service, and then only left for Europe because too much exhausted to continue longer in the work. "Sister Tyler" had supervision of the hospital, and of the fourteen ladies who had a subdivision of responsibility resting upon each of them. Their duties consisted in the special care of the wards assigned them, and particular attention to the diet and stimulants; they supplied the thousand nameless little wants which occurred every day, furnished books and amusements, wrote for and read to the men,—did everything, in fact, which a thoughtful tact could suggest without interfering with surgeons or stewards.

Dr. Vanderkeift wisely considered nourishing diet of more importance than medicine. There were three departments for the preparation of low and special diet, over each of which a lady presided. The cooks and nurses, throughout the hospital, were furnished from the number of convalescent patients not fit to go to the front. They made excellent workers in these positions, learning with a ready intelligence their new duties, and performing them with cheerful compliance; but they often regained their strength too rapidly, and the whole order and convenience of kitchens and wards would be thrown into wild confusion by a stern mandate from Washington, that every able-bodied man was to go to his regiment. No matter what the exigency of the case might be, these men were despatched in haste. Then came a new training of men, some on crutches, some with one hand, and all far from strong. When the ladies remonstrated at having such men put on duty, they were told that feebleness must be made good by numbers, and it was no uncommon thing for four or five crippled men to be employed in the work of one strong one. These changes made wild confusion for a few days, but gradually we began to consider them a part of the fortunes of war, and to find that a sto-

ical tranquillity was the best way in which to meet them. Though exceedingly inconvenient, there was rarely any serious result attending them. Occasionally a lady would be fortunate enough to evade the loss of a valuable man by sending him into the city on an errand, or by keeping him out of sight while an inspection was going on. In this way my chief of staff, as I used to call a certain German youth, was kept a year in the hospital. His efficiency and constant interest in the patients made him a valuable auxiliary in my little department; and I know that his services were appreciated by others than myself, for one of the chief surgeons advised me to keep him by all means, even if hiding him in the ice-chest were necessary.

The regular supplies from the commissary were comparatively plentiful, but fell short of the demand, both as to quantity and variety. The Christian and Sanitary Commissions met this want in great measure, providing good stimulants, dried fruits, butter, and various other luxuries. But with the utmost delight were received boxes packed by generous hands at home. I shall ever feel indebted to many Boston friends for their laborious care and munificent contributions. One of them, Mrs. James Reed, has now entered upon the full reward of a life rich in noble impulses and kindly deeds. Her cordial sympathy for those languishing in distant hospital wards was manifested in sending gifts of the choicest and most expensive home luxuries.

A gentleman well known in England, as well as our own country, for his friendly patronage of art, was never forgetful of our warriors in their dreary days of suffering. Many a cheery message did he send in letters, and never without liberal "contents." His name was gratefully associated by the men with bountiful draughts of punch and milk, fruits, ice-cream, and many other satisfying good things. His request was never to allow a man to want for anything that money could buy; and though "peanuts and oranges"—of

which he desired the men should have plenty — were not always the most judicious articles of diet, the spirit of his command was strictly obeyed.

Mrs. Alexander Randall, who lived near the hospital at Annapolis, was exceedingly kind in sending in timely delicacies for the men. Fruits and flowers from her own garden in lavish profusion were the constant expressions of her thoughtful interest. I remember especially one morning when a poor boy who was very low could not be persuaded to take any food; many tempting things had been suggested, but with feeble voice he said that some grapes were all that he cared for. It was early in the season, and they could not be bought. But just at this moment Mrs. Randall opportunely sent in some beautiful clusters. The countenance of the dying boy brightened with delight as he saw them. They made his last moments happy, for within half an hour he turned his head on the pillow, and with one short sigh was gone.

The large basketfuls of rosy apples from this lady were hailed with the utmost delight by those allowed to eat them. "I have wanted an apple more than anything," was often the eager reply, as they were offered to those who had recently come from a long captivity; and as they were distributed through the wards, not the least gratifying circumstance was the invariable refusal of the ward-masters and nurses to take any. Their diet was not sumptuous, and apples were a great luxury to all; but they would say, "No, thank you, let the men who have just come have them all."

On the 17th of November, 1863, the steamer *New York* came in, bringing one hundred and eighty men from Libby Prison and Belle Isle. Most of these were the soldiers who had fought at Gettysburg. Never was there an army in the world whose health and strength were better looked after than our own; the weak and sick were always sent to the general hospitals; and the idea that our men were ever in other

than the most sound and robust condition at the time of their becoming prisoners has no foundation. Language fails to describe them on their return from the most cruel of captivities. Ignominious insults, bitter and galling threats, exposure to scorching heat by day and to frosty cold at night, torturing pangs of hunger, — these were the methods by which stalwart men had been transformed into ghastly beings with sunken eyes and sepulchral voices. They were clothed in uncleanly rags, many without caps, and most without shoes. Their hair and beards were overgrown and matted. The condition of their teeth was the only appearance of neatness about them, and these were as white as ivory, from eating bread made of corn and cobs ground up together. A piece of such bread four inches square daily, with a morsel of meat once a week, and a spoonful of beans three times a week, had been their food for several months. Some were too far gone to bear the strain of removal from the steamer; nine died on the day of arrival, and one third of the whole number soon followed them. Roses, which had lingered through the mellow autumn, were wreathed with laurel, and laid upon their coffins as they were carried into the beautiful little chapel for the funeral services, before they were laid in the government cemetery, about a mile from the hospital. It is a lovely place, with many trees surrounding its gentle slopes, and here thousands sleep, with their name, rank, company, and regiment inscribed upon wooden slabs. But "Unknown" is the only sad record on many a headboard. These were men who died either on transports, or who when brought to us were too much impaired in mind to remember anything, — for the loss or derangement of mental faculties was an uncommon occurrence. When the first cases of starvation were brought under treatment, the doctors prescribed the lightest diet, mostly rice, soup, and tea. By experiment it was proved that just as many died in proportion under this

care as when an intense desire for any particular article of food was allowed in a measure to be satisfied. Almost every man on his arrival would have his mind concentrated on some one thing: with many, pickles were the coveted luxury; with others, milk. Often, as I passed through the wards, one or another would call out, "Lady, do you think there is such a thing as a piece of Bologna sausage here?" or, "Lady, is there a lemon in this place? I have been longing for one for months." The first thing that one man asked for was a cigar. He was very low, but said, "I would like one sweet smoke before I die." He finished his cigar only a few moments before he breathed his last.

The gratification of an insane craving for food cost many a poor fellow his life. One morning a man who had just come received some money from a friendly comrade; going in to the sutler's, he bought a quart of dried apples. After eating them he became quite thirsty, and drank an alarming quantity of cold water. It is needless to say that he died the next day. At another time a boy received a box from home; his fond mother, with more kindness than good judgment, sent, with other things, a mince-pie, which delighted him, and he was greatly disappointed in not being allowed to taste it. Though warned of the danger, when the nurse left him for a few moments to bring him some beef-tea, he got at the pie, ate half of it, and when the nurse returned was lying dead. Perhaps his death was not caused, but only hastened, by this. It was impossible always to guard against such imprudences.

One of the most interesting of the patients, who lived a few weeks after coming, was Hiram Campbell, of the Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. An imprisonment of one hundred and thirty-eight days had reduced him to a point beyond recovery. Day by day he grew weaker, yet clung to life for the sake of going home to see his friends once more. A few

weeks before, Dr. Vanderkeift had allowed a man in similar condition to start for home, and he had died on the way; so that the Doctor had made a rule that no man should leave the hospital unless able to walk to headquarters to ask for his own papers. An exception to this rule could not be granted, and the only chance was to try to build up Campbell's little remaining strength for the journey, to relieve his sufferings by comforts, and to keep hope alive in his mind by interesting him in stories and books. He was delighted to have "Evangeline" read to him, and the faint smile which passed over his haggard features as he listened told of a romance in his own life, begun, but destined too soon to be broken off by death. When too low to write, as a lady was answering a letter from his sister for him, he asked to have it read over to him. In her letter the sister had requested him to name her infant daughter. When the lady came to this request, he stopped her by asking what she thought a pretty name. Edith was suggested, but he did not seem satisfied with that; at last he said shyly, "How do you spell your name? I think I would like to have her named for you." The lady felt rather embarrassed in writing this, and persuaded him to let her mention several names, so that at least the sister might have a choice. This was only a few days before his death. His father was sent for, because it was evident that there could no longer be any hope of returning strength for him. The poor old man was heart-broken when he saw his son in such an emaciated condition. They had heard at home of his severe sufferings, but said he, "How could I ever expect to see him the like of this?" With patient resignation to God's will, the sufferer waited, and his life ebbed slowly away.

The sorrow-stricken father took to his home in the interior of Pennsylvania the body of his son, that he might rest in the village graveyard by the side of his mother. By his grassy grave a little child often hears from



her mother's lips how her uncle fought and died for the country, and with questioning wonder asks, "And am I named for the lady who was kind to Uncle Hiram?" Such are the strange links in life.

At this time there was in the wards an elderly man, who for months had been vainly trying to recruit his strength. He had not been a prisoner, but had been sent to the rear on account of feebleness. Now John Bump thought it a great waste of time to be staying here in the hospital, where he was doing no good to the nation, while, if he were at home, he might be acquiring quite a fortune from his "profession," for he was a chair-maker. His descriptive list not having been sent from the regiment, he could draw no pay. One day he received the following important queries from his anxious wife, who with eight small children at home did seem to be in a precarious condition: "The man who owns the house says I must move out if I cannot pay the rent: what shall I do? I have nothing for the children to eat: what shall I do? There is nothing to feed the hens with: what shall I do? The pigs are starving: what shall I do?" An application was made, which resulted in John Bump's being sent to his regiment, from which he no doubt soon received his discharge papers.

Around the post-office at noon might always be seen an eager group awaiting the distribution of the mail. A letter from friends was the most cheering hope of the day, often proving more effectual than anything else toward the restoration of health, by bringing vividly to minds languid with disease all the little interests and charms of home.

Gathered about the fire on a wintry day, the men would recount the experiences of their captivity, from the moment when they first found themselves with dismay in the power of the enemy, and, relieved of muskets, were marched without food to Richmond. There whatever they chanced to have of money or of value was taken into the care of a Rebel officer, with the assurance that

it would be returned on their release. The promise was never fulfilled, and the men were hurried off to the sandy plains of Belle Isle. The death of companions was the principal change in their dreary, monotonous life, varied also by the addition from time to time of others doomed to share their fate. Efforts to escape were not always unsuccessful. At one time eight men burned spots on their faces and hands with hot wire, and then sprinkled the spots with black pepper. When the doctor came round, they feigned illness, and he ordered these cases of small-pox to be taken to the pestilence-house beyond the guards. In the night the men started for their homes in the West, and were not caught.

Tracy Rogers, with his bright, sunny face, and sweet voice, whose merry music resounded through the wards, was one of the first to regain strength and spirits. His patriotic zeal had only been reanimated by his sufferings, and he was in haste to be in his place at the front again. A brother had been killed in the same battle in which he was taken prisoner, and another had died in a Philadelphia hospital. He was sure that he should yet die for his country, and talked of death as soon to come to him. With earnest thoughtfulness, he recalled the teachings of a Christian mother in his far-off Connecticut home. As the tears filled his manly blue eyes one day, he asked if the hymn,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,"

could be found in the hospital. He said that it had been sung at his mother's funeral, on his fourteenth birthday; that he had never seen it since, but that lately he had thought much about it. The hymn was brought, and he committed it to memory. We were sorry to part with him, when, after serving as ward-master, he was strong enough to go to his regiment. Not long after he left, a letter came, saying that he had been badly wounded, and wished himself back among his Annapolis friends once more. We never

heard of him again, and fear that his wounds must have proved fatal.

Those were quiet, solemn hours passed in the hospital in the intervals between past and coming dangers. At the close of the day, the men would gather into one ward for prayers. Many a stern voice was uplifted that never prayed before. After petitions for pardon and guidance had arisen to the Giver of all good things, the men would sit and sing, for hours sometimes, each one wishing for his favorite hymn to be sung, and saying that this time was more homelike than any other of the day.

The inspection on Sunday forenoon made it the busiest morning of the week. In the chapel at two o'clock, and again at seven, short services were held, conducted either by the chaplain, or by the Rev. Mr. Sloan, the devoted agent of the Christian Commission at this post. After a while the second service was changed into a Sunday school, very interesting to our grown-up scholars. The ladies found themselves fully occupied as teachers in answering the various difficult questions crowded into a short space of time. Sometimes the officers who were patients would take classes too, which was far less embarrassing than having them ask permission to take the part of scholars, as they sometimes did. Before we had Sunday school, the men in my own wards would ask to have psalms and passages selected for them to learn on Sundays. On Monday mornings each one would have his little book ready to recite his lesson.

For a week before Christmas, active preparations were made for its celebration. The men were allowed to go into the woods across the river, and bring boughs of hemlock, pine, and laurel, and of holly laden with bright berries. Every evening was occupied in twisting and tying evergreen in the chapel. Many a reminiscence of home was told, as we sat in clusters, wreathing garlands of rejoicing so strangely contrasting with the sights and sounds of life and death around us. Late on

Christmas eve, some of the men from Section V., a tent department, came to ask as a great favor that I would assist them in decorating the tent of Miss H——. They said that she had been "fixing up" the wards all day, and they wanted to have her own tent adorned as a surprise when she came down in the morning.

On going over to the tent, I found that they had already cut out of red and blue flannel the letters for "A Merry Christmas to Miss H——." These were soon sewed upon white cotton, which, being surrounded with evergreen, was hung in the most conspicuous place. Then there were crosses, stars, and various other designs to go up, among them a Goddess of Liberty of remarkable proportions, considered the masterpiece of the whole. There were only a few men present, not more than a dozen; each had been seriously wounded, and nearly every one had lost either a leg or an arm. It was a weird sight as they eagerly worked, by the light of dimly burning candles, on this cold, full-mooned midnight, cheerfully telling where they were a year ago, lying in rifle-pits or on picket duty, and wishing themselves only able to be there again.

Christmas morning came at last. As the sun shone brightly on the frosty windows, each one showed its wreath, and the wards were gayly festooned. In some of the larger ones there were appropriate mottoes made of evergreen letters; as, "Welcome home,"—"He bringeth the prisoners out of captivity." Friends in Philadelphia had requested to provide the dinner, which was most lavish and luxurious. The tables were loaded with turkeys, pies of various kinds, fruits, and candies. This was a feast indeed to the thousand heroes gathered around the board, and to those too ill to leave the wards a portion of all was taken, that at least they might see the good things which the others were enjoying. The thoughts of many of the sick had centred on this Christmas dinner, and they had named the favorite morsels that they wished for.

An Episcopal service was held in the chapel in the evening, by the Rev. Mr. Davenport of Annapolis. A crowded congregation gathered within the walls, which were hung with scrolls bearing the names of our battle-fields, and richly adorned with evergreen, while the national flag gracefully draped the large window. Carols were merrily sung, and the shattered, scarred, and emaciated soldiers in the most righteous cause that ever brought warfare to a nation joined in heralding the advent of the Prince of Peace.

The Christmas had been rendered still happier by the reception of a telegram, that another exchange of paroled prisoners had been made, and we were hourly expecting their arrival. In the cold, gray dawn of the 29th of December, the shrill whistle of the "New York" coming up the bay was heard. Every one was soon astir in preparation for a warm welcome. Large quantities of coffee, chocolate, and gruels were to be made, clothes were to be in readiness, and the stretcher corps to be mustered.

As the sun arose, a great crowd assembled, and when the New York neared the wharf, shouts and cheers greeted her. The decks were covered with men, whose skeleton forms and vacant countenances told of starvation, the languid glimmer that at moments overspread their faces feebly betokening the gratitude in their hearts at their escape from "Dixie."

This time the Rebel authorities had allowed only "well men," as they called them, to come, because so much had been said at the North about "the last lot," who came in November. Those able to walk were landed first, the barefooted receiving shoes. Many were able to crawl as far as Parole Camp, a little beyond the city. The more feeble were received into the hospital, where hot baths awaited them; and when they had been passed under scissors and razor, and were laid in comfortable beds, — only too soft after the hard ground they had lain on for months, with as much earth as they could scrape to-

gether for a pillow, — they expressed the change in their whole condition as like coming from the lower regions of misery into heaven itself.

Handkerchiefs and combs, writing-materials and stamps, were among the first requisites of the new-comers. A few were able to write; and for the others, the ladies were but too happy to apprise the friends at home of their arrival, even if recovery were doubtful. In taking the names of the men, I came to a white-headed patriarch, and expressed surprise at finding him in the army. His name was R. B. Darling; and as I wrote it down, he said: "You might as well put 'Reverend' before it, for I am a Methodist minister. I lived in Greenville, Green County, Tennessee, and when this Rebellion came on, I preached and preached, until it did not seem to do any good; so I took up the musket to try what fighting would do." He had left a wife and six children at home, from whom he had heard only once, and then through a friend taken prisoner six months after himself. He had been down with "those fiends," as he called them, twenty-one months, and had been in nine different prisons. He had worked for the Rebels — only at the point of the bayonet — while his strength lasted, in digging wells. He had passed three months in the iron cage at Atlanta, and three months in Castle Thunder under threat of being tried for his life for some disrespectful speech about Rebeldom; finally, after all the perils of Libby Prison and Belle Isle, he was free once more. "These are tears of gratitude," he said, in answer to the welcome given him, as they rolled down his furrowed cheeks; "it is the first word of kindness that I have heard for so long." On soiled scraps of paper he had the names of many of his fellow-prisoners. He had promised, should he ever escape, to let their friends at home know when and where they had died. Letters were at once written, carrying the painful certainty of loss to anxious hearts. To his own family it was useless to write, for the Rebels surrounded his home,



cutting off postal communication. He brought with him six little copies of the Gospels, one for each child at home; they had been given to him at the South, having been sent over by the British and Foreign Bible Society for distribution. Surely no men ever more needed the promises of divine consolation than the captives whom these volumes reached.

It was difficult to restrict the diet of this old hero. After eating an enormous meal of soup, meat, vegetables, pudding, and bread, his appetite would not be in the least satisfied; he would very coolly remark that he had had a very nice dinner; there was only one trouble about it, there was not enough. On being told that we would gladly give him more, were it considered safe, he would persist in saying that he felt "right peart," and begged me to remember that it was twenty-one months since he had had any dinners. As he gained strength enough to walk about, he became acquainted with the system of the hospital and made a discovery one day; namely, that he was on low diet, and that there was such a thing as full diet for the well men. "If my present fare is low, what may not the full be?" he reasoned, as visions of illimitable bounty floated through his insatiable mind. So he asked the doctor one morning to transfer his name to the full-diet list; and when the bugle sounded, he joined the procession as it moved to the dining-hall. Salt-fish, bread, and molasses chanced to be all that presented themselves to the famished, disappointed old man; his countenance was forlorn indeed, as he came to the window of the low-diet serving-room to ask for something to eat. "I shall get the doctor to put my name back on to this list, for I like this cook-shop the best, if it is called low diet."

Father Darling, as he used to be called, soon became a favorite all over the hospital. He delighted to perform any act of kindness for his fellow-sufferers. On Sunday mornings he might be seen wandering through the grounds, carrying books and newspapers into the

wards, with a bright smile and cheery word for each man. His eloquence reached its highest pitch, when, talking of the Southern Confederacy, he declared that he did not believe in showing mercy to traitors, but that God intended them to be "clean exterminated" from the face of the earth, like the heathen nations the Israelites were commanded to destroy ages ago. He had but too good reason for wishing justice to be done. After he returned to his home in Tennessee, he wrote: "There is but one tale in the whole country: every comfort of life is purloined, clothes all in rags, a great many men and boys murdered, and, worst of all, Christianity seems to have gone up from the earth, and plunder and rapine to have filled its place. Surely war was instituted by Beelzebub. The guerrillas are yet prowling about, seeking what they may devour. In these troublous times, all who can lift a hoe or cut a weed are trying to make support, but unless we get help from the North many must suffer extremely. The Rebs have not left my family anything. They went so far as to smash up the furniture, take my horse, all my cattle, and carry off and destroy my library. They smashed up the clock and cut up the bedsteads; and, in fact, ruin stares us in the face, and doleful complaint stuns the ear. Even sick ladies have been dragged out of bed by the hair of the head, so that the fiends of Davis could search for hid treasure. All who have labored for the government are destitute. Since the winter broke, I have been fighting the thieving, murdering Rebels, and now their number is diminished from two hundred to nine, and I can ride boldly forth where for the last three years it would have been certain death. O, how are the mighty fallen!"

On New Year's evening the ladies held a reception. Huge logs burned brightly in the large old-fashioned fireplace of their dining-room, and a "Happy New Year to all," in evergreen letters, stood out from the whitewashed wall. Surgeons and stewards, officers, extra-duty men, and patients, mingled

in groups to exchange friendly good-wishes. Conversation and singing, with a simple repast of apples, cake, and lemonade, proved allurements to a long stay. Those who had gained admission were reluctant to depart to make room for the hundreds awaiting entrance outside. For days afterwards this evening was talked over with delight by the men: it was the only party they had attended since the war began, and it formed the greatest gayety of hospital experience.

Some of the vessels of the Russian fleet, then cruising in our waters, wintered at Annapolis. A severe sickness breaking out among the sailors, their accommodations on shipboard were not found adequate, and, by invitation of our government, they were received into the hospital. Their inability to speak one word of English made their sojourn rather a melancholy affair. Their symptoms were often more successfully guessed from signs and gestures, than from their attempts to express some particular wish in words. They all returned to their floating homes in a little while quite recovered, except one, who met with an accidental death, and was buried from our chapel with the full ceremonies of the Greek Church. With his face uncovered, he was carried by his comrades to the cemetery, and laid by the side of our soldiers. A Greek cross of black iron, among the white slabs, designates this stranger's grave.

The Vanderkeift Literary Association held a meeting every Tuesday evening in the chapel, which was always crowded. Some of the citizens of Annapolis, with their families, did not disdain a constant attendance. An animated discussion of some popular topic was held by the debating club; and the intelligence often shown did credit to the attainments of the men who filled the ranks of our army. Ballads were sung by the Kelsey Minstrels, — so named from their leader, a clerk at head-quarters. "The Knapsack," a paper edited by the ladies, was read. Into it was gathered whatever of local interest or amusement there was going on at the

time. Contributions in prose or verse, stories, and conundrums filled the little sheet.

The short Southern winter wore quickly away, with little of unusual excitement in the constantly changing scenes of war. Our prisoners pined in dreary captivity, and the clash of arms was stilled for a season.

So many strange ideas are entertained about a woman's life in hospital service that I am tempted to transcribe a page from my own experience, in order that a glimpse may be had of its reality. Imagine me, then, in a small attic room, carpeted with a government blanket, and furnished with bed, bureau, table, two chairs, and, best of all, a little stove, for the morning is cold, and the lustrous stars still keep their quiet watch in the blue heavens. A glow of warmth and comfort spreads from gas-light and fire, — an encouraging roar in the chimney having crowned with success the third attempt at putting paper, wood, and coal together in exact proportions. After all, the difficulty has been chiefly in the want of a sufficient amount of air, for there could be no draught through the dead embers, and these could be disturbed only noiselessly, for the lady in the next room has the small-pox, and it will not do to awake her from her morning slumbers.

A glance at the wonderful beauty in which day is breaking is sufficient compensation for such early rising, as with hurried step I go to the wards, about seven rods off. The kind-hearted steward stands at the door: "Talbot died at two o'clock; he was just the same till the last." I am not surprised, for when I left him I knew that his feeble frame could not much longer endure the violence of delirium. He was by no means among the most hopeless of the last prisoners who came, but an unaccountable change had passed suddenly over him within the last few days. And now tidings of his death must carry a sad revulsion to hearts at home, made happy, but a short time since, by news of his safety.

The patients rouse themselves from

the drowsiness of a sleepless night, expecting a morning greeting as I pass through the wards, giving to each his early stimulant of whiskey or cherry-brandy. The men in the ward where poor Talbot died seem in especial need of it; for, as they glance at the vacant corner, they say, "He screamed so badly, we did n't get much sleep."

At the call of the bugle a general stampede takes place for breakfast, and I must repair to the serving-room to oversee the last preparations for low and special diet; for on his return each of the male nurses will appear at the window with a large tray to be filled for his hungry men. Beef essence, jellies, and puddings for the day's requirement claim a little personal attention. Such things are not always left to servants at home; and how could our "boys in blue" be expected to handle the spoon with the same dexterity as the musket? They are not, however, deficient in culinary skill, as the savory hash, well-turned beefsteaks, nicely dropped eggs, and good coffee will testify.

After the procession of heavily laden breakfast-bearers has moved off, supplies from the commissary need a little arranging; and one must plan how they may be made the most of, and what additions for the next three meals are to be furnished from private resources. The result of which consideration is usually the despatch of Henry, the chief cook, into the city to purchase chickens, oysters, and milk in as great quantity as can be bought.

At eight o'clock the ladies meet for their morning meal. Good cold water, bread and molasses, with the occasional luxury of a salt-fish cake, suffice to keep soul and body together. The coffee is said to be good by those in the habit of taking it, and some, too, enjoy the butter.

The preparation of lemonade in large quantities, and drinks of various degrees of sweetness and acidity, is next to be superintended. As rapidly as possible the little pitchers are filled, and I follow them to the wards.

Wondering what can be the matter, and cooling his parched lips and bathing his burning brow, I stand over Allen as the doctor enters. Doubt is soon dispelled, for he pronounces it a violent case of small-pox. It is becoming very prevalent, but this is my first introduction to it. The doctor orders the immediate removal of the patient to Horn Point, the small-pox quarters, about two miles across the bay. It is too bleak for the open-boat conveyance, and so he must be jolted six miles round in an ambulance. On his bed, buried in blankets and stupefied with fever, he starts for his new abode, not without a plentiful supply of oranges, lemons, and bay-water.

The plaintive, whining tones of William Cutlep, a boy of sixteen, who is a picture of utter woe, with mind enough only left to know that he is in "awful pain," detain me too long; and when I must leave him, it is with the promise of coming up soon again, for he says he always did like to see "women folks around." His home is in Southern Virginia, whence he escaped to join the Union army; and he will never hear from his home again, for thirty-six ounces of brandy daily will not keep him alive much longer. He has already taken a ring from his finger, to be sent home with a dying message after the war is over.

The lower ward is not reached too soon, for the manly, gentle Mason is near his end. He faintly presses my hand, begging me not to leave him again, for it will soon be all over. An attack of pneumonia has proved too much for his reduced system to resist, and, meekly submitting to its ravages, he lies at last upon his death-bed. A saintly fortitude sustains him, as in broken accents these sentences come from his lips: "It is a country worth dying for." "Others will enjoy in coming years what I have fought for." "I can trust my Saviour. He is lighting me through the valley of death." "All is well." Low words of prayer commend the departing soul to the God who made it, and the sweet hymn,



"O sing to me of heaven,  
When I am called to die,"

breaks the stillness of the ward.

"It is growing dark, — I can't see you any more," — he whispers; and then, as the bugle notes strike his ear, "Before that sound is heard again, I shall be far away." His heavy breathing grows thicker and shorter, until that radiance which comes but once to any mortal face, streaming through the open portal of eternity, tells of the glory upon which his soul is entering, as his eyelids are quietly closed on earth. The men in the beds around mutely gaze upon him, wishing that they may die like him when their last summons comes. The tender-hearted McNally, the faithful nurse, tearfully laments the loss of the first patient who has died since he took charge of the ward, and is sure that he could not have done more for him had he been his own brother. Nor could he.

I go back to the upper wards. Little Cutlep moans deeply in restless sleep. But there are others to be cheered, and many a promise to be fulfilled from the heterogeneous contents of a small basket, a constant and most valuable companion. Comfort-bags, braces, knives, come forth at requirement. Books, too, are always in demand. After they have been read, they are sent to many a distant fireside by mail; some of the boys have several treasured up to take with them when they go home, for such books are rare where they live, and their little brothers and sisters will greatly prize them. One boy still keeps under his pillow, clinging to it until the last, the little book, "Come to Jesus," which he requests shall be sent to his mother after his death, with the message that it has been the saving of his soul.

New wants arise to be remembered, and special desires for additions to the next meal are expressed. On the whole, the men seem comfortable and happy to-day, as they rest on their elbows partly sitting up in bed, playing backgammon, or scanning the last pictorial newspaper, or working over

puzzles, for which last they are indebted to Rev. Mr. Ware, who made a visit to our hospital a few weeks since, and on his return sent from Boston a goodly assortment of amusements.

By this time the stimulants are to be given out again, and preparations made for dinner. For it will hardly be welcome, unless the promised mug of milk or ale, fried onions or sour-kraut, fruit or jelly, shall come with it. Each tray receives its burden of hearty nourishment, and by one o'clock the ladies may be seen returning to their quarters for rations of beef and bread. It is well that we are blessed with elastic spirits, for "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." All sadness for the dead must be concealed for the sake of the living. As we cheerfully meet at dinner-time, an occasional letter in the following strain is not without a salutary and amusing effect: —

"DEAR MISS T——: — I set down to tell you that I 've arrove hum, an wish I was sum whar else. I 've got 3 Bully boys an they are helpin me about gettin the garden sass into the groun; but they haint got no mother, an ive got a hous and a kow an I thort youd be kinder handy to take care of um, if youd stoop so much. I've thort of you ever sense I com from the hospittle, and how kinder jimmy you used to walk up and doun them wards. You had the best gate I ever see, an my 1st wife stepped of jis so, an she pade her way I tell you. I like to work, and the boys likes to work, an I kno you do, so ide like to jine if youv no objecshuns; an now ive maid so bold to rite sich, but I was kinder pussied on by my feelins an so I hope youl excuse it and rite soon. I shant be mad if you say no, but its no hurt to ask an the boys names are Zebalon, Shadrac and peter, they want to see you as does your respectful frend wich oes his present helth to you

"I—— G——."

A few letters for the men are to be written for the afternoon mail. Twin-

ing a wreath of immortelles and laurel, is the last that can be done for brave Tenny, who died yesterday, and will be buried with military honors to-day. The little procession, with reversed arms, winds slowly through the grounds, and at the sound of the bugle four patriots, each wrapped in the flag he has died for, are borne into the chapel. Inspired passages are read, "There is rest for the weary" is sung by the ladies, and prayers are offered for bereaved relatives at a distance. The chaplain precedes the short train to the cemetery, where the final portion of the church burial-service is said, and over the newly made graves resound three sharp volleys of musketry.

There is not much time to-day to read to the group around the fire, but with evident pride and pleasure they listen to "The Blue Coat of the Soldier," and "The Empty Sleeve," a touching poem, inscribed to the noble General Howard. I would gladly tarry longer at the request of the little audience, but the other wards must be looked after. An awkward man stands in the first one I enter, and begins a protest against being put on duty. He says he "listed to fight," and knows nothing about "nussing." He hands over the materials for a mustard plaster, as he professes profound ignorance on the subject, saying that he fears the men left to his charge will not get very good care. This is the only instance I remember of a man who did not cheerfully try to do his best for his sick comrades. Fortunately, he was soon sent to his regiment.

Preparation of stimulants and supper keep me busily occupied until, in the shadowy twilight, the men from the fifteen wards gather into one, where the patients are not too ill to listen to a few texts from the Holy Book, which come with a diviner meaning of consolation than ever before, in the hush of closing day, with death so familiar a thought to each. Sergeant Murphy leads in prayer with true Methodist fervor, and the hymn,

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,"

concludes the short service.

After their tea, the ladies meet in the chapel, to teach in the evening school held for an hour four times a week. It serves to interest the men in useful study. A large library in one corner of the chapel furnishes, too, stores of knowledge and amusement in works of history, travel, and fiction.

On going back again to the wards, I am glad to find that Carney's wife has come in the evening train. She was startled by the last news from him. It is well that she is here: if anything can save his life, it will be her presence. The poor woman is worn out by anxiety and a two days' journey. The chaplain must be found to write a permit for her entrance into the "Home" provided by the Sanitary Commission for the accommodation of those coming to see their friends in the hospital. The good-natured orderly, Frank Hall, conducts her out to the comfortable house.

The lurid gas flickers in the chilly breeze, for never are the windows allowed to be closed by day or night, in sunshine or storm. It does sometimes seem as if a circulation of air a little less like a hurricane from an iceberg might conduce more to the health and comfort of the inmates; but then this is one of Dr. Vanderkeift's pet points of practice, and woe betide any one who dares to shut out a breath of the exhilarating element. Most of the men are stilled in merciful slumbers, more or less peaceful or unquiet. One shout from a sleeper of "We'll whip them yet, boys!" tells that Colby is fighting over in a dream his last battle, while from others come groans only audible in hours of unconsciousness. In wakeful uneasiness, others sigh for sleep, and are at length lulled to rest by soothing words or rhymes, not unfrequently by the childish melodies of Mother Goose. And so the day's privilege of duty ends with gratitude, and a healthful weariness that vanishes before the next morning.

DIRGE FOR A SAILOR. *Not*

SLOW, slow! toll it low,  
 As the sea-waves break and flow;  
 With the same dull, slumberous motion  
 As his ancient mother, Ocean,  
 Rocked him on, through storm and calm,  
 From the iceberg to the palm:  
 So his drowsy ears may deem  
 That the sound which breaks his dream  
 Is the ever-moaning tide  
 Washing on his vessel's side.

Slow, slow! as we go,  
 Swing his coffin to and fro;  
 As of old the lusty billow  
 Swayed him on his heaving pillow:  
 So that he may fancy still,  
 Climbing up the watery hill,  
 Plunging in the watery vale,  
 With her wide-distended sail,  
 His good ship securely stands  
 Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow! — heave-a-ho! —  
 Lower him to the mould below;  
 With the well-known sailor ballad,  
 Lest he grow more cold and pallid  
 At the thought that Ocean's child,  
 From his mother's arms beguiled,  
 Must repose for countless years,  
 Reft of all her briny tears,  
 All the rights he owned by birth,  
 In the dusty lap of earth.

UP THE EDISTO. *J. W. Higginson.* 140-

IN reading military history, one finds the main interest to lie, undoubtedly, in the great campaigns, where a man, a regiment, a brigade, is but a pawn in the game. But there is a charm also in the more free and adventurous life of partisan warfare, where, if the total sphere be humbler, yet the individual has more relative importance, and the

sense of action is more personal and keen. This is the reason given by the eccentric Revolutionary biographer, Weems, for writing the Life of Washington first, and then that of Marion. And there were, certainly, in the early adventures of the colored troops in the Department of the South, some of the same elements of picturesqueness that



belonged to Marion's band, with the added feature that the blacks were fighting for their personal liberties, of which Marion had helped to deprive them.

It is stated by Major-General Gillmore, in his "Siege of Charleston," as one of the three points in his preliminary strategy, that an expedition was sent up the Edisto River to destroy a bridge on the Charleston and Savannah Railway. As one of the early raids of the colored troops, this expedition may deserve narration, though it was, in a strategic point of view, a disappointment. It has already been told, briefly and on the whole with truth, by Greeley and others, but I will venture on a more complete account.

The project dated back earlier than General Gillmore's siege, and had originally no connection with that movement. It had been formed by Captain Trowbridge and myself in camp, and was based on facts learned from the men. General Saxton and Colonel W. W. H. Davis, the successive post-commanders, had both favored it. It had been also approved by General Hunter, before his sudden removal, though he regarded the bridge as a secondary affair, because there was another railway communication between the two cities. But as my main object was to obtain permission to go, I tried to make the most of all results which might follow, while it was very clear that the raid would harass and confuse the enemy, and be the means of bringing away many of the slaves. General Hunter had, therefore, accepted the project mainly as a stroke for freedom and black recruits; and General Gillmore, because anything that looked toward action found favor in his eyes, and because it would be convenient to him at that time to effect a diversion, if nothing more.

It must be remembered, that, after the first capture of Port Royal, the outlying plantations along the whole Southern coast were abandoned, and the slaves withdrawn into the interior. It was necessary to ascend some river for

thirty miles in order to reach the black population at all. This ascent could only be made by night, as it was a slow process, and the smoke of a steamboat could be seen for a great distance. The streams were usually shallow, winding, and muddy, and the difficulties of navigation were such as to require a full moon and a flood tide. It was really no easy matter to bring everything to bear; especially as every projected raid must be kept a secret so far as possible. However, we were now somewhat familiar with such undertakings, half military, half naval, and the thing to be done on the Edisto was precisely what we had proved to be practicable on the St. Mary's and the St. John's, — to drop anchor before the enemy's door some morning at day-break, without his having dreamed of our approach.

Since a raid made by Colonel Montgomery up the Combahee, two months before, the vigilance of the Rebels had increased. But we had information that upon the South Edisto or Pon-Pon River the rice plantations were still being actively worked by a large number of negroes, in reliance on obstructions placed at the mouth of that narrow stream, where it joins the main river, some twenty miles from the coast. This point was known to be further protected by a battery of unknown strength, at Wiltown Bluff, a commanding and defensible situation. The obstructions consisted of a row of strong wooden piles across the river; but we convinced ourselves that these must now be much decayed, and that Captain Trowbridge, an excellent engineer officer, could remove them by the proper apparatus. Our proposition was to man the "John Adams," an armed ferry-boat, which had before done us much service, — and which has now reverted to the pursuits of peace, it is said, on the East Boston line, — to ascend in this to Wiltown Bluff, silence the battery, and clear a passage through the obstructions. Leaving the "John Adams" to protect this point, we could then ascend the smaller stream

with two light-draft boats, and perhaps burn the bridge, which was ten miles higher, before the enemy could bring sufficient force to make our position at Wiltown Bluff untenable.

The expedition was organized essentially upon this plan. The smaller boats were the "Enoch Dean,"—a river steamboat, which carried a ten-pound Parrott gun, and a small howitzer,—and a little mosquito of a tug, the "Governor Milton," upon which, with the greatest difficulty, we found room for two twelve-pound Armstrong guns, with their gunners, forming a section of the First Connecticut Battery, under Lieutenant Clinton, aided by a squad from my own regiment, under Captain James. The "John Adams" carried, if I remember rightly, two Parrott guns (of twenty and ten pounds caliber) and a howitzer or two. The whole force of men did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

We left Beaufort, S. C., on the afternoon of July 9th, 1863. In former narrations I have sufficiently described the charm of a moonlight ascent into a hostile country, upon an unknown stream, the dark and silent banks, the rippling water, the wail of the reed-birds, the anxious watch, the breathless listening, the veiled lights, the whispered orders. To this was now to be added the vexation of an insufficient pilotage, for our negro guide knew only the upper river, and, as it finally proved, not even that, while, to take us over the bar which obstructed the main stream, we must borrow a pilot from Captain Dutch, whose gunboat blockaded that point. This active naval officer, however, whose boat expeditions had penetrated all the lower branches of those rivers, could supply our want, and we borrowed from him not only a pilot, but a surgeon, to replace our own, who had been prevented by an accident from coming with us. Thus accompanied, we steamed over the bar in safety, had a peaceful ascent, passed the island of Jehossee,—the fine estate of Governor Aiken, then left undisturbed by both sides,—and fired our first shell into the

camp at Wiltown Bluff at four o'clock in the morning.

The battery—whether fixed or movable we knew not—met us with a promptness that proved very short-lived. After three shots it was silent, but we could not tell why. The bluff was wooded and we could see but little. The only course was to land, under cover of the guns. As the firing ceased and the smoke cleared away, I looked across the rice-fields which lay beneath the bluff. The first sunbeams glowed upon their emerald levels, and on the blossoming hedges along the rectangular dikes. What were those black dots which everywhere appeared? Those moist meadows had become alive with human heads, and along each narrow path came a straggling file of men and women, all on a run for the river-side. I went ashore with a boat-load of troops at once. The landing was difficult and marshy. The astonished negroes tugged us up the bank, and gazed on us as if we had been Cortez and Columbus. They kept arriving by land much faster than we could come by water; every moment increased the crowd, the jostling, the mutual clinging, on that miry foothold. What a scene it was! With the wild faces, eager figures, strange garments, it seemed, as one of the poor things reverently suggested, "like notin' but de judgment day." Presently they began to come from the houses also, with their little bundles on their heads; then with larger bundles. Old women, trotting on the narrow paths, would kneel to pray a little prayer, still balancing the bundle; and then would suddenly spring up, urged by the accumulating procession behind, and would move on till irresistibly compelled by thankfulness to dip down for another invocation. Reaching us, every human being must grasp our hands, amid exclamations of "Bress you, mas'r," and "Bress de Lord," at the rate of four of the latter ascriptions to one of the former. Women brought children on their shoulders; small black boys carried on their backs little brothers equally inky, and,

gravely depositing them, shook hands. Never had I seen human beings so clad, or rather so unclad, in such amazing squalidness and destitution of garments. I recall one small urchin without a rag of clothing save the basque waist of a lady's dress, bristling with whalebones, and worn wrong side before, beneath which his smooth ebony legs emerged like those of an ostrich from its plumage. How weak is imagination, how cold is memory, that I ever cease, for a day of my life, to see before me the picture of that astounding scene!

Yet at the time we were perforce a little impatient of all this piety, protestation, and hand-pressing; for the vital thing was to ascertain what force had been stationed at the bluff, and whether it was yet withdrawn. The slaves, on the other hand, were too much absorbed in their prospective freedom to aid us in taking any further steps to secure it. Captain Trowbridge, who had by this time landed at a different point, got quite into despair over the seeming deafness of the people to all questions. "How many soldiers are there on the bluff?" he asked of the first-comer.

"Mas'r," said the man, stuttering terribly, "I c-c-c—"

"Tell me how many soldiers there are!" roared Trowbridge, in his mighty voice, and all but shaking the poor old thing, in his thirst for information.

"O mas'r," recommenced in terror the incapacitated witness, "I c-c-carpenter!" holding up eagerly a little stump of a hatchet, his sole treasure, as if his profession ought to excuse him from all military opinions.

I wish that it were possible to present all this scene from the point of view of the slaves themselves. It can be most nearly done, perhaps, by quoting the description given of a similar scene on the Combahee River, by a very aged man, who had been brought down on the previous raid, already mentioned. I wrote it down in my tent, long after, while the old man recited the tale, with much gesticulation, at the door; and it

is by far the best glimpse I have ever had, through a negro's eyes, at these wonderful birthdays of freedom.

"De people was all a hoein', mas'r," said the old man. "Dey was a hoein' in de rice-field, when de gunboats come. Den ebry man drap dem hoe, and leff de rice. De mas'r he stand and call, 'Run to de wood for hide! Yankee come, sell you to Cuba! run for hide!' Ebry man he run, and, my God! run all toder way!"

"Mas'r stand in de wood, peep, peep, faid for truss [afraid to trust]. He say, 'Run to de wood!' and ebry man run by him, straight to de boat.

"De brack sojer so presumptious, dey come right ashore, hold up dere head. Fus' ting I know, dere was a barn, ten tousand bushel rough rice, all in a blaze, den mas'r's great house, all cracklin' up de roof. Did n't I keer for see 'em blaze? Lor, mas'r, did n't care notin' at all, *I was gwine to de boat.*"

Doré's Don Quixote could not surpass the sublime absorption in which the gaunt old man, with arm uplifted, described this stage of affairs, till he ended in a shrewd chuckle, worthy of Sancho Panza. Then he resumed.

"De brack sojers so presumptious!" This he repeated three times, slowly shaking his head in an ecstasy of admiration. It flashed upon me that the apparition of a black soldier must amaze those still in bondage, much as a butterfly just from the chrysalis might astound his fellow-grubs. I inwardly vowed that my soldiers, at least, should be as "presumptious" as I could make them. Then he went on.

"Ole woman and I go down to de boat; den dey say behind us, 'Rebels comin'! Rebels comin'!' Ole woman say, 'Come ahead, come plenty ahead!' I hab notin' on but my shirt and pantaloons; ole woman one single frock he hab on, and one handkerchief on he head; I leff all-two my blanket and run, for de Rebel come, and den dey did n't come, did n't truss for come.

"Ise eighty-eight year old, mas'r. My ole Mas'r Lowndes keep all de ages in a big book, and when we come to



age ob sense we mark em down ebry year, so I know. Too ole for come? Mas'r joking. Neber too ole for leave de land o' bondage. I old, but great good for chil'en, gib tousand tank ebry day. Young people can go through, *force* [forcibly], mas'r, but de ole folk mus' go slow."

Such emotions as these, no doubt, were inspired by our arrival, but we could only hear their hasty utterance in passing; our duty being, with the small force already landed, to take possession of the bluff. Ascending, with proper precautions, the wooded hill, we soon found ourselves in the deserted camp of a light battery, amid scattered equipments and suggestions of a very unattractive breakfast. As soon as possible, skirmishers were thrown out through the woods to the farther edge of the bluff, while a party searched the houses, finding the usual large supply of furniture and pictures,—brought up for safety from below,—but no soldiers. Captain Trowbridge then got the "John Adams" beside the row of piles, and went to work for their removal.

Again I had the exciting sensation of being within the hostile lines,—the eager explorations, the doubts, the watchfulness, the listening for every sound of coming hoofs. Presently a horse's tread was heard in earnest, but it was a squad of our own men bringing in two captured cavalry soldiers. One of these, a sturdy fellow, submitted quietly to his lot, only begging that, whenever we should evacuate the bluff, a note should be left behind, stating that he was a prisoner. The other, a very young man, and a member of the "Rebel Troop," a sort of Cadet corps among the Charleston youths, came to me in great wrath, complaining that the corporal of our squad had kicked him after he had surrendered. His air of offended pride was very rueful, and it did indeed seem a pathetic reversal of fortunes for the two races. To be sure, the youth was a scion of one of the foremost families of South Carolina, and when I considered the wrongs which the black race had encountered from those of his

blood, first and last, it seemed as if the most scrupulous Recording Angel might tolerate one final kick, to square the account. But I reproved the corporal, who respectfully disclaimed the charge, and said the kick was an incident of the scuffle. It certainly was not their habit to show such poor malice: they thought too well of themselves.

I recall with delight my conversation with this captured boy, he was such a naïve specimen of the true Southern arrogance. For instance:—

"Colonel," said he, respectfully, "are there any gentlemen on board the steamboat where I am to be placed?"

I told him that such a question sounded strangely from a captured private soldier.

"Perhaps it does," said he wistfully, "and I know my position too well to offend an enemy. I only wished to know"—and here he paused, evidently trying to find some form of expression which could not possibly disturb the keenest sensibilities—"if there is likely to be any one on board with whom I can associate."

This was carrying the joke rather too far. I told him that he would find United States officers on board, and United States soldiers, and that it was to be hoped he would like their society, as he probably would have no other for some time to come. But the characteristic feature of the thing is, that I do not believe he meant to commit any impertinence whatever, but that the youth rather aimed to compliment me by assuming that I appreciated the feelings of a man made of porcelain, and would choose for him only the most choice and fastidious companionship. But I must say that he seemed to me in no way superior, but rather quite inferior, to my own black soldiers, who equalled him in courage and in manners, and far surpassed him in loyalty, modesty, and common sense.

His demeanor seemed less lofty, but rather piteous, when he implored me not to put him on board any vessel which was to ascend the upper stream, and hinted, by awful implications, the

danger of such ascent. This meant torpedoes, a peril which we treated, in those days, with rather mistaken contempt. But we found none on the Edisto, and it may be that it was only a foolish attempt to alarm us.

Meanwhile, Trowbridge was toiling away at the row of piles, which proved easier to draw out than to saw asunder, either work being hard enough. It took far longer than we had hoped, and we saw noon approach and the tide rapidly fall, taking with it, inch by inch, our hopes of effecting a surprise at the bridge. During this time, and indeed all day, the detachments on shore, under Captains Whitney and Sampson, were having occasional skirmishes with the enemy, while the colored people were swarming to the shore, or running to and fro like ants, with the poor treasures of their houses. Our busy Quartermaster, Mr. Bingham, — who died afterwards from the overwork of that sultry day, — was transporting the refugees on board the steamer, or hunting up bales of cotton, or directing the burning of rice-houses, in accordance with our orders. No dwelling-houses were destroyed or plundered by our men, — Sherman's "bummers" not having yet arrived, — though I asked no questions as to what the plantation negroes might bring in their great bundles. One piece of property, I must admit, seemed a lawful capture, — a United States dress-sword, of the old pattern, which had belonged to the Rebel general who afterwards gave the order to bury Colonel Shaw "with his niggers." That I have retained, not without some satisfaction, to this day.

A passage having been cleared at last, and the tide having turned by noon, we lost no time in attempting the ascent, leaving the bluff to be held by the "John Adams" and by the small force on shore. We were scarcely above the obstructions, however, when the little tug went aground, and the "Enoch Dean," ascending a mile farther, had an encounter with a battery on the right, — perhaps our old enemy, — and drove it back. Soon after, she

also ran aground, a misfortune of which our opponent strangely took no advantage; and, on getting off, I thought it best to drop down to the bluff again, as the tide was still hopelessly low. None can tell, save those who have tried them, the vexations of those muddy Southern streams, navigable only during a few hours of flood-tide.

After waiting an hour, the two small vessels again tried the ascent. The enemy on the right had disappeared; but we could now see, far off on our left, another light battery moving parallel with the river, apparently to meet us at some upper bend. But for the present we were safe, with the low rice-fields on each side of us; and the scene was so peaceful, it seemed as if all danger were done. For the first time, we saw in South Carolina blossoming riverbanks and low emerald meadows, that seemed like New England. Everywhere there were the same rectangular fields, smooth canals, and bushy dikes. A few negroes stole out to us in dug-outs, and breathlessly told us how others had been hurried away by the overseers. We glided safely on, mile after mile. The day was unutterably hot, but all else seemed propitious. The men had their combustibles all ready to fire the bridge, and our hopes were unbounded.

But by degrees the channel grew more tortuous and difficult, and while the little "Milton" glided smoothly over everything, the "Enoch Dean," my own boat, repeatedly grounded. On every occasion of especial need, too, something went wrong in her machinery, — her engine being constructed on some wholly new patent, of which, I should hope, this trial would prove entirely sufficient. The black pilot, who was not a soldier, grew more and more bewildered, and declared that it was the channel, not his brain, which had gone wrong; the captain, a little elderly man, sat wringing his hands in the pilot-box; and the engineer appeared to be mingling his groans with those of the diseased engine. Meanwhile I, in equal ignorance of machinery and channel, had to give orders only justified by

minute acquaintance with both. So I navigated on general principles, until they grounded us on a mud-bank, just below a wooded point, and some two miles from the bridge of our destination. It was with a pang that I waved to Major Strong, who was on the other side of the channel in a tug, not to risk approaching us, but to steam on and finish the work, if he could.

Short was his triumph. Gliding round the point, he found himself instantly engaged with a light battery of four or six guns, doubtless the same we had seen in the distance. The "Milton" was within two hundred and fifty yards. The Connecticut men fought their guns well, aided by the blacks, and it was exasperating for us to hear the shots, while we could see nothing and do nothing. The scanty ammunition of our bow gun was exhausted, and the gun in the stern was useless, from the position in which we lay. In vain we moved the men from side to side, rocking the vessel, to dislodge it. The heat was terrific that August afternoon; I remember I found myself constantly changing places, on the scorched deck, to keep my feet from being blistered. At last the officer in charge of the gun, a hardy lumberman from Maine, got the stern of the vessel so far round that he obtained the range of the battery through the cabin windows, "but it would be necessary," he coolly added, on reporting to me this fact, "to shoot away the corner of the cabin." I knew that this apartment was newly painted and gilded, and the idol of the poor captain's heart; but it was plain that even the thought of his own upholstery could not make the poor soul more wretched than he was. So I bade Captain Dolly blaze away, and thus we took our hand in the little game, though at a sacrifice.

It was of no use. Down drifted our little consort round the point, her engine disabled and her engineer killed, as we afterwards found, though then we could only look and wonder. Still pluckily firing, she floated by upon

the tide, which had now just turned; and when, with a last desperate effort, we got off, our engine had one of its impracticable fits, and we could only follow her. The day was waning, and all its range of possibility had lain within the limits of that one tide.

All our previous expeditions had been so successful, it now seemed hard to turn back; the river-banks and rice-fields, so beautiful before, seemed only a vexation now. But the swift current bore us on, and after our Parthian shots had died away, a new discharge of artillery opened upon us, from our first antagonist of the morning, which still kept the other side of the stream. It had taken up a strong position on another bluff, almost out of range of the "John Adams," but within easy range of us. The sharpest contest of the day was before us. Happily the engine and engineer were now behaving well, and we were steering in a channel already traversed, and of which the dangerous points were known. But we had a long, straight reach of river before us, heading directly toward the battery, which, having once got our range, had only to keep it, while we could do nothing in return. The Rebels certainly served their guns well. For the first time I discovered that there were certain compensating advantages in a slightly-built craft, as compared with one more substantial: the missiles never lodged in the vessel, but crashed through some thin partition as if it were paper, to explode beyond us, or fall harmless in the water. Splintering, the chief source of wounds and death in wooden ships, was thus entirely avoided; the danger was, that our machinery might be disabled, or that shots might strike below the water-line, and sink us.

This, however, did not happen. Fifteen projectiles, as we afterwards computed, passed through the vessel or cut the rigging. Yet few casualties occurred, and those instantly fatal. As my orderly stood leaning on a comrade's shoulder, the head of the latter was shot off. At last I myself felt a



sudden blow in the side, as if from some prize-fighter, doubling me up for a moment, while I sank upon a seat. It proved afterwards to have been produced by the grazing of a ball, which, without tearing a garment, had yet made a large part of my side black and blue, leaving a sensation of paralysis which made it difficult to stand. Supporting myself on Captain Rogers, I tried to comprehend what had happened, and I remember being impressed by an odd feeling that I had now got my share, and should henceforth be a great deal safer than any of the rest. I am told that this often follows one's first experience of a wound.

But this immediate contest, sharp as it was, proved brief; a turn in the river enabled us to use our stern gun, and we soon glided into the comparative shelter of Wiltown Bluff. There, however, we were to encounter the danger of shipwreck, superadded to that of fight. When the passage through the piles was first cleared, it had been marked by stakes, lest the rising tide should cover the remaining piles and make it difficult to run the passage. But when we again reached it, the stakes had somehow been knocked away, the piles were just covered by the swift current, and the little tug-boat was aground upon them. She came off easily, however, with our aid, and, when we in turn essayed the passage, we grounded also, but more firmly. We getting off at last, and making the passage, the tug again became lodged, when nearly past danger, and all our efforts proved powerless to pull her through. I therefore dropped down below, and sent the "John Adams" to her aid, while I superintended the final recall of the pickets, and the embarkation of the remaining refugees.

While thus engaged, I felt little solicitude about the boats above. It was certain that the "John Adams" could safely go close to the piles on the lower side, that she was very strong, and that the other was very light. Still, it was natural to cast some anxious glances up the river, and it was with surprise

that I presently saw a canoe descending, which contained Major Strong. Coming on board, he told me with some excitement that the tug could not possibly be got off, and he wished for orders.

It was no time to consider whether it was not his place to have given orders, instead of going half a mile to seek them. I was by this time so far exhausted that everything seemed to pass by me as by one in a dream; but I got into a boat, pushed up stream, met presently the "John Adams" returning, and was informed by the officer in charge of the Connecticut battery that he had abandoned the tug, and — worse news yet — that his guns had been thrown overboard. It seemed to me then, and has always seemed, that this sacrifice was utterly needless, because, although the captain of the "John Adams" had refused to risk his vessel by going near enough to receive the guns, he should have been compelled to do so. Though the thing was done without my knowledge, and beyond my reach, yet, as commander of the expedition, I was technically responsible. It was hard to blame a lieutenant when his senior had shrunk from a decision, and left him alone; nor was it easy to blame Major Strong, whom I knew to be a man of personal courage, though without much decision of character. He was subsequently tried by court-martial and acquitted, after which he resigned, and was lost at sea on his way home.

The tug, being thus abandoned, must of course be burned to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. Major Strong went with prompt fearlessness to do this, at my order; after which he remained on the "Enoch Dean," and I went on board the "John Adams," being compelled to succumb at last, and transfer all remaining responsibility to Captain Trowbridge. Exhausted as I was, I could still observe, in a vague way, the scene around me. Every available corner of the boat seemed like some vast auction-room of second-hand goods. Great piles of bedding and

bundles lay on every side, with black heads emerging and black forms reclining in every stage of squalidness. Some seemed ill, or wounded, or asleep, others were chattering eagerly among themselves, singing, praying, or soliloquizing on joys to come. "Bress de Lord," I heard one woman say, "I spec' I get salt victual now, — notin' but fresh victual dese six months, but Ise get salt victual now," — thus reversing, under pressure of the salt-embargo, the usual anticipations of voyagers.

Trowbridge told me, long after, that, on seeking a fan for my benefit, he could find but one on board. That was in the hands of a fat old "aunt," who had just embarked, and sat on an enormous bundle of her goods, in everybody's way, fanning herself vehemently, and ejaculating, as her gasping breath would permit, "Oh! Do, Jesus! Oh! Do, Jesus!" When the captain abruptly disarmed her of the fan, and left her continuing her pious exercises.

Thus we glided down the river in the waning light. Once more we encountered a battery, making five in all; I could hear the guns of the assailants, and could not distinguish the explosion of their shells from the answering throb of our own guns. The kind Quartermaster kept bringing me news of what occurred, like Rebecca in *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle, but discreetly withholding any actual casualties. Then all faded into safety and sleep; and we reached Beaufort in the morning, after thirty-six hours of absence. A kind friend, who acted in South Carolina a

nobler part amid tragedies than in any of her early stage triumphs, met us with an ambulance at the wharf, and the prisoners, the wounded, and the dead were duly attended.

The reader will not care for any personal record of convalescence; though, among the general military laudations of whiskey, it is worth while to say that one life was saved, in the opinion of my surgeons, by an habitual abstinence from it, leaving no food for peritoneal inflammation to feed upon. The able-bodied men who had joined us were sent to aid General Gillmore in the trenches, while their families were established in huts and tents on St. Helena Island. A year after, greatly to the delight of the regiment, in taking possession of a battery which they had helped to capture on James Island, they found in their hands the selfsame guns which they had seen thrown overboard from the "Governor Milton." They then felt that their account with the enemy was squared, and could proceed to further operations.

Before the war, how great a thing seemed the rescue of even one man from slavery; and since the war has emancipated all, how little seems the liberation of two hundred! But no one then knew how the contest might end; and when I think of that morning sunlight, those emerald fields, those thronging numbers, the old women with their prayers, and the little boys with their living burdens, it seems to me that the day was worth all it cost, and more.

## POOR RICHARD.

## A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

## PART III.

IN country districts, where life is quiet, incidents do duty as events; and accordingly Captain Severn's sudden departure for his regiment became very rapidly known among Gertrude's neighbors. She herself heard it from her coachman, who had heard it in the village, where the Captain had been seen to take the early train. She received the news calmly enough to outward appearance, but a great tumult rose and died in her breast. He had gone without a word of farewell! Perhaps he had not had time to call upon her. But bare civility would have dictated his dropping her a line of writing, — he who must have read in her eyes the feeling which her lips refused to utter, and who had been the object of her tenderest courtesy. It was not often that Gertrude threw back into her friends' teeth their acceptance of the hospitality which it had been placed in her power to offer them; but if she now mutely reproached Captain Severn with ingratitude, it was because he had done more than slight her material gifts: he had slighted that constant moral force with which these gifts were accompanied, and of which they were but the rude and vulgar token. It is but natural to expect that our dearest friends will accredit us with our deepest feelings; and Gertrude had constituted Edmund Severn her dearest friend. She had not, indeed, asked his assent to this arrangement, but she had borne it out by a subtle devotion which she felt that she had a right to exact of him that he should repay, — repay by letting her know that, whether it was lost on his heart or not, it was at least not lost to his senses, — that, if he could not return it, he could at least remember it. She had given him the flower of her womanly tenderness, and, when his moment came,

he had turned from her without a look. Gertrude shed no tears. It seemed to her that she had given her friend tears enough, and that to expend her soul in weeping would be to wrong herself. She would think no more of Edmund Severn. He should be as little to her for the future as she was to him.

It was very easy to make this resolution: to keep it, Gertrude found another matter. She could not think of the war, she could not talk with her neighbors of current events, she could not take up a newspaper, without reverting to her absent friend. She found herself constantly harassed with the apprehension that he had not allowed himself time really to recover, and that a fortnight's exposure would send him back to the hospital. At last it occurred to her that civility required that she should make a call upon Mrs. Martin, the Captain's sister; and a vague impression that this lady might be the depository of some farewell message — perhaps of a letter — which she was awaiting her convenience to present, led her at once to undertake this social duty. The carriage which had been ordered for her projected visit was at the door, when, within a week after Severn's departure, Major Luttrell was announced. Gertrude received him in her bonnet. His first care was to present Captain Severn's adieus, together with his regrets that he had not had time to discharge them in person. As Luttrell made his speech, he watched his companion narrowly, and was considerably reassured by the unflinching composure with which she listened to it. The turn he had given to Severn's message had been the fruit of much mischievous cogitation. It had seemed to him that, for his purposes, the assumption of a hasty, and as it were mechanical, allusion to Miss Whit-



## THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY.

"COME forth!" my cat-bird calls to me,  
"And hear me sing a cavatina,  
That, in this old familiar tree,  
Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

"These buttercups shall brim with wine  
Beyond all Lesbian juice or Massic;  
May not New England be divine?  
My ode to ripening Summer, classic?

"Or, if to me you will not hark,  
By Beaver Brook a thrush is ringing,  
Till all the alder-coverts dark  
Seem sunshine-dappled with his singing.

"Come out beneath the unmastered sky,  
With its emancipating spaces,  
And learn to sing as well as I,  
Unspoiled by meditated graces.

"What boot your many-volumed gains,  
Those withered leaves forever turning,  
To win, at best, for all your pains,  
A nature mummy-wrapped in learning?

"The leaves wherein true wisdom lies  
On living trees the sun are drinking,  
Those white clouds drowsing through the skies  
Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

"Come out! with me the oriole cries,  
Escape the demon that pursues you!  
And, hark, the cuckoo weather wise,  
Still hiding, further onward woos you."

"Ah, dear old friend, that, all my days,  
Hast poured from that syringa thicket  
The quaintly discontinuous lays  
To which I hold a season ticket,—

"A season ticket cheaply bought  
With a dessert of pilfered berries,—  
And who so oft my soul hast caught,  
With morn and evening voluntaries,—

"Deem me not faithless, if all day  
Among my dusty books I linger,  
Nor am, like thee, June's pipe to play  
With fancy-led, half-conscious finger.

"A bird is singing in my brain,  
And bubbling o'er with mingled fancies,  
Gay, tragic, rapt,—right heart of Spain  
Fed with the sap of old romances.

"I ask no ampler skies than those  
His magic music vaults above me,  
No falsier friends, no truer foes,—  
And does not Doña Clara love me?

"Cloaked shapes, a twanging of guitars,  
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,  
Then silence deep with breathless stars,  
And overhead a white hand flashing.

"O, music of all moods and climes,  
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,  
Where still between the Christian chimes  
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly!

"Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale  
To his, my singer of all weathers,  
My Calderon, my nightingale,  
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

"Yes, friend, these singers dead so long,  
And still, perhaps, in purgatory,  
Give its best sweetness to all song,  
To Nature's self her better glory."

---

## HOSPITAL MEMORIES. C 141-

### II.

*E. Clarke.*  
**I**N March, the first fresh fragrance of the Southern spring, and the merry songs of birds in the evergreen-trees, filled the soft air with a delusive promise that summer was near at hand. But cold, stormy weather tediously delayed its coming, and resulted calamitously for the soldiers of the Ninth Army Corps, who came from the bravely borne hardships and well-earned honors of the siege of Knoxville, as well as for many other regiments that joined them at Annapolis before starting on the last campaign of the war. Indeed,

throughout the war, it seemed as if the inception of an expedition was a signal for the elements to lash themselves into a fury in some remarkable manner. Sleet, snow, and bitter blasts did their worst for many weeks at this time; and pneumonia in its most fearful forms, and rheumatism, attacked hundreds in their unavoidable exposure.

About seventy colored men, many Indians, and scores of others were brought into the hospital. I think that no one regiment sent more patients than the First Michigan Sharpshoot-

ers, who had come from Chicago in a violent storm in partially open cars. Their lieutenant-colonel lay in a critical state for several days with typhoid pneumonia. The officers and men of the regiment were continually coming in to inquire for him, and their words of interest and esteem bore witness to the beauty of a character of which his noble face was alone sufficient assurance. The disease of which he was apparently dying needs, perhaps more than any other, the closest watchfulness and good judgment. The doctors were indefatigable in their consultations. Ice held constantly in the mouth was the only nourishment he could take. When medicine had done its utmost, Dr. Vanderkeift sadly said, he feared that he must die. During five days and nights sleep had not at all calmed his delirious ravings, and nature seemed exhausted. "But you are determined that he shall not die," said one of the doctors to the lady in charge of the ward. "Not if good care can save his life," she answered. (And here let me record the uniform courtesy and respect with which suggestions from the ladies were received by the doctors. Their wishes were always acceded to, if possible, with a gentlemanly deference which showed they were not considered intrusive.) Life, however, seemed almost gone, and hope at an end for our patient, when at nightfall a group of doctors whispered together that there was no use in doing anything more, — that he could not live till morning. Then, with a pertinacity which could not yield, the lady in charge requested that a blister might be applied to the back of his neck. "It will do no harm, and, if it will be the slightest gratification to you, it shall be put on; but," added the doctors, "you had better make up your mind to lose him, for he must die." With what intense satisfaction, at five o'clock the next morning, was the doctor welcomed in the ward, and told that four hours of refreshing sleep had followed the application of the blister! He was surprised even to find the patient alive, and with joy pronounced

him much better. He ordered the strongest beef essence, with a fresh egg lightly beaten mixed with it, to be given by the teaspoonful every twenty minutes, alternating it with brandy and water. There was a wonderful improvement that day, and before his friends arrived on the next, the sick man was quite out of danger.

One of the most highly prized of all the various gifts which were offered in grateful remembrance to the ladies in the hospital was a volume of *Auto-graph Leaves of American Authors* from this patient. On the blank page was written: —

" — — — — — : — I owe you a better memento, but here is one that I know your good taste will appreciate.

"I met you first in my delirium; and knew you only in the purest and sweetest character a woman can exhibit, — a true and faithful Florence Nightingale, supporting and encouraging the weary, bathing the feverish brow of the brave soldier dying far from other friends.

"I never can forget, and I trust you never will, how you night and day kept watch over me when wife and father were yet far away, when fever and delirium were racking my brain and sapping life from my lungs, — how you bore with every impatience of mine, or kindly answered every severe word.

"Please accept this book from

"Your devoted friend,

" — — — — —."

There was a general commotion and eager haste in the hospital the day before the Ninth Army Corps left. The convalescents assured the doctors of their ability to go, but the doctors, differing in opinion, made many a brave man unhappy. One old soldier, John Paul, chief saddler of the Third Division of the Corps, insisted stoutly on the necessity of his joining his command. If the whole success of the undertaking had rested upon his shoulders, he could not have felt the responsibility more. At the last moment he was allowed to go.



All were ambitious to share the glory of the coming triumph, little dreaming of the terrible cost of life and limb with which it was to be achieved. Of those who went from the hospital, numbers were stricken down, never to need care again. How sadly the words "Shot through the head" looked opposite the name of Frank Wagner, in the first lists which came from the front! He was a spirited boy of seventeen, who by great care had been raised from a dangerous illness. But almost sadder than the death-lists were the names of those taken prisoners. We had learned but too well that it would be death in the end to most; to very few life worth having.

Back to the hospital, too, came letters, telling of long marches and hard fighting; and of the amount of sickness which would be kept off, and pain and misery saved, if there were two or three hundred Miss —s down there. The wounded might be counted, the letters said, by tens of thousands; the Ninth Army Corps had earned imperishable laurels, but they had lost heavily. The Michigan regiment from which we had had so many patients suffered severely; of the company of Indians, which started one hundred and ten in number, only six remained; and the other companies were hardly more fortunate. Dismay and anguish filled the land at the tidings of the desolation which was the price of victory.

Early in the spring another exchange of paroled prisoners was made. The New York came several times, bringing hundreds of starved men. Death had released many from their sufferings during the winter. The men had had no meat since New-Year's, and their tortures on Belle Isle and in Libby Prison had been excruciating. Small-pox had broken out among them. The dead had lain by the side of the living for days without burial.

Among the prisoners who came were twenty-five little drummer-boys. They had endured the hardships of exile better than the men, and were in the best

of spirits. A little flaxen-haired boy of about thirteen years of age, on being asked if he were not rather young to come to the war, answered, "O no, and there are plenty more just as able as I to come and help put down this Rebellion." There was a man by the name of Schwarz, who unfurled the flag of his regiment on landing. He was the color-bearer of the First Maryland, and had succeeded in concealing the flag, until now, with proud joy, he held it high once more in free air. His brother was the first man wounded in the war, at Fort Sumter.

General Neal Dow came at this time, having passed nearly a year in Libby Prison. He was able to come in and take tea with the ladies on his arrival, and to start for home the next day. He gave a graphic account of his prison-life in Virginia. The colored people he had always found good friends. Being without the news of the day was among the deprivations of Libby, and the prisoners were indebted to the colored attendants in the prison for an occasional newspaper. When any great victory had taken place on the Union side, there was always a stricter watch kept over our men, lest even this gleam of joy should brighten their dull life; and particular care was taken constantly to inform them that great battles had been fought, that the South had gained immense advantages, and that the North would soon be forced to give up the war. One morning a colored man came to General Dow and told him that there was a "mighty big piece of news," but that he was afraid to tell, lest he should be detected in giving information. But after the General had promised that he should not be betrayed, "Vicksburg is taken!" resounded in a loud whisper through the room. It was too good a secret to be kept in silence, and inspired their hearts with fresh courage to bear their hard lot.

Major Calhoun came too at this time. He was from Kentucky, a man of marked character and superior education. He had made an attempt to es-

cape, and, being caught, was taken back and confined in a cell, in which he could neither lie down nor stand up. For six weeks he was kept there, and then taken out with a brain-fever settled upon him, from which he had not fully recovered when brought to us. As his pale, thin face looked forth from the coarse brown blanket in which he was wrapped, it was as pitiable a sight as can be imagined. It was enough to melt the stoutest heart to hear him relate his woful experiences, and tell how many comrades he had left in misery. "Good by, Cap', — we 're glad you are going to God's land; but tell them at home how we fare here, and see if they can't get us away." These were the parting words from his sorrowful comrades.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

was often the piteous appeal of countenances among the returned prisoners, betraying a brain disturbed by depressing fancies or harrowing imaginations. In some cases the malady amounted to insanity, and then the patients were removed to an asylum. Homesickness was frequently the cause of the most unmanageable of cases. No medicine was effectual in giving an appetite or producing sound sleep. All attempts to cheer or amuse these childish patients were regarded by them as the evidence of a heartless want of sympathy. "Just think, I have been out four months, and not had a furlough yet!" said an officer one day at the conclusion of an hour's effort to divert his mind; and, with violent sobbings, he buried his face in the pillow. A leave of absence proved his cure.

There was a Pennsylvania man who had never before he became a soldier left his native farm, — a vigorous-looking youth, hearty and robust in stature. At night he would awake from dreams of haying-scenes or apple-gatherings, shouting out the names of his brothers; and when he found himself so far away, and in the hospital, he would break into the most grievous wails and lamentations. This of course disturbed the

other sick men seriously, and night after night the poor nurse strove in vain to soothe him. In the daytime a quieter kind of crying would satisfy him. There was nothing but talking about his home that would bring a gleam of gladness to his disconsolate countenance. Every time that the lady in charge of the ward left him was the occasion of a trembling lip and tearful eyes. At last it was proposed to treat him as if he were a child. "Now you must try and be a good boy, Joseph, and when you wake up not make such a noise and disturb the men; if you are quiet, you shall have something nice given you in the morning." This was a good-night promise. The experiment succeeded; for on our going into the ward in the morning, he said, "I have been real good, and only woke the men up once." And then he wondered what he should get. An orange satisfied his most ardent expectations; and then a promise of something more at noon, and again at night, if he continued his improved behavior, kept him happier through the day. This system was followed up for a few days, when he recovered his spirits, and was able to rejoin his regiment in a short time.

Where nostalgia was the only complaint, it would yield, but was almost hopeless if disease had undermined the constitution. There were two boys about seventeen years old in one ward, both dolefully sad, and pining continually for home and familiar faces. One was from Tennessee, the other from Connecticut. They were equally low, being among the worst cases from prison life. The father of one came to him; the sister whom the other talked constantly about could not even hear from him, the Rebels cutting off postal communication. The evening West's father came, he seemed nearer death than the little Tennessean, but his father's presence saved his life; he quickly rallied, the pressure of his melancholy was removed by hearing a home voice, his appetite returned, his strength was restored. But the other



boy sank lower and lower in despondency for which there was no remedy; and the last words he spoke were of his sister,—he would be content to die if he could only see her once more.

The enlivening music of a fine band was added this spring to the hospital organization. For an hour every morning and evening its animating strains stirred the martial spirit in the worn-out and suffering, and brought cheer and courage to hours of loneliness. The little "Knapsack," too, was merged into a printed sheet called "The Crutch," the weekly publication of which furnished an occasion for the patients to amuse themselves in writing articles in prose or verse.

A complete photographic establishment appeared in one corner of the hospital grounds at this time, and became the resort of hundreds of officers and men in their leisure hours of convalescence. The instrument was used in taking pictures of uncommon cases in surgery, and in faithfully delineating the spectral features of the returned prisoners.

The month of June found our hospital comparatively deserted: all the men who were able had left for their regiments, and all but two or three prisoners had gone to Camp Parole to await exchange, or had been laid beneath the sods of Maryland. In the wards were to be found patients who had been there for months, prostrated either by chronic illness or stubborn wounds,—mere human wrecks, bones and breath alone remaining of once rugged frames and constitutions.

Gently the balmy summer breezes creep into the tent wards, laden with the rich fragrance of roses, violets, and jasmine, offering their mute sympathy to those who shall never more walk forth to behold them growing in luxuriant beauty. William Miller, a boy of fifteen, is one of these. He is an orphan, and was the pet of fond grandparents, who consented to let him join the Union army to escape Rebel conscription. He is a mere child; his dark, deep, expressive eyes, shaded by long, droop-

ing lashes, light up with happiness his face of marble paleness, as he receives the comforts of life and the kindness of friends once more, after long months of homesickness and starvation. His spirit is buoyant with the anticipation of seeing his native State of Tennessee entirely rescued from the destroying hand of treason, and he is proud of having suffered for the flag of freedom. But at times those bright eyes are clouded; not that he for one moment regrets his experiences, bitter as they have been, in contrast with the doting care in which he was reared; yet he talks a good deal about that little home in the far-off mountains, and it is easy to discern that the tidings which cannot come from those he so dearly loves there would bring him great happiness. He is too manly in his patriotism, however, to give way to these restless longings, and stifles the secret inquiet of his heart by a bravely forced cheerfulness. The doctor is sure that he cannot live much longer, and thinks best that he should be told. It is a painful duty thus to blight all the hopes which cling to earth.

One day, as he was talking about his grandparents, and how much he should have to tell them when he got home, he was asked, "But suppose, Miller, that it was God's will for you not to get well, but to go to a better world above, how would you feel?" The awful possibility flashed upon him for the first time, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Must I die, and never see grandpapa and grandmamma again? . . . I can die for the country, but I do want to see them once more." After a little while, with a maturity and strength of character far beyond his years, he sweetly acquiesced in the will of the wise Disposer of our joys and sorrows, and transferred his thoughts to eternal realities. He was comforted by the thought that he should meet those he loved in the heavenly home. "And perhaps they may be there now," he said, "waiting for me." At another time, on being reminded that his best and most



loving Friend was always near him, he said that he wished that he loved him better, and knew how to pray to him aright. "Can't you say, God be merciful to me a sinner?" "O yes, but do you call that praying?" With his thin, white hands meekly clasped upon his breast, he would lie for hours repeating with his slowly moving lips this petition. God heard and answered it. A settled peace filled his soul, making those last few days the beginning of immortal glory to him, as he awaited with triumphant faith the hour of transition. To the end his patriotism glowed warmly; he asked, the day before he died, that a little flag which was in the tent might be put up where he could see it: "I would love to have that dear flag the last thing that my eyes shall rest upon on earth." Patiently he suffered until within a few hours of his death, when he sank into a deep sleep, to awake no more here. As we gazed at his little form in the coffin, with the flag he died for laid across his snowy shroud, that impressive, mysterious "Why?" which is so often asked in life, came to our thoughts. Why should one so pure and innocent be called to offer his young life in a struggle for which he was in no manner responsible? Eternity will unfold all the hidden reasons; but cannot we even now catch a glimpse of them, remembering that no devotion is too precious a sacrifice for the principles of truth and liberty, and that the longest life could not be crowned with loftier praise than the death of a child-patriot? A wreath of white rose-buds was woven for the funeral of our little loved one; a single pink rose was laid with tears on the flag-covered coffin by the soldier-nurse who had tenderly cared for him through his illness.

Impelled by an intense feeling of the importance of a speedy exchange of the large number of men who had been taken prisoners since the opening of the spring campaign, two of the ladies in the hospital went to Washington one day. They were kindly received by President Lincoln, and, in the few

minutes' interview they had with him, the pictures of some of the released prisoners were shown to him. As he gazed at them, a pitying sadness crossed his brow. He asked if indeed they could be correct, and gave a promise that those who were then in the hands of the enemy should be exchanged as soon as it was in his power to effect it. Could that time have sooner come, what unutterable tortures would have been saved to thousands!

Strawberry festivals were given to the men at this time; gingerbread, and a plentiful supply of fruit, adding a little variety to their every-day fare. The time afforded for such diversions by a less pressing amount of care than usual was cut short by the arrival of the steamer Connecticut, bringing six hundred of those most seriously wounded at the disastrous attack upon Petersburg on the 18th of June. These men were landed at midnight; their wounds had been carefully attended to before their arrival, and were found to be in good order. Yet many were in a dying state, and it was impossible to do for every man all that we desired on the morning that followed, and added by its heat to their weakness, thirst, and discomfort. Hastily the hospital attendants moved from one helpless sufferer to another, in the thickly crowded tent wards. One man would shriek, in frenzied agony, for a drink of water; another would beg to be fanned; while others would ask to be bathed with ice-water.

Among the newly arrived was General Chamberlain, the present Governor of Maine. Supposed to have been "mortally wounded," so terribly had a Minie-rifle-ball shattered his body, he was, after having been borne by painful and exhausting stages from the extreme front, landed in an almost dying condition. Leaving Bowdoin College as Colonel of the Maine Twentieth, he had already distinguished himself by dashing bravery in many of the great battles of the war. At Petersburg he was raised to the rank of General by Grant for gallantry in lead-

ing a charge, — the only case of actual promotion on the field during the war. Bravest in battle, his courage was not less evinced during months of intense and tedious suffering. Partially restored to health as by a miracle, he resumed his command five months from the day of his desperate wound. In Grant's last campaign he opened the attack on the left at Quaker Road and White Oak Road, for which he received the brevet of Major-General. Although several times wounded, he valiantly pressed on, fighting through the campaign, and taking a prominent and important part in the battle of Five Forks. His command, the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, was designated to receive the surrender of the arms and colors of Lee's army; and the flag that waved that day over a conquered rebellion now hangs in his peaceful study at Brunswick.

Of those who died on the morning after the arrival of the Connecticut was a young man belonging to the Rebel army. He had by chance been taken up among our wounded. He had his little Bible in his pocket, which he requested should be sent to his mother, with the message that he died happy, and hoped to meet her in a better world, but that he was a fool for having joined the army. As it was supposed that he might have some such regret in his last hours, he was asked if he were sorry that he had fought against the old flag. "Well, you need not say that," he said, "but that I was a fool ever to come to this war." With a smile of peace upon his countenance, he passed away. Several attempts have been made, in vain, since the close of the war, to find his mother; the Bible, and a ring taken from his finger, will possibly never reach her now.

Among the wounded were four men who had lost both legs; they were in the best of spirits, surely thinking to live, and earnestly planning for the future. Had the heat not been so excessive for the ten days after they came, they would probably have survived; but, one after another, they

died, suddenly overcome by fainting weakness. I remember, too, one boy, only sixteen years old, who had lost his right arm. "You have given a good deal for the country," was said to him. "Yes, and I would willingly give my other arm to help put down this Rebellion." Little did he think that within a few hours his life would be yielded in his country's cause.

Every day a funeral procession moved forth to the place of burial, the band playing the "Russian Dirge" or the "Dead March in Saul."

It seemed as if a special inspiration of silent endurance and courageous patience were given to the men who lingered in the most acute sufferings. Gangrene spread through the wards, and the remedy was like the application of fire to open wounds. Three times a day was this agony endured with a martyr's spirit. One man by the name of Hollenbeck would sing in joyous tones, —

"I'm glad I'm in this army,  
I'm glad I'm in this army,  
And I'll battle till the end.

"He will give me grace to conquer,  
He will give me grace to conquer,  
And keep me to the end."

While consciousness lasted, he firmly retained his self-control; but at last reason gave way, and the groans and distressing cries which for a few days preceded his death told over what a depth of agony his soul had triumphed, before his brain lost its power.

Not alone by the men themselves was this sublime fortitude shown. Mothers, who came to visit their sons, though crushed with grief at their hopeless state, would yet calmly and even cheerfully minister to their comfort.

There was one mother, especially, whom I remember, — a slight, fragile little woman, dressed in widow's mourning, for her husband had been killed in the war, and it was her third and last son who was now dying for the country. Her strength of mind and body was almost superhuman. She had an angelic expression of countenance, such as comes from learning the full and per-



fect love of God in the sharp lessons of suffering. She was only too thankful at being permitted to spend these last days and nights by the side of her son, — begging him to put his trust in the Saviour, and telling of the celestial glory prepared for him beyond the grave. She could hardly be persuaded to take even a few hours' sleep; she felt that she could not leave him with the nurse, but consented, if one of the ladies would stay with him, to take a little rest. It was my privilege to watch by him through that last night of restless pain, and then I found that he was in every way worthy of so noble a mother. He expressed his willingness to die, saying that it had been his duty to fight, and that now he gloried in dying for the nation. The tent sides' fluttering in the light breeze from the bay was the only sound that disturbed the quiet of that starry night, as in the solemn solitude the departing soul gathered fresh energy as the body grew weaker and weaker. Chapters of the Bible and Psalms were read over and over to him; he earnestly listened to each promise and benediction, and would at the low singing of hymns sleep gently for a few moments at a time. Early in the morning his mother resumed her place of loving care. In the afternoon she sent for two of the ladies to come over and sing to Frank. The chaplain was there, and life was fast ebbing away. After prayer, the hymn, "My heavenly home is bright and fair," was sung. As the dying boy thanked the ladies, he said that there was a hymn about "rest" that he would like to hear once more. "There is rest for the weary" having been sung, he folded his wasted hands, and said: "This is the last hymn I shall hear on earth. In a little while I shall know of that rest." He breathed for a few hours longer, and then his spirit was among the redeemed, "in the Christian's home in glory." The faithful, trusting mother only said, in the depth of her affliction, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him best."

Dr. Vanderkeift mingled with the pride of a surgeon the utmost kindness

toward each patient. He would, on examining a critical case, immediately after amputation, bend in the most fatherly manner over the man, and, patting him gently, would say, with his German accent: "Now, my dear fellow, do please to live. I am doing all I can for you, and will send you milk from my own Alderney every day."

Flowers were never more appreciated than in the hospital that summer. A bunch of these bright little treasures would make a man happy for hours, and would receive the most endearing care to preserve their beauty. On going in to see a wounded man one day, the attention of one of the ladies was attracted by a strange-looking object hanging from the tent. Her curiosity being excited, she inquired, "What have you here, John?" "Well, miss, it is a long while since I had seen any flowers before those you brought me in yesterday, and it was so warm that I was afraid water would n't keep them, and I hated to see them wither; so I got Evans to make me this calico bag and put some earth in it, and I am in hopes they will grow here by my side, if I keep them moist." Sure enough, when this admiring florist was able to leave on crutches in a few weeks, he carried these specimens of Maryland floriculture, all rooted and growing, to his Western home.

For the sake of convenience, the ladies usually dressed in dark attire; but when a light muslin appeared in the wards the effect was quite noticeable. I remember that one day a man asked the lady in charge of his own ward to get another lady, who was arrayed in pink, to come in from her ward and see him. "But what do you want with her? Can't I do everything for you?" "W-e-l-l, y-e-s; but then she is dressed up so nice; if she would only walk through the tent, it would make me feel better."

In July there was threatened an invasion of the city of Annapolis, which produced much excitement in the hospital. As there were between six and seven hundred officers there at the



time as patients, it was not deemed unlikely that Harry Gilmore, with his band of raiders, would, after burning Governor Bradford's house at Baltimore, make a dash in our direction, if only to terrify and then parole the officers and men. By degrees the telegraphic wires and railway lines were destroyed nearer and nearer to us, thus isolating the city, and giving rise to fearful anticipations. Outside the two entrances to the hospital were dug broad moats, protected by ramparts of earth and a very ludicrous structure of barrels; while about a mile off a line of rifle-pits was prepared, with cannon mounted in hastily made forts behind them. Every steamer, fishing-boat, or craft capable of carrying persons or property was put into requisition by the people of Annapolis, and kept constantly ready to start at the first appearance of the foe, and some of the valuable possessions of the hospital floated on the bay for a few days. Messages were left with us for home friends by the men hurrying off to the front, as we termed the spot of the impending encounter, as if the ladies were expected to be the sole survivors of the affair. Every man who could handle a spade or a pickaxe was required at this season of alarm. For three days and nights the reign of terror lasted, causing an injuriously nervous inquietude to the helpless and sick. It was useless to try to allay their apprehensions, for those who smiled at the idea of an attack were merely regarded as endowed with a Quixotic cheerfulness. When gunboats arrived to protect the city, a ray of hope dawned; and when the news reached us that the raiders had retreated across the Potomac, all felt safe once more. A man by the name of Beck, one of the most valued of the hospital attendants, was accidentally shot, though not fatally. He was the sole hero of this brief campaign of fright.

It was not until August that any of our wounded who had been taken prisoners were exchanged on parole. The New York came about the middle of the month, bringing six hundred.

Many said that their wounds had been slight, but that amputation had been performed with the assurance from the Rebels that they would fix them so that they would never fight any more. I think that these were exceptional victims of cruelty, for the almost universal testimony of our soldiers was that the surgeons were their best friends at the South. They would insist upon the necessity of more food being given to their patients, and remonstrate with the Rebel authorities, — unfortunately without success.

One of the officers who came at this time was Lieutenant F——, belonging to a New York regiment. He had lost a limb, and remained a few weeks in the hospital. The first letter of joyous welcome which he received from home told him that his family had been wearing mourning four months for him, and a printed funeral sermon which shortly followed the letter gave an account of his supposed death at the Battle of the Wilderness, and contained a eulogy upon his character.

I remember being particularly impressed by a description of hunger in the hospital at Libby, given by Lieutenant William Foy Smith, who came at this time. He belonged to the First Massachusetts Cavalry. He was shot through the lungs, and left for dead on the battle-field. By the kind care of colored women, who brought him milk, he was resuscitated — to find himself a prisoner. He said that often at night in Libby he would amuse himself by calculating how many places there were in Washington Street, Boston, where edibles were to be had, and he would fancy the people getting oysters and thousands of good things; and then he would muse over all the bountiful dinners that he used to have at home, and reproach himself for not having partaken more heartily, resolving, if ever he had another opportunity, that his gnawing appetite should forever do itself justice. Then he would wildly scrape the wall by which he was lying, and ravenously devour the atoms from it, until at last he would dream in his

sleep of happier days to come. After several months, Lieutenant Smith was able to rejoin his regiment, whose entrance into Richmond he thus describes: "I shall never repine again, while I have health; but who talks of repining after such a march as our last? I joined the regiment at Manchester, opposite Richmond. How often have I looked across the river to the field on which we camped, and longed for liberty! We passed in review through the city the next day. I cannot describe my sensations as I went by the old prison-house, with a good horse under me, — one seemed hardly sufficient, — health in my veins, and freedom, — it was too much. I had to shout. A lank, unshorn Rebel was looking through the bars where I had so often looked. We had the finest of music and the gayest of banners, but the people let us have them all to ourselves. But our glorious reception in Washington repaid us."

It was a great recompense for all his sufferings that this brave, modest young officer lived to see the day of victorious peace; but within a few months the wound from which he had partially recovered was the cause of his death.

Malarial fever was the prevalent disease in the hospital in the early autumn. Hundreds sank with it, after the hard marches and counter-marches with Sheridan in the hot Valley of the Shenandoah through the summer. Stimulating and nourishing diet came too late to many of these undermined constitutions, and disease worked its deadly ravages where ball and bayonet had missed their aim. Dr. Hunter, surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, lived but a short time in severe suffering. A man of strong character, his patriotism had responded when an urgent call for men had come from the War Department. Having no son to send to the war, he felt it to be his duty to leave a large practice and enlist as a private. He was immediately made surgeon of the regiment which he devotedly served for several months. His death-bed was the scene of the most serene peace. "Why should I stay longer below? I

am only too glad to depart and be with Christ: it is far better." These and similar words showed the tone of his mind. His earnest prayers for the nation were his last rich legacy of dying faith. He cheerfully gave his life as part of the ransom of liberty and peace.

On one of those autumnal days died, too, Major Butler. Wounded at Petersburg, one leg had been fractured in seven places, from the thigh to the ankle. Three months he lingered in distress which can be imagined, but to which his heroic spirit never gave utterance.

The hospital was brilliantly illuminated when the result of the Presidential election was made known, in November. Music and shouts of rejoicing rent the air, and all were filled with exulting confidence that the beginning of the end had been accomplished by the overwhelming verdict of the people at home.

The National Thanksgiving was celebrated by a service in the chapel, and a fine dinner, which one man said he "could not have enjoyed better had he eaten it at his grandmother's, — only the folks would have been there."

At last, in December, the earnest entreaties of hearts breaking with wild anguish and suspense prevailed upon the authorities in Washington to effect the release of our prisoners. To no one person was this happy result so much due as to General Mulford, our Commissioner of Exchange. He was unceasing in his exertions to accomplish this end on almost any terms, for he knew what tortures our men were enduring, and how rapidly they were dying. The soldiers looked upon him as their deliverer, and with good reason. His arduous care and kindly manner deserved their warmest enthusiasm and gratitude. His personal watchfulness in receiving the men may be illustrated by a little incident. A man who was feebly walking fell down quite exhausted, just before reaching the New York; he lay behind a pile of wood, and could not make himself heard. Just as the boat



was about putting off, General Mulford stepped on shore to look round and be certain that no one was left. "I should have lain there till I died had he not in his kindness found me," said the man.

The first exchange was of ten thousand men. Large ocean steamers found their way up Chesapeake Bay, and our band played "Home again," "Home, Sweet Home," and other strains of welcome, to their ghastly passengers. As one man looked up, in landing, to the flag waving in the hospital grounds, he said earnestly, "We 're glad to see you; we know there 's grub enough under you." Such inexpressible relief and joy were never felt by mortals before. Libby Prison and Belle Isle had startled the ear of humanity by their records of woe, but the story of Andersonville far exceeded theirs. The revolting torments inflicted in that place are too well known to need repetition. Rather let us dwell upon the happiness of those fortunate enough to escape. The hospital was crowded to its utmost capacity. Many lived only a few minutes or hours after reaching the wards; others survived but a day or two, breathing their last in peace and comfort. An elderly man, quite pulseless when brought in, was resuscitated with brandy sufficiently to express his gratitude. "God has been very good in bringing me here," he said, as a beam of joy irradiated his wan face; "I can die willingly here, and lay my bones under the old flag, but I did n't want to die down there." And when asked if he had kept his faith in God while suffering so much at Andersonville: "O yes! He has been my leader these twenty years, and I thought He would bring me out all right." His name was John Buttery; he did not live long enough to hear from his wife and six children, in Connecticut.

Among the unknown was a boy apparently about seventeen years old, with clustering curls of auburn hair, and eyes, that once must have been full of life, now sending forth only a vacant stare. I worked over him, hoping to get

him to utter one word before he died that would give some hint of his name or home, but in vain.

That month of December, with its cold, leaden sky, and bleak, wintry winds, will never be forgotten. On going down one dreary morning, in the obscurity of early dawn, I found that a tent in which five men dangerously ill had been left the night before was not to be seen; at first I distrusted my senses,—it was surely the place where the tent had stood, but the only vestige left was the plank floor. On inquiry, I found that in the middle of the night the tent had blown over, and men, furniture, and all had been moved in a furious storm.

Sixty men were buried at one time, and several times over forty were borne in a long train of ambulances to the cemetery. The martial dirge, with the sound of its muffled drum, was daily mingled with the groans of the dying. Many a man who did not shrink from death still desired to live long enough to hear from his home once more, and died piteously lamenting his lot. Others, though dying, would cling to the hope of going home; and when told that the doctor feared they could not live an hour, and asked if they had any messages to leave, with their last gasp would say, "O, I shall live! I am going home to see my mother."

In contrast with such cases were others of calm fortitude. These lines were dictated at midnight by a man who had hoped to live, but whose strength suddenly failed:—

"DEAR WIFE:—I am on my death-bed. Get N—— E—— to settle our affairs, draw my pay, &c. If our daughter is still living, I want her to have a share of three hundred dollars. I die under the protecting folds of the starry banner of freedom. You must take good care of the little one. Trust in God, and meet me in heaven. I bid a last farewell to all my friends. I die happy. God bless you.

"Your husband,

"H. W. VARNEY."



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 06398 701 8

4 1929

Articles 1 and 19 have  
been cataloged and digitized. oct 2009.



